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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1910, TO APRIL, 1911.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXVIII.

PART I.

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A NEW SERIAL BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

NOVEMBER, 1910

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



❁ FREDERICK WARNE & CO • BEDFORD ST • STRAND • LONDON ❁
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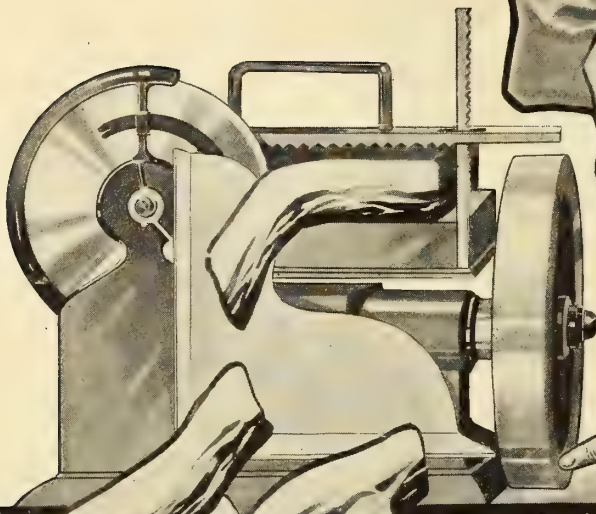
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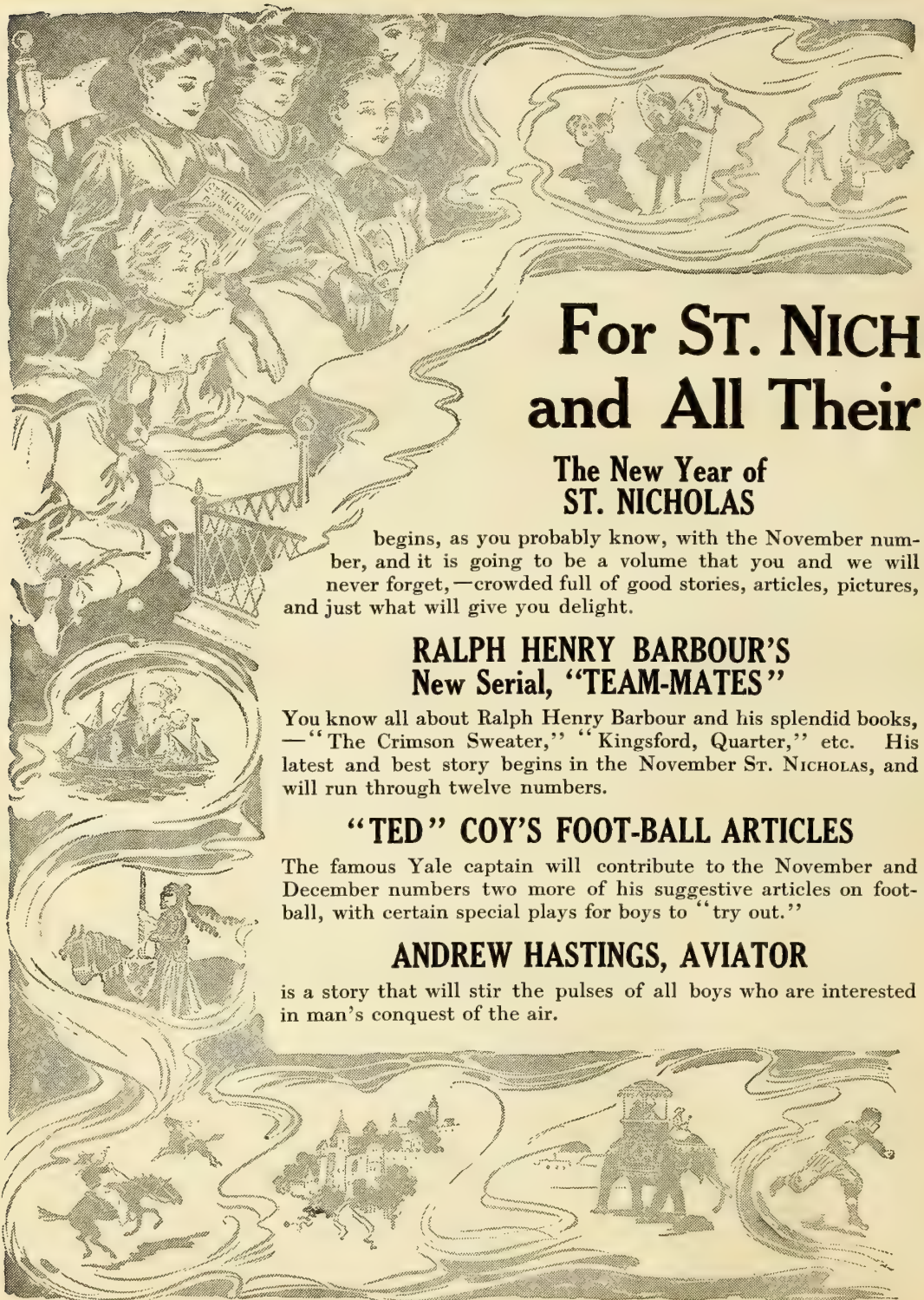
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A woman in a white blouse and dark skirt is shown from the side, washing a dish in a wooden tub. She is holding a box of Sapolio soap. The background is dark and textured.



From a painting by Irving R. Wiles.

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"AN AUTUMN WALK."
(SEE PAGE 10.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 1

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER I

A NEW BOY ARRIVES

"How far is it to Oak Park School, please?"

The policeman on duty at the North Woodfield station turned from watching the train disappear westward along the track and gave his attention to the speaker. What he saw was a rather thin youth of fourteen with deeply tanned face from which a pair of frank gray eyes looked inquiringly upward. The boy had removed his hat, a dilapidated straw adorned with a faded blue band,—not out of deference to the majesty of the law, but because the September afternoon was decidedly hot,—leaving to view a head of pale-brown hair, rumpled and damp, which had evidently been trimmed both recently and poorly. He wore a suit of gray flannel, a white shirt with a stiff and creaky bosom, a wide flaming home-made tie, and tan shoes. In spite of the fact that his attire was all of the most inexpensive sort, he was quite palpably "dressed up" and extremely uncomfortable. He had set down his bag, a very shiny contrivance of imitation alligator-skin, in order to run a new and scratchy handkerchief across his forehead and around inside his collar.

"What was it you asked?" inquired the officer.

"How far is it to Oak Park School, sir? And which way do I have to go, please?"

The officer had started a good many boys on their initial journey to the school and had acquired a method of procedure.

"Pick up your bag and I'll show you, my boy.

Right through here." He conducted his charge across the waiting-room and out of the farther door, where, along the asphalt walk, carriage-drivers were clamoring for fares.

"The school 's about a mile up that way. Any of these drivers will take you there."

"But they 'll charge me—won't they?" asked the boy.

"They certainly will. They 're not doing it for their health. It 's only a quarter, though. You can stand that—can't you?"

"I 'd rather walk if you 'll tell me how to go."

The officer turned for another survey of the boy before he replied. He had seen a number of Oak Park School boys, but this was the first one who had ever, in *his* experience, wanted to save carriage fare.

"Does n't quite look as if he belonged at that school," he said to himself. Then:

"You 'd rather walk, eh? Well, cross the common here and take that street over by the hardware-store. See? Keep right on that until you get to the school. You can't miss it. Going to the Hall, are you?"

"No, sir; West House."

"Well, that 's a bit farther, but you 'd better go up to the school and then cross over through the park. You might go another way, but it 's longer and a good deal hotter walking. Had n't you really better take a carriage, though? There 's a load of boys going up now. Better go with them."

"I cal'late I 'd rather walk, thanks. It is n't

very far." He put his hat on and returned his handkerchief to his pocket. "Much obliged, sir."

"Oh, you're welcome. Better take it easy; it's a hot day."

"Yes, sir, I will."

The officer watched him cross the road and enter the common and strike off toward the other side of the Square. He smiled and then he shook his head.

"How did he happen to come here, I wonder?" he muttered. "He's in for a lot of guying when the rest of 'em catch sight of him. Well, he'll live through it."

The boy reached the farther side of the common and started across the street in front of the hardware-store. At that moment a three-seated surrey, containing a driver, four boys, and numerous suitcases, dashed up, and the boy on foot had to retreat hurriedly to keep from being run down.

"Look out there, Farmer! Almost got you that time!"

"Look where you're going, kid!"

He had a brief glimpse of laughing, mocking faces, and then the surrey, drawn by a pair of sleek bays, dashed around the corner out of sight. He again started across the street, this time looking cautiously to left and right. But the course was clear now. Across from the hardware-store was a druggist's, and huge placards told enticingly of "Ice Cold Soda" and "College Ices." One hand went tentatively into his trousers pocket as the hiss of the soda-fountain reached him. But it came out again empty, and he turned down the street toward the school.

"Elm Street" said the sign on the corner, but the elms were not in sight. Beyond an occasional maple, too small to throw shade, the street was treeless, and the hot sunlight beat remorselessly down on either sidewalk.

There had been a fountain in the common, and he wished now that he had stopped and taken a drink. For a block or two, small stores lined the way, and he considered entering one of them and asking for water. But they were all shabby and untidy, and by the time he had made up his mind to ask, he had left them behind, and houses, no more attractive than the stores, had taken their place. He followed the policeman's advice and walked slowly, for, in spite of the fact that it lacked but a week of the first of October, the day was as hot as an August one, and the stiff shirt and the vest, both articles of attire with which he was somewhat unfamiliar, increased his discomfort. He hoped that the policeman had n't underestimated the distance to the school. The bag, while it was n't very heavy, did n't make

progress any easier, and that awful collar was squeezing his neck like a vise!

He had started from home after an early dinner, feeling decidedly excited and elated; but the excitement had dwindled with every step, and the elation had changed to something that savored both of dismay and homesickness. When, as long ago as the spring months, it had been decided in family council that he was to go to boarding-school and prepare for college, the prospect had filled him with delight. Now he wished himself back in West Bayport. He already missed the sight and smell of the ocean and the wharves and the shipping. It seemed unpleasantly shut in here, and the air was dead and held no tang, and the street was deep in yellowish-gray dust, and even the hills in the distance looked hot and wilted under their purple haze. On the whole, he was sorely tempted to retrace his steps and take the next train homeward, abandoning Oak Park and college and all they stood for.

But of course he did n't. If he had, his name would n't have been John William Boland. Moreover, there would n't have been any story! No; he kept right ahead along the hot road, which presently bore to the left and became gradually shady with spreading elms. The shabby dwellings died away from either side, and open lots and then broad fields succeeded them. Once he rested for a good five minutes perched on a stone wall in the grateful shade of a big elm, and while he sat there, hat off, rumpled hair exposed to a little listless breeze, shiny bag at his feet, two carriages filled to the brim with boys, arrivals on a later train, rattled merrily and noisily by him, and he was uncomfortably conscious of the curious looks and subdued comments proceeding from them.

He feared that he was n't going to like Oak Park School, and regretted that he had n't held out for one of the institutions which his own choice had fallen upon when the little white cottage at West Bayport had been inundated for weeks with school catalogues. He recalled one in particular, "Seaview Academy," an imposing brick building, fronting on the ocean, backed with a jolly-looking forest, and adorned on all sides with winding paths sprinkled with boys and strangely shaped flower-beds blooming tropically. But Seaview, with its seven-hundred-dollar tuition fee, had been quite out of the question, and, like several others which had caught his fancy, had been set aside as something beautiful but impossible.

There had been a time when the Bolands were prosperous. That was before Captain Jonathan Boland, master and half-owner of the fishing-

schooner *Patriot*, had been lost, with all hands, on the Grand Banks, and Mrs. Boland and John and his sister Nan had been left with only the small house overlooking the harbor and a very little money. The disaster had occurred when John was ten and his sister a year younger, and since

auxiliary sloop *Emma Boyd*, which sailed or "chugged" about the harbor, selling water to the fishing-boats.

It was the death of his Uncle Thomas that had altered the boy's prospects. Uncle Thomas had been his mother's brother—a mysterious, seldom-seen old man who had lived in Maine, and who, when he at last died at the respectable age of seventy-odd, had left a legacy of a thousand dollars to his sister. News of it had reached Mrs. Boland in the late winter, and not for an instant had there been any doubt in her mind as to the investment of the money. It was to go toward her boy's education. It would n't take him through college, of course, but, with care, it might prepare him for it; and once old enough to find employment at a man's wages, he could, she was certain, with the Lord's help, manage the rest himself. Mrs. Boland had always been a firm believer in trusting to divine assistance, and she had never been disappointed.

John was to study hard and prepare himself for college in three years. Neither John himself nor his mother nor Sister Nan doubted his ability to do this—Nan least of all, perhaps, for to her John was something just short of superhuman. Had the legacy been larger, John could have afforded another year at school, but with only a thousand dollars to draw upon, and tuition at good schools seldom less than three hundred a year, you can see that three years was bound to



"'IS THIS WEST HOUSE?' HE ASKED."

that time the family had often had hard work to make ends meet. John and Nan attended public school, and in the summer the former found what work he could. The wages were n't large, but they helped. One summer he had obtained a place in a sail-loft, and another year had nailed "flats" into boxes at the fish-house. But the best summer of all had been that just past, when he had served as one of the crew of two on the little

be his limit. So the legacy was placed untouched in the savings-bank, and the entire family began a systematic study of preparatory schools. In the end, Oak Park had won the privilege of enrolling John William Boland among its pupils. The tuition at Oak Park was three hundred dollars a year, it was only a dollar and twenty cents from West Bayport,—you see, the Bolands reckoned distance in terms of car-fares!—and, thanks

to several endowments, it possessed, in addition, most of the advantages offered by larger and more expensive schools. I think, though, that it was the phrase in the advertisement alluding to "moral character" that decided Mrs. Boland. John remembered every word of that advertisement yet; it had been read a dozen times while waiting for the catalogue:

Oak Park School, North Woodfield, Massachusetts. Preparatory School for Boys. Established 1876. Ideal equipment for the health and study. Twenty-four acres of elevated ground, one hour from Boston. Special attention given to boys of fifteen and under. Enrolment limited to sixty, and only boys of high moral character accepted. For further information address Dr. Horace Mitchell Webster, Principal.

John's application had been forwarded in June, and a month later he learned that it had been accepted. From that moment he had looked forward to this day. And now—why, now he was dragging unwilling feet along the road and heartily wishing himself back at home! It was extremely unreasonable of him, he knew, but somehow he just could n't help it. It was not only unreasonable, it was ungrateful besides! And while he was telling himself so, with a terrific frown on his brown forehead, the school suddenly appeared.

A neat stone wall, flat-topped and half hidden with ivy, began beside him and went on to an ornamental iron-arched gateway. Across the wall he saw a broad expanse of velvety green turf divided by drives and walks which led to the four buildings in sight. The nearest of these was a low two-story affair of buff-colored brick with limestone trimming. John guessed it to be the gymnasium, and he was right. It was full of windows, most of which were open, and the red slate roof looked very hot in the sunlight. Near the gymnasium and farther from John was a handsome house of three stories, the lower of weathered shingles and the upper two of creamy-hued plaster between beams. There were two entrances, a square porch before each, and on the porches and steps were many boys. Still farther away was an old building of red brick, ivy-draped, making no pretense of architectural attractiveness. This was the recitation-hall, without doubt. At quite a distance a fourth building peered around the corner of the center one. It, too, was of shingle and stucco and beams, but it was quite small. Beyond the school grounds there was a fringe of trees, and back of that the country rose and fell in meadows and wooded hillsides.

The policeman had said that West House was farther than the school itself, and John hesitated. Then his gaze crossed the road, and there

was another gate, a rustic one, with the sign "West House" above it. So he turned his back on the school buildings, and went through the smaller gate, and followed a neat graveled path that dipped down to a pretty wooden bridge. Above the bridge was an oval pond half an acre in extent. Beneath it a little brook ran, fern-fringed and murmurous, to disappear in a patch of willows and alders below. This was the park from which the school took its name. The path led upward again and wound westward through a grove of oaks. Here and there, shrubs and plants, their leaves drooping and wilted, lined the path. With the exception of the Public Gardens in Boston, John had never seen anything as beautiful as that far-reaching expanse of turf, with the great, wide-spreading oak-trees throwing pools of dark-green shadow on the ground.

There seemed to be no limit to the park, for as far as he could see his vision was shut in by leaf and branch and trunk. Once he thought he spied the top of a red chimney through the greenery, but he was n't certain of that. He was certain, however, that Oak Park School exceeded his expectations as far as attractiveness went, and he found so much pleasure in following the path and viewing the new vistas of sun and shade opening up before him at every turn that he quite forgot his former despondency, and was so absorbed that when, very suddenly, the trees stopped and a white cottage with green blinds jumped into view, he was quite startled.

CHAPTER II

WEST HOUSE SITS IN JUDGMENT

"'DUTCH,' you 're fatter than ever," declared "The Fungus," digging his fingers affectionately if painfully into the other's neck as he joined the group on the steps of West House and lowered himself to a seat between "Dutch" and "Spud" Halladay.

Otto Zoller turned upon him with indignation faintly visible on his round, good-natured face.

"I 'm not; I 'm three pounds lighter than last spring."

"Dutch is training down for quarter," said Fred Sanderson, gravely. "How much do you weigh now, Dutch?"

"A hundred and thirty-one and a half."

"Dutch!"

"Honest, Sandy!"

"We 'll have to get that half-pound off you," said Spud. "Fat is fatal."

"Well, I like that!" said Hooper Ross, a tall youth of fifteen with amazingly black eyes and hair. "You look like a little fat cherub yourself."

"Little fat rascal!" grunted The Fungus, whose real name as entered in the school catalogue was Fergus Worthington White. The title of The Fungus suited him very well, for he was rather colorless, with the lightest of tow-colored hair and eyes of a pale, washed-out blue under whitish lashes.

Spud aimed a kick at his insulter, but it fell short, and the effort landed him on the next step below with a thud that the other four boys found amusing.

"Where 's the new kid?" asked Sandy, with lowered voice.

The Fungus grinned.

"Up there," he said, jerking his head vaguely toward the second floor of the cottage. "Unpacking. You ought to see the rafts of stuff he 's brought: silver brushes, and a patent necktie-holder that goes on the wall, and a trousers stretcher—"

"Trousers stretcher! He 's wearing knickers," said Spud.

"Yes, but he told me he had some long trousers in his trunk. Says he did n't know which was proper here. He 's a funny little kid."

"What 's his name?" asked Dutch.

"Parker, Claire Parker."

"Claire? That 's a *girl's* name!" exclaimed Hoop.

"He says it 's his. He looks like a girl, though, with his nice little pink cheeks. He will be a valuable addition to the House Eleven—I don't think!"

"I hope the other chap will be an improvement," said Sandy. "It 's about time for him to show up, seems to me."

"I 'll wager he 's the fellow we saw sitting on the wall," said The Fungus. "I hope so, anyhow. Ned has been rubbing it into me about the youngster. I 'd laugh myself into nervous prostration if that was the chap."

"Get out!" scoffed Spud. "Why, he was a regular farmer. Besides, he would n't be *walking* up."

"He might. Why does n't Ned come down?" The Fungus pulled himself up, descended the steps, and lolled out to the center of the half-moon-shaped lawn that lay between the circling drive and the fence.

"Oh, you Ned!" he called, looking toward an upper window.

"Hello! What?" answered a voice.

"Come on down."

"In a minute. I 'm changing sides."

The Fungus grinned as he strolled back to the group on the steps. "Ned 's changing his things over to the other side of the room," he explained. "That gives him the bay-window."

"I hope the new fellow can play foot-ball," mused Sandy. "We need some more talent this year, now that Means and Carter have gone. The Hall 's going to have a bang-up team."

"How long since we won a game?" asked Dutch.

"Three years," answered Spud.

"What do you know about it? You were n't here," said Sandy. Sanderson was sixteen and, being the oldest boy in West House, was House leader, and thereby privileged to administer rebuke.

Spud grinned.

"Neither were you, Sandy," he replied amiably.

"I did n't say I was. And I don't talk as though I know it all, Spud."

"Well, it 's time we won again," said Dutch, breaking in on what threatened to develop into one of the periodical disputes between the two.

"That sounds well," said The Fungus; "but how are you going to do it? It is n't fair, anyhow. The Hall has thirty-eight fellows to pick from, and the Houses have only twenty-two. Besides, we get more than our share of second juniors nowadays. Here 's this fellow Parker, and I heard that East House is getting two of them."

"I don't believe that," said Dutch. "Brad Miller told me they were getting only three new boys altogether."

"Three! They 're getting seven!" said Sandy. "And we 're getting two, and the Hall 's getting six. There are fifteen new boys this fall. Jim told me."

"Anyhow, the Hall 's lost Morgan and Chase and Purdy this year," exulted Hoop, "and that 'll leave them hipped."

"Piffle! Grow 's just as good a tackle as Morgan was," declared Spud. "Only they would n't give him a fair show last year. And—"

"Where 's my new *fidus*?" interrupted Ned Brent, appearing at the doorway in a startlingly blue shirt and with his hands thrust into the pockets of a pair of voluminous homespun trousers. He viewed the group severely. "I want to see what I draw."

"I hope you draw something awful," said The Fungus, maliciously. "Hope he has red hair and a mole on his nose and snores like sixty and—"

"Hello!" exclaimed Sandy, *sotto voce*. "See who 's here!"

Around the corner of the house, from the direction of the park, appeared a fairly tall and slender youth of fourteen, from whose sun-browned face a pair of gray eyes looked curiously and embarrassedly at the group.

He swung a shiny imitation leather satchel as he slowly advanced along the path toward them.

"Pipe the tie!" whispered Spud in Hoop's ear.

"And the trousers!" returned Hoop with a grin.

The Fungus watched the new-comer's approach with a broad smile of joy. At the foot of the steps the youth stopped.

"Is this West House?" he asked, his eyes traveling from one face to another. There followed intense silence. Sandy, as House leader, had the right to the first word, and Sandy was taking his time. Meanwhile six pairs of eyes were fixed critically on the new boy. They rested on the cheap yellow shoes, very dusty from the journey, traveled upward over the misfit trousers and the jacket whose sleeves were too long, lingered on the vivid red tie, wide and frayed from much wear, and lighted at last on the battered straw hat with its very blue ribbon. And the new boy, painfully aware of the scrutiny, shifted from one foot to the other and grew red under his dark tan. At last Sandy spoke.

"This," he drawled, "is Occidental Mansion."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Then where—" but he understood the next moment, and smiled a little. "Then I cal'late this is where I belong," he said.

"You—*what*?" asked Sandy.

"I cal'late—"

"He 's a lightning calculator," explained Spud, helpfully. "I saw one once at a circus."

Sandy's eyes rested frowningly on the bag.

"I don't think," he said, "that we want to buy anything to-day."

"What have you got?" asked Hoop.

"Huh?"

"Don't say 'huh'; say 'What, sir?'" directed Sandy, severely.

"What, sir?"

"I say, what have you got?" repeated Hoop.

"Got?" asked the other, confusedly.

"Certainly! What are you selling; what 's in the grip there?"

"I 'm not selling anything. I 've got clothes in here."

"Are they like what you 're wearing?" asked Spud, innocently.

"Cut it out, Spud," growled Ned Brent. "What 's your name?"

"John Boland," was the answer.

"Where do you live?" asked The Fungus.

"West Bayport."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"What class?"

"Huh?—I mean, what, sir?"

"What class are you going into, Mr. Boland?"

"I cal'late I 'm going into the first junior."

"That 'll be nice for the first junior, won't it?" laughed Dutch,—*"very nice for the first junior."*

"Do you snore?" demanded The Fungus.

"I guess not."

"You mean you cal'late not. Can you play foot-ball?"

"No, but I 'd like to try."

The Fungus viewed him pityingly and turned to Sandy.

"He 'd 'like to try,' Sandy."

Sandy shook his head sorrowfully.

"Where have I heard that before?" he murmured.

"Well, Boland, you room with me, I think," said Ned. "Come on in, and I 'll take you up to the room."

John looked gratefully up at his future roommate and edged his way between the others. Half-way up the steps Hoop stuck a foot out, and John completed his ascent hurriedly and ungracefully. At the top he turned with flashing eyes and clenched hand.

"Did you do that on purpose?" he demanded of Hoop.

"Do what?" inquired Hoop, surprisedly.

"Trip me up."

"Oh, did I trip you up, Mr. Boland?"

"Yes, you did, and you know it. You did it on purpose."

"Well, supposing I did? Then what?"

John gazed at him wrathfully, and then his eyes went over the other grinning faces, and fell. He swallowed hard once and then turned toward the door. Hoop laughed.

"Here, hold on, kid! What if I did trip you up?" he persisted.

John turned at the door and looked back at him.

"Nothing—now," he said quietly, as he entered the house.

THE Den, because it was at once on the front of the house and had the benefit of the sun as well, was accorded the distinction of being the most desirable room. Like the others, it was good-sized, very nearly square, and well furnished. On the side was a deep bay, with a seat all the way around it under the three broad windows. On the front were two other windows overlooking the lawn and the road and the slope of the wooded hill beyond. There were two beds, two bureaus, two shallow closets, two easy-chairs, a wash-stand, a study-table and a straight-backed chair at each side of it. On Ned's side of the room the walls were lavishly hung with pictures. Straw matting covered the floor, and three small rugs lay in front of bureaus and wash-stand.

"This is my side of the room," announced Ned, seating himself in his own particular easy-chair, "and that 's yours over there," he added

John's gaze came back from a survey of the room, and he nodded.

"Thanks. Why do they put all the pictures over there?"

"Those are mine," explained Ned. "You can hang yours on your own side."

"It 's coming by express. I suppose it won't get here before to-morrow. It was cheaper to send it that way."

"Oh," said Ned. He observed his new roommate curiously.

"You said your name was Boland, did n't you?"

Well, mine 's Brent. Hope we 'll get on all right. Now you 'd better fix up a bit, and I 'll take you over to see Horace. You 're supposed to report to him as soon as you come."

"Horace?" repeated John, wonderingly.

"Yes, the principal. His name 's Horace, you know."

"I thought—" began John.

"He will ask you a lot of questions and tell you to be good, you know," continued Ned, with a grin. "Don't be saucy to him, Boland."

"I don't callate to," replied John, reflecting the grin. "I 'll wash up and brush my hair. It was pretty hot walking up here."

"Why did n't you take a chariot? Were n't there any?"

"You mean a carriage? Thought I 'd rather save my quarter."

"You must be an economical duffer," said Ned, with a frown. "I would n't do too much of that sort of thing, or fellows will think you 're stingy. Have you got any other togs in that gripsack of yours?"

"Togs? You mean clothes?"

"What else?"

"Only some collars and cuffs and a handkerchief and some socks and—"

"Another suit?"

"No, this is my only suit, but why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Ned, evasively. "Only Horace likes the fellows to dress up pretty well when they call. I thought you might have another suit with you."

"Thunder, this is a new suit!" said John, perplexedly. "Ain't it good enough for him?"

"Sure," answered Ned, hurriedly. "But suppose you put on another tie, old man. Horace



"HAVE YOU GOT ANY OTHER TOGS IN THAT GRIPSACK OF YOURS?"

"Oh," said John. "But, you see, I have n't got any."

"Did n't you bring anything to fix up with?" asked Ned, in surprise.

John shook his head.

"No; I—did n't know I should." Then he added: "Besides, I have n't any, anyhow."

"Well, you can buy some in the town. Are they bringing your trunk up?"

hates bright colors. And I 'd leave off the vest, I think. Much too hot for vests."

"Yes, I don't often wear a vest," replied John, as he removed his coat, "nor a stiff shirt either. But Mother thought I 'd better sort of spruce up, you see." Off came the vest, exposing a pair of pink cotton suspenders. Ned shuddered.

"Got a belt with you?"

"Belt? No. Why?"

"I 'll lend you one. You can't wear suspenders without a vest, of course."

"I usually do," objected John.

"Well, it is n't done here, old man. You do as I tell you, and you 'll be all right. Let 's see what kind of a tie you 've got in there. Thunder! That won't do! Have n't you anything that does n't look like you 'd pinched it from a rain-bow? Here, I 'll find you one."

"The principal must be plaguy particular," growled John, as he poured water into the bowl and began to splash.

"He is; he 's pernickety," said Ned, gravely. "You want to look just right when you tackle Horace, or he 'll get miffed right away. Here, put this on. And here 's a belt. It 's an old one, but it 'll do for this time. Got a cap with you?"

"What sort of a cap?" asked John, a little impatiently.

"Cloth cap, of course."

"Never wear them."

"Well, you will here. You 'll have to get one. You can wear one of mine to-day." I 've got two

or three if I can find them. If I were you I 'd stick that straw in the furnace."

"What for? What 's the matter with it?" demanded John, eying his new acquaintance aggressively over the edge of the towel.

"It looks like a last year's birds' nest," replied Ned, firmly. "Now don't get huffy. I 'm telling you things for your own good, old man. You don't want to go around having fellows laugh at you, do you?"

"No, but—"

"Well, they will if you don't tog up like the rest of us. Here 's the cap. Now stick this belt around—gee! you 'have n't any loops on your trousers, have you? Never mind. Pull it tight and it 'll be all right. Get a move on, Boland; it 's 'most five."

Ned went to the window and called: "Oh, you Fungus!" There was an answering hail from below.

"Going to take him over to Horace now?" continued Ned. "'Cause if you are, we 'll go together. What? All right. In about two shakes." He turned and surveyed the rehabilitated John with critical and frowning regard. "That 's better," he announced, the frowns clearing away. "You look more like now, old man. Can't be too careful about your togs, you know. As Shakspeare said, 'The attire doth oft proclaim the man,' or something like that. Let those trousers come down another inch if you can. That 's the stuff. Now, then, grab that cap and come ahead. But first I must introduce you to Mrs. Linn, our matron of West House—whom we call 'Marm'."

(To be continued.)

AN AUTUMN WALK

WHEN spring flows over the meadows
And drifts adown the hills,
When orioles build 'mid the apple-blooms
And the bobolink calls and trills,
'T is enough to stroll and loiter
'Neath the banners of green unfurled,
And the high white clouds, and to be a part
Of the joy of the budding world.

When the hours steal softly onward,
While the days grow still and warm,
And the brown earth eagerly slakes her thirst
From the cup of the thunder-storm,
Then to swing in low-hung hammock,
And to breathe in the piny scent,
And to read and dream through the sultry hours,
Is the measure of full content.

But the dusk falls ever sooner,
And the night sounds pulse and thrill,
Till silently, suddenly comes the Frost,
And the summer choir is still.
But he flings from chilly fingers
A largess of colors rare;
Golds, russets, and scarlets inwrap the world,
And flaunt in the sparkling air.

Then farewell to springtime languor,
And to summer's idle hours,
To the leafy depths where the wood-thrush sings,
To the droning bees, and flowers.
In the air is the urge of motion,
Through the trees the sunbeams play,
Underfoot the lure of the winding road,
So over the hills and away!

Frances W. Marshall.

"The world has changed more in the last 100 years than in any 1000 years that have gone before."



Thanksgiving in 1810

A HUNDRED years back may seem a long while ago, but when you remember that there are men living to-day whose fathers saw General Washington, a century does not seem so long a time after all. And up to the time of Washington a hundred years did not mean very much to the human race. The world moved very slowly. When Washington died, in 1799, people were using the same sort of appliances and doing the same things in the same way that they did in 1699 and even in 1599. In former times, if a man could have returned to earth at the end of a hundred years, he would not have been very much surprised at any of the changes that had taken place during his absence. But if Washington or Franklin, or even Thomas Jefferson, who died less than a century ago, were to come back to earth now, he would not know where he was. *The world has changed more in the last one hundred years than in any thousand years that have gone before.*

To get some idea of the wonderful changes that have taken place, let us go back to Thanksgiving Day in 1810 and note how many, many things our great-grandparents did not have which we have to-day. It will not only astonish us, but it will also make us realize how much we have to be thankful for.

In the first place, there was no Thanksgiving Day in 1810, except in New England. It was only a little over forty years ago that the people all over the United States began to celebrate the day. Before that, if one did not live in Boston or very close to it he probably would never have eaten a Thanksgiving dinner. But even those who were fortunate enough to live in New England did not have anything like the variety of good things for dinner that we have to-day. Of

course they had turkey and pumpkin-pie and onions and cranberry sauce and potatoes; but they did not have tomatoes or corn or peas or string-beans or beets or asparagus or any of the other canned vegetables that we are accustomed to eating during the winter months. There were no canned goods of any kind. There were no tin cans. Neither were there any cars to bring fresh fruits and vegetables—like strawberries and tomatoes and lettuce—from the South and from California. In fact, there were then no such places in the United States as Florida and Texas and California. They were all of them waste places or foreign lands. They belonged to England and Spain and France and Mexico.

Oranges, bananas, pineapples, grape-fruit, olives, Malaga grapes, and other tropical fruits which are so familiar to all of us, were never seen in the markets in 1810. Boys and girls of that day only heard about them from travelers or read of them in books.

Dinners were cooked in fireplaces. There were no ranges. There were no gas-stoves; no oil-stoves; no coal-stoves; no cook-stoves of any kind. Housewives had no baking-powder, no yeast cakes, no self-rising flour, no granulated sugar, no flavoring extracts, no ground spices, no cocoa, no potted meats, no catsup, no prepared breakfast foods, no soda-crackers, no macaroni. All the coffee had to be roasted and ground at home. Housekeepers then had very few of the conveniences that they have to-day. They had no running water in the houses, or stationary wash-tubs or clothes-wringers or washing-machines or wire clothes-lines. Neither had they refrigerators or ice-cream freezers or egg-beaters or waffle-irons or apple-parers or lemon-squeezers or flat-irons or meat-grinders or carpet-sweepers



"HOUSEKEEPERS THEN HAD VERY FEW OF THE CONVENIENCES THAT THEY HAVE TO-DAY."

or ammonia or borax or gasolene or moth-balls or fly-paper or fly-screens. And they had no matches, and they had no electric lights or gas-light, and no kerosene.

There were no sewing-machines in 1810. All clothes were made by hand. There were no ready-made things of any kind; not even shoes or hats. Nearly every family spun its own wool and flax and made its own thread and yarn and cloth. The clothes for the boys and girls and the men and women were made at home. So, also, were the carpets, the candles, the soap, the mattresses, and the chairs and tables. There were no furniture-factories; no ready-made desks or bookcases or bedsteads or anything else. Such things as were not made at home were made to order by the shoemaker or the hatter or the tailor or the cabinet-maker. Clothing-stores, shoe-stores, hat-stores, furniture-stores, were unheard of.

In 1810 nobody wore rubbers. That was because there were no rubbers. There were no rubber goods of any kind—overshoes, waterproofs, rain-coats, rubber balls, pencil erasers, hot-water bags, or anything of that sort. There was no garden-hose; no fire-hose. There were no water-mains; there were no fire-engines. When a house caught

fire, men put it out, if they could, by throwing buckets of water on the flames.

Fireplaces were the only means of keeping a house warm. There were no furnaces; no coal-stoves. Here and there a wealthy family owned a wood-burning stove, but that was a rare luxury. Steam heating and hot-water heating were undreamed of. So, also, were kitchen ranges and hot-water boilers. There were no bath-rooms; there was no plumbing, and the towns had no sewers. And not only had they no sewers, but they also had no street-cars. Even horse-cars were unknown. All city travel was done on foot or by means of horses and carriages. And if any one ventured out at night he carried his own light with him—a lantern with a candle in it; for there were no street-lamps. Electricity and gas and coal-oil had not yet come into use. The moon was the best light a town could have at night.

Of course there were no airships or automobiles or motor-cycles in 1810. Neither were there any bicycles, nor any trolley-cars, and there were n't even any railroads. The locomotive had not yet been invented, and the steamboat was being tried for the first time as an experiment.



"NO RAILROADS" AND "NO AUTOMOBILES."



"NO TELEGRAPH" AND "NO TELEPHONE."

All travel was done on horseback or by stage-coach, and those who crossed the ocean did it as Columbus did—in a sailing-vessel. It was a three days' journey from Philadelphia to Washington. Now you can make the trip in three hours. It took nearly a week for a letter to go from New York to Boston—as long a time as it now requires to send a letter to San Francisco or to London, and the cost was six times as great. There were no postage-stamps. The person who received a letter paid for it in cash according to the distance it had come. And there were no envelopes and no letter-boxes. Letters were simply folded and the corners held together with sealing-wax, and the address was written on the outside of the letter.

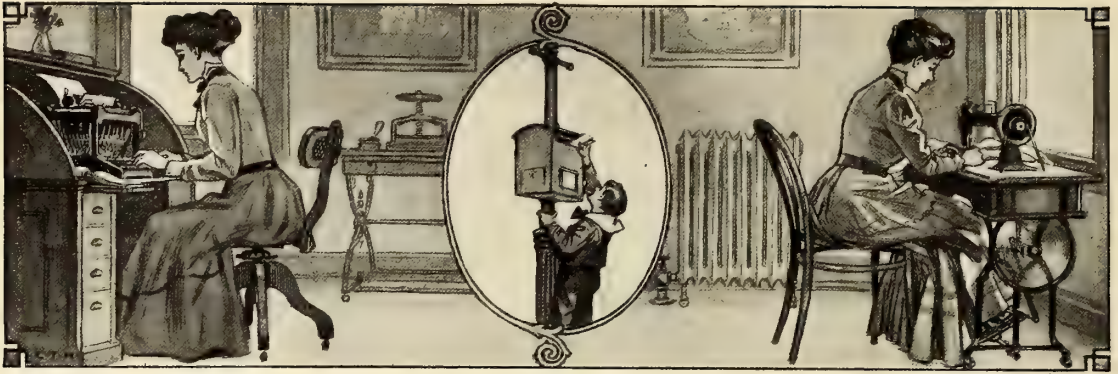
As there were no railroads, news traveled only as fast as a horse could run or a ship could sail. There were no wires to carry messages, for there was no telegraph and there was no telephone. Consequently there were not many newspapers, and such as there were did not have much news to print. Most of them were issued only once a week, and such news of the world as they contained was from several days to six months old. All printing was done by hand on wooden presses.

The paper was made from rags. All the writing was done with quill pens—the bony end of a feather plucked from a goose. There were no steel pens, no gold pens, no fountain pens, no manufactured lead-pencils, no blotters, no type-writers. Pictures, in books, of persons or places were all made from sketches drawn by hand and engraved on wood. There were no photographs; no cameras; no kodaks. There was no such word as *photograph*. Those who wanted portraits of themselves were obliged to hire an artist to paint their pictures.

In 1810 there were scarcely any amusements and recreations such as we enjoy to-day. There were very few theaters, and these were to be found only in the larger cities. There were no circuses, no vaudeville, no matinées, no moving pictures, no skating-rinks, no phonographs, no summer and winter resorts, no excursions, no merry-go-rounds, no roller coasters, no Luna Parks, no Chautauquas, no pleasure trips to California or to Europe during vacation, no soda-water, no ice-cream, no chewing-gum, no crackers, and no department stores. And there was no base-ball, for the game had not yet been invented; and there was no foot-ball, and there was no cro-



"NO OCEAN LINERS" AND "NO MOTOR-BOATS."



"NO TYPE-WRITERS."

"NO LETTER-BOXES."

"NO SEWING-MACHINES."

quet, and there was no golf, and there was no lawn-tennis. There were no public libraries. Books were few and expensive. The Waverley Novels had not yet been written; neither had the Leatherstocking Tales. There was no unabridged American dictionary. There were no novels by Thackeray or Dickens or Bulwer or Wilkie Collins or George Eliot or Charles Reade. Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Poe, Hood, Tennyson, Darwin, Spencer—not one of these great men had yet written a single line; some of them were not yet born.

Our fathers of 1810 did not know there was a planet Neptune. They did not know there was such a metal as aluminium. They did not know there was gold in California. They did not know that the country west of the Mississippi was fit for anybody to live in; they thought it would remain always a great desert and wilderness, such as it was in their day. They had never heard of quinine or morphine or vaseline or carbolic acid or sugar-coated pills, and they knew nothing of ether or chloroform or cocaine or any of the other medicines that are used to-day to deaden pain. There were no such words as *microbes* or *bacteria* or *appendicitis*.

A century ago there were still many powerful tribes of Indians in the western parts of the country, and all of the more remote towns and settlements were in danger of attack from these savages. The farmers and settlers of those days had no breech-loading guns, no repeating rifles, and no revolvers with which to defend themselves—only muzzle-loading muskets and pistols, for which they themselves had to make all the bullets. In fact, they had scarcely anything that the modern farmer considers necessary. There was not in those days any kind of farming machinery—no reapers and binders and harvesters and threshers, or anything of that sort. All work was done by hand and with the simple tools and implements that had been in use for centuries.

If the farmer of 1810 got a newspaper at all, it was a week or a month or perhaps three months old before it reached him. The news of the battle of New Orleans did not get to the farmer of Vermont or of Ohio until it had been six weeks a thing of the past. To have told a man in those days that the time would come when all the people of the United States, in every town and village, could read in a newspaper at supper-time of an earthquake that had occurred in China



"NO MOTOR-CYCLES" AND "NO TROLLEYS."



"NO AÉROPLANES."

that same morning, would have been to ask him to believe a fairy tale.

In fact, not only the humble farmer of that day, but the scientist and philosopher as well, would have found it impossible to believe all the wonderful things that were to take place within the century. If you could have lived then and looked ahead a hundred years and told your friends and neighbors that men would travel by steam and electricity, that they would fly in the air from London to Manchester, or from New York to Philadelphia, that they would talk to one another from Boston to Chicago, that they would flash news across the ocean in the twinkling of an eye, that the great wilderness beyond the Mississippi would be populated with millions of people and contain some of the big cities of the world, that men and women would go across the Atlantic and across the vast continent of America in perfect ease and comfort and in less time than it then took to journey from New York to Washington—if in 1810 you had foretold these marvelous things, your friends and neighbors would have shaken their heads and whispered sadly to one another that you were crazy. If the wonders you related to them were to come to pass during the next *thousand* years, they would perhaps have admitted that there might be truth in

"NO SKY-SCRAPERS."

some of your stories; but to say that they would all come true inside of a *hundred* years and that some of the very people to whom you were talking would live to see many of these magical inventions, would have been really too much for any sane person to believe.

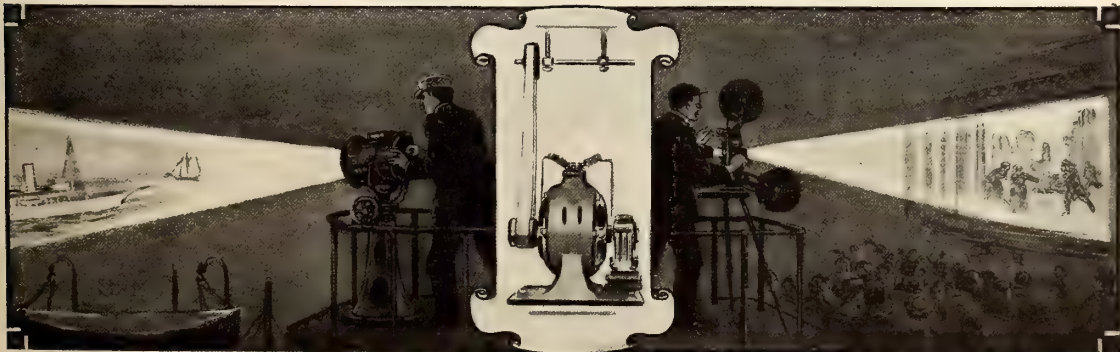
And yet here they all are, and we are living in the midst of them as quietly and unconcernedly as though they were the most commonplace things in the world. In fact, if we were now suddenly obliged to do without all the wonderful things that have come into existence since 1810, we would think the world was very empty and uncomfortable, and that we might as well be living on a desert island.

But we must remember that in 1810 our great-grandparents were perfectly satisfied and contented without any of these things. They thought themselves very well off with what they had, and those who observed Thanksgiving Day made it a special point to offer earnest thanks to Providence for their many blessings.

Surely, therefore, if they could find cause for thanksgiving, how much more thankful ought we to be in the midst of all the blessings of the age in which we live.

And what will it be in 2010? Who can tell?

Clifford Howard.



"NO SEARCH-LIGHTS."

"NO DYNAMOS."

"NO MOVING PICTURES."

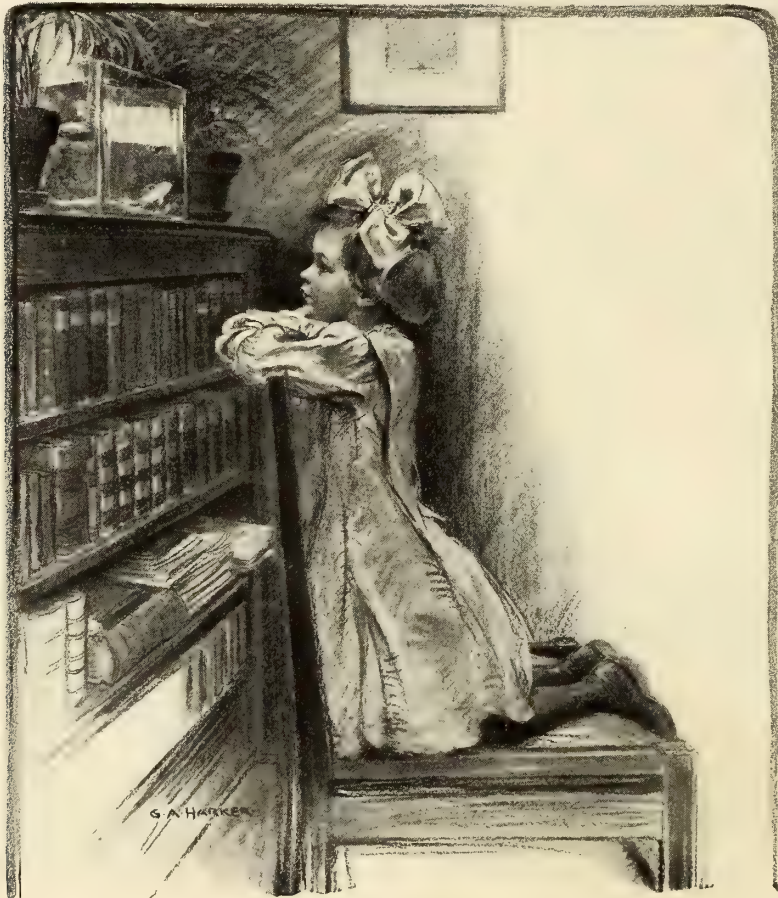
THE GOLDFISH

I TEASED and teased to have a fish,
And, now they 've let me have my wish,—
It is a dreadful thing to say,—
I wish they 'd take my fish away.
I thought of course I 'd love a pet,
But oh! he is so cold and wet
And slidy-slippery to feel,
And 'most as squirmy as an eel.
The day I spilled him on the mat
And scrambled for him with the cat,
Each time I saved his life, he 'd try
His best to get away and die!
Just as I 'd get him fast, he 'd flop
So hard I 'd have to let him drop
And grab for him again—until
All of a sudden he was still:
So still I thought he must be dead—
I guess it was a faint, instead.
I truly like to watch him swim,
But for his starey eyes. They 're dim

And not quite live, and seem to see
Things they don't like at all in me.
Oh, dear! Why can't I like my fish?
He glitters in his big deep dish,
And swirls his tail, or stirs a fin,
And breathes the water out and in;
His lovely scales are shiny bright,
But—well, I know *you* 'd have a fright,
Just as your eyes were 'most shut tight,
To hear queer plopping sounds at night!
I guess *your* heart would jump and stop
All in the dark to hear "Ker-plop!"
Of course, I 'd know in just a wink
What 't was, when I had stopped to think—
Only—a person does n't stop:
"*Mo-ther!!!*" I yell; and he goes "*Plo-p-p-p!*"

I 'M talking "trade" with Betty Babbitt—
One fish for halves in her brown rabbit.

Ethel Parton.



A LITTLE LADY

OF MERCY

by RUPERT · S · HOLLAND



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—1820-1910

It was late spring-time in England, just when the hawthorn dons its wonderful veil of pink and white along the roadsides, when the lilac-

bushes are bursting into purple blossom, and the soft turf beneath the stately oaks and beeches is thickly carpeted with daffodils. Then the sun has work to do, like any gardener. That spring he had done it well, for the girl who stood on the terrace of the splendid house of Lea Hurst thought she had never seen the hillsides and the valley and the far-circling moors such a deep, rich, warm green before. This was a very beautiful part of English country, and the girl loved it better each time she came back to it from her other home in the south. It was the rolling, romantic land of Derbyshire, right in the heart of England. Through the valley below slipped the silver river Derwent, a ribbon winding in and out among the hills. Beyond the nearest valley rose gently sloping wooded heights, and towering above them was the bold promontory called Crich Stand. On the other side were little hamlets nestling here and there in the rolling country, each hamlet with its group of thatch-roofed cottages, and each strung like a bead on the chain of a broad white road.

"Oh, but is n't it lovely, Max!" the girl exclaimed, looking down at an Ayrshire terrier who was rubbing himself against a big earthenware jar that held a cluster of pink-and-purple fuchsias.

The dog stopped rubbing and looked at the little lady above him. "Come along," she said; "we 'll see what the garden 's done. Come!" And

so girl and dog raced around the house to the southern side. The gardens here sloped down in a series of wide terraces joined by stone steps. They lay radiant with colors in the sun. The girl stopped and drew a long breath of delight. Then she ran down the steps and bent above the flowers, murmuring fond messages to each.

There were beds of peonies and wallflowers, rainbow-tinted primulas and pansies, delicate forget-me-nots and slender lilies, mignonette and heliotrope and jasmine, and border bushes of candytuft in bloom. They seemed like old friends to the girl; she knelt beside them, and touched her face to theirs, and whispered how glad she was to be back with them again.

While she was so busied with the flowers two gentlemen came down the stone stairway that led from the library to the flagged terrace of Lea Hurst. "There 's Florence," said one of the men to the other. "Give that little daughter of mine flowers or birds or animals of any sort to care for and she 's as happy as the day is long."

The other man, who was the vicar of the country church, smiled. "She ought to love such things. How could a girl with the lovely name of Florence Nightingale do otherwise?"

They walked down the steps of the garden. The girl, hearing their voices, sprang up and ran to meet them. "Oh, I 'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Ritchie!" she cried. "We 've missed you so much all winter."

"And we have missed you, little Lady Bountiful," said the vicar. "Mrs. Ritchie will be glad to know you 're back in Derbyshire."

"Are you riding home now?" Florence turned impulsively to her father. "Please, sir, may I ride over with him to take tea with Mrs. Ritchie at the vicarage?"

"I 'll see her safely home," said the clergyman.

Mr. Nightingale nodded. "Tell Sanders to saddle your pony and bring him with Mr. Ritchie's horse to the door. I wish I could go, too, but I 've letters to write."

The girl ran to the stables, and a very little

later she and the vicar were picking their way down the sloping drive of Lea Hurst to the valley of the winding Derwent. A short time and they were out upon the downs, riding with loose reins, making the wide circle of a flight instead of taking the short way. On every side spread the soft yellow-green reaches of the level uplands, flecked here and there with dark purple patches where clouds were floating across the light of the sun. On and on they went, the vicar on his big horse, Florence, her brown hair flying in the wind, near him on her fleet-footed moorland pony.

The downs were dotted with grazing sheep, and finally the riders came to a place where they found a shepherd, an old bent man, trying to collect his scattered herd by hobbling after them and calling in cracked tones to them. He was working without success; the sheep only scattered farther.

The riders drew up and watched the old man's efforts. The vicar knew him. "Where's your dog, Roger?" he asked.

"The boys hereabouts have been throwing stones at him, sir," answered the shepherd, "and they've broken his leg, poor beast. He'll never be good for anything again, and I'm thinking of putting an end to his misery."

"You mean poor old Cap's leg is broken?" asked Florence. "Oh, can't we do something for him, Roger? It's cruel to leave him all alone in his pain. Where is he?"

"You can't do any good, missy," said the old shepherd, sorrowfully. "I'll just take a cord to him to-night—that'll be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder."

Florence looked pleadingly at Mr. Ritchie. "Oh, can't we do something for poor Cap?" she begged.

The vicar, seeing the pity in her face, turned his horse toward the distant shed; but Florence, with a word to her pony, dashed past him. She reached the shed first. Dismounting, she ran inside. In a corner lay the poor moaning sheep-dog. Florence knelt down on the mud floor, and, with the greatest care not to hurt him, touched his head with her soft hands and whispered soothing words to him until the dog lifted his big brown eyes and looked gratefully into her face.

The vicar had now come into the shed, and kneeling beside Florence, he examined the dog's leg. After a few minutes he said: "The stone only cut it. The bone's not broken. A little careful nursing ought to put him all right again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "I love nursing. What should I do first?"

"Well," said the vicar, smiling at the girl's in-

terest, "I should advise a hot compress put on Cap's leg."

"What's a compress?" asked Florence.

"It's a bandage made of cloths wrung out of water and laid on the wound," explained Mr. Ritchie.

Delighted at the thought of helping the poor dog, the girl went out of the shed. Very near stood the shepherd's cottage, and lying on the grass in front of it was the shepherd's small boy. She went toward the cottage. "Is your mother at home?" she asked the boy.

He shook his head. "She's gone to Derby town," he said.

"Well, I want some boiling water," she explained. "Come help me," and without more ado she went into the cottage kitchen.

The boy helped her light a fire, and they soon had the kettle boiling. Florence looked about for cloths for bandages, and saw the old shepherd's clean smock hung up behind the door. "That's the very thing," she exclaimed. "If I tear it up Mama'll give Roger another." So she took the smock and tore it into strips. Then she told the boy to bring the kettle and a basin, and went back to the shed.

With the help of the vicar Florence soon had the hot bandages placed on Cap's swollen leg. She sat beside him, whispering to him, and calmed him so that he scarcely stirred when she changed the wrappings. At length Mr. Ritchie thought she ought to be going home. "Oh, no," begged Florence. "I want to see him get better. A nurse ought not to leave her patient. The boy can take my pony and ride over and tell them where I am."

The boy departed with his message, and the little nurse stayed with her charge, perfectly happy to be caring for him.

Shortly after sunset old Roger came sorrowfully to the shed. He had a rope in his hand because he thought his faithful friend would never be able to chase the sheep again. But as soon as he entered the shed Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure, turned his head toward him, and tried to get on his feet.

The shepherd was very much astonished. "Deary me, missy," said he, "why, you've been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, does n't he look better?" said Florence. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me make compresses."

"That I will, missy," agreed Roger, heartily, and kneeling beside the girl and the dog, he fell to work with the strips of cloth and the hot water, helping her as best he could.

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," said Florence when she came to go. "I know Mama will let me when I tell her about Cap. I want to look after him until he's running about again."

"I hope you will, missy," answered the grateful shepherd. "I hope you will."



Florence Nightingale

Florence gave the dog a final caress and whispered in his ear that she would come again. Then she and the vicar left the shed. The boy had come back with her pony, and she mounted and was soon flying back across the moors to Lea Hurst.

There were two girls at the manor-house, Florence and Frances, and they were so nearly of an age that they studied and played together. They both loved flowers and animals, and each had her own garden and her own particular pets. But

Florence's heart was always touched by the poor beast or bird that had been hurt and had no one to care for it, and by the roadside wild flowers which had a hard time to escape cart-wheels, and the seedlings which had been blown to bare and rocky soil. Mr. Nightingale soon saw that this daughter was a born gardener. When the day's lessons were over she would pick up her little basket, which held a trowel, gardener's scissors, a water-bottle, and a bundle of sharpened sticks, and hasten out of doors. Sometimes he would follow her at a distance, and watch her in the corner of a meadow digging up weeds that grew about the cowslips, or watering a little clump of daffodils that were trying to hold up their heads in the shade of a tree. Often she went far afield, outside the gardens and meadows of Lea Hurst, where the hedges and the flowers were not so well cared for, and here she found plenty of work to do, propping up bruised plants, watering faded ones, and protecting others from the careless cattle. Sometimes she found new flowers, and transplanted some of them to her own garden at home; sometimes she found just the place where she thought lilies or marigolds ought to grow, and there she would plant and tend her charges so that another summer should find them blooming. At home in the evenings her father told her much about flowers, and encouraged her to do all she could to search for old garden flowers which were growing scarce in Derbyshire and to cultivate them, to plant hardy blooms in waste places, to care for wild flowers, and to mend broken hedges. Besides her own formal garden on the terraced slopes of Lea Hurst she soon had a dozen wild gardens scattered through the fields and half a hundred little flower-beds which she visited regularly.

She loved the birds and the animals as much as her flowers. "Florence was born a nurse," said Mr. Nightingale to his wife; "I found her yesterday making a nest in a bush for a robin that had broken a wing. I dare say she intends to try and feed it."

So she did; whenever she found a bird that was hurt, a dog that was lame, any creature that was suffering, she took the care of it to herself, and invented ways by which it might be cured. The family called her "The Little Sister of Mercy," and her father gave her a place in one of the greenhouses for a hospital where she might look after her invalid birds and dogs.

The Squire, as Mr. Nightingale was called, took a great interest in the village that lay at the foot of the slope that was topped by Lea Hurst. With his wife and two daughters he was continually planning picnics for the children, and throw-

ing open the gates of his beautiful manor to them and to all the neighbors. He loved to have them all share in his delight at the exquisite gardens, the perfect velvet lawns, the thick and well-kept hedges of yew and box, and the stalwart old shade-trees that had been the glory of the place for many decades. The great event of the summer was the children's "feast-day," when all the boys and girls met at the school-house and marched in a procession to Lea Hurst, the girls with big bouquets, or "posies" as they called them, in their hands, and the boys with sticks wound with flowers, like small May-poles, carried over their shoulders. The Squire always ordered a band, and this headed the merry march which swept out of the village and trudged up the hill to the great gates of the manor. There the children found tables waiting for them on the lawn, and they had only to camp there to be served with strawberries and cream and cakes and tea like real grown-up guests. After this high tea the band played and the children danced over the lawn and on the floor of a great tent Mr. Nightingale had set up in the garden. The Squire's two daughters were continually inventing new games and leading in all the fun, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye for the smaller children who might tire easily. When the long summer twilight began to fade and the rich purple clouds to gather over the still valley of the Derwent, the band struck up a triumphal march, and the children formed in line again and trooped up to the top terrace of the lawn. Here stood Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale to say good night, and as each guest went by, Florence or Frances gave them a present from a long table on the terrace. Then each girl would bob a curtsy and each boy make a bow, and march on down the hill after the stirring band. So the "feast-day" would come to a successful close, and the lord of the manor entertain his neighbors as was the good old English custom.

It did not take long for the people who lived near Lea Hurst in Derbyshire or in the neighborhood of Embley Park in Hampshire, where the Nightingales spent the autumns and winters, to lose their hearts to "Miss Florence," as they called her. If any one was sick or in trouble, there "Miss Florence" went, carrying flowers or fruit or a present of some sort with her, but always with the greater gifts of her happy smile, soft voice, and gentle, loving touch. The old people at the windows waved their hands to her as she drove down with her mother to Cromford Church, and smiled at the sight of the slender girl, dressed in a light summer muslin, with a silk spencer over it, her sweet face, with the soft

brown hair smoothed down each side of it, beaming from the depths of a yellow Leghorn bonnet wreathed with roses.

The Squire's daughter Florence came to be a very "lady of grace" to the poor of the Derwent valley. She would ride her pony over the heath to lonely cottages, with a basket at her saddle-bow filled with puddings and jellies, or carrying an armful of primroses and bluebells to some delicate woman or girl who longed for the wild flowers of the fields and hedge-rows, but could not go to them.

Everything about this girl was sunny. She had been born in the beautiful Italian city of Florence, the city of flowers, and had been named for it, and it seemed as though she had inherited that city's love of blossoms. Her gardens and the opportunity she had to nurse stricken pets were the chief joys of her childhood, and they were joys which grew as she grew up.

There were few good nurses in England in that day, and no schools where they could be taught. Florence Nightingale met a remarkable Quaker woman named Elizabeth Fry, who was trying to help women who were in prison. Together they visited many English hospitals and studied the methods of nursing. These methods were of the poorest, most useless sort.

At Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, in Germany, a school for nurses had just been started, and there Florence Nightingale went to study. She learned a great deal and returned home to teach others. After a time England went to war with Russia in the Crimea, in eastern Europe, and Miss Nightingale knew that many of the soldiers would lay down their lives there for want of proper nursing in the military hospitals. She felt that this was her call to service, and she offered to take a band of women nurses out to the Crimea to serve through the war.

Before that war had ended Florence Nightingale had come to be as beloved by the British soldiers as the little girl of Lea Hurst had been by her father's neighbors. She was a wonderful nurse, because she was always full of courage and cheerfulness, never tiring, never shirking any labor that would ease suffering. Thousands of wounded men watched for her to pass by their beds in the hospitals, and declared they were better just for the sight of her face or the sound of her voice. She often took charge of men whose wounds the doctors had declared beyond curing, and brought them back to health by her tireless care and patience.

After a time she fell ill of cholera herself, and all England waited for news from her bedside. She recovered and was taken home. She went

back to Lea Hurst and rested there, while the whole country called her blessed. When the war was over she returned to the London hospitals.

It was chiefly due to her that the profession of nursing has become the noble work it is to-day. For many years she was one of England's most famous women. King Edward singled her out as the one woman to receive the Order of Merit, and the people of London gave her the freedom of their city. She died last August, having celebrated her ninetieth birthday in May. The Dean of Westminster Abbey asked that she might be

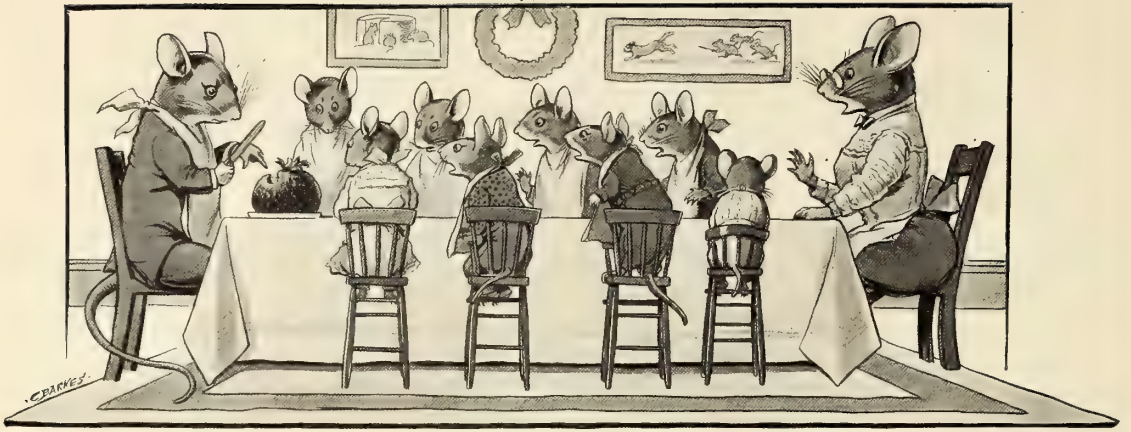
buried in England's temple of fame, but in her will she had left other directions. Her memory does not need that honor, for her monument stands in the record of her noble life.

The story of the work of this woman who tended the sick and the poor is one of the most beautiful in history. She asked nothing but the chance to serve, and thereby won the love of all the world. To tend her flowers, to nurse the sick, to serve her fellow-creatures, were the dearest wishes of the girl of Lea Hurst Manor and of the woman we know as Florence Nightingale.



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"A TENDER HEART." BY GEORGE E. HICKS.



PICTURE PUZZLE.

Find the little mouse that tampered with the pudding.

“IN THE MEANTIME”—

“In the meantime, John,” says Father,
 When I ’m speaking of the day
 That Brown’s Big Circus visits
 Our village on its way
 To every other village
 Where folks like the circus-play—

“In the meantime,” says my father,
 “You must set the tulips out
 And clean the cellar windows;
 Then you ’ll give a gladder shout
 When you see the circus coming,
 And the folks all running out.”

“In the meantime,” says my sister,
 When I ’m starting for a skate,
 “You must make a nice, straight pathway
 Out there to the front gate,”—
 And though I try to beat her,
 She says it, sure as Fate.

“In the meantime, John,” says Mother,
 “Before Thanksgiving Day,—
 When your Gran’ma Ames is coming,—
 We must paint the old blue sleigh
 And brighten up the harness.”
 And of course “we” must obey.

In the meantime *I* am thinking
 That *sometime* perhaps a few
 Nice things will happen, sooner
 Than the things you *have* to do,
 Getting ready,—“in the meantime”—
 (And it *is* a *mean* time, too!)

Mary Burr.

FOOT-BALL UNDER THE NEW RULES

(Second paper)

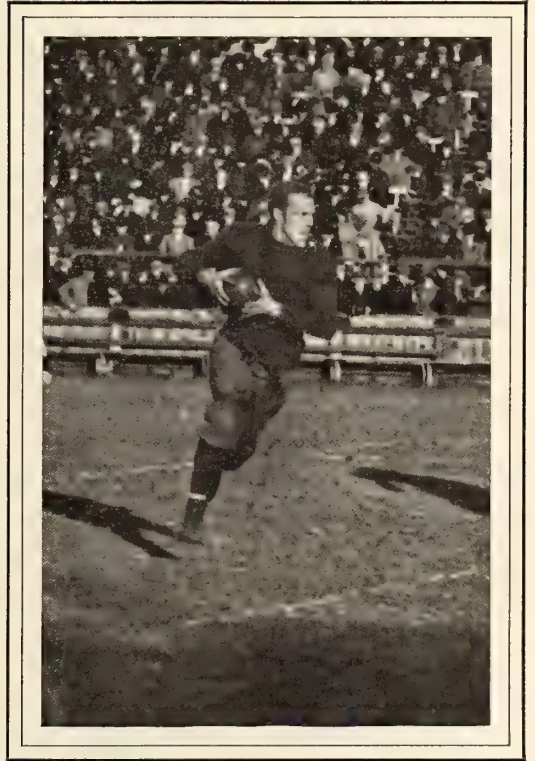
BY EDWARD H. COY

Captain of the Yale Foot-ball Team of 1909

WHEN the first call comes every fall in school and college for candidates for the foot-ball team to report, the question arises in the mind of each boy who has hopes and desires to play, "Am I physically able to stand the work?" The majority of school-boys are able to stand the work. Unless a boy has some pronounced weakness or is in some way deformed, foot-ball can be played by him, and he cannot help but be improved by it. It is not necessary to have the build of a Hercules, nor the speed of a race-horse. Provided a man is practically sound in mind and body, he can play and with practice should learn to play well. Some might say, "What could I do against this other player? He weighs nearly two hundred and I am scarcely over one hundred." Weight does not necessarily make any difference, and often the lighter man is by far the better player of the two. Especially in the new game is weight losing its former prestige. The beauty of our game of foot-ball is that its possibilities are so varied that any one can develop himself to be particularly good along certain lines. In some departments of the game weight would be advantageous, in others speed, agility, and strength. There is but one absolutely essential qualification, and that is a clear mind. In a foot-ball game critical situations are always coming up which must be solved quickly and accurately. Unless a man thinks easily he is apt to do the wrong thing at such times. The mind and body are so closely connected that very few athletes of the highest type can succeed without brains. Let all try for their teams and let each strive to develop himself along the lines he is weakest in, and perfect himself in the branches he takes to readily.

This season will be very difficult not only for the players but also for those who are to coach and instruct the players. We are to deal with a new game, and everybody starts on an equal footing. It remains to be seen just who will end up at the head. To begin with, we should start work with the simplest plays: the end runs and straight bucks from regular formation. There is such a new style in the play of this fall that we must start all over again and learn anew. It will be awkward to adapt ourselves to some things which are contrary to what have been fundamental principles as long as we can remember; but we must do it.

First, to illustrate, let us take the simple end run as it used to be played and as it will be played this year. Diagram 1 shows just how the offense manages to get its opponents out of the way to allow the half-back to make his run.

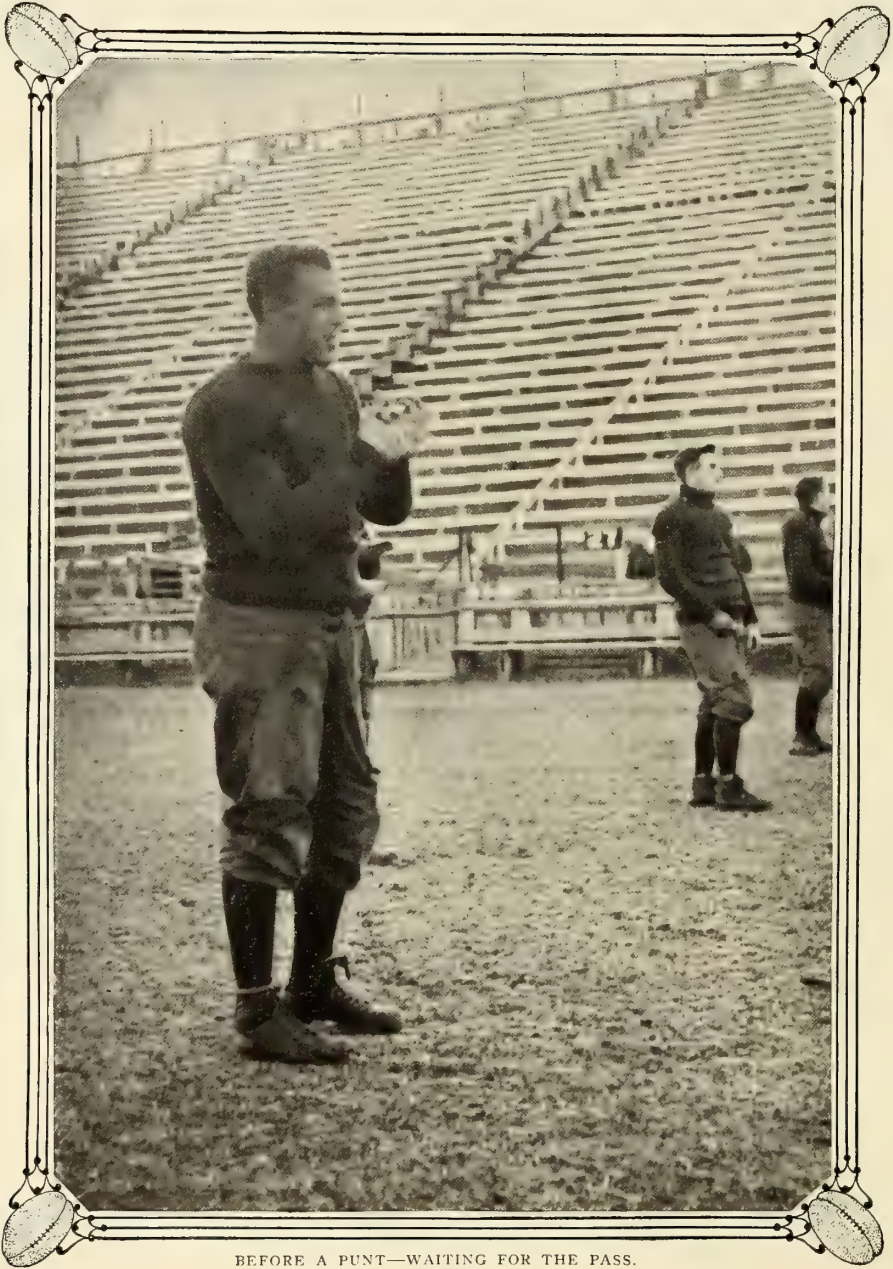


ABOUT TO MAKE A RUNNING FORWARD PASS.¹

The full-back and one half-back go for the defensive end and try to prevent him from getting at the runner with the ball. This is done by blocking him with the shoulder or throwing one's self in his way long enough for the runner to pass safely by. The tackle of the defense is taken care of by the offensive end in similar manner. Then all there is left is the defensive half-back. It is the quarter-back's duty to go for him and do his best. The success of the play now remains with him. True, a speedy dodging runner can often work out his own salvation, but he

¹ Most readers of ST. NICHOLAS will recognize Mr. Coy himself in these photographs.—THE EDITOR.

is just as apt to dodge into an opponent as away from him, and it is not a very safe way to run in such a play. All the other members of the team then hurry to the runner and pull and drag even greater, and they are necessary in warding off and interfering so that the runner can advance. The runner last year would stay behind his interferers only until he saw an opening to dart



BEFORE A PUNT—WAITING FOR THE PASS.

him along, often increasing his gain by ten or fifteen yards. This was a most important feature and distinguished a brilliant line man from an ordinary one. Although there can be no pushing and pulling this year, the duty of the line men is

ahead into. Now he will probably stay closer and possibly may follow directly behind one man who shall do little or no blocking, simply being a shield before the man with the ball. Diagram 2 shows the end run which is likely to be used this fall.

It may not be out of place to say a word now about the effect the new rules will probably have upon foot-ball; just how they will be for the best and how we must prevent undesirable tendencies that may arise owing to likely mistakes in these rules. The game is no longer a game of two halves, but one of four quarters. Let us consider this first. It has been felt all along that often a man receives an injury and keeps his condition a secret because there is not time enough to get into shape in the allowed two minutes. Occasionally a man would play in a condition which was not safe because he knew if he left the game he could not enter again. The four-period game is an advance and improvement over the old system. After each period the trainer, coach, or whoever has charge can carefully look over his men and discover and try to remedy all the injuries. Then there is an additional rule allowing a man to be replaced in the game at another period than the one during which he withdrew. A star player on a team would often play through the entire game in a crippled condition rather than leave and not return again. So we welcome such rules which not only give sufficient opportunity for recovery and the treatment of slight injuries, but also do away with the necessity of playing a crippled star through an entire game, and thus increasing the chance of serious and permanent injury.

But there are disadvantages in this rule. Most foot-ball players take some little time to get their muscles working properly. Nearly every game played proves this fact, for toward the end the foot-ball is usually much better. Plays are working better, men are doing better individually and as a team. It always takes a certain amount of "warming up" to get started. Having intervals every fifteen minutes will perhaps not produce such a good effect, since it may allow the players to get cooled off too much, so that their muscles stiffen up. And, again, it tends to make the coaches too important a factor. It is the boys on the team whom we want to see playing, and during a game the less interference by the coaches the better. It is true foot-ball is a scientific game, and the tactics and strategy are necessarily well developed; still the players gain so much more when required to think out the problems for themselves. One of the greatest benefits of foot-ball to my mind was that it taught men to act quickly in an emergency, and it would be a shame if we are going to make the game a fight between coaches who operate their eleven men like machines.

The rule concerning no pushing and pulling the runner has already been mentioned. It means

that foot-ball players this year will be at a loss for the first part of the season. Ever since we have played the game or known of it we have learned to respond to the runner's call of "Help me along." It will therefore be very difficult for us all to keep from rushing to him when his progress seems doubtful. But we can keep away from him and must. To gain ground now we must develop a more perfect interference. The line men must do much more than they have ever done before and must be more active and fast. Fewer plays will be made through the line and many more outside of tackle, so that it will be necessary for a line man to be able to run nearly as far as the backs, and will revolutionize those positions. The backs, too, must be faster and better than before. No longer will a half-back excel because he is able to "keep his feet." He must be a quick runner and an active dodger. Individual excellence will help greatly in winning games.

Another new rule that will be appreciably noticed this fall is the abolition of the flying tackle. No play in foot-ball could compare with it as a spectacle, but it was too dangerous to be allowed. The sensation of diving through the air at great speed, tackling the runner, and feeling him drop in his tracks, was one of the most pleasing experiences in the old game. But in a flying tackle the tackler is entirely unprotected. After leaving his feet he no longer controls his movements and cannot adjust himself properly to guard against falling in a dangerous, sometimes fatal, way. For these and other reasons, this style of tackle has been abolished. Now a man must have at least one foot on the ground in making a tackle. By so doing he can avoid injury to himself and also the runner. But it means that a man must be more careful and watchful than before. He must take care not to be deceived by a quick dodge of the runner, and he must therefore run rather cautiously before he makes his tackle. The rule protects greatly the receiver of a punt, who often before has been pretty severely punished by being tackled by some fast, nifty end. The latter would leave his feet just as the man caught the ball, downing him before he had time to move; catching him often unexpectedly and injuring him. The new rule allows the receiver sufficient protection, and the end must now be more versatile than before. He must not only be speedy, but he must be able to wait the required time and then go after his man and not allow him to escape. This new tackling will be hard for many to adopt successfully. It will take a great deal of practice, and the best practice, to my mind, is tackling a dummy. At first the

dummy should be stationary, and once or twice an afternoon will be plenty till the muscles become able to stand the bumps. Then let the dummy swing back and forth, and tackle it in motion to train your eyes and body to follow it. It is always best to have soft ground beneath the dummy to fall in, as that will prevent too severe bruises. Never, for want of a dummy, practise on a player, no matter in what way. It is far too dangerous to him, and no one could stand it.

Now let us discuss the rule concerning the ends on kicks. No one is allowed to interfere with their progress down the field until they have gone several yards. It will make it comparatively easy for ends now to cover any kick. In the old game a good end would cover any kick even under certain hindrances then indulged in. But, as I mentioned before, the rule concerning the flying tackle and protection of the receiver of the punts takes away some of the advantages of this new rule.

A certain responsibility always will rest upon the kicker, and it is not only the distance of a punt that will make it good. A fine kicker should be able, even under the stress and fear of having his kick blocked, to place it exactly where he wishes to—that is, within five yards of where he means to place it. And there are many more ways to kick the ball than the average man realizes. Let us consider a few and in what circumstances each will be valuable. When a team desires to kick out of danger into their opponents' territory, the kick should be made as long as possible. It should not be kicked high, for in such a case the opposing team is eagerly awaiting an opportunity to make a fair catch and then kick a goal from placement. A high kick would enable them to make this fair catch, and, should they be comparatively near the goal-posts, there is usually a man who can score the three points without much difficulty. The kick out of your own territory should be long and low and as close to the side-lines as possible. Often a good, accurate kicker will kick out of bounds, which not only prevents a fair catch and try for goal, but also prevents the opponents from rushing the ball back directly. Now what sort of kick should take place when a team is in the center of the field or near it? Distance here also counts, but a kick should go preferably to one side. It should be placed as much away from the two receivers as can be, at the same time going as far down the field as possible. If it happens to pass the men who are supposed to catch it, there is nearly an even chance of its being recovered by your own team-mates. In only one position is a high kick valuable. When a team is in opponents' territory

and forced to kick, the ball should be sent high and not very long. Thus there is bound to be a number of players near it when it comes down. All are excited. A fumble is very likely, and so near another's goal-line is a very favorable place for a scramble.

So you see there is quite as much inside football as there is inside base-ball, although possibly it is not talked about as much. The new rule for the onside kick—making the ball travel twenty yards before it can be recovered—really makes but little difference to the game. The short onside kick was one of the most dangerous features of the old game, and I trembled often when I saw two men equally distant from the ball rushing for it with heads lowered. In such a head-on collision we could expect almost anything. The present rule eliminates such danger and still leaves the benefit of the old rule—namely, the necessity that the receiver of the kick be proficient in handling the ball. Several years ago, when there was no rule to allow the recovery of a punt until opponents had first touched it, the ball would roll around, waiting to be picked up or fallen upon. The player would take no chance to lose it, and such playing was very monotonous and unskilful. Now the catchers of the ball must be very good at their work, and it requires a great deal of science to hold it securely and run it back. Great practice in all sorts of weather conditions can alone make a good man in this department. Every day of practice should have a certain set time in which to do this. There should be punts caught which are traveling with the wind. This kind is most difficult, for often, just as one is about to catch the ball, the wind will blow it so that it will sail over one's head. Spiral kicks are hardest of all when kicked with the wind. All one can do is to watch carefully the way it is pointing and judge in that way where it will drop. Balls kicked against the wind fall altogether differently. They are apt to fall short of where you would expect them. Other ways to catch are facing the sun, against dark and light backgrounds, or against no background at all. You will be surprised to notice the difference these seemingly small things make. You can never tell how the wind will blow on the day of a game, and if you are to play on a strange field you cannot be sure how the field is laid out with reference to the sun and backgrounds. It is therefore safe to practise all ways and feel confident of yourself in all conditions. Confidence is the main thing to be remembered. Never allow yourself to feel uncertain about catching a punt. If in practice you drop some, you must think it is an accident and will not happen again rather

than that it is because you are unable to keep from fumbling.

A word on how to catch punts may be of help

tacklers to get him. He should be off and away immediately and should be able to see where his opponents are without taking his eyes off the ball.

Never take your eyes off the ball until you have caught it, or you will be likely to fumble. Unconsciously you get so that you can tell where the players are about you. Your duty is first to catch the ball, then to run it back as far as you can.

A new feature is added to foot-ball with the rule allowing the quarter-back to run anywhere with the ball. It has always been necessary to have a quarter-back on a team to make the compulsory second pass. He was the man

who received the ball first from the center and put it into play by his pass to another. Under the new rules a quarter-back will no longer be necessary in the rôle in which we have been used to seeing him. He will almost be a drawback. It is a recognized fact in foot-ball that the less passing there is, the more safety. In times when quarter-backs had a particular duty there was always danger of a fumble. Not only was there a pass from center to quarter-back, but also there had to be another pass from the quarter-back to one of the back field. But one pass is required this year, which will mean great frequency of the direct pass. There will be fine opportunity for

to some, so I will suggest a few ideas. If you have no trouble about holding the ball, keep on as you always have done and ignore my suggestions, for it is success we are all after, provided we succeed in a legitimate way. Punt-catching is not like catching a base-ball. The hands are of little or no service to one, except after the ball is caught, to get a more secure hold. But, like base-ball catching, it is all-important to judge accurately where the ball is to fall and to be there just as soon as possible. Catching a punt while on the run is by no means a safe way even for an experienced player. It is better to wait for the ball to come to you than to run at it. The arms should be slightly lifted and bent at the elbows, thus forming a kind of basket to receive the ball. Then, as the ball hits you, you should give as much as possible, catching the ball nearly in the stomach and inclosing it in the arms. All muscles should be relaxed to avoid having the ball strike and bound out again. Never catch the ball on the chest. That does not allow you to form the basket-like attitude which is so necessary.

Many worry entirely too much about catching the punt, and, if they do catch it, think they have done all their part. Catching the ball is the least they can do; running it back is the valuable asset. Involuntarily the catcher will wait, after having made his catch, just long enough to allow the

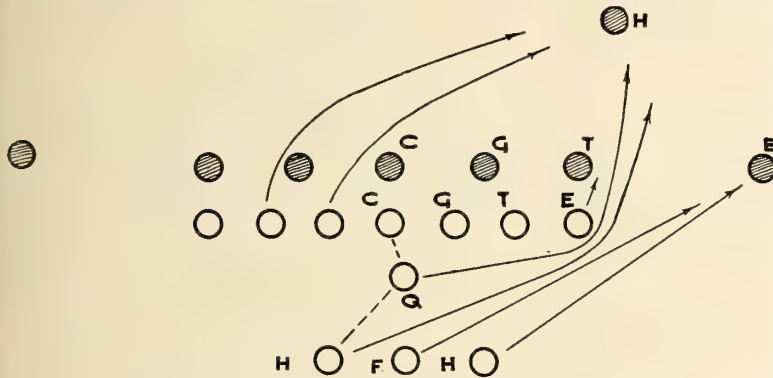


DIAGRAM 1. AN END PLAY UNDER THE OLD RULES.

Dotted lines indicate the passing of the ball. Lines show course of runner and interferers.

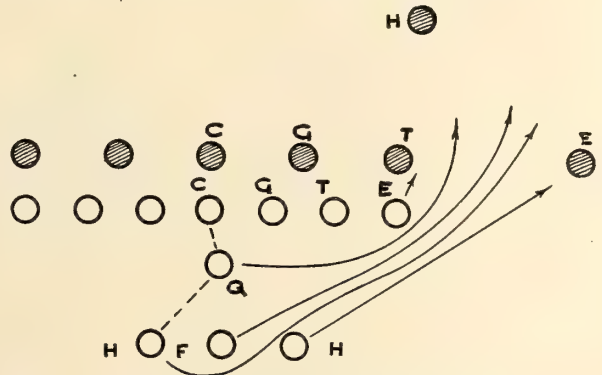


DIAGRAM 2. AN END PLAY UNDER THE NEW RULES.

Dotted lines indicate the passing of the ball. Lines show course of runner and interferers.

trick plays, and for the benefit of the ST. NICHOLAS readers I will try to show a few. Let it be understood that these plays have never been put into operation, and therefore I cannot be responsible for their success, still on paper they

look as though they might be worked to advantage.

First, let us take a play in which the quarter-

run nearly all the time with the ball, but they must not. In a tight place it is always well to vary the attack. To have self-confidence is a blessing, but to have self-confidence and none in one's team-mates is disastrous. No one man, no matter how clever and good, can expect to do all the ground-gaining. Remember to develop several men to be equally good at gaining their distance, so that when there comes the need for a certain number of yards, your opponents will not be able to pick the man to whom the ball will be given.

It will be interesting to watch the new game progress. Many different ideas will be followed and different theories will be worked out.

back takes his accustomed position. In diagram 3 the ball is passed directly to the half-back, who immediately plunges between guard and tackle through the opening which is made by those line men. Quarter-back and the other two backs run as conspicuously as possible in the opposite direction, thus drawing over also the opposing back-field players and giving the runner an open field or at least a broken field.

Again, in diagram 4, by a slight change we can have an entirely different play. Let the ball be passed to the quarter-back, who "fakes" a pass to one of the backs. They start immediately around end, while the quarter-back hesitates just a moment, then darts through the opening between guard and center. All of these plays may be worked either on the right or the left side and should give perhaps a foundation upon which to build more extensively.

But one word of advice before I close. The quarter-backs must not take too much upon themselves in this new game. Even though they are allowed to run anywhere with the ball, they must remember that there is such a condition as having "too much of a good thing." It is their privilege to call the plays and to decide just what is best. Some would like nothing better than to

But, as I said before, no one is better off than another, and every man must solve the questions for himself for the most part. Do not become discouraged at the outset if you cannot seem to get used to the new rules; it will be hard for all. Simply strive to learn and stick to it. Toil always tells. Quitters are of no more service in foot-ball than they are in any other branch of work or play. It is the man who is willing to go through the monotonous and oftentimes grueling practice, without complaining, who is sure to

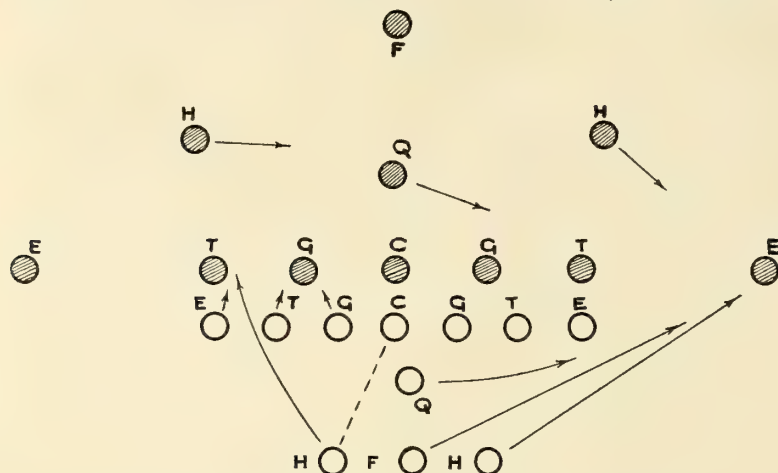


DIAGRAM 3. TRICK PLAY NO. 1.

Dotted lines indicate the passing of the ball. Lines show course of runner and interferers.

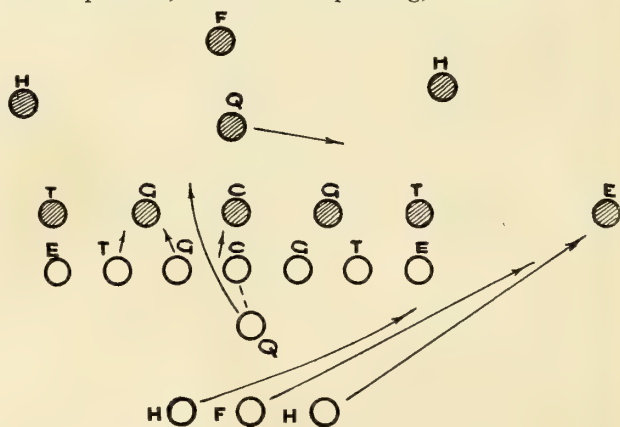


DIAGRAM 4. TRICK PLAY NO. 2.

Dotted lines indicate the passing of the ball. Lines show course of runner and interferers.

succeed. Foot-ball is not all fun. Sometimes you may wish you never had heard of the game. But if you keep on, at the close of the season, and for the rest of your life, you will look back upon your work with the greatest satisfaction.



CROW: "DID YOU FALL OFF A TREE, MR. BRUSHTAIL?"
 SQUIRREL: "YES, FROM A SLIPPERY-ELM."

A FLORAL NAME

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THIS pickaninny tiny
 Is very black and shiny,
 As black, indeed, as any chimney-sweeper;
 Of course it would be silly
 To name her "Rose" or "Lily,"
 But we 've christened her our little Virginia Creeper!



THE LITTLE NEXT DOG DOOR

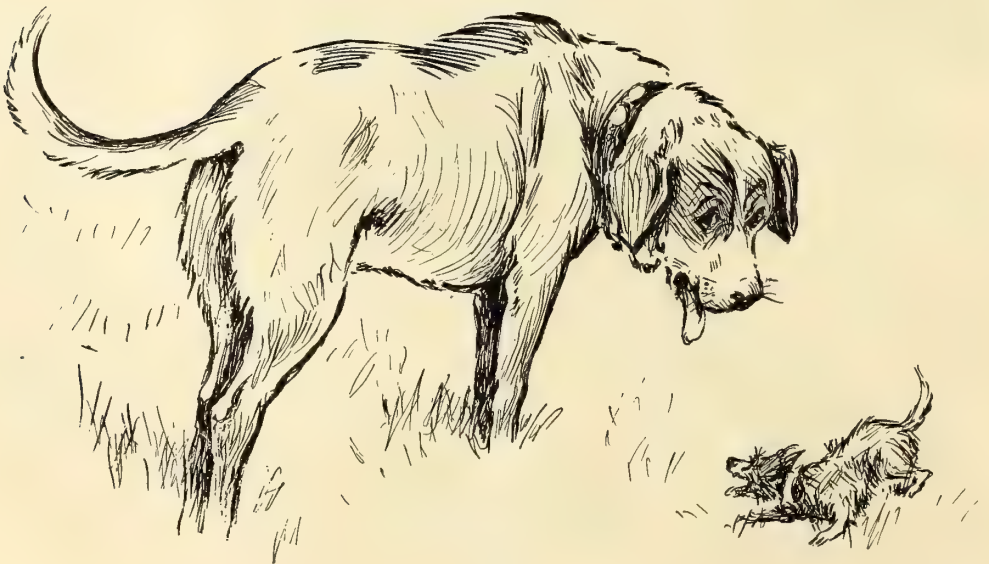


BY WILLIAM H. HILLS

He has a terrifying yap,—to him it means a lot!—
He's just a shaggy bunch of hair (it must be very hot!);
He gives spice to the neighborhood that was n't there before;
We're getting very fond of him—the little dog next door.

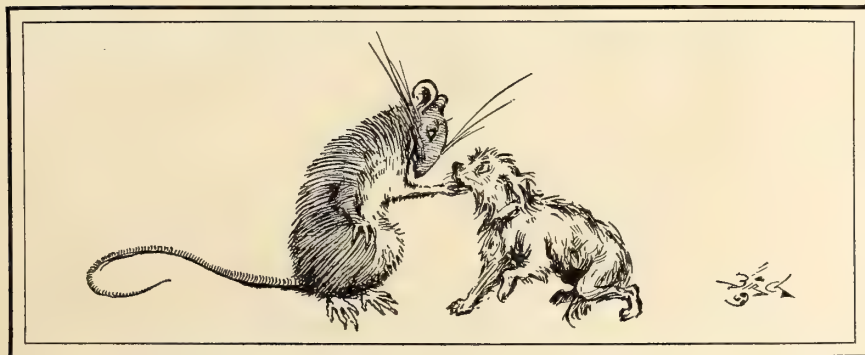
He bravely comes up on our lawn and tries to drive us out;
If barks were bad as bites, we all should have to go, no doubt.
He seems to think his little yap is like a lion's roar;
He's very, very furious—the little dog next door.

You ought to see him try to chase our Leo off the street,
And Leo looking down at him, a-yapping round his feet!
It is a most diverting sight, this fierce one-sided score;
If Leo snapped, how we should miss the little dog next door!





But Leo's patient, and he has a sense of humor, too.
He will not hurt the little chap, whatever he may do.
And if you hear a "Yap! yap! yap!" repeated o'er and o'er,
Don't be alarmed a bit; it's just—the little dog next door!





KEEPING PEGGY HOME

BY CECILIA G. GERSON



"GLORY!" exclaimed Elwyn Thomas to his friend Dick Somers, as he hung up the telephone receiver. "How many more? Am I nearly done?"

"Almost; yes; there's only one more. Miriam Allison is the last."

"Thank goodness for that! My ear hurts from telephoning. Let's see, what's her number? Oh, yes, I know. Well, Dick, here goes for the last. Won't Peggy be surprised, though! She loves surprises anyway," and Elwyn returned to the telephone.

"Hello, Central, give me Maine 808. It's a good thing we've got them all done before Peg comes home, is n't it, Dick? What? Yes, 808 Maine. It's a good thing we caught all the people, too, is n't it? Why—oh, very well, keep on ringing. Is n't it jolly, Dicky, to have the mid-year holiday from college? I'm going to stay home and loaf all day to-mor— Hello, Central, can't you—oh, I beg your pardon—is that you, Miriam? . . . Yes, I'm glad you knew me this time." Elwyn laughed. "Very well, fair lady, I'll spare the operator," he said, "but now to the point. I'm home from college to-morrow, and I do hope you can come over in the evening to a little surprise-party for my esteemed sister Margaret, otherwise known as 'Peggy'. I have asked a dozen of the girls and boys to come up to-morrow evening. It is her birthday, you know. Peggy does n't suspect a thing— Hello! hello! is that anybody on the wire? Did you hear anybody? . . . No? I suppose it was just the operator," said Elwyn, as the telephone wire clicked again. "Let's see, what was I saying? Oh, yes, to-morrow evening! Dick Somers is helping me get it up, and we hope it will prove a success. . . . Will Peggy stay home? Well, I guess!" Elwyn said, with a whistle. "It won't be hard to keep her home; she always was a home body. It's sometimes a great deal more difficult to get her

to go out.—Dick, see if she's coming—thank goodness, she's not here yet.—Very well, then,—many thanks,—at eight-thirty to-morrow evening. Good-by!" and Elwyn hung up the receiver with a sigh.

"Good work, old boy, was n't it?" he asked, turning to Dick. "We've called up every one of the twelve now, and Peggy's not home yet. Let's see your list, Dick."

"Here it is," said Somers, producing a slip of white paper. "Everybody can come, too. That's lucky."

"What do we have to provide?" asked Elwyn, as he took a pencil from his pocket and began to write.

"Ice-cream, of course," said Dick; "no party is complete without that."

"Plain vanilla will do," suggested Elwyn; "it's wholesome."

"We might as well serve milk toast," said Dick; "why, babies live on vanilla ice-cream. I would suggest beginning with—er—lobster, broiled, you know, and sandwiches, and salad, and coffee and ice-cream and—"

"Phew, Dick, are you 'flush' this week? Remember even if *you* are, I can't afford to lay out the money for all that! We'll cut out several of those luxuries. Here, let me fix the list. First, sandwiches—chicken-salad sandwiches or something like that. Second, ice-cream, mixed, to suit our varied tastes and—"

"Of course we'll want candy and cakes and—"

"I think that's quite enough," said Elwyn, turning an empty pocket inside out. "It's a surprise, you know, and they'll be glad to get anything to eat. As it is—" Elwyn ran his eye over the paper, "it will amount to about ten dollars if we do it right."

"Well, that won't break either of us," said Dick, laughing and drawing a five-dollar bill from his pocket. "There's my share."

"A thousand thanks, and—quick! put the paper away! I hear her coming!" exclaimed Elwyn.

"Don't forget to be here at eight-thirty sharp to-morrow. I'll arrange for the feast."

The paper was pocketed just in time, as Margaret appeared in the doorway. It was no wonder that Dick, as the boys rose, cast an admiring glance at his chum's sister, for she certainly did look charming in her pretty blue walking-suit and furs, her cheeks reddened by the cool evening winds.

"Good evening, boys!" she exclaimed, placing some parcels on the table. "It's simply lovely out. I believe we'll have skating to-morrow. What are you going to do to-morrow evening?"

"Where have you been, Peggy?" said Elwyn, hastily, to turn the subject.

"Shopping and calling. Oh, and—Elwyn, as I passed the Crescent Theater, I had two seats laid aside for to-morrow evening. You'll take me, won't you? They say it's a fine play."

Elwyn fidgeted. "To-morrow night? I'm sorry, Peg; I can't. I have another engagement; but judging from the headache I have now, I think I'll have to stay home."

Margaret pouted. "Your engagements!" she exclaimed. "They have a habit of happening at the most inconvenient time. But *you* 'll go with me, won't you, Dick?" she said, smiling at him sweetly.

Dick looked uneasily at Elwyn. "I—I—really—Peggy—I—I—" he stammered.

"Oh, very well," said the girl, taking off her wraps; "you don't need to go, but really, Dick, I thought *you* 'd be more accommodating."

"Some other time," suggested Dick, "I should be delighted—but not to-morrow, really, I am very sorry—"

"Don't apologize," said Peggy, much to the surprise of both, smiling sweetly. "I can cancel the tickets," and she crossed over to the telephone, whereupon Dick, glad to get out of an embarrassing position, made a hurried exit, leaving Elwyn to face the music alone.

Peggy lifted the receiver and hung it down

with a bang. "These 'phones are the limit of exasperation!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Here the wires are crossed and I can't get the theater at all. Is n't it provoking? This afternoon I tried to call up one of the girls from Watson's department store, and after waiting at the 'phone for fifteen minutes I was just about to get my number, when I found the wires were crossed and I heard an entire conversation." Peggy laughed at the remembrance and again picked up the receiver. "Still crossed!" she exclaimed. "Who wants to know what color of quill Mrs. Jones is



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, PEG? WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN-STAIRS?"
(SEE PAGE 35.)

going to put on Martha's new hat?" and Peggy picked up her packages and, with her eyes twinkling with merriment, went up to her room.

The evening passed uneventfully, without further mention of the following day, and Elwyn began to pat himself on the back that all was going so smoothly and that Peggy had given up the idea of going out the next night; but his hopes received a severe blow when, on the next morn-

ing, as he entered the dining-room, where the family was assembled, he saw his sister frantically waving an open letter in her hand.

"What is it?" he asked, after giving her a birthday kiss.

"It 's an *invitation!*" explained Peggy, excitedly; "an invitation from Alice Dean, the girl I met in France last summer, and she wants me to come out to-night for dinner and stay a whole week! Is n't it wonderful! I 'm aching to see her lovely house out in the country. Oh, I think it 's just perfect! It will be a grand way to celebrate my birthday."

"Are you going?" Elwyn asked, trying to keep the tone of anxiety from his voice, and casting a beseeching look in his mother's direction.

"Going? Why, of course I 'm going! You would n't let me miss such an opportunity, would you, Mother?"

Mrs. Thomas shook her head. "It 's pretty cold, I think, dear, and, with your tendency for catching the grip, I think you 'd better stay at home."

Margaret threw her letter down in dismay. "Not let me go? Oh, Mother!"

"It 's for your own good, dear," said Mr. Thomas, taking his daughter's hand. "You would n't want to be sick in bed next week instead of going to the Ashton dance, I know."

Margaret bit her lip. "Oh, if you both say so, I suppose I 'll *have* to stay home and make the best of it," she said; "but—"

"There, there, some other time, dear, but not to-night," and Mr. Thomas kissed his wife and children good-by and went off to his office.

"Don't disturb me," said Peggy, taking her birthday presents in her arms and going up the steps. "I 'm going to write my regrets to Alice."

"Mother," whispered Elwyn, when his sister was out of earshot, "have you ordered the things? I do hope she won't go out. I never saw Peggy so anxious to leave the family hearth."

Mrs. Thomas smiled. "I 'll attend to everything, Elwyn; you try to keep Margaret away from the kitchen."

"Oh, yes—give me a nice, easy job like that. It would be just my luck if she should get the notion to make a pudding for dinner and march out just as Mary is making the sandwiches"; and Elwyn dug his hands into his pockets and commenced to whistle.

But no such idea appeared to enter poor Margaret's head, and when, after lunch, she went up to her room, Elwyn again breathed freely.

At about half-past four, as Elwyn sat reading the popular book of the season in the cozy library, he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of

the fact that Margaret had been unusually quiet all afternoon. Had she gone out? No, for at that moment he heard her step in the hall.

"Where have you been, Peg?" he asked as she entered the room.

"Down in the kitchen, Elwyn, looking for something good to eat," she replied, picking up a magazine.

"*What!*"

(Oh, you entrancing heroine of the "best seller" of the year, with your artless charms and pretty speeches, have you kept the kitchen guard from his duty!)

"Yes," said Peggy, sweetly, "but I did n't find anything good—only a few crackers and some jam."

"Peggy, it 's ridiculous! Imagine a girl of sixteen standing upon the pantry dresser stealing jam. It sounds like one of those tales you tell to naughty little boys."

"You think you 're funny! You don't understand, that 's all. I was n't standing on any pantry dresser. I remembered your experience in a case similar to the one you have just pictured,"—she smiled at him archly,— "and I did n't *steal* the jam; Mary said I could have it."

Elwyn subsided. "Well, what are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I 'm going over to Helene's for dinner to spend the night with her," said Peggy, toying with a book; "that is n't out in the country, you know."

Elwyn felt himself growing hot. He was at his wits' end. Suddenly aid came at an unexpected moment.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Thomas, who had stopped at the library door on her way out. "Father and I will be out for dinner, and I want you to stay at home and dine with Elwyn."

Elwyn felt himself to be standing on firm ground, which but a moment before seemed to be slipping from under his feet. Margaret threw down her book in disgust and angrily went from the room. Elwyn breathed a sigh of relief when Margaret had left him.

"If it were only half-past eight!" he mused; "but I guess she 'll not make any more attempts at going out."

Poor Elwyn! His trials were not yet over, for shortly after five Margaret appeared in the doorway.

"Is n't it lovely?" she cried. "Uncle Frank has called up and asked me to go to the theater with him to-night. Maude Adams is playing, so of course I accepted with pleasure. Mother and Dad will be out, and as you have an engagement, I did n't feel called upon to sit at home by myself."

Elwyn gasped. "But I 'm not going out," he exclaimed; "I have a headache and I 'm going to stay home."

"Poor dear," said Peggy, rubbing her hand over her brother's forehead; "you don't seem to be feverish, though," she added.

"Oh, Peggy, please stay home with me," he begged.

"You 're a queer fellow!" she remarked; "usually you want me to go out, and now when I want to go out, you sit there and plead with me to stay home. But—oh, very well; it looks like

"Nonsense, Peggy, you must n't think of going out and leaving me like this. Just think of the many times I have sat at home and entertained you." (Had he ever said it was an easy thing to keep Margaret at home!)

"All right," exclaimed Peggy, impatiently; "I 'll sit at home, and hold your hand, and sing you to sleep. I must say this is a jolly way of spending my birthday. I won't go to Eleanore's, but I 'll go up-stairs."

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and still Margaret stayed in her room. With feverish



"DON'T GO OUT IN THAT RIG, PEGGY. YOU 'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD."

snow anyway, so I 'll call up Uncle Frank and put him off," and she petulantly took up a book.

The two read in silence until dinner was announced, and when the meal was ended and no mention of the evening had been made, Elwyn felt that all further fears would be groundless.

As he sat there before the merrily burning logs, thinking of the splendid surprise in store for his sister, he was suddenly aroused by hurried footsteps in the hall. "Who 's that?" he called.

"Only Peggy, Elwyn," said his sister, sweetly. "I thought you were asleep. I 'm going next door to see Eleanore's new hat. I 'll be back by ten, though. You had better go to bed early."

haste Elwyn mounted the steps and knocked at her door.

"What 's the matter, Peg? Why don't you come down-stairs?" he demanded.

"Come down-stairs?" A merry laugh floated through the door. "Why, Elwyn, I thought you wanted to be quiet, so I 'm going to bed!"

"Peggy!"

"Yes, honestly. But I 'll come down—if I must—and rub your head for you again," she said in a resigned tone.

Elwyn made his way down-stairs and sank into a chair. The little clock on the mantel chimed a quarter of eight—much to his relief.

"Only three quarters of an hour," he exclaimed, jumping up and going through a quick succession of fancy steps around the room and whistling as if to give vent to his pent-up feelings.

"How 's your headache, Elwyn?" cooed a soft voice from the doorway.

Elwyn turned. "What the mischief—!" he exclaimed, and then stopped. Slowly he crossed over to his sister and eyed her in dismay. Margaret was dressed in her hat, coat, and furs.

"I 'm glad you feel better," she said; "and oh, I 'm so glad that you made me get up! I just remembered that I have to run over to see Elsie Heath, who is in bed with tonsillitis. She 'll never forgive me if I don't."

"Have you no sense!" Elwyn exclaimed, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. "With your susceptibility to throat trouble, to go into a tonsillitis bedroom! If I did n't know you were sixteen I would say you were only three years old."

"Poor brother, don't excite yourself. I 'll stay home and tell you stories if you 'll only calm down. Sit down and wait till I go up-stairs and hang my things away."

Elwyn threw himself down to wait. He had never known Peggy to be so exasperating. Never again would he say his sister was a home-loving girl. Never again would he— At that moment Margaret reappeared. She had changed her street costume for her new evening gown, which he had not noticed under her long fur ulster. "What do you call this, Sis; are you a lightning-change artist or a vaudeville impersonator?"

"Neither, Mr. Smarty. This is my new evening gown. Do you like it? It is my new party dress, and I 'm going over to show it to Mrs. Markham."

"Don't go out in that rig; you 'll catch your death of cold."

"No, I won't take cold; I 'll put my cape on."

At that moment, much to Elwyn's relief, the door-bell rang.

"I 'll go and see who it is," suggested Peggy. "Don't you stir; your headache might return!"

"Peggy, you can't go to the door in that!" and before Margaret had time to realize his intention, Elwyn had hurried into the hall, closing the library door behind him.

Softly Peggy ran down the back steps, and noiselessly she entered the darkened parlor. Holding her breath and crouching very low, she

hid behind the heavy hangings near the electric push-button.

One by one, with stifled giggles and many whisperings, the "surprise-party" entered and groped their way in the dark to the chairs.

"It 's a lucky thing we 're all at home here," whispered one of Elwyn's chums, "otherwise I 'd be black and blue—*ouch!*—excuse me, girls, but I spoke too soon. Look out! Here 's another chair."

"*Hush!*" said Dick.

"Now," whispered Elwyn, "are you ready? All attention! I 'll call Peg."

A stifled murmur gave assent, so carefully Elwyn tiptoed to the hall.

"Peggy!—oh, Peg!" he called; "Dick 's—down—here."

At that moment all the electric lights flew up, and the startled company saw staring at them from over the mantelpiece a large placard on which was printed in big letters "FOOLED AGAIN!"

"Good evening," said Peggy, coming forward and smiling upon them sweetly. "Why are you so late? I expected you long ago." The company gasped; Elwyn cast a despairing glance at Dick. "Peg is a riddle that I will never be able to read," he muttered, mopping his brow. Then he put on his "party face" and joined in the uproarious fun with the others. And it lasted uproariously throughout the whole evening.

"WHAT were you up to to-night?" he exclaimed to Margaret, when the last guests had gone, and they were alone.

"You silly goose of a brother!" she laughed, putting her hands on his shoulder. "Could n't you see, did n't you understand, that all the 'fake invitations' and 'wild desires to go out' on my part were merely *put on!* The theater tickets were never ordered, and the thought farthest from Uncle Frank's mind was that of taking me to the theater. I wrote the 'invitations' myself. Did n't you 'catch on' that I just did it to see your discomfiture and keep you busy?—to keep the surpriser surprised, so to speak?"

Elwyn looked at her in amazement. "But the party," he gasped; "how did you know about it?"

Peggy's laughter rang out merrily. "You old dear," she said, kissing him affectionately, "I heard your whole beautiful plan yesterday over crossed telephone wires."



"'GOOD EVENING,' SAID PEGGY, COMING FORWARD AND SMILING UPON THEM SWEETLY."

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE AMATEUR

THE WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHING WITHOUT A LENS

BY ARTHUR LORING BRUCE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF FOUR PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSHALL R. KERNOCHAN

PINHOLE lenses are as yet very little used by amateur photographers. This omission on their part is due to two reasons: first, they are but little known to many of them; second, the average amateur's work is chiefly confined to operating

as have passed the stage of desiring nothing but wiry sharpness and harsh contrasts in their pictures.

The pinhole has so many advantages over more expensive lenses that I can enumerate only a few.



AN OLD COTTAGE ON THE MAIN STREET, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

upon his friends—at least, they are his friends until he shows them their photographs—and it may as well be confessed at once that pinhole *portraits* are impracticable, owing to the long exposures required, although I have seen one or two beautiful exceptions. But for pictures that are motionless, such as landscapes or architectural subjects, it is *the* process for all such amateurs

First: Universal focus. With a pinhole everything is equally sharp beyond a certain distance, the degree of sharpness depending on the size of the pinhole used—that is to say, the smaller the pinhole the sharper the picture.

Second: There is no “focal point,” in practice at least, so that the distance between the pinhole and the plate (or film) is only regulated by what

one wishes to include in the picture. (I have used a pin-hole at three and a half inches from an 8 x 10 plate, and obtained perfect results.)

Third: The quality of the negative. Its wonderful clearness and transparency and wealth of delicate detail in the shadows cannot be approached by any lens except by one that is semi-achromatic, the use of which requires experience and expert knowledge.

Fourth: It has all the optical advantages of the best lenses.

Fifth: Its cheapness. It costs but a few cents and can easily be made at home.

For the average amateur a pinhole made in thin sheet-brass with a No. 11 needle is the best working size. Take an old, discarded camera, remove the lens, substituting the pinhole, and your outfit is complete. Any old camera that is light-tight will do, and *if you expose sufficiently* your success is assured before you start.

I cannot, of course, give a guide to exposure within the limits of a short article, but my own

standard of exposure, with a No. 11 needle-hole at six inches from the plate, is three minutes in bright sunlight.

Of course the more you draw out the bellows the longer the exposure and a trifle the less sharp the details of the picture, and vice versa.



"APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME," BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE, ITALY.

As many readers of *St. NICHOLAS* probably know, a fair camera can be made from two or three old cigar-boxes by boys and girls who are

used instead of a sheet of tin or brass. In every case the hole *must* be free of rough edges.

In exposing interior subjects such as parlors,



A BERKSHIRE FARM-HOUSE.

reasonably expert in carpentry. The writer once saw one made in such a way by a boy of fourteen for a total cost of fifty cents. It took excellent pictures and was fitted with a pin-prick lens in a sheet of tin-foil. Silver-foil paper, such as is often wrapped around chocolates, is sometimes

sitting-rooms, and playrooms, a much longer exposure must be given to the plate. I once took a dark interior with an exposure of six hours.

All of the pictures that accompany this little article were taken by Mr. Marshall R. Kernochan, the well-known New York amateur.

A VERY LITTLE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE GIRL

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

MOLLY was such a little girl that she did n't seem big enough to have a party all her own with truly ice-cream in it. But she had asked for one so many times that at last Mother decided to give her one. And the party was to be a surprise to Molly herself.

Early that afternoon Molly wanted to go for a little visit to Miss Eleanor. Miss Eleanor lived up Molly's street, in a white house with apple-green blinds. Molly often went all alone.

Miss Eleanor was always so sunny and full of songs and stories and games that Molly loved her next best to Father and Mother and Baby.

"You may go, dear," said Mother, "if you will come home exactly at three o'clock."

"You always say exactly three o'clock, Mother," said Molly.

"Well, five minutes after three, then," laughed Mother. "And, Molly, so that you won't forget this time, all the way to Miss Eleanor's, say over and over, 'Five minutes after three.' Then, just as soon as you get there, say the words quickly to Miss Eleanor, 'Five minutes after three.'"

"Five minutes after three," said Molly; "I can remember that."

"That will give me plenty of time to get ready for the party," thought Mother.

Up the street with her white parasol flew Molly. "Five minutes after three," she said over and over in a whisper until she began to sing it. "Five minutes after three," she sang until she stopped a moment on the bridge to see some boys fishing. Just about there, a big dog who was a friend of Molly's ran out to say, "Good afternoon."

"Oh, Fritzie," cried Molly, "I'm going to Miss Eleanor's to make her a visit. Want to come?"

But Fritz had the house to look after. So Molly gave him a hug and ran along.

"Three minutes after five," sang Molly; "three minutes after five," over and over until she ran into Miss Eleanor's sunny little sitting-room.

"Three minutes after five," cried Molly; "that's how long I can stay. Won't that be nice?"

"Why, it's little Molly!" cried Miss Eleanor. "I'm all alone and so glad to have company! We'll hear the clock strike five. Then, if you put on your wraps, you'll be all ready to start home at three minutes past."

It seemed a very very short time to Molly before the little clock struck five.

"There, deary," said Miss Eleanor. "Put on your things and hurry right along!"

Molly put on her hat and coat. Then she kissed Miss Eleanor and hurried down the street.

When she reached the corner, she saw that the parlor at home was all lighted. And out of it came such a hubbub of little voices all laughing and talking that Molly ran faster than ever.

At the door she met Mother.

"Oh, Molly, *where* have you been?" cried



"SHE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT ON THE BRIDGE."

Mother. "I could n't go after you because I could n't leave Baby. And I could n't take him."

Molly scarcely heard. "Oh, Mother, Mother," she cried, "it looks like a party. And it sounds like one. Is it a party, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mother, "your own little party, Molly. And you're the only one who is late. How could you forget?"

"But I did n't forget, Mother," cried Molly, hurrying out of her coat, "truly I did n't. Every step of the way I said it, and I said it to Miss Eleanor the very first thing."

"What did you say?" asked Mother.

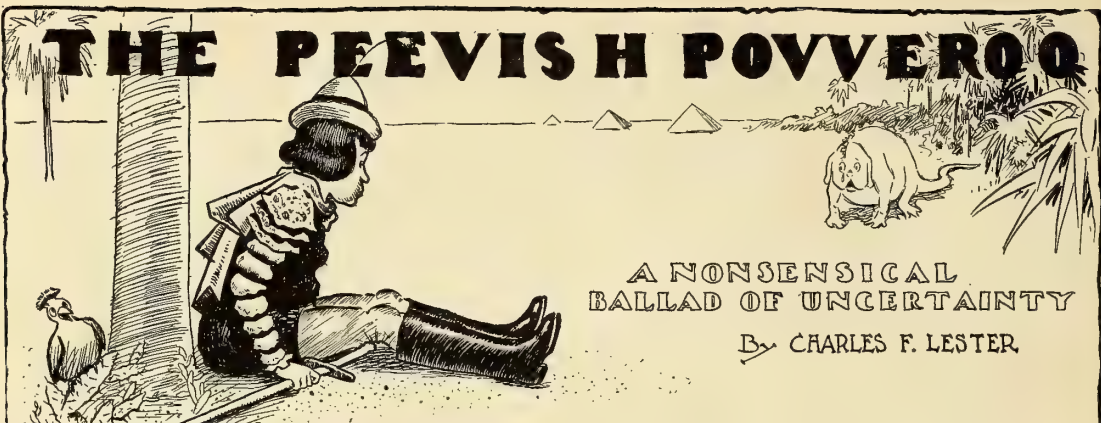
"Three minutes after five," said Molly.

Mother laughed. "Why, Molly dear, you got the hour and minutes turned around. I said *five* minutes after *three*. Well, never mind. Run along just as you are. It's a lovely party, dear, with truly ice-cream in it."

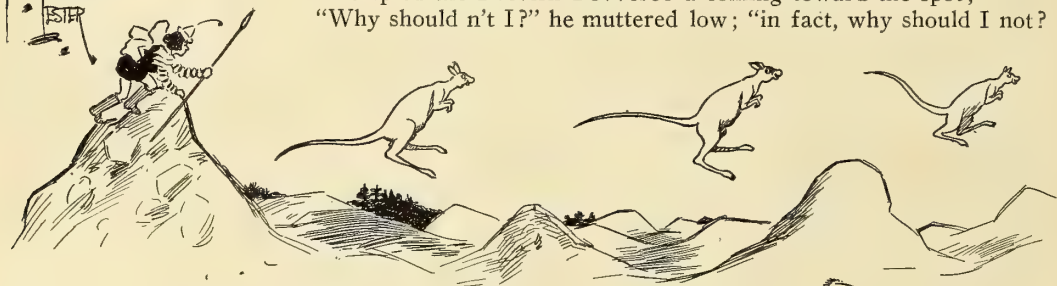
THE PEEVISH POVVEROO

A NONSENSICAL BALLAD OF UNCERTAINTY

By CHARLES F. LESTER



THE Gloop was sweetly singing, as the Count of This-and-That
In silence and his rubber boots beneath a palm-tree sat.
He spied the Peevish Povveroo a-coming toward the spot;
"Why should n't I?" he muttered low; "in fact, why should I not?"

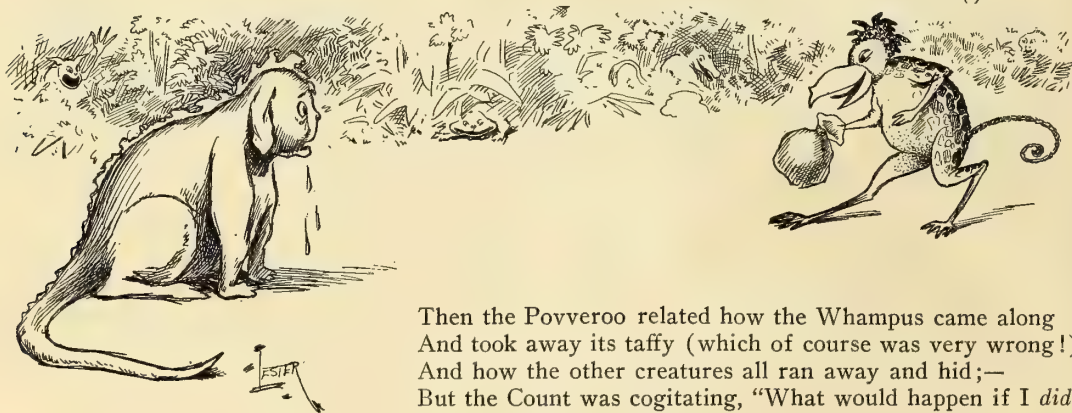


"From crag to crag I've often chased the tuneful kangaroo,
And o'er the ice the bold gazelle, and alligator, too;
In the tangle of the jungle I have tracked the polar bear;
But *this* is something different; I wonder if I *dare*!"

"A weeping Povveroo must be the rarest thing on earth;
No circus-man could pay me what its capture would be worth."
He asked it how it came to be in such a woeful plight;
But he could n't keep from thinking, "It seems as if I *might*!"



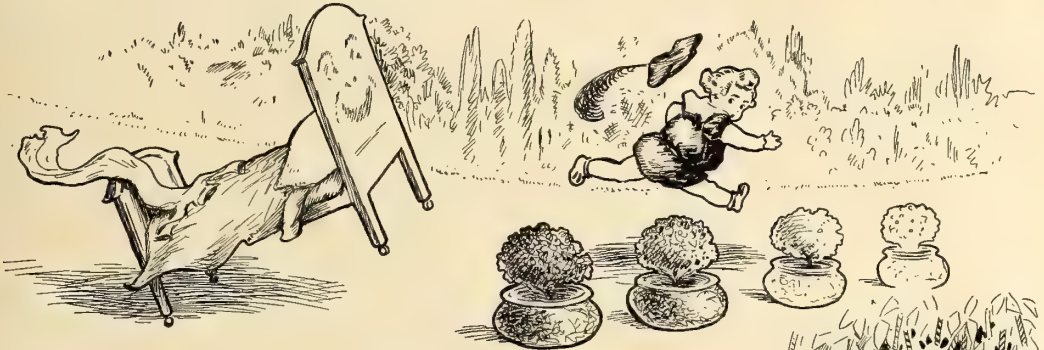
"It seems as
if I *might*"



Then the Povveroo related how the Whampus came along
And took away its taffy (which of course was very wrong!),
And how the other creatures all ran away and hid;—
But the Count was cogitating, "What would happen if I *did*?"



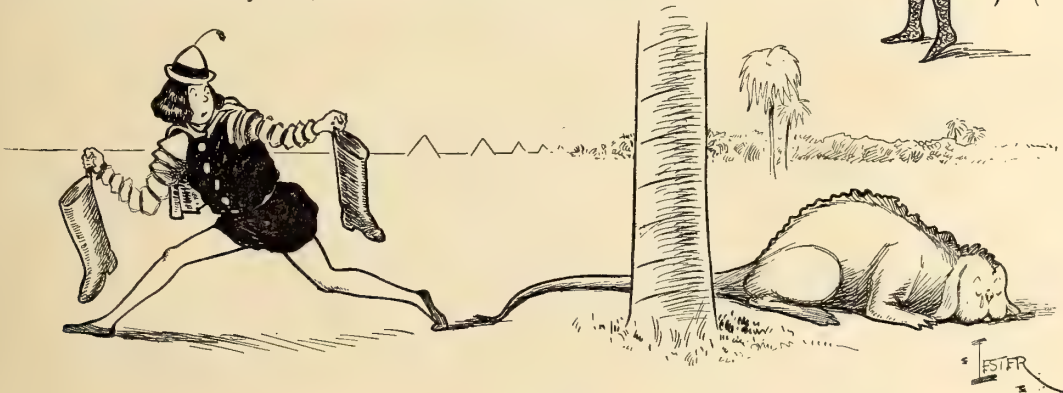
But the Povveroo grew sadder, and wept for orange-ice;
And so he fed it cough-drops (which he thought were just as nice);
He told it jokes to comfort it, and tried to do it good;—
But all the time he asked himself, "I wonder if I *could*!"



He told it of Prince Peppercorn, who would n't go to bed,
And how the bed each evening had to come to him instead;
And of the dreadful Goojum Bird, and how at last 't was caught;—
Yet secretly he pondered, "I don't suppose I *ought*!"

He told it of the Land of Sweets, across the Southern Seas,
Where the springs run soda-water, and candy grows on trees;
Till the Povveroo grew calmer, and at last its sobs were still;—
But to himself the Count remarked, "I hardly think I *will*!"

And now the Peevish Povveroo had sobbed itself to rest;
The cough-drops all were eaten, and the sun was in the west;
Then the Count took off his boots and stole away with visage sad;—
But as he fled, he softly said, "I *almost* wish I *had*!"



ESTER

OLAF AND THE LEMMINGS

BY ARTHUR DILLON



ONE evening when Olaf and Hans were coming from the barn with the pails of milk, Olaf said: "Hans, see the crows flying back to Thorsberg across the fiord from Oester Fells. They go every morning and come back every night."

"They go to feed," said Hans, "and come back to roost in the Thorsberg fir-wood."

"They never did it before this winter," said Olaf. "They always flew up the fiord and then up the valleys to the grain-stacks, all the way to Jornansstead and beyond. There's nothing for them to eat in Oester Fells."

"There must be," said Hans, "else why should they go? And see how strongly they fly; be sure they find enough."

"What is it?" asked Olaf.

"Go see," said Hans, "and don't stop to ask questions while the milk freezes," and with that they went on to the warm farm-house.

Olaf liked nothing better than to "go see," especially if it was to go on the Oester Fells, for they were a fine place in winter—a high, flat plain, twenty miles wide, with bunches of firs and pines scattered about, and now and then a hawk, or the track of a fox, or even of a wolf; and once the men of Jornansstead had killed a bear there in the snow. In summer the rocks and holes and high heather made it impossible to go across, but now it was one great sheet of snow, with big drifts piled against the trees, and long smooth hollows where the wind had swept the snow away.

So, early on the next morning, with a lunch in his pocket, Olaf set off on his skees.

It was hard to climb the steep slope that led up to the Fells from the flat farm-lands along the fiord, and Olaf had many a slip and tumble before he reached the top. There, if he had looked back, he could have seen the farm-houses and the barns like black spots on the snow far beneath him, and beyond, the sea, with perhaps some icebergs on it; but Olaf kept his eyes on the crows, for the last of them were disappearing ahead over the Fells.

The sun was bright and the wind was still, and he set out over the crust, his skees going "Squeak, squeak," as he made long steps and pushed with his pole. Here and there, on the powdery snow that lay on the crust like sugar on a cake, he could see tracks of a hare or of a partridge; he did not turn aside to follow them but kept on, mile after mile, until the sun was high and he was hungry. He stopped in a clump of firs to

eat his lunch, without having found where the crows had gone.

When he started on again, he saw, to his delight, a crow fly up ahead, and he ran forward quickly to the spot. A whole flock were there on the snow, and they rose, squawking, and settled on the trees to watch what Olaf would do. He looked about to see what they had been at, and went to and fro over the snow among their tracks, and at last found the body of a queer little animal such as he had never seen before. The crows had been pecking it, yet still he could see that it was like a fat rat, but with a rounder nose than a rat's, and round ears and a short tail, while its fur was a nice soft brown, mottled with darker spots. Then he saw that among the tracks of the crows' feet were many tracks such as the animal's little feet might have made; and in the distance more crows were flying about, rising up into the air and plunging down again, and seeming to be very busy over something—more little animals, Olaf thought. But it was growing late, and Olaf had far to go. It would not do to try to go down the slope from the Fells in the dark, as he would have to do if he lingered longer; besides, he was sure he knew what the crows came for, though he did not know its name, so, putting his little beast in his pocket, he set out for home.

Hans and his father were at the barn milking the cows when he came into the farm-yard, holding his prize up by the tail for them to see. They both looked very grave over it.

"What is it?" asked Olaf.

"A lemming," said Hans.

"What's a lemming?" asked Olaf.

"A lemming is a traveling rat," said his father. "Where there is one, there are thousands. They come from no one knows where, nor why. They stop in the winter under the snow, and live on moss and twigs and berries, and on the bark of trees. They make long tunnels under the snow. The crows catch them when they come out to gnaw the firs by day; the foxes and wolves catch them by night. And the hawks catch them, and the sleet-storms kill them, and the melting snow drowns them in the spring, but, in spite of all that, when summer comes there are thousands more than there were in the fall. And then, some night, they set off, in a great army, straight ahead. Nothing stops them. They climb hills, they swim

rivers, they gnaw through fences. When they come to a house, they pour into the windows at one side and out at the other. While some stop to devour, the others keep on, and when all have passed, nothing is left, nothing that they can gnaw or spoil. Even the farm stock has gone, for the cattle run off in affright."

"Will they come here?" asked Olaf.

"Who knows?" said his father. "They will come down from the Fells in the summer, and over some one's farm, ours or another's."

"If they cross the farms," said Olaf, "they will come either to the fiord or to the sea, and then they will have to come back."

"If they come to the sea, they will swim out and drown," said Hans. "If they come to the fiord, they will swim it, and cross Thorsberg, and come to the sea beyond it. They always come to the sea at last and drown."

"Do they?" asked Olaf of his father.

"Yes," said his father, "but it is because they are obstinate and stupid. They will not turn aside. When they meet a river, they swim across; when they come to the sea, they try to swim across that, and so drown. Hans, can you make a long journey to-night?"

"Why not?" said Hans. "It is a long night."

"Olaf and I will see to the cattle. You take your skees and go to every farm that lies below the Fells and show the lemming. Then go to Jornsstead and show it to the mayor. One farmer out of every five must meet in the morning on the Oester Fells here above my farm, with the mayor and the public committee of Jornsstead. Show the lemming and they will come. You need not come back till evening if you are tired."

"Tired!" said Hans. "The fat committeemen will be the tired ones, trying to keep up with me coming back. I will take Olaf's skees; they are lighter than mine."

That made Olaf feel proud, for he had made the skees himself, and Hans was a good judge of skees. He watched him glide away in the dusk and listened to the squeak, squeak of the skees on the snow long after Hans was lost to sight.

Olaf slept soundly in spite of dreams of countless brown rats, more soundly than the farmers whom Hans awoke, battering on their doors and shouting, "Lemming!" until they came with a light and saw for themselves. His father awakened him in the dark, and they climbed up the slope to the Fells by the light of the setting moon. There already the farmers were gathering, and a little after daybreak Hans appeared with the burghers from Jornsstead; and, to Olaf's relief, with Olaf's skees, for he had had to use

Hans's, which were heavy. They set off two by two, Olaf in the lead, guiding them along his tracks of the day before, with the mayor in his red scarf beside him.

When they came to the place where Olaf had found the lemming, they separated, some to the right, some to the left, some straight ahead, and explored the Fells for miles around. They gathered again for lunch and built a great fire, and while they sat around it and ate, with their skees stuck upright in the snow behind them, each told in turn what he had seen. It was all the same thing, lemming tracks, lemming burrows everywhere. When all had spoken, they discussed what to do, each man telling what he knew of lemmings. Then the mayor said: "The lemmings will not move far until the heather is in bloom. That we know. Let us watch them until then. Let us put marks on the trees around this land where they now are, and each week we will come to see if they have moved at all, and in what direction, toward whose farm."

Olaf's father said: "Let each pay a tax according to his farm, and let it be given to him whose farm is crossed, so that no one man shall be ruined."

"That is good," said all the farmers, and one said: "It will need some one to come each week to watch the marks."

The mayor said: "Let us appoint Olaf, Olaf's son. He has sharp eyes, and it will be an honor."

"That is good," said Hans, and all laughed, except Olaf, who tried not to look too well pleased. Then the farmers cut blazes on the trees with their hatchets, while Olaf watched the fire, until long after nightfall; and they all went home again, two and two, on their skees, in the moonlight, and Olaf was so sleepy that he never knew how he got down the slope of the Oester Fells, and into his bed, where he found himself the next morning.

Each week thereafter Olaf went over the Fells and visited the marks, and made new ones wherever he found the lemmings' tracks and burrows beyond the old ones. With his father's help he made a map (as you see) showing just how the lemmings were shifting about. Soon it was plain that they were moving little by little to the east, and soon the outline of the marks on the map made like a tongue pointing to where the Fells came close to the sea, but still toward many good farms. Olaf traveled again and again over ground between the lemmings and the edge of the Fells. He found that a line in the direction that the tongue pointed crossed Christian's Brook, that ran, in summer, from a low, swampy place on the Fells. He had an idea and told his father of it. Together with Hans, they went over the ground

again and drew the brook and the swamp on the map, and Olaf's father took it all to the mayor. He called a meeting of the farmers, and they voted to adopt the plan Olaf's father had proposed.

Olaf watched the marks until the snow had melted away under the spring sun and rain. By that time the lemmings had moved to within a mile of Christian's Brook. After that there was no way to trace them, even if one could have gone to them through the high brush and the great stones the melting snow left bare. If one did not mind cold water, he could scramble up the bed of Christian's Brook from the ravine where it cut through the edge of the Fells clear to its head in the swamp. From there the farmers cut a rough way for half a mile toward the lemmings, and at the end of it built a platform in a high tree for a watchman. At the head of the brook they built a long dam of stones and mud and bushes, so that the water was held back in the swamps and the brook ran nearly dry.

When the leaves were green, Olaf spent every day that he could leave the farm on the high platform. There, far up, he could see about him to the smoke of Jornsstead in the north, to the blue mountains to the west and to the south, and to the east over the sharp edge of the Fells to the sea. The crows of Thorsberg had broken up their winter flock and no longer flew over at dawn and back at night, but they came singly or in pairs, many of them at all times, plunged down to the Fells, and flew heavily away with a young lemming in their claws. The gervals and the hawks hovered thickly overhead, more than Olaf had ever before seen. Even the ospreys no longer soared over the sea, but they, too, sought their prey on the Fells; and at night one could hear the foxes barking in the heather.

Late one summer day the birds flew thicker than ever. Instead of being scattered all through the air over the Fells, they were gathered in a great cloud over the place where Olaf had put the last marks before the snow melted. He could hear their cries, and when Hans came to take his place and watch through the night, Olaf begged to stay, and he watched them soaring and swooping, coming and going, until the long dusk grew so dim he could see them no longer, and then he went to sleep.

He was awakened by Hans shaking him and shouting in his ear. With his eyes half open, he said crossly: "What's the use of shouting so? I'm as awake as you are."

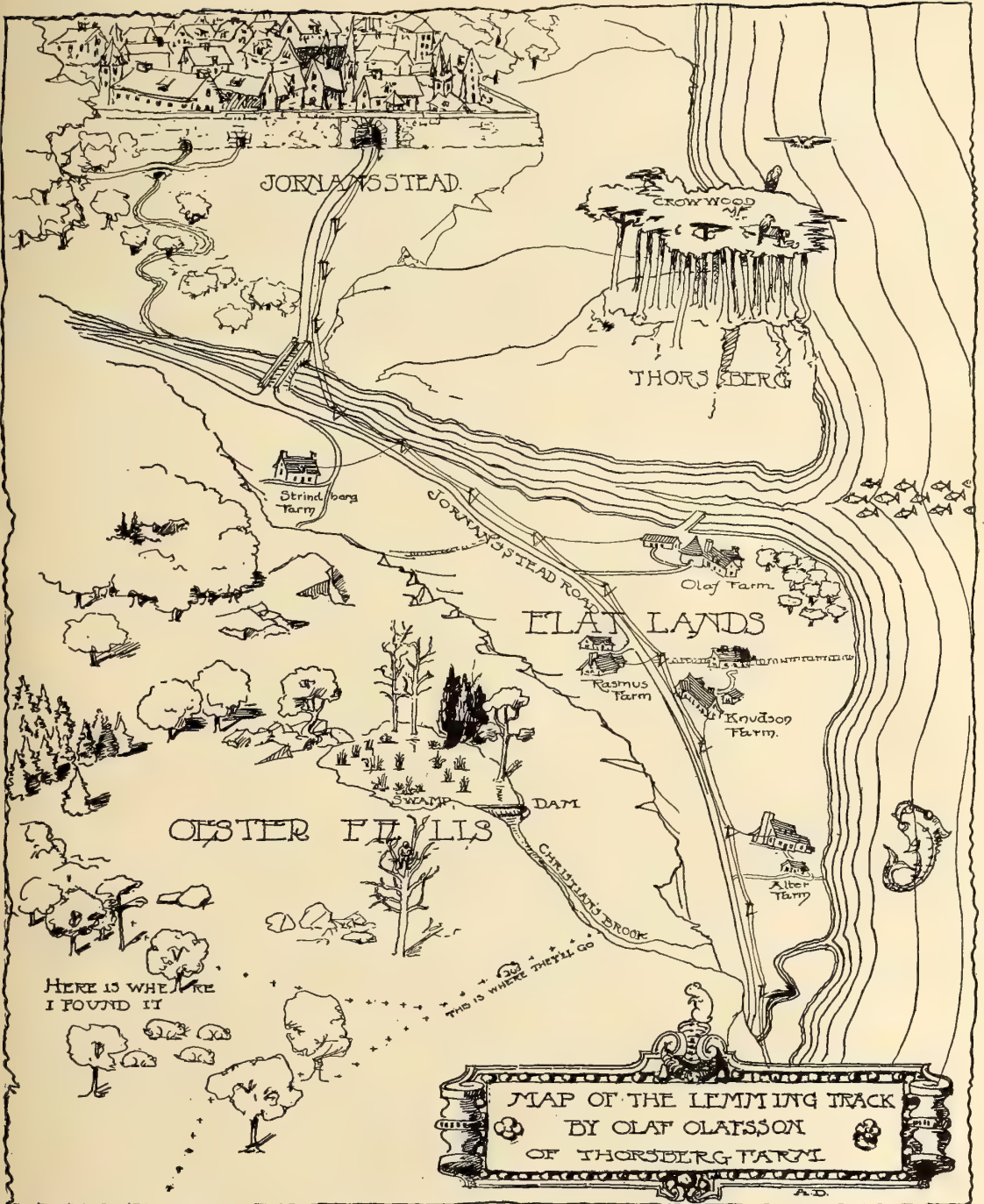
"Are you?" said Hans. "That is good, for the lemmings have started at last. Listen. Look."

Sure enough, in the stillness of the early morn-

ing he could just hear a soft rustling and brushing in the heather and grasses, and innumerable faint squeaks seemed to arise from all about. It was still not light enough to see, but Olaf could not wait. He climbed down the rough ladder to the ground, and ran with matches in his hand to set fire to the signal that had been made ready months before, a great pile of dry wood at the bottom of a pine-tree. He tried to jump along from rock to rock, but once or twice when they were too far apart he had to jump to the ground, and he then felt the lemmings scurrying past his feet, some of them stopping long enough to bite at his thick shoes. In a moment he had struck a match, and the signal was ablaze. The flames sprang up, and before he was back at the foot of the ladder, the whole pine-tree was in flames like a great torch, with a high plume of smoke and sparks streaming straight up into the air. From Jornsstead, from the farms on the fiord, from Thorsberg, and all along the edge of the Fells, the answering fires flared up, showing to Olaf and Hans, as they ran at their best over the rough road to the dam, that the farmers had been keeping faithful watch and had seen the signal. It was nearly clear daylight when they reached the dam. They were the first, but soon others came, and each took his appointed station, some at the gates of the dam, others scattered along the brook to where it ran over the edge of the Fells.

Soon one man set up a shout. Another took it up, and it was passed back from man to man to those at the dam, telling them that the first of the lemmings had reached the bed of the brook. They pulled up the gates, and the water sprang out. They broke down the dams with their poles and cleared a wide passage so that the water could run freely. It filled the bed of the brook with a racing, foaming torrent, so swift that some of the men were swept from their legs and went bumping over the rocks until they could right themselves and crawl out.

Olaf thought that such a river would soon drain the swamp dry, but one look at the great lake they had made by means of the dam reassured him, and he hastened off, with all the others, to where the lemmings' track met the course of the brook. All the farmers were gathered along one bank. Over the other, a brown stream of lemmings poured out of the bushes and into the torrent. There it disappeared. As fast as they came, just so fast were they carried away by the water. Not one could swim across, but all as soon as they touched the stream were swept down. And still they came, more and more of them, while the flood in the bed of the brook ran higher and higher and swifter and swifter. A



few were tossed out on the bank far below, but there, too, the farmers were ready and pushed them back.

For two hours Olaf watched the steady, un-diminishing procession coming over the opposite

bank. Then, when he was commencing to wonder whether the swamp would not be drained dry before all the lemmings were drowned, the last of the swarm came over the bank and into the brook, and that was the end, like coming to the end of a

long ribbon. The farmers gave a great shout. Not a lemming had escaped. All were washed down into the sea, and the sea-gulls and the ospreys and all the fishes of the coast gathered and ate them up.

There was a town meeting in Jornansstead that week. Olaf went with his father and listened while the pastor made a prayer of thanks. Then the mayor arose and said, rapping first on the table: "Farmers of Jornansstead and Thorsberg Fiord, you have heard what our pastor has said. All of you agree with him, for all of you saw the lemmings and all of you know what we have been spared. There was a great tax laid, and all of you have paid it willingly. But it has not been spent. A little was spent to build the dam, a little was spent to cut the road, and a little to pay the watchers, and a little for the signal-fires. All of those littles added together made

only another little, so that nearly all of the tax can be given back, and so it shall be. Is that good?"

"That is good," said all the farmers together. "Yes, yes, that is good!"

"But," said the mayor, "I have here a purse made of the skin of the first lemming that was found. Let us put some of the tax in it and give it to the one who found the lemmings, and who watched them so faithfully, and who invented how to kill them. So let us put enough in this purse to buy—"

"A gun—just a little one," said Olaf, nearly dancing in his seat.

"Be still," said his father. "You are rude."

But the mayor laughed, and all the farmers roared with laughter, and said: "That is good. Just a little gun," and laughed again.

And that is how Olaf got his gun.

THE PLEASANTEST TIME O' DAY

(A Song of Early Summer)

BY MAY TURNER

I

OH, when is the pleasantest time o' day?

Is it in the morning, bright and cool?

Long hours before me of work and play;

Tasks for my mother, and lessons at school.

The straight rows of seats—'t is my friends that are in them!

And problems to solve! How I long to begin them!

School-time, and rule-time, and song, and recess;—

There could scarce be a pleasanter time, I confess.

II

Oh, when is the pleasantest time o' day?

When school-time is over, and meadows are green;

When robins are singing a roundelay;—

Fleecy clouds drift, and there's blue sky between.

Young birds thrust their heads up from nests that are o'er us;

And song-sparrow, bluebird, and wren sing in chorus.

Play-time, and gay time, and all of us glad;—

When is ever a pleasanter time to be had?

III

Oh, when is the pleasantest time o' day?

Can it be in the twilight, sweet and dim,

When I watch the moon as it sails away

O'er the pond, and the pine-tree tall and slim?

Red light in the west, and the soft, fading daylight;—

We need not go in; there are games in the gray light;

Shadows, and silvery brightness around;—

Oh, how could a pleasanter time be found!



THE BALLAD OF THE ESCALADE

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

We 've heard of Independence Day, we boys of Switzerland;
 We think it sounds tremendous, and Thanksgiving must be grand.
 But we 've a better holiday than all you ever had:
 It comes on January 12—'t is called the Escalade;
 And every loyal boy and girl in old Geneva town
 With music and with dancing goes gaily up and down;
 With merry masquerading we celebrate the night
 When a pot of boiling choc'late put the Savoyards to flight.

Oh! Calvin is our master, and we know his precepts well,
 And the hero of our nation is the archer William Tell;



"STRAIGHT UPON THEIR HANDS AND HEADS SHE LET THE CHOCOLATE FALL."

But the figure in our history we love the best of all
 Is just the brave old woman who lived beside the wall.
 She threw her chocolate over—are you sure you know the tale?
 And 't was she who caused the night attack by Savoyards to fail.
 So yearly do we celebrate, with feast and song and dance,
 The dame who hurled her kettle down and saved the town from France.

Oh! creeping very softly came the Savoyards by night,
 For they thought to sack Geneva before the earliest light;
 Creeping very softly by twos and threes they came,
 The soldiers hot for booty and the leaders hot for fame.
 The town was very silent, for the wearied burghers slept
 Through the longest night of winter while the foeman nearer crept;
 Ah! woe upon the city, for ere the long night 's o'er,
 The struggle will be ended and Geneva free no more!

And now the stealthy marching has ended by the wall;
 They raise the ladders softly, and a whistle gives the call.
 The first man gains the ramparts; the rest are crowding near,
 While peacefully the burghers sleep nor dream of cause for fear.
 All sleep except the ancient crone who, hobbling from her bed,
 Sees, peering out into the night, the foremost foeman's head.
 Too feeble she to rouse the town, too old to run for aid;
 But she hastens to the hearthstone where to-morrow's feast is laid.

Oh! heavy was the kettle, but she dragged it from the wall,
 And straight upon their hands and heads she let the chocolate fall;
 And oh! the scalded soldiers go tumbling to the ground,
 While loud above their shouting the bells begin to sound.
 Ring out the wild alarum, call every burgher out,
 Fling forth the free town's banner with great defiant shout!
 Up! up! ye sturdy citizens, for faith and freedom arm,
 And save your wives and children from midnight sack and harm!
 Then all along the ramparts the angry burghers poured,
 With pike and shot and powder, with arquebus and sword.
 The Savoyards are routed; unfurl it overhead,
 The banner of Geneva, the yellow and the red!
 Give honor to the burghers who thrust the foemen back,
 But of honor give the most to her who saved the town from wrack.

In sixteen twelve it happened and still we celebrate;
 From street to street we wander and sing from gate to gate.
 A band of masqueraders we come in merry guise,
 And you shall be the judges of who has won the prize.
 For Pierre is dressed in tatters as a sooty "ramoneur,"¹
 And Jean is like an Eskimo all wrapped in shaggy fur,
 And Gerty is a gipsy with tinkling tambourine,
 While Marguerite in sweeping train is gorgeous as a queen!
 And at the end of dinner, every year it 's just the same,
 They carry in a kettle like the one that 's known to fame,
 But this one 's made of chocolate with little ones inside,
 With chocolate spoons and chocolate "mousse," and nougat cakes beside.
 So we eat the little kettles, and we eat the big one, too,
 And it 's sometimes better than a week before the feast is through.
 Oh! for holidays the Escalade is far the best of all,
 When we celebrate the good old dame who lived beside the wall.

¹ Chimney-sweep.



"A BAND OF MASQUERADERS WE COME IN MERRY GUISE."

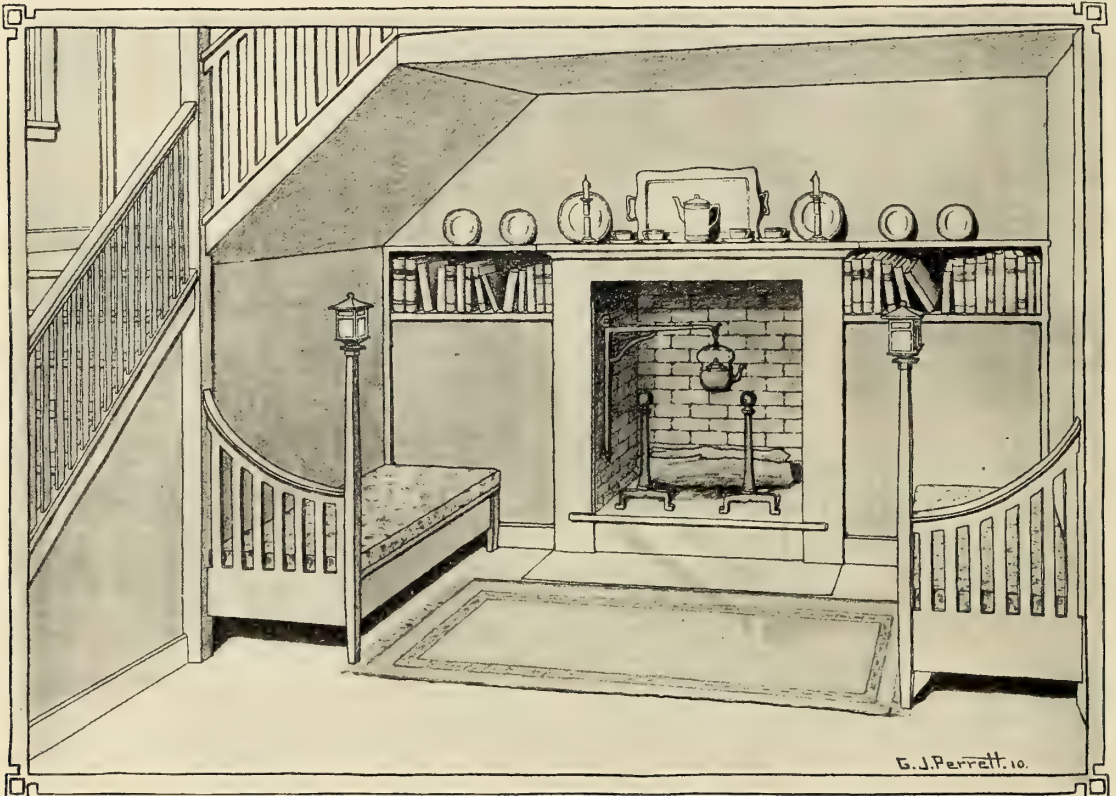
NOOKS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

BY ANTOINETTE REHMANN PERRETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALEN J. PERRETT

IN old-fashioned houses an ingle-nook was a corner of the fireplace. The opening of the chimney was so large that it could hold the andirons and logs and yet have plenty of room on either side

This nook-fireplace is of bright red brick with brass andirons and a swinging crane. It is deep and high for old times' sake and finished with a wide strip of painted wood and a plain mantel-shelf.



A GIRLS' NOOK UNDER THE STAIRCASE.

for seats. Think of sitting in the very opening of the chimney, the cheer of it on winter evenings when all the other corners were chill and cold! When the snow fell and the storm raged in the winters, the fireside was a very real haven of comfort to the houses of long ago. And to-day a seat by the fire is just the place for youthful dreams and sociability.

The first illustration is a girls' nook under the staircase of the reception-hall. Girls enjoy a spot all their own where they can give their social life the little touches of grace so dear to their hearts. They enjoy a spot in the midst of the family life and yet a bit apart—as their very own.

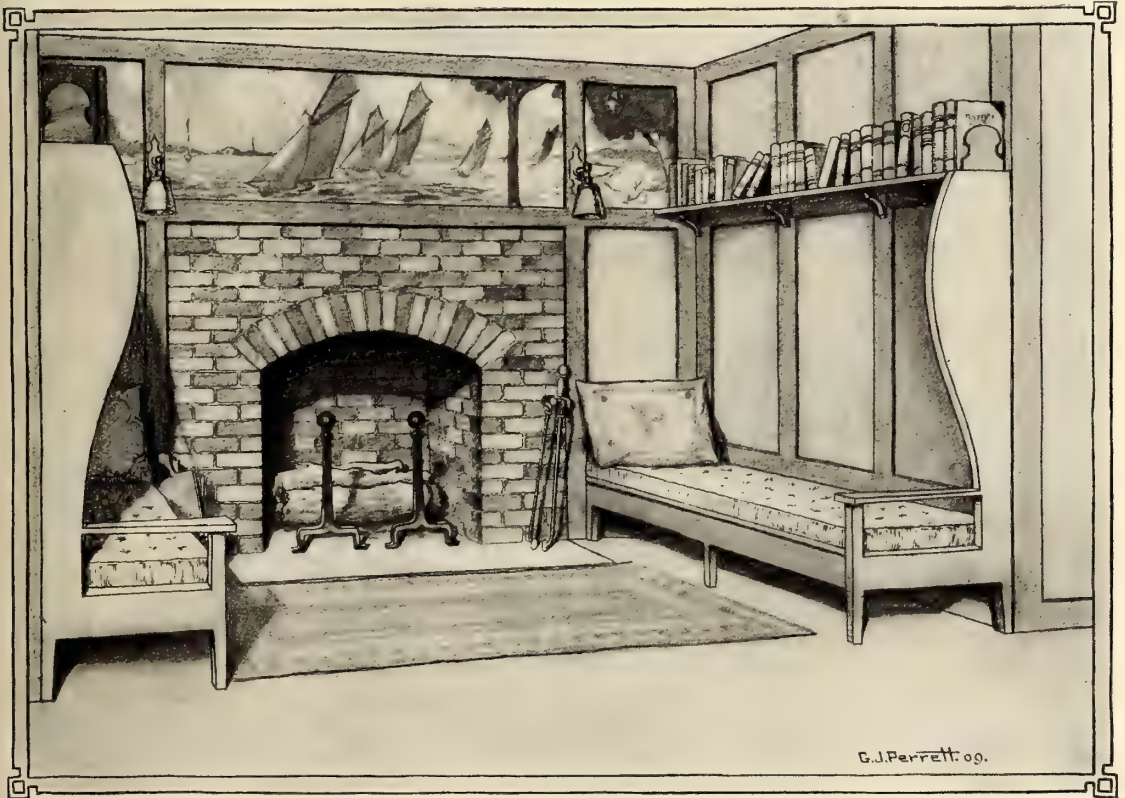
With the tea-pot on the crane, the plates and tea-cups on the shelf are signs and symbols of its hospitality. The dishes are of English Copeland ware. They have a deep blue band with an edge of gold on a white ground, and give an air of modern simplicity to the plate arrangement against the deep blue linen of the walls. These broad bands of color are much in favor for sets of dishes and go well in a nook like this with its white-painted woodwork. Sometimes, however, in using tea-dishes in the living-rooms, you need more decoration. Old-fashioned posies of flowers on heirloom china would be in keeping with this nook, but for a more modern treatment the dishes

with deep conventional borders in a medley of soft shades are lovely. The color of the dishes, of course, should largely depend upon the color-scheme of the nook. Sometimes deep, strong colors will harmonize where light dishes would be too conspicuous.

It is a virtue to show a nook's utility in its furnishings. Have useful things in it, and have them as good to look at as can be. In this way you will cultivate a sincerity in furnishing that is really as wholesome as sincerity of speech.

narrow hall table. When the table is in use in the nook, these drop-leaves are held up by wing-shaped braces. The little lamp-posts were added to give the nook a spirit of playfulness. They stand like small light sentinels at the entrance to give a girlish charm to the illumination. The arms of the seat also were intended to embody this girlish spirit. The sides have the same details as the balustrades.

In the girls' window-nook on the next page, the sides are solid with low posts. The strong oval



A BOYS' FIRESIDE-NOOK.

Everything in the home was meant for enjoyment as well as for use. Nothing is too humble to share in this joy. There is a high interest in the very materials out of which things are made. There is appreciation in their forms and the texture of their surfaces. Enjoy the graceful forms of the andirons, the shape of the tea-pot, the surface of the hammered tray and the curves of its outline. Their appreciation is part of the joy of daily life.

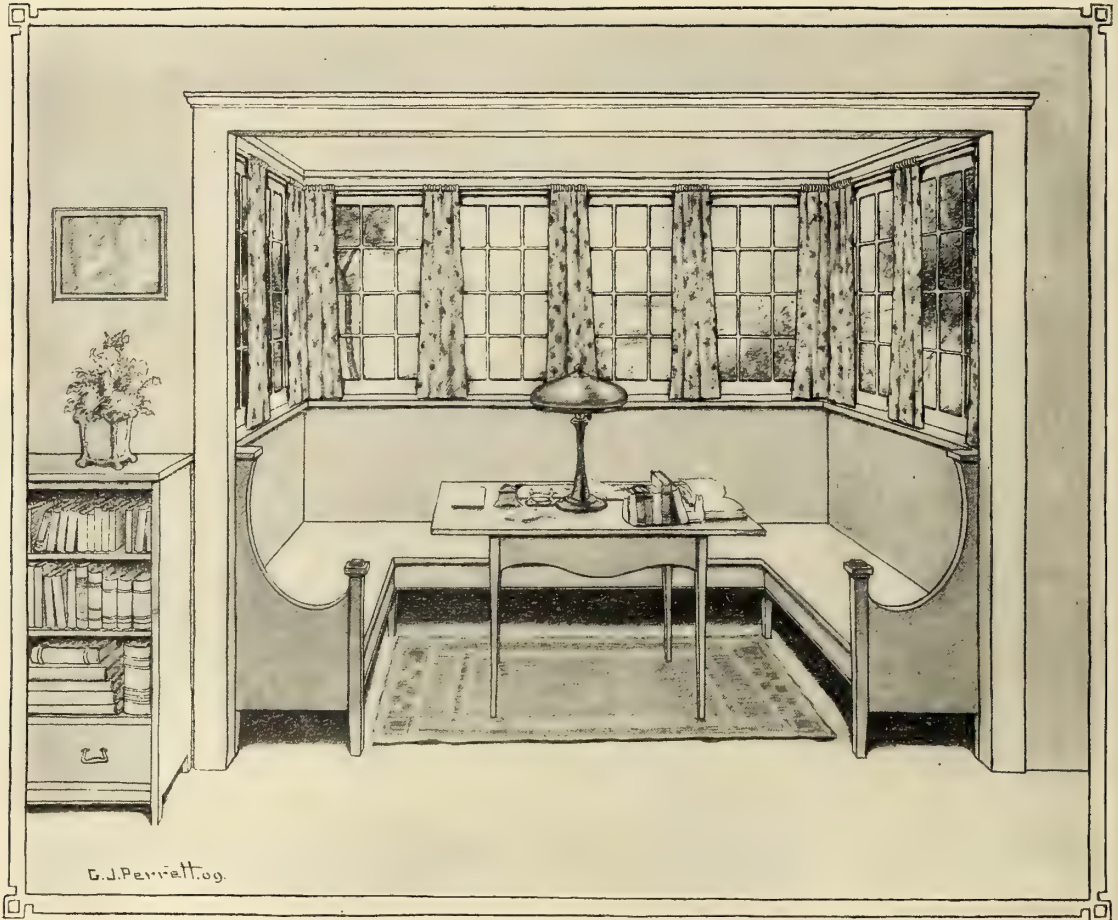
There is a small table by the side wall near the nook that can be drawn up at pleasure. It has straight legs and plain stretchers. Its oval top has drop-leaves, so that it serves nicely for a

gives the youthful effect. All kinds of moods and feelings can be expressed in such details of furnishing. This nook is part of the sitting-room and was planned for the study hours. It is in the shape of a bay, with a row of low casement windows divided by mullions. The ordinary American bay-window of the ordinary brown-stone or clapboard house is passing and making way for a window much more poetic, full of individual expression, and with the beauty of countless variations. The old English cottages and the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages suggest many windows of this type. They can be planned with deep or shallow seats; with flowered window-sills; with

vertical mullions or horizontal transoms; broad and low, or with dignity and height. The sashes can have all sorts of interesting space-divisions.

The curtains are of printed English linen with an all-over flower pattern. These printed linens and cretonnes are in great favor and add life and gaiety to plain walls and painted woodwork. If you are going to redecorate your room in the

peonies, the oleanders, the rhododendrons with their bluish-green leaves. For blues, lavenders, and purples, there are such flowers as the light-blue love-in-a-mist, corn-flowers, chicory, myrtle, wild geranium, wild hyacinth, spiderwort, and the single deep purple clematis. The more you seek for individuality in floral patterns, the more you will find; for the manufacturers and designers reflect



A GIRLS' WINDOW-NOOK.

fall, search for the decorative possibilities of flowers, and your summer will have a new outdoor interest for you. If you want a yellow flower, start early in the spring to watch the first crocuses. If you want a pattern in pink, do not choose the hothouse rose. It has been carelessly overdone in cretonnes. The brier-rose is more distinctive. Choose a pink flower that you can make your own. The Shirley poppies are full of fairy tints. The flowering rushes and the climbing sweet-peas give dainty patterns. For rich, heavy effects there are the large flowers like the

as quickly as can be and with remarkable instinct the popular taste.

On page 53 is a boys' cozy fireside-nook, with panels of black Flemish oak woodwork and walls covered with a canvas colored a medium cream-and-coffee color. The fireplace has rough-textured bricks varying in color from a brownish gray to coffee shades and deep russets. They are laid with broad raked joints of deep gray, with a plain brick arch. We have purposely given them a quiet look of the utmost simplicity in order to bring out all the more the values of the panel

painting, "A Boat-race on the Manasquan." The full sunlit sails give airiness and the feeling of out-of-doors to the nook, while the deep sky-blues and cedar-greens, the white clouds and the gray of the sands, give life and contrast to the nook's quiet color-scheme. Mural decoration of this order is being more and more used in our homes, and shows our growing love of art and

planned to be used from both sides. It is a kind of twin arrangement with four drawers on either side and with a chained book-shelf and a book-opening at each end. In the center it is braced by a newspaper-rack that divides the opening. Below the corner row of high casement windows are a recess for books and panels for pictures. The illustrations in color of the "Arabian Nights'



A BOYS' STUDY-NOOK.

our growing realization of its fine influence in our education.

The tendency in medium-sized houses is to have as few rooms as possible. The living-room is as large as can be and as fully representative as possible of the family life and family interests. In such a room a boys' nook can be a sheltered lounging-nook, a comfortable fireside retreat.

The fourth illustration shows a boys' study corner of a library. It could also be the quiet corner of the living-room. The desk-table is

Entertainments" by Maxfield Parrish have been used in the size in which they appeared in the magazines. Each picture has a rich coloring and beautiful decorative quality as well as a wealth of imagination and story. There is a value in such works of art as these that has a manly influence upon a boy. His surroundings should be as interesting as those that surround a girl; stronger, perhaps, in color and in outline; but as sound in architectural values and as high in the standards of good taste.



"A LARGER ANIMAL THAN ANY THE GIRL HAD YET SEEN PLUNGED INTO THE WATER."

THE DEER THAT DID NOT FORGET

BY FRANK STICK

A BUCK Indian came stealing slowly through the windfall, pressing his moccasined feet as softly as the padded paws of any lynx or cougar.

In searching this vicinity the Indian found a fawn, at the gnarly base of a tall pine; a beautifully spotted, helpless little creature, only a day or two old. With gleeful chuckling he tucked the baby animal under his arm, its long legs dangling pathetically, and made his way to a bark canoe on the shore of the lake not far distant.

For two hours he paddled south through the sunshine, and landed at last in the half-moon bay of a large wooded island, where two men and a girl came down the beach to welcome him. The fawn, half blinded by the brightness, he left with the girl in exchange for a few pounds of sugar and tea, and returned well satisfied with the morning's work.

At the island the little orphan was well cared for, thriving most excellently on canned milk. As the summer waned he grew to be a great pet of all the island people. His beautiful red coat left him as summer merged into fall, and quickly into winter, but the spots remained for a while, though duller in tone.

The early impressions of an animal, like those of a child, are usually deep-seated and permanent. From the first day almost, the deer had looked upon the island people as his friends, and he had grown to trust them implicitly, the girl especially. It was no uncommon thing after the first October snows to find the two, the girl and the young deer, lying together before the huge fireplace, the girl's bright hair blending into the animal's darker coat. You see Dainty, as they called him, had the freedom of the log-house and freely used his liberty.

So this first cold season passed, the deer growing wonderfully fast.

With the sportsmen who visited the island resort the next summer to take advantage of the excellent maskalonge- and bass-fishing, he was on terms of familiarity, and they in turn enjoyed and seemed to value his favor, repaying it with lump sugar and biscuits, till he grew quite rotund, and his red coat took on the shiny sleekness that denotes good feeding.

Another fall and winter passed, and in the spring he was a grown buck.

This season, as the days shortened into Indian summer, the buck would go deep into the timber and remain there for several days at a

time. On mellow nights the girl heard him whistling far in the shadows. At times she ventured out of doors, and through her hollowed hands whistled to him in turn, and he always came bounding and crashing through the brush to receive her gift of some dainty, dear to his palate. Yet at last there came a day when all the girl's calling failed to bring him.

Now and then the girl accompanied her brother while he ran his line of mink and marten traps, returning by brilliant moonlight.

One Sunday of crispy whiteness, while the island people were visiting a logging-camp far back in the timber, a band of wolves in pursuit of a deer had happened on the island, and had paused long enough to break into a log outbuilding in quest of the venison it contained. Following the back trail of the animals, the girl saw where they had pursued a buck from the mainland. In and out through the timber she followed where the chase had taken its course, deep into the tamarack swamp, now frozen and snow-covered, over logs and through tangles of balsam and cedar where the buck had sent the snow flying from the laden branches. At last the deer had led them straight to the cabin, where, in circling it, the hunger-mad animals were enticed from their prey by the smell of fresh meat. A set of pointed narrow tracks leading from the island showed where the hunted deer had escaped in safety.

Was this Dainty, this buck that rushed so blindly to strangers in time of need? Perhaps in his stress he had remembered his old home in an instinctive animal way, they thought, and had returned for the succor his new friends could not give him.

May, the forerunner of spring in that region, heralded in an unusually hot and dry season. Every living thing prayed for rain as the summer approached. What little moisture fell was absorbed deep into the soil so quickly that the craving vegetation received small benefit. Green things, through the long hot days, withered and shrunk under the sun's fervid rays, and day by day the towering pines and hemlocks appeared more stark and gaunt against the cloudless sky.

Indians, fire-hunting for deer on the river, brought in reports of numberless animals along the watercourse, which, they all agreed, was a sure presage of forest fires to come.

One day a slight odor of smoke was in the air, though no smoke was to be seen. Then later in the week a haze appeared in the sky far to the south, which spread and grew deeper for several days, and then died away entirely. A timber-cruiser, traveling in hot haste through the forest, told them of miles and miles of land laid waste by the flames.

Late in the month of June, a day long to be remembered by the island people, a dirty stain of smoke hung over the thick pine forest miles eastward of their lake. The sun crept above the horizon this morning, big and red and hot as a ball of molten iron, through the smoky haze. As it rose higher and higher and higher in the vivid, pulsating sky, a little bit of a breeze—warm as from a desert of sand—came out of the east; a tiny breeze that rollicked over the tree-tops, fluttering the placid maple leaves, and curling the coppery, cedar-dyed water into millions of small ripples. This breeze, small as it was, yet quite insistent, was followed by a stronger, warmer one, almost a wind in fact. This one brought a taint of smoke with it, as it bent the tops of the tall Norway pines, and sent real waves lipping up the yellow sands. Gradually it became stronger, and the smoke, always growing blacker and thicker, soon reflected a reddish tinge from the roaring, blazing forest.

So, as the morning wore on, the island people saw the bank of smoke creep closer and closer and lengthen, till it held the lake in a threatening semicircle.

At high noon the birds streaming to the island for refuge flew through a suffocating haze, and at yellow evening the crackle of flames and the grinding crash of falling trees were plainly audible. A huge, misty, white cloud, miles in height, rose slowly in the eastern sky, as the sun sank to the west. This cloud rose stately, even majestically, like a feathery mountain of snow behind the raging forest fire. Then the sun went out as though despairing of rivaling the light of the blazing trees, and only the line of beating fire and its blackened, smoldering track, the glare and roar of wind-driven flames and high flying brands, the red smoke, and the red sky were left.

Watching from the boat landing, the girl saw, now and then, an animal plunge into the crimson water, and strike out for the other shore, drawing a wake of fire behind.

Closer, ever closer crept the danger line. It reached the pines at the top of the Long Look Hill. Dry and resinous as birch-bark, they flared and roared like some erupting volcano high in the air, and each gust of wind was now a spark-laden wave of heat.

Later, from the big cloud in the cool upper air, a tiny drop of water detached itself and came hurrying downward, faster and faster. Through the thick smoke it came, through the branches of the cedar-tree without touching a single twig, and lit at last, cool and tender, right in the center of the girl's upturned cheek. And in her relief and gladness she sprang upright and called loudly—so all the island people might hear—that the rain had come, the blessed rain.

Following this little heralding drop came many more and larger drops to the needy earth, till their falling sounded like the muffled roll of dozens of tightly strung snare-drums, and every drop was an added promise of early relief from the approaching line of red. Still the girl sat under the flat foliage of the cedar-tree, watching, eager-eyed, the danger shore, where now and then some frightened beast still sought for safety in the water.

As she gazed, a larger animal than any she had seen bounded out on a rush-capped point of sand across from the island, and plunging into the water, struck out for the island. Straight as the flight of a nest-bound mother osprey, the animal directed his course to the bay where sat the girl. Closer and closer, till she could see gnarled branches rising from his head, between two swaying ears. Closer still, till his eyes shone red. Then he found bottom and came wading heavily shoreward; stood a moment in the firelight and shook drops of silver from his parched coat, his head turned toward the beaten, dying flames on the shore he had left.

And the girl called softly, and Dainty, without a moment's hesitation, came to her and suffered her hands to stroke his neck and heaving sides.



TOMMY GOUGH IN ENGLISH

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

WHEN first the new boy came to school,
His name was not announced.
The children knew how it was spelled,
But not how 't was pronounced.

"'T is easy to decide," quoth one;
"Of course it rhymes with rough.
I 'm positive, in my own mind,
That that boy's name is Gough."

"You may be right," a second said,
"'T is possible, although
I rather think, if he was asked,
He 'd say his name was Gough."

"Pooh, pooh!" a loud voice called in scorn,
"With nonsense let 's be through.
That I am right, you must allow;
We 'll call the new boy Gough."

"That 's as you please," replied a fourth,
While swinging on a bough;
"And yet I see no reason why
His name should not be Gough."

But here the boy himself appeared,
And said, with bashful cough:
"Say, fellows, can I play with you?
My name is Tommy Gough."



J. W. G. G. G.

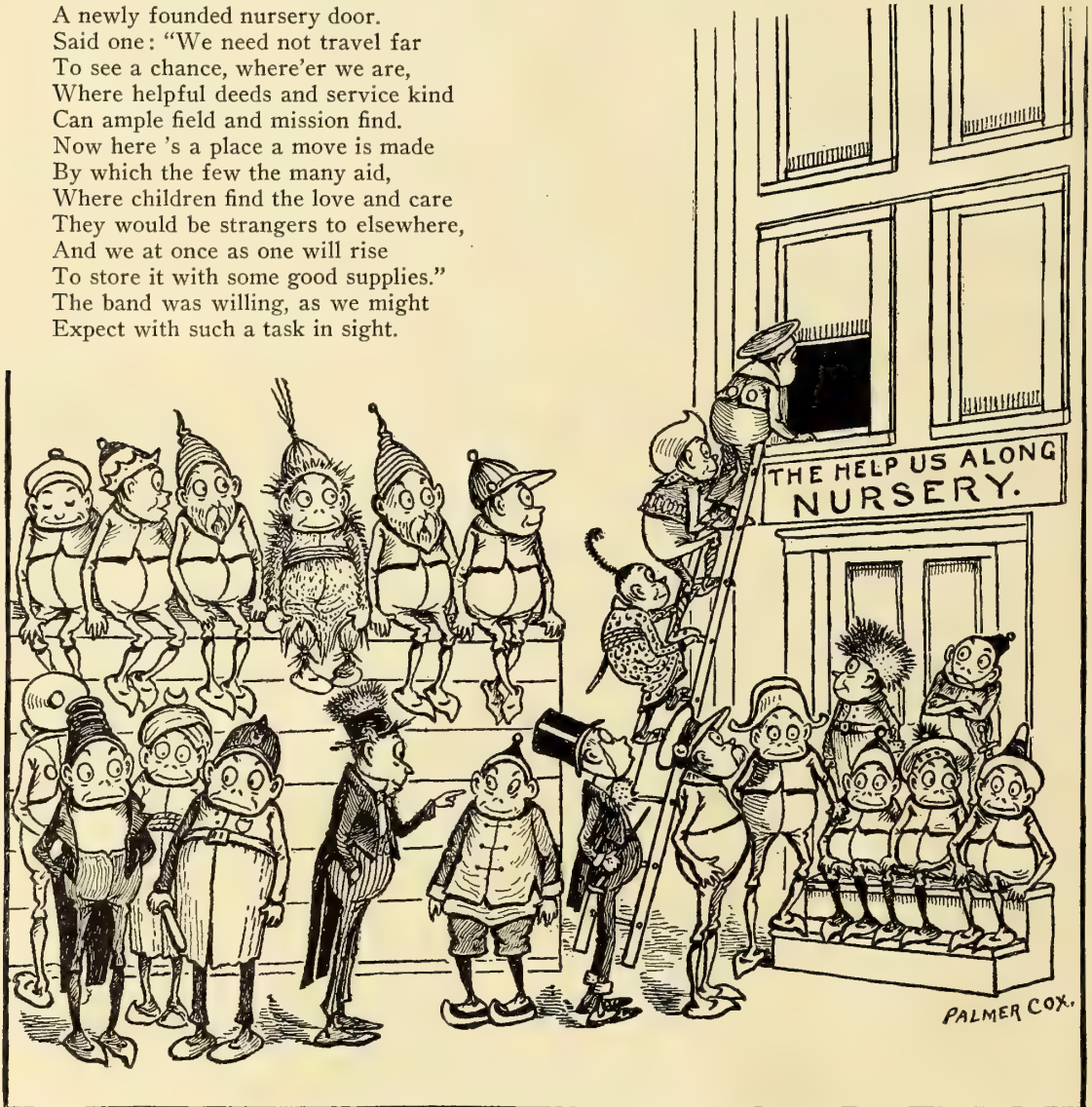
A BARN-YARD PANIC.

THE BROWNIES AID THE NURSERY

BY PALMER COX

THE sun scarce settled down to rest
Behind the mountains in the west,
When Brownies took their stand before
A newly founded nursery door.
Said one: "We need not travel far
To see a chance, where'er we are,
Where helpful deeds and service kind
Can ample field and mission find.
Now here 's a place a move is made
By which the few the many aid,
Where children find the love and care
They would be strangers to elsewhere,
And we at once as one will rise
To store it with some good supplies."
The band was willing, as we might
Expect with such a task in sight.

A joy, as well as saving grace.
What shall they get? What shall they not?



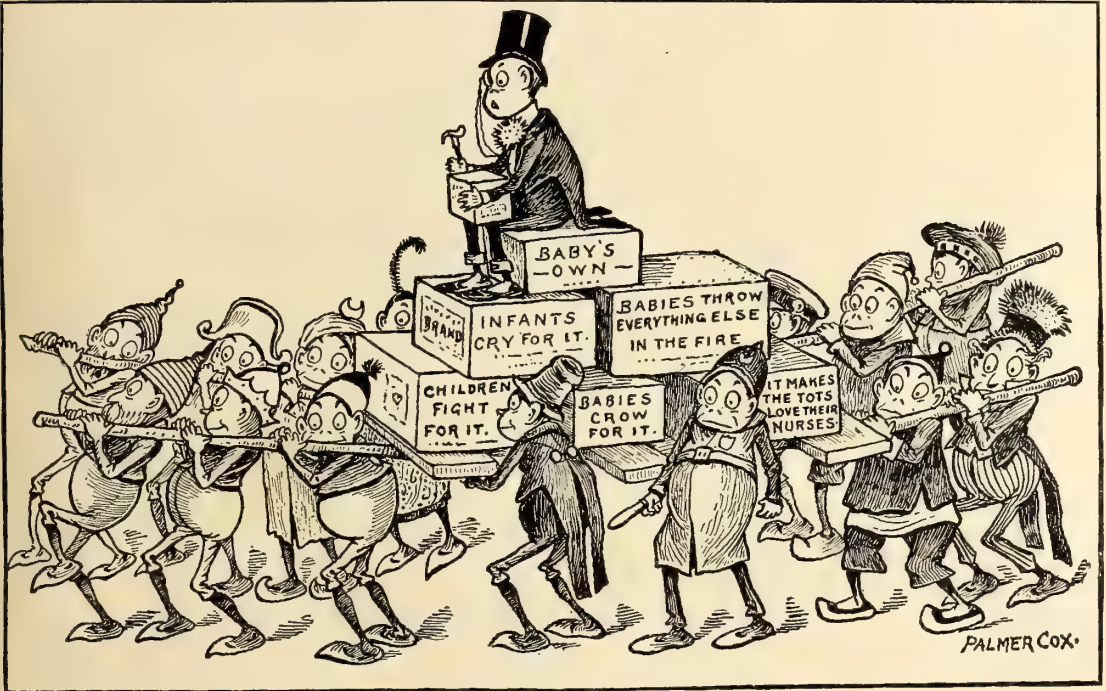
"THE BROWNIES TOOK THEIR STAND BEFORE A NEWLY FOUNDED NURSERY DOOR."

Then bless'd was he who had the power
Of second sight in such an hour,
To see each Brownie promptly start
With full resolve to do his part,
And bring to children in the place

With fit supplies at every spot
Where foot could rest, or hand could reach,
And crying want could action teach,
Soon baby food of purest brand
Was seen in many a willing hand.

As with a supernatural strength
They bore their loads a weary length,
Said one: "Such work gives us delight.
While people sleep away the night,

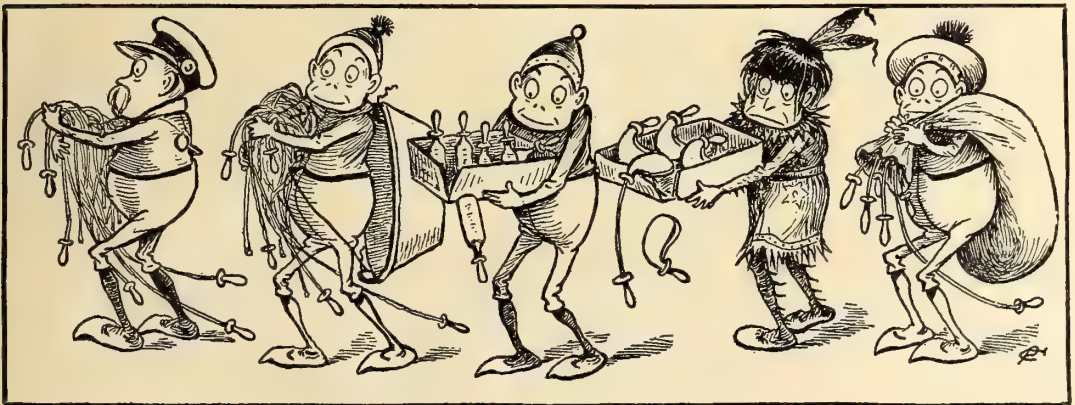
Were in the Brownies' thoughts as fast
As those who had two summers pass'd,
And their requirements took the lead
In minds of those who knew their need.



"AS WITH A SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH THEY BORE THEIR LOADS A WEARY LENGTH."

Forgetting every toil and care,
Exciting scrape, or business snare,
We render aid in many ways,

And, that there might be no mistake,
Some proved the quality and make
Ere they would trust them near the cheek



"WE RENDER AID IN MANY WAYS, AND NEITHER ASK REWARD OR PRAISE."

And neither ask reward or praise."
The toothless babes that could not boast
A year upon their heads at most

Of those whose judgment might be weak.
Said one: "Upon our caution rests
The health of all, so proper tests



"EACH CAN WE 'LL OPEN WITH ALL CARE."

We now should make to knowledge win
Ere we distribute goods within.
Each can we 'll open with all care
To prove if it can stand the air;
Through us the home no fowl shall know

That left the roost long years ago;
No fish shall there a platter fill
That should by rights be swimming still,
Or in some mud-bank, weak and poor,
Be hoping vainly for a cure;
No lobster that offends the gale



"TO PROVE IF IT CAN STAND THE AIR."



"SOME PROVED THE QUALITY AND MAKE."

And taste as well, if somewhat stale,
 Shall e'er be charged to Brownie hand,
 Whatever firm the creature canned."
 Thus goods were tried from first to last



"SAID ONE: 'UPON OUR CAUTION RESTS THE
 HEALTH OF ALL.'"

Before the nursery door they passed:
 The peas and beans must pleasure yield
 As great as when they left the field;
 The onions must have all the scent

That one would weep for, not decline,
 Or they would never reach a plate,
 For caution is a Brownie trait.
 The work gave pleasure everywhere,
 And every hand performed its share.
 Supplies were easy to secure,
 But testing goods was not so sure;
 Some "struck it rich," some "struck it bad,"
 But even those seemed pleased they had,
 Because the children in the place
 Would thus be spared a painful case,
 While they would ever after know
 The brand that brought about their woe.
 The drug and spoon, companions tried,
 Were brought in play on every side,
 And double doses taken down
 Without a murmur or a frown.
 Said one: "To prove a thing is right,
 However it may grip or bite,—
 Though trouble comes at times, 't is true,
 To those who must the proving do;
 But now we know the children here
 Can empty dishes without fear."
 And so, before the morning dawn
 Began to show them on the lawn,
 The large supplies that passed the test
 Were in the building safe at rest,



"THOUGH TROUBLE COMES AT TIMES, 'T IS TRUE, TO THOSE WHO MUST THE PROVING DO.'"

And flavor that kind Nature meant;
 The oysters must be fat and fine,

And Brownies one and all agreed
 They had performed a noble deed.



THE DONKEY AND THE DOG

TRANSLATED FROM LA FONTAINE

BY ARTHUR HOEBER



L'ÂNE ET LE CHIEN

PAR LA FONTAINE

Il se faut entr'aider, c'est la loi de nature.
 L'âne un jour pourtant s'en moqua,
 Et ne sais je comme il y manqua,
 Car il est bonne créature.

Il allait par pays, accompagné du chien,
 Gravement, sans songer à rien,
 Tous deux suivis d'un commun maître.

Ce maître s'endormit. L'âne se mit à paître;
 Il était alors dans un pré
 Dont l'herbe était fort à son gré.

Point de chardons pourtant; il s'en passa pour
 l'heure:

Il ne faut pas toujours être si délicat;
 Et, faute de servir ce plat,
 Rarement un festin demeure.
 Notre baudet s'en sut enfin

Passer pour cette fois. Le chien, mourant de faim,
 Lui dit: "Cher compagnon, baisse-toi, je te prie:
 Je prendrai mon dîner dans le panier au pain."
 Point de réponse, mot; le roussin d'Arcadie
 Craignit qu'en perdant un moment
 Il ne perdît un coup de dent.
 Il fit longtemps-la sourde oreille;

Enfin il répondit: "Ami, je te conseille
 D'attendre que ton maître ait fini son sommeil;
 Car il te donnera sans faute, à son réveil,
 Ta portion accoutumée;
 Il ne saurait tarder beaucoup."
 Sur ces entrefaites, un loup

Sort du bois, et s'en vient; autre bête affamée.
 L'âne appelle aussitôt le chien à son secours.
 Le chien ne bouge, et dit: "Ami, je te conseille
 De fuir en attendant que ton maître s'éveille;
 Il ne saurait tarder: détale vite, et cours.
 Que si le loup t'atteint, casse-lui la mâchoire:
 On t'a ferré de neuf; et, si tu veux m'en croire,
 Tu l'étendras tout plat." Pendant ce beau dis-
 cours,

Seigneur Loup étrangla le baudet sans remède.

Je conclus qu'il faut qu'on s'entr'aide.

TRANSLATION

THE law of nature makes each man our brother.
 Our duty 's plain; we all should help each other.
 A donkey once forgot this rule.
 You know, a donkey is not overbright.
 But, though he 's stubborn, he is not a fool

And surely ought to know the wrong from right.
 Well, one day, strolling down a stretch of road,
 He and his master and a dog—all three—
 Stopped by a field that had been lately mowed.

The master said: "For sleep this place seems
 good enough for me."

And while he slept, the donkey browsed and
 munched away

For 't was not often that he got his fill of hay.
 Nor did he show much haste;
 The food was to his taste.
 But doggie, watching him, had come to feel
 That he, too, ought to have his noonday meal,
 Since, while the donkey roamed about
 and ate,
 The day had flown and the hour was late.
 And thus he spake: "O donkey, dear,
 If you 'll draw near,
 I 'll take the lunch bag from your back;
 While Master sleeps, I 'll take a snack."

But not a word the donkey heard.

And while the dog for food was pleading
 The donkey ate on all unheeding.
 Thus he continued for a while,
 Then turned to doggie with a smile.
 "My friend," he said, "I would n't worry,
 And, pray, don't be in such a hurry.
 Our master sleeps. Soon he 'll awake
 And then you two your lunch can take."
 Scarce had the donkey ceased to speak
 When, from the woodland, with a horrid
 shriek

Sprang out a wolf with dripping jaw,
 At whom the donkey gazed in fear and awe.
 "Help, help!" he cried, "O dog, don't wait,
 Or else, dear friend, you 'll be too late."
 The dog, however, made no motion.
 "O ass," he said, "I have a notion
 That, were I you, I would n't worry;
 It never pays for one to hurry.
 I cannot see what odds it makes.
 You 'd better wait till Master wakes."
 With this, the dog ran home with zeal.
 The wolf? Oh, yes, he made a meal.
 When he was through it came to pass
 He left but little of that ass!

The moral of this tale is plain:
 Don't always think of your own gain.
 Stop now and then your daily labor
 To see if you can't help your neighbor.

BANKING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Our first bank-accounts are usually deposited penny by penny through a slit of some strong little box. To draw money from such a bank one must generally use a screw-driver or a long table-knife; and, at any rate, it is always difficult to keep the balance straight. But now all this is changed. The smallest child may have an account in a regular bank, such as grown-ups use,

The banks which accept children's accounts treat their little depositors with as much consideration as their other patrons. There is a special children's window with tables and chairs, even a special teller to serve them. The bank-books and check-books for children are specially designed. The chairs arranged for the small patrons are so low and small that they would not naturally be



AT THE TELLER'S WINDOW.

and write checks, fill out deposit-slips, and receive statements from the bank like any financier. The youngest depositor in one of the children's departments which have been established by some of our city banks was barely a day old when his name was entered on the books. If the necessary funds are at hand there is nothing to prevent an account being opened in the name of any child, no matter how young,—even years before he or she is able to write. It has been possible for a long time for even a baby to have a bank-account in his or her name, and drawing interest regularly.

used by grown people. The tables are supplied with stationery and deposit-slips made to suit the little bank patrons. A sympathetic attendant is always at hand to explain the difficulties of banking, even, when necessary, to guide the pen of the depositor.

The new children's banks are so arranged that a child may deposit the money and draw checks, signing his own name as soon as he learns to write. This is, of course, a great improvement over the old way, when the money never came into our own hands, and we were merely told



WRITING A CHECK.

what was going on in the mysterious bank away off somewhere in the city. The boy or girl now takes the money to the bank and learns all about these mysterious bits of paper called deposit-slips and checks, and just how grown folk use them.



BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

The children's banks are used by the poor children as well as by many of the wealthy ones.

One of the well-known banks of New York City has nearly a thousand children depositors. Among these are the children of millionaires, little bell-boys from near-by hotels and apartments, and even bootblacks. Here they learn the importance of keeping accounts correctly and to be neat and careful in all that pertains to money matters. It teaches them the pleasure of saving, of looking ahead for the interest, and in the end becoming systematic in money matters.

Now the law forbids the banks to take money from, or pay money to, anybody who is under twenty years of age unless the bank-book is presented. This, you see, is to make everything very safe and businesslike; therefore the little depositors must hand in their bank-books to the bank whenever they draw a check. The bank will, how-

ever, allow them to leave their bank-books with the teller, so that when their checks come they will be paid in the usual way. In all other matters the youngest depositor is treated like any grown depositor.

The interest from time to time is added to the account. The regular statements of the bank, showing how business is getting on, are mailed to him whether he can read or not. In case he should, by some mistake, ask for more money than he has in the bank, he is notified—a very dreadful thing—that his account will be overdrawn if they honor the check, that is to say, if they pay the whole amount the check calls for.

There is nothing like doing things for one's self. It is so much easier to understand all the things one hears about banks when one actually sees and handles the money and carries out the business. And so the children's departments of the banks are very popular. One sees very small children at the desk arranging their papers, and before the children's cash-

ier's window depositing or drawing out money. This corner of the bank is often a very busy place.

Many of the small depositors come to the bank in care of a nurse or footman or older child, although most of the little bankers come alone. They quickly learn the system of the great banking-room, easily finding their way about the many desks and windows. Often, early in the morning, a line of children forms before the low window reserved for them, while others gather along the tables where the blank slips and checks are arranged.

When a business man opens an account with a bank he has to give the bank a sample of his signature so that the bank-teller will not "honor," that is, pay, any check that does not bear his very own signature. As many of these young depositors write very badly when they first open an account in the bank, and a little later their handwriting improves, it must make the children's paying-teller very busy keeping up with the boys' and girls' improvement in penmanship.

After all, the children's departments in the banks are a very attractive school where the little depositors may learn the important lesson of handling money. And if the little patrons of the banks learn to be methodical and systematic in managing their accounts, their deposits will have been more profitable than might be expected from any other form of investment.

In some of the public schools of the larger American cities, banks have been started, officered by the scholars and open after, or before, school hours. They are under the general supervision of one of the teachers and they serve to accustom the boys and girls to the financial methods employed in real business affairs out in the active commercial world. But these are special banks for the school children only, while the other banks we have been describing are regular grown-up people's banks, but where children are given the same rights as the largest depositors.



THE CASE OF JAMES MOORE

(A "Doctor Daddiman" Story)

BY
DR. JOHN C. SCHAPPS



"DADDY," said the Junior Partner, as they sat at breakfast, "there goes James Moore. What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

Little James marched trimly and primly by every morning on his way to school, a troubled look in his dear, bright, hand-polished face, and always at least five minutes too early.

"Is anything the matter with him, Pard?" asked the Senior Partner.

"Something must be wrong with him, for he is not like the other children."

"How is he different?"

"Why, he is so prim that we just can't stand him."

"Anything else?"

"And he is so serious that he makes you sick. He just never laughs."

"What more?"

"Is n't that enough? He always knows his lessons; but I don't blame him for that. I wish I knew mine half as well. But he just reads and reads, and never even smiles. What can be the matter with him, do you suppose?"

Of course the Senior Partner could not tell without making an examination. But he became interested in the little fellow and watched him as, day after day, he hurried by. One Saturday morning James and his father appeared at the Senior Partner's office. On the door was the sign:

DR. DADDIMAN

"Good morning, Doctor," said Mr. Moore.

"Good morning, boys," replied the doctor, shaking hands with both.

Mr. Moore smiled at being called a boy, but James kept his serious look. When the doctor tried to take him on his knee, he stepped back with dignity.

"I've brought my boy to you to see whether you can do anything for him," said Mr. Moore.

"What appears to be the trouble, please?"

"I hardly know how to tell you. He is not exactly ill, but he is so serious. He seems to be growing old so rapidly. He acts, right now, more like an old man than a child."

James thought the doctor's examination very foolish. When the doctor tried to shake his hand again (which seemed quite uncalled for), he reached it out. But somehow the doctor missed it and got him by the wrist. And, instead of letting go, he held on until he had looked at his watch to see the time, and it took him a good while to find out. Then he listened to James's chest and looked at his tongue, instead of listening to his tongue and looking at his chest. The next thing he did would have made James smile if that had been possible. He thrust something long and bright into James's mouth and told him not to bite it.

"What is the sense of putting it there if it is not to be bitten?" thought James.

And then, when the doctor took it out, instead of looking at the mouth to see what he had done, he looked at the thing that he had taken out and said something about James's temper, though James had been as calm as custard.

"Laugh!" said Dr. Daddiman.

"At what, sir?" asked James, solemnly.

"Then giggle!"

He could not.

"Try to chuckle!"

He tried. The sound was more like a groan.

"Grin! Try hard!"

Dr. Daddiman tried to help him. He made faces and showed him funny pictures, and he and Mr. Moore laughed until they had to hold their sides. James remained like a stone image—somewhat bored.

"My poor, poor child!" said his father, in distress. "Doctor, could you not fit an artificial smile to him? It is an awful thing to go through life looking as serious and solemn as that."

"The use of the old false smile is now prohibited by law. A genuine smile may, however, sometimes be put on, and when it fits well, is much better than none. If worn faithfully it will become attached. And the exercise of keeping it on is one of the best possible. In that way alone it does a great deal of good. But it is, at first, very likely to lose its shape or to come off and be lost just when it is most needed. In any case, though, it is not to be compared with a natural smile."

"What do you find to be the matter with James?"

"He is suffering from witherine poisoning."

"Witherine? What is that, and how could he have gotten it?"

"Witherine is a very peculiar and interesting, though not at all an uncommon, poison. In its pure form it is so powerful that if a few drops should fall upon us, we should quickly shrivel and vanish. It is queer-looking stuff. Would you like



"THE DOCTOR SHOWED HIM FUNNY PICTURES, BUT JAMES REMAINED LIKE A STONE IMAGE."

"Indeed, I *do* wish that he had a natural smile! How can he get one?"

"There are many people who make a business of raising smiles and twinkles, bless them! The good that they do is beyond calculation," said the doctor, enthusiastically. "But a family should never depend upon what it can buy, but should raise its own smiles, enough for home use, with a plenty for friends and neighbors and especially for the poor brother at the door. Home-made smiles are splendid for meal-times. A meal without them is a dismal failure. And they must be warm. A cold, stiff smile may even cause a chill."

to see it?" And Dr. Daddiman stepped to the door of his laboratory.

"Oh, no, no!" shouted Mr. Moore, turning a pale lavender and taking James by the hand. "We'll vanish without it!"

Dr. Daddiman closed the laboratory door, and Mr. Moore recovered his breath and sat down.

"How could my little boy have gotten it?"

"He probably took it from the atmosphere, as so many poisons are taken. Many grown-up people have more or less witherine in their systems. Those who stay indoors and study too much and those who work too hard at their business become

saturated with it and breathe it out. Some kinds of books, especially account-books, are full of it. Money in large quantities gives off an immense amount of witherine, though in small amounts, properly used, it will relieve many cases of witherine poisoning. The air of school-rooms formerly contained considerable witherine, but it is being rapidly diminished. The factories of the South are so full of it as to be dangerous places for children. And it takes a great deal to affect a child. Children even keep grown people from being poisoned by it. But James may have caught it from you."

"From me?"

"Yes, sir, from you. Do you joke and play with him every day?"

"Why—no. I have no time for such things."

"Do you tell him funny stories or read them to him?"

"No; my mind is too full of my business."

"Did you never take him out into the country and catch fish and build a fire and cook them and roast potatoes and have a picnic with him?"

"No, I never did any of those things."

"Oh, you fathers! you fathers! Have you never taken him on your knee and sung college songs to him?"

"I may have taken him across my knee."

"You did, Pa," piped up James, who had been thoughtfully silent all this time.

"And that is when you 'caught it,'" said the doctor. But James never smiled.

"I never knew I had it. I never even heard of it," said Mr. Moore, sadly.

"Of course not. You would not have exposed your child to it if you had known."

"How does it act?"

"Its effects deaden the 'bounce' in one."

"Can James be cured?"

"I will see what can be done."

Dr. Daddiman stepped into his laboratory and brought a tall glass jar with many straight, flat sides, what is called a prism, containing a bright, sparkling liquid of many colors. As he placed it heavily upon the table, the splashing of the liquid caused it to glow with a strange light, which, reflected from the walls, came flowing back in waves made up of richly colored bands, curving, interlacing, and weaving gorgeous, glowing, and ever-changing patterns, until the three people felt themselves sitting in a sea of harmonious colors gracefully combined. Their faces shone with the beautiful light. The waves, dashing together in the center of the room, made sweet music like the pure tones of distant flutes. And from their meeting-point a twisting column of fragrant spray or vapor ascended and covered the ceiling

with soft creamy clouds delicately tinged with pink and green.

As the liquid became quiet, the clouds, vapor, and waves slowly vanished. The light became fainter and fainter. But the liquid, even when it came to rest, sparkled brilliantly like a mass of diamonds and rubies, or even like dewdrops in the sunlight. The fragrance remained.

"Doctor, Doctor," gasped Mr. Moore, deeply, "what is this wonderful substance whose very odor gives such joy?"

"This is Essence of Beauty. And it is indeed wonderful. He who has it in his being finds pleasure in the simplest and homeliest sights and in the plainest and dullest people. He who has none sees no beauty even where it abounds. But wait!"

He returned to his laboratory and brought a strange-looking bronze flask.

"Listen," said he, gently shaking it.

The sweet, happy gurgle of a little baby came distinctly from the flask. Then, as he shook it harder and harder, were heard the clear, rippling laugh of a child; then blithe peals of laughter of children and women; then deep chuckles and the hearty, wholesome roars of men. When the doctor stopped shaking the flask, the sounds gradually subsided and died softly away in the sleepy coo of the baby.

"Marvelous! marvelous!" said Mr. Moore, wiping his eyes. "What might *that* be?"

"This," said Dr. Daddiman, "is Essence of Humor. It is even more wonderful, or at least more valuable, for this case than the other. There is no medicine like it to cure witherine poisoning or to keep one from taking age."

He poured a few drops from the prism and a few from the flask into a glass, and handed it to James, who drank the mixture and found it very pleasant. Then the doctor dipped his finger-tip into a jar which appeared to be empty, but was marked:

OIL OF TIKKEL,

and rubbed it gently into the corners of James's mouth. A feeble grin appeared.

"This is really too silly for anything," said the boy. But he could not help smiling. And it was very becoming.

"Good!" shouted Dr. Daddiman, delightedly. "There is hope!"

"Can he be cured?" asked the father.

"Now that he has a sense of beauty and a sense of humor, with proper surroundings and treatment, he may be cured."

"What is the treatment?"

"He must associate with happy, healthy chil-

dren. You must play with him yourself night and morning (and it will do you good). He must have plenty of fun, especially in the sunshine and fresh air, and make lots of noise. He must go to every circus and every good minstrel show that comes to town. Give him plenty of toys and a cheerful young dog. Let him have ice-cream and candy frequently, and sugar on his bread."

James was now looking very pleasant. The troubled look had entirely gone.

"Will he need any more medicine?"

"Give him a teaspoonful of this three times a

day," replied the doctor, handing him a bottle marked:

LAUGHING WATER.

Mr. Moore followed the instructions carefully, and James took his treatment like a brave little man, and never made any fuss about the circus or minstrels. Now, as he goes by just in time for school, he almost skips.

"And, Daddy," says the Junior Partner, "he can smile quite well now. And once he made a snowball!"



"AND ONCE HE MADE A SNOWBALL!"

MENDING-DAY

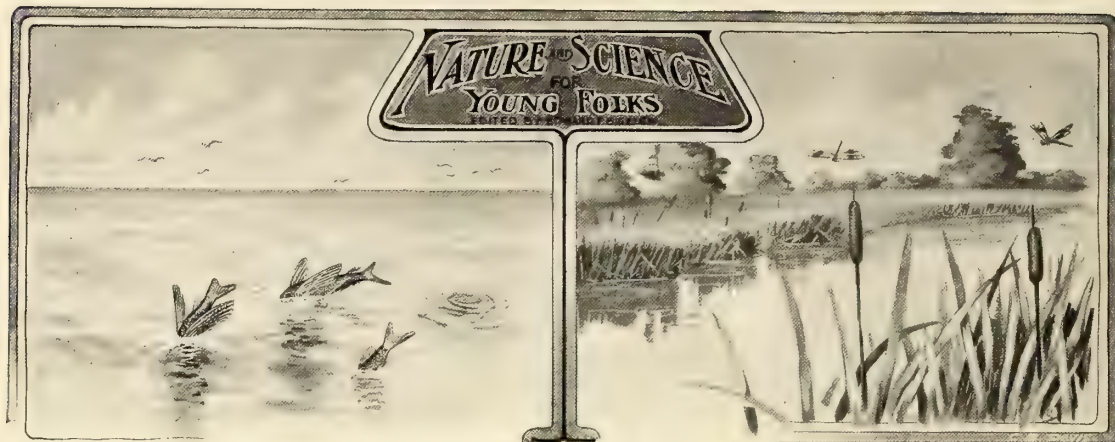
BY ETHELLYN BREWER DE FOE

I LIKE to watch my mother sew,
Her needle is so bright,
And it runs in and out so fast,
A little flame of light.

She lets me bring my little chair
And have some sewing, too;
And I am always sorry when
Mama and I are through.

And all the time my mother sews
She tells some nice long tale,
Of lovely little fairy folks
Or maybe Jonah's whale.

I like her stories best of all,
Because they end just right,
And give me things to tell myself
When left alone at night.



FLYING-FISH DROPPING INTO WATER.

DRAGON-FLIES SOARING OVER A BROOK IN THE MEADOW.

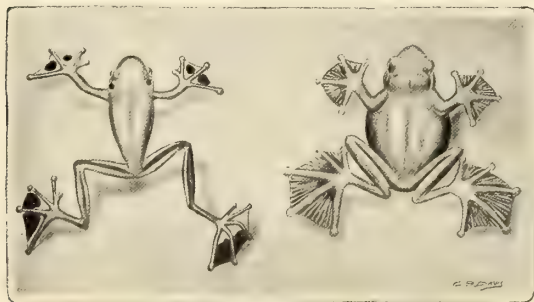
The fish may, by skimming the water, regain motion once or twice, but it finally falls into the water with a splash. While in the air it suggests a large dragon-fly.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

FLYING THINGS

MAN has always wanted to fly, and for hundreds, perhaps for thousands, of years he has been trying to make a machine to carry him up. Clergymen, bishops, popes have been among such experimenters. Wings, fastened to the shoulders and moved by the arms, proved useful only to break the owner's bones. A certain philosopher seriously suggested that very thin flasks, filled with morning dew, should be festooned about the waist, expecting the heat of the sun to vaporize the dew and so lift the man to the moon. Another person recommended huge sky-rockets, the man to be fastened to the stick and to ascend

animals have used a similar principle in their successful flights. The flying-squirrel and the flying-fish sail through the air, and rise and fall on an *aéroplane* of nature's invention.

Our common flying-squirrel, with its thin, wing-like membrane stretched tightly between the extended legs, is a typical *aéroplane*. Thoreau, in speaking of such a squirrel, says: "It sprang from a maple at a height of twenty-eight and one half feet from the ground, and landed easily and lightly on the ground at the foot of another tree fifty and one half feet away. Its flight was not a *regular* descent. It varied from a straight line both horizontally and vertically. It skimmed much like a hawk, and part of its flight was nearly horizontal. There were six trees from six inches to a foot in diameter between the beginning and the ending of its flight, and these it skimmed partly round, and passed through their thinner twigs. It did not, as I could perceive, touch a single twig." Other observers have seen crowds of these little creatures in similar sportive gambols which seem to have no other object than playfulness or the mere pleasure of flight. The movement, however, is not flying as a bird flies, for the membrane that supports the animal is motionless and acts like the parachute of the descending balloonist at the circus.



THE "FLYING"-FROG OF JAVA.

Sketches from two observers. There are not many reliable records of observations on this frog. All, however, agree that the action of the webbed foot is "flight" similar to that of a flying-squirrel.

with it. But none of these inventors made any provision for coming down, and that is a fatal defect, for it is the stopping so suddenly that is unpleasant.

Modern inventors have been fairly successful with the *aéroplane*, but for a long time two little

The wings of the two known kinds of flying-fish are the pectoral fins grown to an enormous size. The kind commonly seen is called the flying-herring and resembles the garpike, as the pictures show. They do not move these fins when flying, but seem rather to float on the wind, such flight sometimes extending, in calm weather, to a distance of "more than an eighth of a mile."

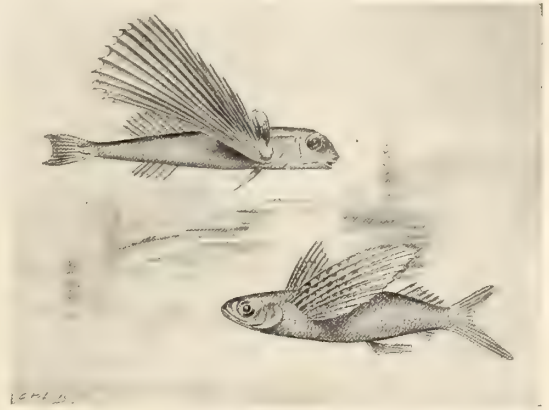
When they come on board a ship, their coming is supposed to be caused by air-currents which the wind makes as it strikes against the side of the vessel, and which lift the fish above the deck. Some observers say that it can change the direction of its flight at will, but it is probably at the mercy of the wind. The fish are supposed to leave the water to escape a hungry enemy.

In Java and some other places, is a remarkable flying tree-frog, with a green back, a white belly, and a bright orange-colored membrane between its toes, which are tipped by circular disks. It, like the chameleon, can change its color to suit its surroundings. It feeds at night on insects, and when disturbed leaps out of the tree and sails away to safety. Some observers call it a frog, while others say it is a tree-toad. The membrane between the toes probably acts as a parachute, and not as a flying apparatus. The toe-disks, like similar enlargements on our common tree-toad, must act like suckers to hold the animal firmly in place against the trunk or the limb.

The so-called "flying" of spiders was explained in our last number. In favored localities these little gossamer spiders occur in large numbers, and the ground and the herbage are often whitened by the threads that have served their purpose and been thrown away. Just why the spider takes these floating excursions, and why so many are active only in the autumn, are not positively known.

But in Texas another gossamer spider with similar floating habits uses the sailing-webs to carry her young to other places and thus to

grains, but she spins a hammock-shaped structure of web, cuts it loose when she feels that it has sufficient lifting power, and, with her young ones



FLYING-FISH.

The fins are spread out wide and held at rest. They are not used as true wings, but are held out firmly, acting as parachutes, enabling the body to skim through the air.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

clustered together on her back, she sails before the wind, apparently trusting to luck to bring her down in a place favorable for her family. Her balloons have been seen floating at a height of from one thousand to two thousand feet, and, before a brisk wind, they may fly for a hundred miles or more.

None of these contrivances, not even those of man himself, are true flying-machines. They float and sail only because they take advantage of certain natural laws. The human aviator uses



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

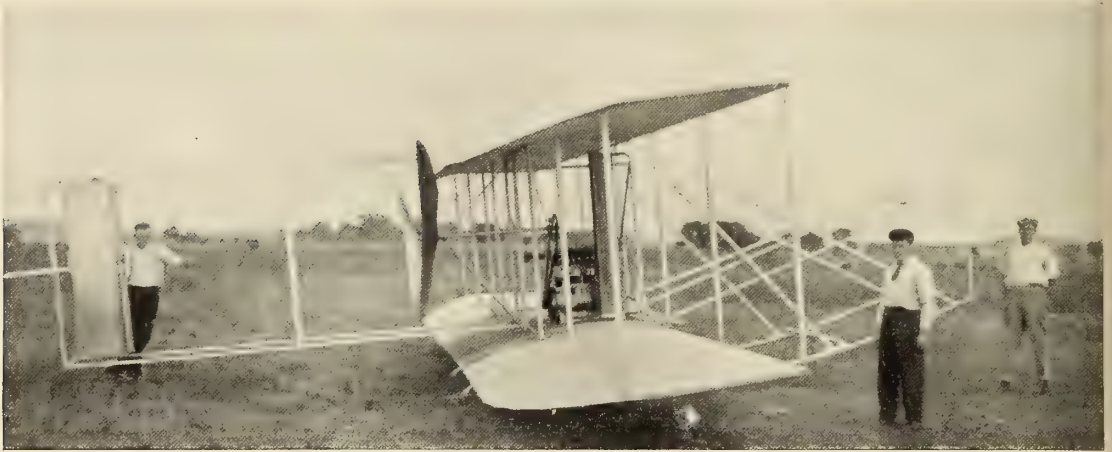


THE FLYING-FROG.

In neither of these, as with the "flying"-fish, is there really flight, as a bird flies, by action of wings.

scatter them over a wide extent of country. This little Texas creature weighs only about two

an engine to force the machine forward; the squirrels, the frogs, and the fish start by a jump,



THE WRIGHT FLYING-MACHINE IN READINESS.

Men hold the machine till the propellers (eight feet six inches in length) are well in motion. Then it runs along on wheels and runners on the slightly descending ground until it attains speed enough to rise.

and make their descent gradual by the help of a parachute, while the spiders ask the breezes and the currents of warm air to carry their light and naturally buoyant balloons.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "FLYING"

WE are accustomed to think of flying as something bird-like, or as passing through the air by the aid of wings in motion. But when the wings are not flapping, as is often the case with various aerial creatures like the hawk and the dragon-fly, for instance, we think of it, not as flight, but as soaring.

We have also another use for the word to describe the passage through the air of such an object as a kite, an arrow, a dandelion "balloon," or the sailing of October spiders, in which, as explained last month, the "flight" is in reality

only a blowing about by the breeze acting on the fine filaments that the spider spins for the purpose.

Few of us really mean what we say when we refer to our gentle little friend, the flying-squirrel, as a *flying* animal.

The frequent use of the word "flying" and the prominence given to it in connection with the aeroplanes first successfully employed by the Wright brothers have been of service in turning our thoughts to the sailing, soaring, and flying movements of the lower animals, especially of those that have no true wings, yet use the air as a means of aerial journeying at their own will or at that of the wind.

The operator of an aeroplane is referred to as the aviator, or "man-bird," from the Latin word *avis*, a bird; yet in reality the movements of the machine have only a remote resemblance to those



THE WRIGHT MACHINE RUNNING ON THE SMOOTHLY DESCENDING GROUND.

The total weight is about eight hundred pounds in addition to the operators, making over a half-ton to rise in the air.

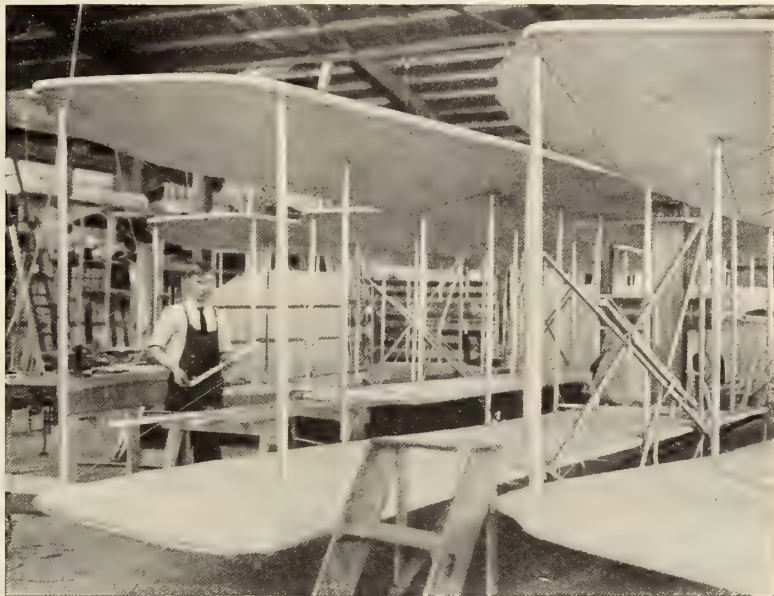
of a bird. With all honor to that wonderful invention, the so-called flying *aëroplane*, let us not forget that there is no such creature as a man-bird, and that *man has not yet learned how to fly*—as *birds fly*—in spite of the fact that large sums of money and much time and skill have been used in his efforts to make a machine that will travel through the air by the movement of wing-like parts.

The *aëroplane* may be best understood if it is regarded as a kite and a motor-boat combined, and not as a machine for flying. We all know how a kite, especially one of the "box" form, will tug at the string, or will support a weight, such as a flag or an advertising sign, in mid-air. A box kite may easily be imagined or even be made large enough to carry a boy or a small man in a strong and steady wind. But the practical difficulty would be in launching such a kite into air and in controlling its motion. Indeed, a glider is theoretically such a kite kept near the ground. The flying-machine is really a glider controlled and propelled by its own engine; or, in other words, it is a motor-boat moving on the air instead of on water; and as the tendency to sink on air is greater than on water, the *aëroplane* has to be propelled at a high rate of speed against slightly inclined rudders and with broad stretches of supporting planes.

The *aëroplane* is therefore an air-boat rather than a flying-machine. The only action of the bird that it imitates is the bird's soaring, in nearly the same sense in which a boat floats or a duck swims. With the duck, however, there is one difference. It shares the balloon principle, because its body will not sink when it stands still, whereas the *aëroplane* will fall unless it is constantly urged forward. The duck is lighter than its bulk of water, as the balloon is lighter than its own bulk of air. To call an *aëroplane* a flying-machine, is therefore exactly the same as to call a boat a swimming-machine (keeping in mind the swimming of the duck and neglecting that of fishes and of human beings).

The *aëroplane* is a propelled box kite or "glider." It has not even yet learned how to "fly" in the sense of soaring, because the hawk

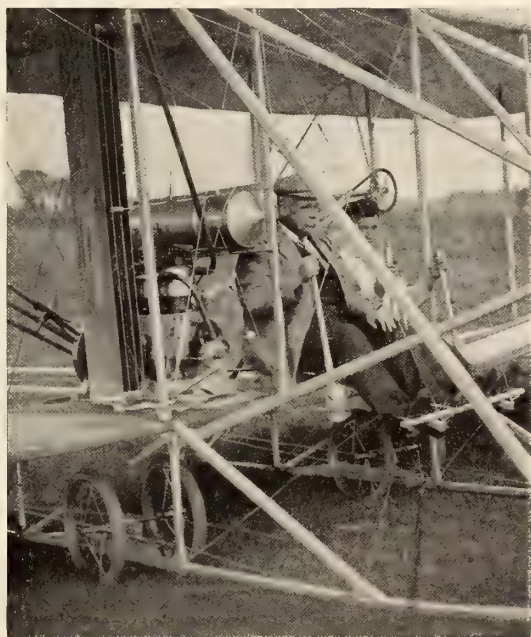
can hover almost if not quite motionless, sustained probably by ascending currents of air,



THE ASSEMBLING ROOM AT THE FACTORY OF THE WRIGHT COMPANY.

while the flying-machine begins to fall as soon as the propelling power is discontinued.

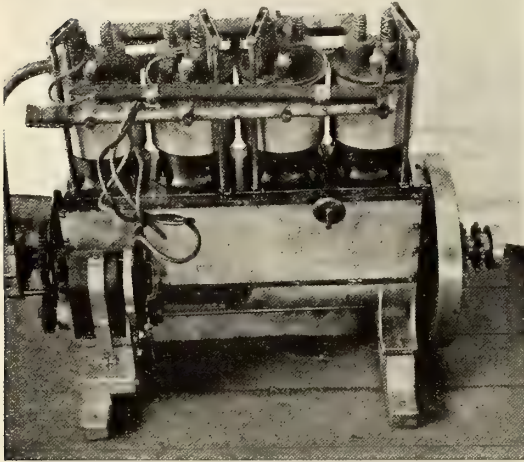
The word *aëronaut*, from two Greek words meaning air and sailor, is preferable to aviator.



THE EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE" (AT THE LEFT) TAKING INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MANAGEMENT OF A FLYING-MACHINE.

VISITING "THE WRIGHT BOYS"

"Will you kindly direct me to the factory of the Wright brothers?" I requested of a policeman



THE ENGINE FOR REVOLVING THE PROPELLERS.
This weighs two hundred pounds, and is of thirty-five horse-power.

soon after I arrived at the railroad station in Dayton, Ohio, one day near the end of the summer just past.

He meditated for a moment, as if puzzled, and then a happy thought seemed to strike him as he exclaimed:

"Oh, you mean the Wright boys who have flying-machines, don't you?"

I at once admitted that I did, and later adopted the Dayton custom of referring to them as "the boys."

Before the day was over I had met "the boys," but not until after an aged resident, of whom I had inquired as to how the epoch-making invention came to be originated in Dayton, explained:

"Because they were just the kind of boys to do it. Their father was a bishop, so they did n't have to help in a business, run errands for a store, or be kept busy, as clerks are. They had plenty of time for their studies and for outdoor projects. They liked to 'tinker and fuss around,' as many other boys do."

"Do you think they have been trying for many years to invent a flying-machine?" I asked.

"No, not so very long; but they always were fond of kites and such things; they also liked the bicycle and had a 'fever' for the printing-press. First they had a printing-office; a good many boys, you know, have a fancy for that. Of course they called it a 'business,' but I always

felt as if it was only boy style, 'amateur' perhaps you would call it."

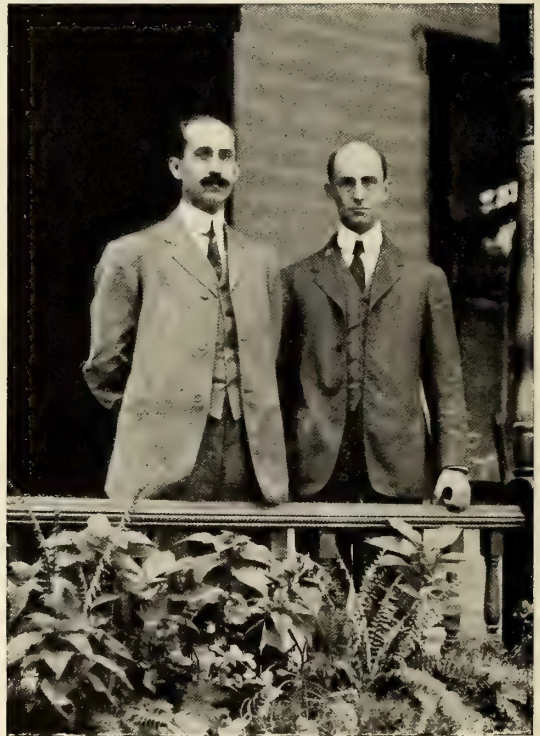
"How long did they continue at that?"

"Not long. Next they had a bicycle store, chiefly, I suppose, because they were fond of the machine. Then later I often saw them sliding downhill on the air. They would take a big box kite and go up to the top of a hill and slide off, not many feet from the ground, of course you understand, but high enough for them to 'land' pretty hard at times."

"I wonder how they came to think of putting in an engine."

"Quite naturally, I should judge. You see, as I said, they had a bicycle store. A bicycle is run by the feet, so is a glider; it runs in about the same style as a bicycle 'coasting.' You start it with your feet and then let it go of itself.

"Now I reason it out this way: an automobile, for instance, is a big four-wheeled 'bicycle' that has an engine in it so you can sit still and go uphill as well as down—anywhere—except at times!"



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS AT THEIR HOME.
Taken this summer especially for this article.

The old man laughed, and continued:

"It's my philosophy that the flying-machine is about the same—a glider with an engine in it and a propeller at the rear so you can go up as

well as down, 'most anywhere in the air, right over the tops of trees and telegraph-poles,—'sailing' in air,—*except at times!*"

peated to them something of this old resident's philosophy, and they seemed much pleased by it, and laughed heartily at my surprise in learning



WILBUR WRIGHT.

ORVILLE WRIGHT.

Taken this summer especially for ST. NICHOLAS on the steps of the porch of their home.

WHEN I first met "the boys" in the evening on the porch of their neat and attractive, yet unpretentious, home in a side street of Dayton, I re-

of their being generally called "the boys." I accepted their invitation and spent half of one day at their factory in the southern part of the

city. The wreck of the machine in which Brookins had, but a few days before, met with his somewhat serious accident had just arrived. The Wright brothers greatly enjoyed telling of their earliest acquaintance with Brookins, and how he was once greatly frightened by the flapping of some sheathing-paper tacked loosely on a window—a decided contrast, they thought, to his present daring bravery. The factory is not much different in appearance from any wood-working shop, with carpenter's benches, power planing- and sawing-machines and lathes.

The lumber, which is pine, is selected with the

In starting a flight the *aéroplane* is dragged to the smoothest part of the field, usually to a place where the ground is somewhat inclined. Two men hold it back from the rear, others start the propellers. When the engine is fully in motion, the current of air from the revolving blades is strong enough to blow an attendant's hat off and a good many feet away, but quite refreshing after pulling the machine up into place for starting. Sometimes the roughness of the ground and the abundance of weeds at the bottom of the slight incline interfere so that the machine does not rise. In that case the *aéroplane* has to be



A CONDOR SUNNING HIMSELF, SHOWING A GREAT EXPANSE OF WINGS.

An excellent example of one of nature's real "flying-machines."

greatest care, seasoned for at least a year, and then worked out by skilled workmen. The greatest strength must be secured with the least material.

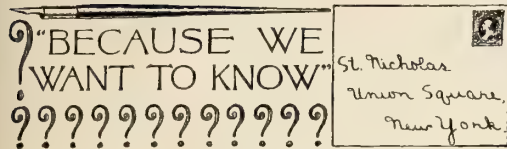
THE greater part of another day I spent at the testing-grounds at Simms, Ohio, which is on the traction road about eight miles north of Dayton. Here I found a skilled young man, of somewhat limited experience, teaching another young man who had been in a flying-machine only a few times. It was explained that by Labor Day, then about two weeks off, he must be sufficiently trained to put up and operate a machine. That afternoon the manager arrived and told me that there were seven appointments for public exhibitions on Labor Day, and only six men to operate the machines.

pulled back to the higher ground and another start made.

But to the aviator all the patience and work are for many reasons worth while; to the spectator the machine in air, sailing above the trees, is a beautiful sight.

A CALIFORNIA CONDOR SUNNING ITSELF

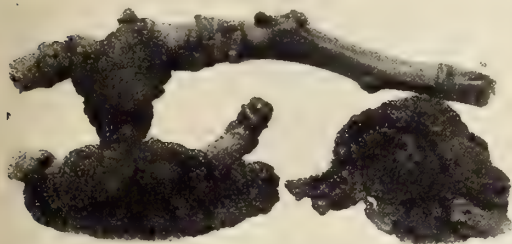
THE California condor has the remarkable habit of sitting for some ten or fifteen minutes with wings fully outspread in a manner which would seem to us as very tiring. But the condor seems to enjoy it, and evidently finds such an attitude restful and otherwise beneficial. The accompanying photograph, taken by W. L. Finley and H. T. Bohlman, shows every detail of this curious habit. They tell us that crows and buzzards were greatly alarmed at this strange habit.



BLACK KNOES ON PLUM TWIGS

NORTH WILMINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have two plum-trees in our back yard that are infected with a black substance. I have



THE TWIGS AND BLACK KNOBS.

inclosed some specimens of it and would like to know what it is called and what makes it appear on the trees.

I am only eleven years old and am in the eighth grade. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours truly,

CHARLES DOUCETTE.

The plum disease is the well-known black-knot of the plum. The disease is controlled by cutting out all the visible knots, even though the tree may be severely pruned in doing so. It is generally better to cut three or four inches or six inches below the largest knot. This should be done a month or six weeks before the blossoming period. Then the trees should be thoroughly sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, before the buds swell.—M. B. WAITE.

DRAFTS OF AIR MAY CONVEY LIGHTNING

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been told that lightning is attracted by a draft. Will you please tell me if it is true that there is danger in being in a draft during a thunder-storm?

Yours sincerely,

DORA S. REICE.

Yes. It is wise to avoid as much as possible exposed positions during thunder-storms. It is thought that one reason why barns are so frequently struck is because there is often a current of heated air rising from the heating hay in the barn. Just before a flash of lightning, there is a steadily increasing strain upon the air between a charged cloud and another charged cloud, or between the cloud and the earth. Anything that tends to break down the resistance of the air makes easier the passage of the electric discharge.

Therefore it is unwise to make one's self a part of a possible line of discharge or lightning flash.

However, it is comforting to know that only a very small portion of the many thunder-storms which occur are attended with danger, and it is unwise to allow one's self to suffer from nervousness or fear of danger. In an ordinary, well-built house there is comparatively little danger from lightning. During an ordinary thunder-storm one may look through the glass of shut windows and enjoy the wonderful display of electrical energy without fearing that every flash will strike and do injury. Most flashes are harmless.—PROFESSOR ALEXANDER G. McADIE of the United States Weather Bureau.

THUNDER DOES NOT SOUR MILK OR CREAM

TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why milk or cream gets sour after a thunder-storm?

Your interested reader,

C. H. COSTER.

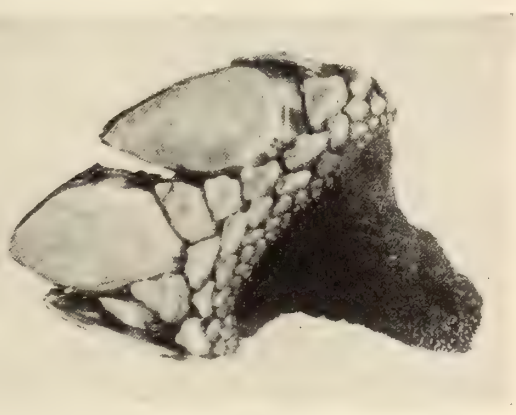
The thunder-storms do not directly sour milk, but the warm temperature preceding the storm stimulates bacteria growth. If you keep the milk thoroughly cold the thunder-storm has no effect upon it.—PROFESSOR H. W. CONN.

A CURIOUS CLUMP OF BARNACLES

HOH, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will find a specimen, and I wish you would tell me both the scientific and common name.

It is quite common along the Pacific coast, and clings to



THE CLUMP OF BARNACLES.

the rocks in clusters. The inclosed specimen is about the average size; some are a great deal larger.

LEONARD A. FLETCHER.

The barnacle which you send represents the species *Mitella polymerus* (Sowerby). These barnacles are not uncommonly found attached to various objects in the salt water.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE SAND MAN

BY ARTHUR MACY

THE Sand Man is coming, dears, coming from the skies;
He has a little box of sand to throw in little eyes.
From East and West he brings you rest, and just before the night
He scatters sand about the land and shuts your eyelids tight.

When little folk are tired of noise, and put their heads in laps,
He gaily dances over hills with pockets full of naps;
And up he climbs at sleepy times to sleepy little heads,
And makes them yawn before he's gone for little trundle-beds.

Listen to the Sand Man knocking at the door;
Listen to the Sand Man, he's been here before.
The Sand Man is coming, dears, coming from the skies;
Sleepy tunes he's humming, dears, to help you shut your eyes.



From the oil-painting by Maxfield Parrish.

THE SAND MAN.

Owned by Michael M. Van Beuren.



HOMES

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH



My bunnies like their cozy house, although they scamper out to play ;
 My chickens like the slatted coop where all the mother hens must stay.
 My kitten likes her basket bed out in the woodshed near our door ;
 My puppy loves his cellar box ; he sleeps and plays, then sleeps
 some more.

But *I* have got the nicest home. My house is better far than theirs ;
 Its windows let the sunshine in ; it has a porch, it has some stairs.
 But I like best the kitchen warm, with table, stove, and pantry neat ;
 The place where Dinah works, and makes good things for us to eat !

THE RABBIT, THE TURTLE, AND THE OWL

THE little girl and the little boy stood in the corn-field near the hollow tree where the Owl lived. The corn was in shocks like wigwams, and the yellow pumpkins lay on the ground. The Turtle came up from the brook below the corn-field, and stuck his head out of his shell to watch. The Rabbit sat on the edge of the slope, with his ears sticking straight up, to listen.



The sleepy Owl stirred behind his knot-hole.

"Don't you think," said the little boy, "that the Rabbit—"

"And the Turtle—" said the little girl.

"And the Owl," went on the little boy, "should have a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Yes, a good dinner," replied the little girl, "right here in the corn-field."

"We could have a pumpkin table," said the little boy.

"And pumpkin chairs," said the little girl.

So, as Thanksgiving was that very day, and there was no time to lose, they began to work. They found a fine, big, flat-topped pumpkin, and placed it for a table at the foot of the Owl's tree. Then they found three little pumpkins for stools.

"They won't want to eat until night," said the little boy.

"No," said the little girl; and the Rabbit, too,—they

"We will lay everything to Grandmother's," said the little girl, "and when we come home, we can see all giving dinner."



"the Owl and the Turtle like dinner at night."

out for them before we go little boy, "and when we eating their good Thanks-

The little boy ran and brought parsley and cabbage leaves for the Rabbit; and when the Rabbit saw that, he trotted home in a hurry, for fear he might be tempted to eat before it was time.

The little girl brought a fine big mushroom for the Turtle, for she had once seen a turtle nibble all around the edge of a mushroom.

"The Owl will have to bring his own dinner," said the little boy, "but I will get him a piece of bread to eat with it." So he did.

That night the little girl and boy drove home by moonlight from their grandmother's farm. When they were in their own room they looked out of the window toward the corn-field. They saw the corn-shocks, like wigwams, with black shadows. They saw the tree dark against the sky. They saw the big round yellow moon rising above the ridge of the field. They saw the pumpkin table and pumpkin chairs. They saw, sitting on one chair, the Rabbit, with his ears sticking straight up as he ate his parsley and cabbage. They saw the Turtle, stretching his head out of his shell as he nibbled his mushroom. They saw the Owl on his chair, eating the dinner he had brought. "Oh, is n't it beautiful!" said the little girl. "Beautiful!" said the little boy.





"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY HARRY TILL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE subject "Water" announced for all the competitions in this number met with a generous response. Especially did the subject appeal to the photographers—so strongly, in fact, that among the photographs sent in were a great many that under ordinary circumstances might have received mention on the Roll of Honor, but which had to be omitted this month. The reason for this is that the number of "fairly good" photographs was, comparatively speaking, "enormous," and to include all of them in the Roll of Honor would have taken space needed for printing the contributions. Then, also, the subject was possibly too "easy," that is to say, there is so much illumination in a

water view that almost any one can snap such a subject and produce a fair picture. Therefore, because contributors' names do not appear on the Honor Roll it does not mean that their contributions do not entitle the senders to encouragement, but rather that those whose names *do* appear this month are *particularly* to be mentioned in their respective classes. The attractiveness of a turkey for a November heading caused many to avoid the rather more difficult subject of "water" in their drawings, and it must be said that the success of a number of these artists shows that their choice was a wise one. The Prose and Verse contributions were of a gratifying order of merit, particularly the Verse.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 129

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Margaret Eckels** (age 12), Conneautville, Pa.; **Elizabeth Gardiner** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **Josephine S. Wilson** (age 13), San Luis Potosi, Mex.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Dorothy Dawson** (age 15), Westward Ho, Eng.
Silver badges, **Katharine Balderston** (age 15), Boise, Idaho; **Mary Horne** (age 16), Rye, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Harry Till** (age 14), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Mary I. Cook** (age 12), Bloomfield, Ia.; **Marion Robertson** (age 16), Montreal, Can.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Harriet Anna de Lancey** (age 9), Waterbury, Conn.
Silver badges, **Landis Barton** (age 15), Waco, Tex.; **Charles Ingalls Morton** (age 13), Naples, Italy; **Mary Curry** (age 16), Palo Alto, Cal.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Margaret Free** (age 15), Pittsburg, Pa.; **George M. Encs** (age 13), Oakland, Cal.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Vera Adele Colding** (age 15), New York City, N. Y.
Silver badges, **Helen E. Wanamaker** (age 16), Suffern, N. Y.; **Arthur Poulin, Jr.** (age 11), San Francisco, Cal.

WATER

BY MARGARET ECKELS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN my sister and I were at Atlantic City three years ago, we almost wanted to live in the water, but Mama would only let us go in bathing for a little while each morning.

But, oh, what glorious fun we had! We would wade out toward the breakers and run back in time to avoid being wet by them.

Then again we would lie down on the sand very near the water and let it rush up over us, and sometimes we would get salt water in our mouths.

We would sometimes take a little tin pail, fill it with salt water, and throw it over each other. I remember one time I filled the pail with salt water and was going to throw it on my sister; so I advanced slowly to where she was sitting, or to where I supposed she was sitting, and threw it over the one whom I supposed to be my sister. And then! the next minute up jumped the one I supposed to be my sister and scolded me dreadfully!

But when I told her all about it, she not only forgave me but has remained my dear friend ever since.

Since then my sister, this little girl, and I have had many pleasant times in the water.

But the way the water for other purposes is delivered is very different.

This city is on a plateau and as it is surrounded by mountains on every side, we get *very, very* little rain. Some-



"WATER." BY CHARLES INGALLS MORTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE WATER OF SAN LUIS

BY JOSEPHINE S. WILSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE way water is delivered to the houses in San Luis Potosi is really very curious.

Very few people drink the water from their wells as it is not considered healthy to do so. And in a great many of the houses there are no wells at all.

The drinking-water is brought from several different wells, which are very deep. There are regular men who do nothing but carry water, and their way of doing it is peculiar to this country.

They have two five-gallon cans, which come into this

times, in the dry seasons, it will not rain one drop for six months, and therefore irrigation is necessary to grow any thing. The city has built a very large dam several miles out of town, and as it rains pretty often out in the mountains, the dam usually has plenty of water. All the gardens and farms are irrigated by the water from the dam, and there are large pipes under the streets in the city which supply the houses with water. This water is brought from the dam to the city in a large open ditch, and the water that supplies the houses is filtered a little ways out of town.

WATER

BY MARY HORNE (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DRIPPING, dripping,
Dripping, dripping,
Is the welcome springtime rain;
Gentle showers
On the flowers,
Freshening the earth again.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Tinkle, tinkle,
Is the silver-white cascade,
Always dropping,
Never stopping,
Underneath the willows' shade.

Rustle, bustle,
Rustle, bustle,
Is the merry little brook.
What a clatter
Is its chatter
In the quiet, shady nook!



"WATER." BY LANDIS BARTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

country from the United States full of kerosene, with ropes attached to them; these they fill with water. The ropes are fixed so that a can may hang from each end of a pole about four feet long. This pole they put across one shoulder, and thus deliver drinking-water to the houses.

Grumble, grumble,
Rush and tumble,
Is the mighty ocean's roar;
Frothing foamers,
Snow-white combers,
Ever breaking on the shore.

WATER

BY ELIZABETH GARDINER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

JOAQUIN had escaped the posse at Las Rosas, and, to the best of his belief, was headed directly toward safety. It was now high noon. Whatever little shade there may have been, a little earlier, or might be, a little later, had given place to glare — hot, blinding glare. The sun beat down pitilessly on the tired man and more tired horse, both covered from head to foot with alkali-dust, as they struggled along in the heavy, smothering heat of the desert. Heat and glare — that was all, save now and then a furnace-like wind would sweep down across the heat-parched earth, leaving the air hotter than before. The bright, deep-blue of the cloudless sky served to intensify the heat tenfold. A rattlesnake filliped across the sand, and an acacia rasped in the burning stillness. Each moment seemed hotter than the last. Joaquin staggered a little. He had dismounted, so as to give the poor horse as light a load as possible. The sands, stretching away and away to the purple mountains, danced before his eyes, for the sun was very strong, and Joaquin's water-bag was empty.

"Only a little, chiquito mio, and we shall have the spring at our feet," he said to the horse.

Suddenly he gave a cry of surprise. There, to the left, where there should have been a giant cactus to mark the trail, was nothing but desert. He was lost! Lost, and his water-bag empty! The pony's legs were growing weak and his breath came in gasps. Joaquin's tongue was swollen and dry; he could walk no farther, so he climbed into the creaking saddle again. The reins lay loose on the horse's neck, and the rider swayed in the saddle, his eyes closed. The blood on his parched lips was caked with dust. The pony stumbled. To go on was to die; to stop was worse than to die. At any rate, the end would come soon. Joaquin prayed that it might.

Then it seemed as though the air became a little cooler, and the surroundings seemed changed. The man dared not open his eyes to see, for fear he had gone blind. Then the pony stumbled and fell, throwing his rider over his head. Joaquin lay unconscious for a moment. Sud-

WATER

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

HARK! to the sound of the waters,
Dashing in torrents of might
Over the brow of the precipice —
Rainbows of spray in the light!



"WATER." BY DONNA V. JONES, AGE 17.

Bow to the force of the river
Over the mountain's edge hurled!
Tremble! Man! where is thy power?
Canst tame the might of the world?

See the great water-sheet falling
Into the whirlpool below!
See the mists hover around it
Like some lost soul in its woe!
See! and in seeing, man! tremble!
Here is power greater than thine!
Out from the mists and the torrent
Only God's image can shine!

THE PARIS FLOOD

BY LORRAINE RANSOM (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

FOR many months the general conversation in Paris had been about the rain, and it seemed as if it never would stop pouring; night and day, night and day, one would hear the patter on the roof outside. Finally news came that the Seine was rising. At first people said: "Oh, it is nothing unusual; every winter it rises above its level." At last one met friends who said that their cellars were rapidly filling with water, and one morning in many parts of the city people

opened their eyes on a street full of water.

Many of the French were terrified and when the stations were flooded they began to shake their heads and say, "The end of the world." It certainly was not a cheerful-looking



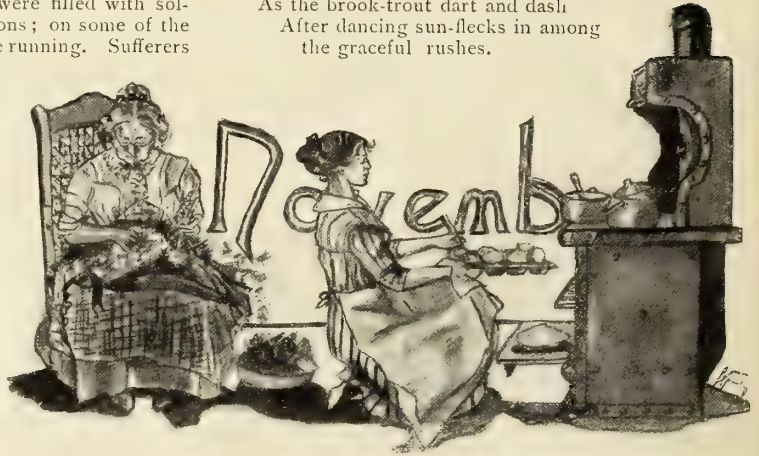
"WATER." BY HARRIET ANNA DE LANCEY, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)

denly his senses returned with a rush. Why, his face was wet! Had he cut it, and was this blood? He opened his eyes. No, he was not blind, and his face was lying in the spring. "Water!" gasped Joaquin. "Water!"

city, and people who possessed such doleful thoughts had nothing to cheer them. The streets were filled with soldiers hurrying to and fro with provisions; on some of the finest streets the Red Cross boats were running. Sufferers were going about carrying all their earthly goods with them, usually leading two or three crying children by the hand. Toward evening rumors would get around about the food supply giving out, or warning people to close their windows for such a bridge was acting as a dam and must be blown up. The first nice day hundreds of men and women lined the banks to see the usually quiet Seine now transformed into a rushing and turbulent stream, carrying barrels, boards, and branches in the current.

One can imagine the sigh of relief that people gave when news went around that the water was abating. Gradually gloomy forebodings were put aside, and people began to enjoy life for a little longer. Now Paris is settled down and the flood is a thing of the past, so long ago that it has ceased to be a topic of conversation.

Here a glint, there a flash,
As the brook-trout dart and dash!
After dancing sun-flecks in among
the graceful rushes.



"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY MARGARET FARNSWORTH, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Blue water, still water,
Haunt of fin and feather,
Ruffled by the passing breeze,
Sentinelled by stately trees,
Dozing in the silence and the pleasant
summer weather.

THE SONG THE WATER SANG

BY EDNA ANDERSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

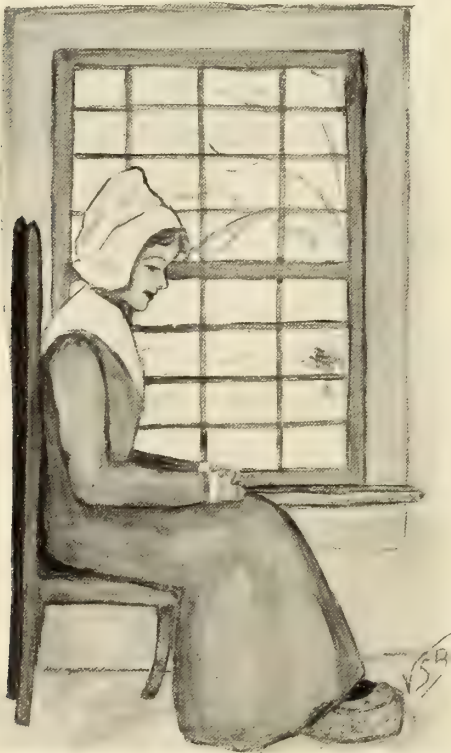
It was a sweet song the forest sang that day, — a chorus of insect notes vibrating through the brooding summer air, of whisperings from the sad hearts of the pines, and of the drowsy lullabies of the haunting spirit of the wind. But yet there was an undertone more melodious than all these, rising and falling in gleeful cadences like those in the laughter of a child.

Suddenly a snipe lifted itself over the swaying tops of the trees, fluttered a moment in the bar of sunlight that came slanting through an opening in the woods, and then dropped lightly out of sight. A water-bird and that strange, ceaseless monotone about which I had wondered! Here was an answer to my question.

So I took the direction in which the snipe had flown, past wide borders of flax, the color of whose tremulous flowers matched the blue of the sky, and catching glimpses of a hillside where an early sunflower like a wistful Clytie raised its bronze gold face to the south. Suddenly I heard the song grow louder, and saw a gleam shining through the trees.

A few steps brought me to my musician, — a spring of mountain water, with ouzels in the feathery spray and harebells bending lightly in the breeze as if keeping time to the music. A little stream that had come, ice-cold, from the snow which still glittered on the peaks in the June sunshine, that had flowed past ferns and down steep slopes, and was now singing to itself like a happy child.

It was there in the winter-time, its dark banks marked against the snow, in the springtime, when the willow boughs grew rosy and the moonlight quivered across its breast. There was no malice in its cheerful gossip; all the year long it brought nothing but the best of news, — of the first anemone blooming amidst the snow, of the doves' nest in the tall pine, and of the tired wayfarers who had halted by its banks to drink and rest.



"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY VIRGINIA STUART BROWN, AGE 17.

THE STREAM AND THE POOL

BY KATHARINE BALDERSTON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

GREEN water, clear water,
Slipping through the brushes,

WATER

(A Farm-Boy's Tribute)

BY E. ADELAIDE HAHN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THERE 's a jolly old swimmin'-hole down to our farm, where
we fellers all go when it 's hot,

Oh, when I 've some bait, an' a rod, an' a line—oh! I tell
you, I jest *love* the water!

Now fishin' an' climbin' an' runnin' all day, we git hot an'
thirsty, you bet,
But we go to a spring that ain't far away, an', as none of
us mind gittin' wet,



"WATER." BY L. WILLIAM QUANCHI,
AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

An' it ain't very deep, so we can't come to harm, an' Ma 's
jest as willin' as not.

It don't take us long gittin' out o' our clo'es — I don't think
it could take any shorter —

An' we swim, an' we dive, till we 're all mostly froze —
oh! I tell you, I jest *love* the water!

There 's a nice little crick where I go with Jo Green, where
there 's millions an' hundreds o' fish,

An' I caught jest the biggest trout ever you seen — my,
but she did look grand in a dish!

She dodged me two hours, an' the sport it was fine — I fol-
lered her up till I caught 'er.

We jest put our heads down — did you ever try? — I 've
heard tell o' wine an' o' porter,
But when there 's a spring, an' I 'm feelin' quite dry — oh!
I tell you, I jest *love* the water!

Then, when I come home, at the end o' the day, an' sup-
per 's all ready an' hot,

Ma says, "Oh, what hands! Wash them well, right
away!" Then sometimes I say, "No, I 'll not."

Then Ma says, "Oh, dear! the trouble with boys! I do
wish that I had a daughter!"

An' Pa adds, "Now march, sir, an' stop all that noise" —
oh! I tell you, I jest *hate* the water!



"WATER." BY FLORENCE DAWSON, AGE 15.

"WATER." BY MARY MITCHELL, AGE 14.



"WATER." BY MARY CURRY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

WATER

BY ELEANOR BALDWIN (AGE 13)

MARJORIE, aged four, could not talk very plainly, but she would willingly try to repeat any word you said, except "water." For some reason, the queer little tot had taken an aversion to that particular word and could not be induced to say it. She would say "wet" or anything else that described water, but never the word itself.

Now it happened that on a certain Monday morning Marjorie was bathed and dressed as usual and had a spandy-clean and decidedly starched dress put on. Her little bath-tub was left, full of water, in the doorway from her room on to the piazza until her mother should finish breakfast. Then Marjorie went into the dining-room.

"Baby, go and get your beads," said her mother, after a little while.

"Where?" asked the child, backing out onto the piazza that connected her room with the dining-room.

"In your room, on the table behind the door. There are some —"

There was a great splash! A terrible scream rent the air! "Water! Water!" shrieked Marjorie.

Everybody rushed to the scene and found her vainly struggling to get out of the bath-tub, while her stiffly starched skirt stood on the top of the water like a balloon. She was lifted out and petted. Then she had dry clothes put on and sat in state on her father's knee. Suddenly he began to laugh as a bright idea struck him, and he exclaimed: "Marjorie, say 'water!'"

"Water," she said clearly, and never again did she try to avoid saying it.

ACROSS THE WATER

BY CAROL THOMPSON (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

I MET ma lassie at the wee sma' brook,
Sae little braid that one could step across;
An' she did nicht but twist her kilt an' look,
An' baith o' us for words were at a loss:
Sae wee a brook — scarce half twa handbraidths wide —
An' she on one an' I on t' other side!

We lookit doon wheer mirrored clouds went sailin'
An' pale mint-callies blossomed by the bank,
An' saw a little, stately, snaw-flecked graylin'
Gae swimmin' wheer the grasses dipped an' drank.
An' "Jock!" she cried. I looked oop in surprise
An' met the laughin' glint o' her blue eyes.

"Hae ye nae thanks," I said, "tae gie yer laddie?"
As she took the silken neckerchief I'd brought her.
She leaned, I leaned, an', mon upon ma plaidie,
We kissed each ither fair — across the water!
Oor shadows blotted out the clouds a-sailin'
An' scared awa' the little snaw-flecked graylin'!



"WATER." BY RUTH RUMHILL, AGE 12.

THE MIGHTY WATERS

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 12)

FAR, far away across the dew-decked lawn
And purple hills that rise to touch the sky,
Murm'ring its myst'ries to the lovely dawn,
Vast, mighty, changeful, loved yet lone,
A burning sapphire set in walls of stone,
The awe-inspiring, restless waters lie.

We cannot see the awful depths from here,
We cannot hear the fearful rage and roar.
We can but know with trembling and with fear
The dread inconstancy, the fickle sleep,
The dreadful ravings of the mighty deep
That now beats rhythmically 'gainst the shore.



"WATER." BY CECILIA A. L. KELLY, AGE 17.

A fickle friend to have, a fickle foe;
Inconstant save in its inconstancy;
Oft smiling as if dreams of long ago
With happy mem'ries flitted through its sleep,
Of raging with a wild wrath fierce and deep,
But always matchless in sublimity.

Yet look upon this wide and restless sea
With feelings not entirely of dread,
For it is wondrous and will always be.
So love it with a love that knows of fear,
E'en as an awful monarch is held dear,
Until the sea shall offer up its dead.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Louise H. Seaman
Elizabeth Page James
Janet Erskine Adriance
Dorothy Foster
Katherine DeWolf
Ruth Keister
Mary Swift Rupert
Adelaide Fairbank
Katherine Guy
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Eleanor Robinson
Cheney
Katharine Wardrope
Glenn F. Harrison
Florence H. Rogers
Ruth Starr
Katharine G. Tighe
Elizabeth H. Cheney
Ida Mae Syfrit
Marie E. Fisher
Jessie M. Thompson
Katharine H. Seligman
Fanny Tomlin Marburg
Isabel B. Faye
Jennie Kramer
Pearl Lukens
Pauline Nichthauser
Isaac Sobel
Lewis Moskowitz
Dorothy Coleman
Margery S. Amory
Miriam Louise Smith
Dorothy Gay
Dora A. Iddings
Winifred Sackville
Stoner, Jr.

Marjorie D. Cole
Bruce T. Simonds
Martha A. Miliken
Caroline Walker Munro
Winona Jenkins
Eleanor M. Kellogg
Eliza MacLean
Piggott
Philip J. Cheitman
William Manley
McBride

PROSE, 2

Eleanor Rindge
Margaret Hanning
Hedelia Hanne
Hilda Eisinger
Mittie Clark
Margaret Holmes
Gladys Elise Wheeler
Helen Boggs
Bertha R. Titus
Laura Hill
Kathleen C. Brough
Ruth Conway
Anna Laura Porter
Mamie Urie
Josephine Edwards
Harriet A. Watson
Elizabeth Virginia
Kelly
Minerva Lewis
Carolyn A. Perry
Morris Miller
Hester Gunning
Florence Fleming
Katharine A. Fellows

Dorothy Eaton
Mildred Roberts
Harold Eaton Wood
Jack Brewer
Margaret E. Beakes
Julius Holzberg
Josephine McAllister
Elizabeth Wilkinson
Alice Viola Porterfield
Eleanor Mabie
Lowry A. Biggers
Elizabeth S. Fleming
Eva Cohen
Agnes C. Grant
Marion A. Selden
Elizabeth Morris
Doane
Clarice Goff
Lilian Palmer
Elizabeth C. Walton
Rebecca Hubbard
Wilder
Margaret Cornell

VERSE, 1

Lucy E. Fancher
Bennie Glaser
Marietta D. Lent
Eleanor M. Sickels
Jeannette Munro
Rowena Lamy
Alba H. Ezdorf
Anne Haxall
Doris F. Halman
Mildred A. Botsford
Thérèse H.
McDonnell

Alice M. MacRae
Katharine B. Tilt
Alice Trimble
Margaret A. Levi
Ruth Pennington
Sydney B. Self
Helen D. Baker
Edna Wood
Eleanor Johnson
Elizabeth Grier
Atherton
Mira Bigelow Wilson
Douglas R. Gray
Miriam Spitz
Marion F. Hayden
Mildred B. Porter

VERSE, 2

Anna Ruggles
Mary Frances
Williams
Julia M. Herget
Lillie G. Menary
Julia Williamson Hall
Florence M. Sweeney
Marjorie Paret
Dorothy Dunn
Anna B. Stearns
Ruth Lewinson
Theodora Le Huray
Anna C. Levi
Bernadine Lufkin
Margaret Clark
Esther Sargent
Ruth Livingston
Claire H. Roesch
Celia Grew
Marian Stabler
Dorothy Gooch
Lenore Guinzburg
Mary Powers
Louisa Pharo
Ruth G. Merritt
Florence M. Cothran
Beatrice E. Maule
Irving Clark
Rose Hahn
Margaret G. Sharp
Margaret Valentine
Catherine Urell
Mary Woodruff

Jean Gray Allen
Estelle M. Rosin
Bessie M. Blanchard
Charles Hollender
Helen S. Heyl
Dorothy Hardy
Doris Huestis
Helen L. Moore

DRAWINGS, 1

Edith Manwell
Frances Hale Burt
Rolf Ueland
Elizabeth N. Kendall
Von McConnell
Marion Wood
Bullwinkle
Lucy J. Call
Marjory Bates
Helen Finlay Dun
Helen May Baker
Theresa J. Jones
Marjorie Benson
Bodil Hornemann
Audrey M. Cooper
Marian Walter
Laura Barker
Dorothy Greene
Marie A. Van Pelt
Carolyn Bergmann
Marjorie Acker
Dora Guy
Jack Newlin
Ellis Allured

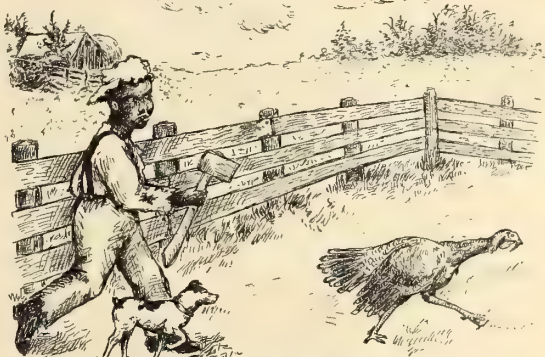
DRAWINGS, 2

Jennie Edith Everden
Katharine Price
Dorothea Talbert
Helen Benedict
Robin Hill
Margaret Motler
Theodore Hart
Parsons
Lily King Westervelt
Betty Allen Smith
Mary G. Clark
Eleanor E. Carroll
Alice Lee Miller
Frances Southard

Pearl Parker
Bessie Colomb
Helen A. Seymour
Edith M. Tuttle
Elizabeth M. Stockton
Nellie Hagan
Mary Louise Jackson
Josephine Mitchell
Simon Mendelsohn
Portia Wagenet
George P. Lindberg
Eunice Davis
Helen F. Morgan
Bayard C. Noble
Mary W. Cowling
Edna Lois Taggart
Ethel Tornbe
Maurice C. Johnson
Charlotte Knapp
Mary Garrison

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Henry E. Eccles
Anna Halsted
de Lancy
Frederick A. Brooks
James Donnell
Tilghman
Louise Jefferson
F. Hortense Barcelo
Elaine V. Kosenthal
Maude B. Fisher
Maude J. Hayden
Dorothy F. Melcher
George Hecht
Clem Dickey
Chris E. Frasee
Mildred H. Penney
Marianne Wilmer
Muriel C. Read
Katherine Rolfe
Elizabeth Adsit
Julia Colman
Merwyn Grills
Aline S. Buchman
Elsie Jarvis
Bettine S. Paddock
Julius S. Bixler
Helen G. Bicknell
William B. Codling,
Jr.



NOVEMBER.

"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY MARY I. COOK, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Margaret E. Taylor
Bessie Mather
Parker
Eleanor G. Kelly
Alice Phelps Rider
Helen B. Weiser
Ethel Knowlson
Caster
Lois Donovan
Banny Stewart
McLean
Bessie Callow

Elizabeth Ohara
Ethel F. Frank
Agnes I. Prizer
Kennetha W. Berry
Winifred Almy
Charles Blum, Jr.
Marjorie Gibbons
Adrianna Bayer
Margaret F. Foster
Helen Roeth
Abraham R. Zunsner
Margaret Hubbell

Martha Harriet Ross
Keith Kenney
Marie Congdon
Helen Harnish
Alexander Scott
Josephine Sturgis
Samuel Wagner, Jr.
Leonard Moore
Leonard Shepley
Rachel H. Rathbun
Robert Banks
Dorothy Foote

Marie C. Church
Ruth Thayer
Leopold L. Camacho
Frances C. Clarke
Pearl F. Gridley
Margaret C. Timpson
Albert Lawn
Emilie Wagner
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Elise De Ronde
Jean Logue
Ethel Rose Mandel
Margaret Ogden

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Alma Hendricks Levy

Marjorie Corbett
Sara E. Fischer
Henderson Barton
Prue Miller
John Neil Benney
Elizabeth Cains
Dorothy Leonard
Howard R. Sherman, Jr.
Dorothy Helmle
James Stokley, Jr.
Teckla Schiller
Hester Bancroft
Helen Mathews
Ralph Jefferson
Adele Lowinson
Elizabeth Evarts

Alan Dunn
Helen Barclay
Phoebe S. Lambe
Susie M. Williams
Ruth K. Gaylord
Gertrude Palmer
Louise McAllister
Alice Moore

PUZZLES, 2

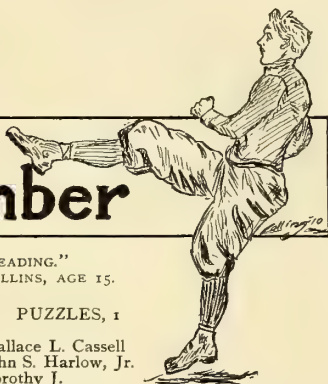
Ethel Halsey
Katharine M.
Goodrich
Frederick M.
Davenport
Mary Jaquelin Smith
Elsie Stuart



November

"A NOVEMBER HEADING."

BY D. RUTHERFORD COLLINS, AGE 15.



Margaret H. Palmer
Sarah E. Elmer
Eleanor Babcock
Roger Brooks
Marian M. Crane
J. Jackson Rodgers
Pauline B. Flach
Frances H. Jackson
Eleanor White
George Ames
Laurence S. Taylor
Ralph S. Hayes
Helen Whitcomb

PUZZLES, 1

Wallace L. Cassell
John S. Harlow, Jr.
Dorothy J.
Provost
Cornelia Clark
Ingle B. Whinery
Duncan Scarborough
Anna H. Kahan
Alfred W. Swan
Marion R. Priestley
Gertrude Hussey

Helen Gawthrop
Helen L. Beach
Dorothy O. Wilcox
Edith Havens
Sarah Roody
Kathleen Murphy
Jessica B. Noble

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NO AGE. James King, Jr., Marianne Brown, Theodore R. Hostetter, Beatrice B. Flood, Ethel M. Shearer, Alice L. Jones, Elizabeth M. Bowers, Betty Alden Weston, Russell Blair Hussey, Harold Leroy White, Priscilla Bohlen, Ben MacDuffie, Marion Thanhouser.

LATE. Gaston M. Donohoe, Arlene J. Davis, Luis Booth, Ruth Seymour, Adeline Hatch, Laurence Moon, Elizabeth Quinby, Ethel du Pont Barksdale, Marie Wilson, Carolyn L. Quinby, Robin Hill, Helen L. Edwards, Elizabeth L. Frelick, Charlie W. Arnold, Herbert Wilson, Christopher Grant La Farge, Jr., Dale Warren, Helen Crocker, Hazel S. Halstead, Frederic Cromwell, George M. Maynard, Miriam I. Spencer, Helen Dirks, Valerie Shannon, John R. Meeker, Pearl Tweeden, Annie S. Reid, Mary Weaver, Alice Forbes, William Müller Bayne.

INCOMPLETE OR NO ADDRESSES. Naomi Lauchheimer, Emily Goltzmann, Charles Hathaway, Elizabeth Bushnell, Elenore C. Hughes, Eleanor C. Perkins, Wiman Smith, K. B. Jopp, Edith Parker, Doris H. Ramsey.

NOT INDORSED. Kenneth Plumb, Earle Allen, Helen D. Perkins, Helen Gay.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Anita Louise Grannis, Gladys Bass, Phoebe Mayo, Elizabeth Walter.

WRONG SUBJECT. George Herzog, Elizabeth G. Freeman, Eleanor Hussey.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Eleanor C. Shallcross, Frederic Burns, Emelia Cavagione.

COLOR. James Caldwell.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 133

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 133 will close **November 10** (for foreign members **November 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **March**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Wind," or "A Windy Day."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "The Wind," or "A Windy Day."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Wind," or "A Windy Day."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Wind," or "A Windy Day," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **March**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

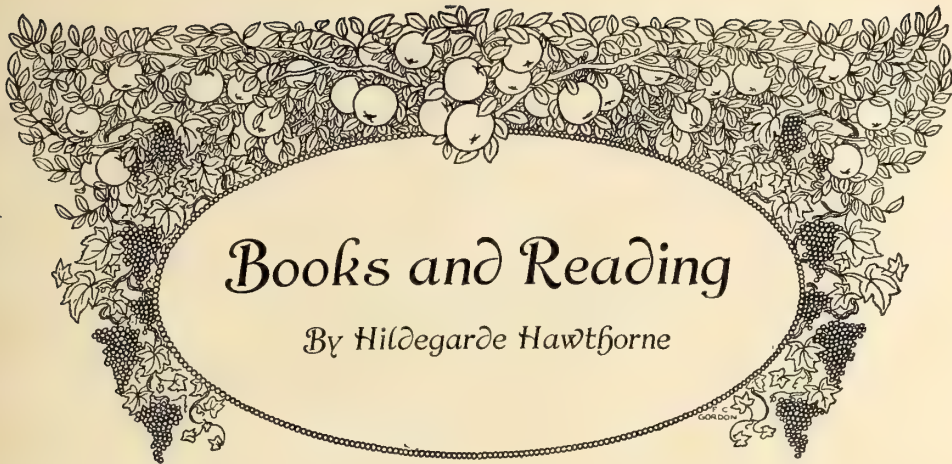
Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—



"WATER." BY MARION ROBERTSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



Books and Reading

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

THE SEEING EYE

ALTHOUGH this is the November number, it is still October as you read it; and thinking of October has made me think, too, of beauty. Just useless, exquisite beauty! For in October it is flaming all around us; not but what we are at all times in the presence of beauty, for, if it is nowhere else, we at least have it over our heads in the changing glory of the skies. October beauty, too, seems to flourish for beauty's sake alone. Spring flowers are lovely, but we are told they are so gay and fragrant in order to attract the birds and insects who help to propagate them; the golden wheat-fields, the red apples, the corn and pumpkins are beautiful, but they are useful, too, and perhaps would not be planted except for the latter reason. But October's gold and crimson, her brilliant forests and meadows with their aftermath of flowers, serve no material use at all. The trees would get on just as well if their leaves withered and dropped with no flaring of wild color; those late blooms along the hedge-rows are never coming to seed. Yet in the whole circle of the year nothing is more gloriously lovely than the outdoor world in October.

Which makes one think that possibly there is something important in beauty alone; that it is needed in the world, and that we could not get on without it, or at least that we should not.

Beyond any doubt there is something within us that rejoices and is the better for beauty. An exquisite view will make the heart race with delight; a gorgeous or tender display of color, the flight of a bird, the nobility of a mountain slope, or the gleam of light on a lake—all these things and much else make for happiness of a most pure and perfect sort.

It is this same quality of happiness that one

derives from fine literature or good art, for it comes from the perception of beauty or the realization of perfection. Oddly enough, a work of art may be apparently ugly, and yet, because it is so entirely sincere in its subject and perfect in its workmanship, it will none the less be beautiful and give the beholder the happiness of beauty.

You will find, as you grow older, that everything in life that is worth while requires an effort to secure it. This is as true of the ability to see and to enjoy beauty as it is of the acquirement of knowledge of any sort, or power of any kind. A great many people pass through life without ever seeing the beauty of the world of nature, or the world of art and literature, or of work or play. Their eyes look about them and reflect the same things that give another person the deepest joy, but they are not able to see it. For our real seeing is done with the eyes of the mind, of the soul, with what Wordsworth calls

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,

not with the eyes of the body. Those are the necessary windows through which enters the material for this particular happiness; but the understanding that makes it actual is got only through training, through love, by determination and endeavor.

But it is worth it. For an enthusiasm for beauty and a recognition of it is a great help and heartener in life. Life itself is a great thing, but it is often difficult, and it requires all the wisdom we are able to lay hands on to make it, at times, endurable. Therefore it is wise to give one's self all the chances possible. And to learn to see and know the great magician, the great wonder-worker, beauty, is to secure a mighty friend in the business of living.

THE ENCHANTER

I KNEW a woman who had always loved beauty and whose life had passed surrounded by the lovely things of art and nature. Fortune brought her to live, at last, in a common, ugly alley, with no outlook from her window save a dismal row of squalid houses. But from the next corner she caught, each morning and evening as she went to and came from her work, a narrow glimpse of blue water and the green or bare branches of a tree, according to the season of the year. In that short look she renewed for herself the pure joy in beauty, the wonder of the green world, the memory of the great painters and writers whom she loved; and not only in that momentary glance. I have seen her eyes light with rapture at a graceful movement by a child, at a dash of color in the murky street, or a melodious call amid the din, or at some kind and therefore lovely act. Nothing that had a trace of beauty escaped her, or failed of making her rejoice. The weariness or bitterness of her hardest day vanished at the touch of the enchanter's wand, and where others saw only dirt and misery she perceived hints of the undying loveliness of nature and life, and was happy.

LINKED SWEETNESS

ALL the manifestations of beauty are linked together, each making each more lovely. The splendor of a summer night lighted by the full moon is forever more perfect since Shakspeare wrote the lines in "The Merchant of Venice" where Lorenzo and Jessica exchange phrases, half playful, half tender, entirely beautiful, concerning other summer nights. Do you remember them, beginning:

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise . . . ?

They will come as gently to your mind as the wind to the trees, once you know them, with other lovely words by him and by other writers that fill the spirit with the same pure pleasure as does the pale light on the sea or the hills, or floating in silver silence above the city street. To quote Shakspeare again, next time you are out in the early morning, see whether the following description by him does not convey the very thing itself, translating the sight before you into words that hold the same quality of beauty, expressing itself in another medium:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

or this:

Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

These words do not only describe, they have to them a music and a beauty that is twin to the beauty and the music of morning.

TALKING LEAVES

THERE used to be legends, as you know, of trees that talked, and if by any chance one of us were to hear such a tree we would realize the wonderfulness of words. We use them so much that they have lost their marvel and seem common enough. Ruskin, in a book of his called "Sesame and Lilies," devotes several pages to the dignity of words, to their singular importance, since it is by them chiefly that any of us come near any one else, that we learn anything or give to others the result of our learning. It is easy to understand how much beauty would pass from earth should light cease; but think, too, how much would go were speech to cease! We ought therefore to love words and to honor them; not to slur or misuse them. Books are our talking leaves. The greatest men have used them to put the highest and finest thought mankind has achieved into the possession of each of us; they have used them to bring to us the perception of all the amazing or lovely things of the world, to portray for us men and women, to relate the mighty events of time, and to inspire us with lofty ideals and great hopes. But unless you truly understand words in all the shades of their meanings, much of these great messages they bring must remain unknown to you; just as to many people the wild glory of the ocean and the mountains, or the frail beauty of a butterfly, or the distant grandeur of a star remain unseen, because they have not learned to look at them.

It is because of this, among other reasons, that I beg you to read the great books, because in them you learn the true value of words, their deep significance, their noble power, and come to feel their beauty. As a great painter can put before you in a few lines something in black and white which is yet the actual likeness of a man, so can a great writer with a few perfect words translate for you the mind and heart of a man. Pages of description could not give you a more definite picture of a fresh and fair morning than the few lines I quoted above, just as the slightest sketch by a master will hold more of truth and therefore of beauty than the labored work of ignorance. Therein lies the beauty of art. A good book not only tells you things that it is well and

necessary to know, but it tells you them with that perfection we call art, giving you, together with its information, the keen delight of beauty, as the splendid October woods, burning with color, give it to you in addition to their nuts and fruits, their timber and game.

To turn away from the beautiful books of the world and read only the cheap and the silly ones is like shutting your eyes to the lofty and serene loveliness of nature in order to gaze upon its mud-flats and dust-heaps. It is to shut away happiness that might be yours and never to make use of that Open Sesame which, as Ruskin says,

unlocks the door to kings' treasuries richer far than the robber cave of the old story.

October comes to say that beauty is our right, our inheritance. You should demand it. It has a myriad shapes and ways, and the description of a muddy lane in a wretched town may hold more of it than a merely "pretty" drawing or color-picture. Learn to know it in all its manifestations and you will be surprised to see how it turns up in the most unlikely places; and you will grow more and more sure that it is one of the deepest needs of life, in spite of what looks like its everyday-ness.

THE LETTER-BOX

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. I have been taking your magazine two years. I think it is time to write you now. I live in Costa Rica. It is summer all the time. The flowers are always in bloom. Two or three months ago we had a big earthquake; it destroyed a city near where we live. We went over to see it. There were five hundred people killed. We were badly frightened for a while. They are building more houses there now. I like your magazine very much. I am reading "Betty" now with great interest.

I am

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA RICHARDS.

BAD NAUHEIM, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like very much to tell you about our trip to Italy last spring, as I think perhaps it will interest some of your readers.

Our journey from Paris to Rome was very beautiful; at sunset we ran along the Mediterranean sea-coast, and later had our dinner at Genoa; about the middle of the night we passed Pisa, and I had the pleasure of seeing the leaning tower by moonlight.

We spent five delightful and interesting weeks in Rome, having sunny weather and blue skies during the whole of our stay.

In the morning we generally visited some of the galleries or churches. St. Peter's was very, very interesting. We saw many of the people kissing the toe of St. Peter's statue. The front part of the foot is quite worn away from having been continually kissed for so many years. The Palace of the Cæsars and the Forum were two of the most interesting spots that we visited, and also the Colosseum, where so many Christians suffered martyrdom, and which was also the scene of so many gladiatorial combats. The wild beasts were kept in subterranean caves and let loose into the arena through a door at the side. The Fort of St. Angelo, on the Tiber, we also visited; there we saw the tiny cell in which Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned, and in the Barberini Gallery, we saw her celebrated portrait by Guido Reni. That and his "Aurora" are my favorite paintings in Rome.

In the afternoon we often drove in the Pincio, a lovely park filled with palms and flowers, which is the rendezvous of all the Romans. There was a very good military band

there, which played several times a week, and to which we often listened.

One day we motored across the Campagna to the picturesque little village of Tivoli, situated amongst the Alban Hills. On our way we stopped at Hadrian's Villa, which is now entirely in ruins, though very interesting. At Tivoli, we went through the lovely old Villa d'Este, which has the most beautiful garden I think I have ever seen. There were gigantic old cypresses, lovely sparkling fountains, and everything that goes to make an Italian garden so enchanting.

Another day we had an audience with the Pope. We drove to the Vatican, were shown up a marble staircase, into a room where there were many other people: the ladies all wearing black, the girls white, with lace scarfs over their heads, and the men, evening dress. The Pope's Swiss Guards were standing about everywhere in their picturesque uniforms. The Vatican servants' livery was also very pretty: red brocaded silk and velvet, with knee-breeches and red silk stockings. We were kept waiting a long time in one room, which had some beautiful tapestries on the walls, and then went into the room where the Pope held his audiences. Then the Pope, dressed all in white, came in, accompanied by his chaplain, and walked round, giving each in turn his hand, and every one kissed his ring. It was a very interesting ceremony.

The Piazza di Spagna is one of the prettiest squares in Rome. It is where the flower-market is held each day. It is a very pretty sight to see the Spanish Steps arrayed with the bright-colored flowers sold by women, sometimes in peasant costume; the old convent of Trinita di Monti, at the top of the steps, where Mendelssohn used to go to listen to the nuns' singing; and sometimes the Spanish students, coming up the steps, in their bright scarlet dresses.

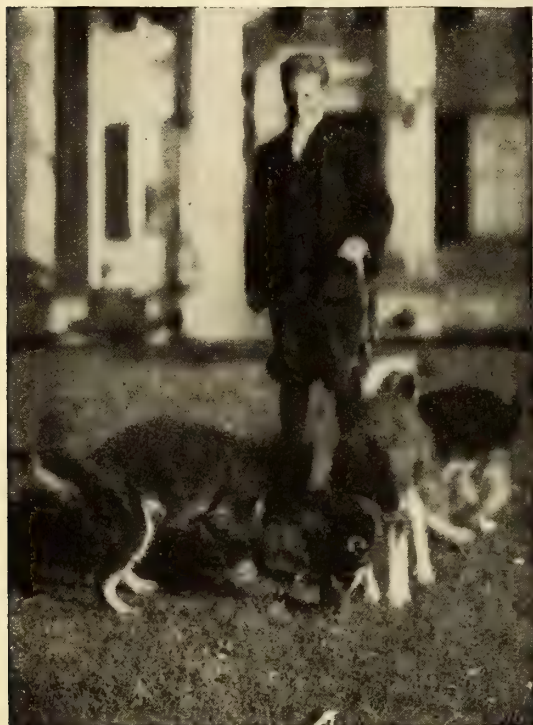
ST. NICHOLAS gives us so much pleasure, and we look forward each month impatiently for its arrival.

Your interested reader,
MARIANNE W BIDDLE.

OSSINING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have three pets which I am going to tell about, and I think it would interest your readers. They are three Eskimo dogs which my cousin, Mr. George Borup, who was on Commander Peary's expedition, brought me from the north. They were born at Etah,

79° north latitude, in the summer of 1909. When I got them, they were about as big as Irish wire hair terriers, and they weighed about ten or fifteen pounds. Now they are as big as an English sheep-dog. They are very pow-



THE WRITER AND HIS ESKIMO DOGS, PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS COUSIN, OF COMMANDER PEARY'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

erful and their paws are very large. They fight, and when one dog is beaten, he yells, and the other dog stops. When he yells, that means that he is beaten. We feed them once a day, and they eat it as fast as they can. We have them on wires. They like the cold weather better than they do the hot weather. They have two coats of hair, one a long coat and the other a short woolly coat. They are not vicious at all, and they like to play all the time. Our dogs have a white spot over each eye. Once one dog got mad at another, and bit half the other dog's ear off. We have them now on thick wire cable, because they broke all the smaller wires.

I am sending you a picture of the three Eskimo puppies and myself, taken in front of my home. This picture was taken by Mr. Borup.

Your interested reader,
GEORGE BRANDRETH LARKIN (age 12).

SPokane, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been an interested reader of the Letter-Box for a long time, but have not contributed to it till now. I am fond of reading and have a library of about one hundred and fifty books. Among them is a set of fourteen of Stoddard's "Lectures on the World," which are fine. I also have four years of ST. NICHOLAS which I intend to have bound soon.

I want to tell you something of my vacation which was

spent on the coast. We took a trip to Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., on the beautiful steamer *Princess Victoria*.

The town of Victoria is quaint English. Everything runs so smoothly. No bustle as in most American cities of its size.

The Parliament buildings are beautiful. The court-room is very large and has marble pillars from the floor to the ceiling. In the middle of the room is a long mahogany table with chairs around. At one end of the room is a platform on which the judge sits. We visited the museum also, which is the finest I ever expect to see.

There are many fine drives around the city, one of which we took in a tally-ho.

A great many of the houses have large, beautiful grounds and are built after the style of the old castles.

Vancouver has more of the appearance of an American city, though many of its customs remind one of Victoria. All the vehicles are ordered to keep to the left side of the street, as in England.

I have no brothers or sisters, but my mother enjoys you as much as I. We are very much interested in "The League of the Signet-Ring," and "The Young Wizard of Morocco."

Your appreciative reader,
MARCELLENE WOOLVERTON (age 13).

FRANKLIN, NEB.

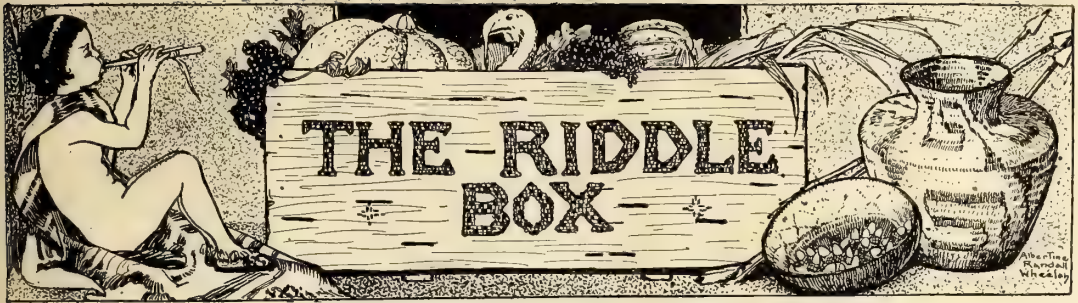
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The last two years I have been going to school in town and find it rather a lonesome three miles' ride to take by myself twice a day. Perhaps some one who does the same would like to know what I do to make it seem shorter. First, I divide the road into sections, part of it being a picture-gallery, the rest a curio-shop.

As I enter the curio-shop the first thing I see is the albatross in the shape of a large white rooster. I do not shoot him because I have been warned as to the effect of this on the weather, also because it might cause even more serious trouble. The little pig who went to get a pail of milk has just squeezed under the fence and trots contentedly along the road as if it is more afraid of its master than its friends. Snip comes running out and barks as if I was responsible for the empty fruit cans thrown in the gutter along the road.

Next, I enter the Valley of Humiliation, and my Apollyon is in the shape of a paint-can the smell of which always scares "Bess." Bess is my horse, she is a blind, clumsy farm horse, old and "perfectly safe," this last quality is the reason I drive her. As I go on the buggy turns into the wonderful one horse shay because the one hundredth year and the day when it will fall to pieces seem not very far off. Then I cross the bridge of sighs (more accurately, squeaks). Under it runs Tennyson's brook.

Then I pass into the picture-gallery. A little to the right are several trees, just the place for the "Dance of the Nymphs"; as I wait for the nymphs to appear one of Rosa Bonheur's cows comes and entirely changes the scene. As I look I hear a faint mew and see Beth's kitten. It has lost its beauty and grace, and has a dirty face, but of course it's Beth's kitten. Ahead, I hear an awful snorting and puffing, and the dreadful Chinese dragon comes flying down the hill, blowing out its fiery gasoline-tainted breath, and Bess hurries up the next hill in a way that brings the one hundredth year and the day still nearer. In our flight we pass the "Wild Asses' Skin" (an old cowhide), more affected by weather than wishes. Before fairly stopped, I come upon a crowd of little girls who flock into the buggy like the pied piper's "rats," and as these rats are good company I leave the curio-shop.

RUTH CYR (age 15).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

ZIGZAG. Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Shadow. 2. Chrome. 3. Fealty. 4. Lackey. 5. Sunken. 6. Caress. 7. Stoops. 8. Camera. 9. Dragon. 10. Argosy. 11. Esteem.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Frost. 2. Route. 3. Outer. 4. Steps. 5. Terse. II. 1. Based. 2. Afire. 3. Siren. 4. Erect. 5. Dents. III. 1. Tents. 2. Equal. 3. Nurse. 4. Taste. 5. Sleep.

BIBLICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."—CHARADE. Pen-sion.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. A. 2. Ape. 3. Apple. 4. Elegy. 5. Egret. 6. Yearn. 7. Trait. 8. Night. 9. Thorn. 10. Try. 11. N.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Cervantes. 1. Comet. 2. Bells. 3. Earth. 4. Larva. 5. China. 6. Hound. 7. Motor. 8. Tents. 9. Spear.

DIAGONAL. Milton. Cross-words: 1. Mikado. 2. Billow. 3. Ballad. 4. Dental. 5. Senior. 6. Hoiden.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10th from Vera Adele Colding—Frank Black—Eleanor V. Coverly—Isabel R. Mann—Mildred H. Turner—Arthur Poulin, Jr.—Ruth Broughton—Edith Pierpont Stickney—"Sphinx"—Helen Travis—Arnold F. Muhlig—Antoinette Mears—Doris and Jean—"Thayer Cottagers"—Frances Crosby Hamlet—Marion E. Thomson—Hamilton B. Bush—Helen F. Woolsey—Helen E. Wanamaker—Margaret Jackman—Katharine Beschorn—Isabel Shaw—Helen Tyler—"Queenscourt."

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10th from E. Conant, 2—Agnes Lange, 8—Frederick W. Van Horne, 12—James Appleton, 2—Lee F. Bacon, 2—Pauline Walsh, 11—Roger L. Rothwell, 7—Dorothy Atwell, 4—Edna Meyle, 10—Helen A. Moulton, 9—M. W. Johnstone, 12—Edward W. Barnett, 6—Myrtle N. Volkhardt, 4—K. Broerman, 3—Alice H. Farnsworth, 10—B. C. Greenough, 2—M. Hypes, 2—Gordon M. Jackson, 8—J. Hyatt, Jr., 2—Adelina Longaker, 10—Christine Souther, 12—Alice Wilkins, 11—D. & M. Seligman, 6—B. M. Holloway, 12.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from Mary Cecil Barfield—R. L. R.—E. H.—J. T.—R. B.—E. B.—H. H. A.—E. J. L.—E. H.—A. R.—N. C.—D. W. Van N.—R. T.—I. S.—L. B.—D.—H. W.—H. D.—H. S.—R. P.—E. W.—P. H.—J. K.—M. B.—M. E. S. and A. S. D.

FRACTIONAL FRUITS

TAKE one fourth of a pear; one seventh of an apricot; one fifth of a lemon; two fifths of a peach; one fifth of an apple; one half of a plum, and one sixth of an orange. When properly combined the result will be a tropical fruit.

DOROTHY C. HASKELL (League Member).

CHARADE

My *first's* a pronoun personal;

My *second*, understand,

Is but a bit of silk so small

My *first* oft keeps on hand.

And when my *first* and *second* come

Together at *third's* portal,

They in my *whole* would seek a home,

Like many a wayworn mortal.

L. E. J.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of eighty-nine letters and form a quotation from "Stories of the Old World" by Church.

My 82-34-27-21-74-18 was a son of the giant Hreidmar. My 16-7-29 was a divinity. My 22-70-57-13 is a period of time. My 68-84-40-47-45 was an Egyptian divinity. My 17-52-18-51-59-72-55-89 was a mythological watch-dog. My 12-14-88-2 is a name often given to dogs of to-day. My 35-42-3-60-20-13-8-31 was, in his old age, changed into a grasshopper. My 63-11-62-5-64-73-81-75 was the brother of Zeus. My 41-50-54-17-42-77-44-6-37-24 was a beautiful

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Salic. 2. Alone. 3. Lower. 4. Iney. 5. Ceres. II. 1. Sweat. 2. Worth. 3. Error. 4. Atone. 5. Three. III. 1. Niece. 2. Islam. 3. Elope. 4. Caper. 5. Emery. IV. 1. Wrest. 2. Rover. 3. Evade. 4. Sedge. 5. Trees. V. 1. R. 2. Let. 3. Regal. 4. Tag. 5. L. VI. 1. R. 2. But. 3. Rural. 4. Tap. 5. L. VII. 1. L. 2. Gee. 3. Leave. 4. Eve. 5. E. VIII. 1. L. 2. Pie. 3. Liege. 4. Egg. 5. E.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, wager; 4 to 3, wagon. Cross-words: 1. Woden. 2. Baron. 3. Dagon. 4. Rarer. 5. Waver.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Edgar Poe; fourth row, The Raven. Cross-words: 1. Earthen. 2. Dashing. 3. Gateway. 4. Affront. 5. Regatta. 6. Private. 7. Observe. 8. Evening.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Mabel. 2. Arena. 3. Beast. 4. Ensue. 5. Later.

youth for whom a flower has been named. / My 67-76-38-49-74-60-85-9 were certain sisters condemned to always pour water into sieves. / My 70-33-66-78-28-72-54 was the sister of Orestes. / My 49-63-58-18-71-48-14-83-26 was the Greek goddess of love. / My 23-86-46-43-36-43-21-32-75 was the most powerful ruler in Greece. / My 76-10-15-61-34-1 was a son of Anchises. / My 4-19-53-39-87-71 was the champion of the Trojans. / My 8-25-50-65-56-30-80 was one of the heroes of the Trojan War.

WALLACE L. CASSELL (League Member).

METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *lamp* for *fire* in four moves. Answer, lamp, lame, fame, fire, fire.

1. Change *wolf* to *lamb* in seven moves.
2. Change *fly* to *bee* in four moves.
3. Change *bee* to *ant* in five moves.
4. Change *hard* to *soft* in six moves.
5. Change *blow* to *kiss* in thirteen moves.
6. Change *wren* to *crow* in ten moves.
7. Change *loss* to *gain* in ten moves.
8. Change *lily* to *rose* in seven moves.
9. Change *hard* to *easy* in five moves.
10. Change *hide* to *seek* in ten moves.
11. Change *seek* to *find* in four moves.
12. Change *arm* to *leg* in six moves.

F. W.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-two letters, is a quotation from "Hamlet."

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

1. TRIPLY behead a vegetable, and leave to bite.
2. Triply behead a masculine name, and leave aged.
3. Triply behead to hinder, and leave a small opening.
4. Triply behead to seem, and leave part of the head.
5. Triply behead a swinging bed, and leave to imitate.
6. Triply behead a city of India, and leave an inlet.
7. Triply behead to extend, and leave to engrave on metal.
8. Triply behead a fish, and leave a circle.

When the eight words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a month.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (Honor Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

1	.	11
.	2	12
.	13	3
14	.	4
.	15	5
.	6	16
7	.	17
.	8	18
.	19	9
20	.	10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a fish-hook. 2. A combat between two persons. 3. A feminine name. 4. Part of the body. 5. A landing-place. 6. A sea-eagle. 7. To suspend. 8. To seize with the teeth. 9. To swallow without chewing. 10. A useful bit of metal.

From 1 to 10 and from 11 to 20 each name a battle of the Revolution.

JESSICA COLVIN (League Member).

QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Quadruply curtail a colonist, and leave to place. Answer, Set-ler.

1. Quadruply curtail perverse, and leave method.
2. Quadruply curtail to enroll (as a list of jurors) and leave a little demon.
3. Quadruply curtail a delicious shell-fish, and leave a dull fellow.
4. Quadruply curtail a metallic element of the alkaline group, and leave lighted.
5. Quadruply curtail profane, and leave a little malignant spirit.
6. Quadruply curtail sandy, and leave a common verb.
7. Quadruply curtail open boxes from which cattle

feed, and leave a human being. 8. Quadruply curtail those who sell hats, and leave a head covering. 9. Quadruply curtail a small tabor, and leave a tag. 10. Quadruply curtail to torture, and leave since. 11. Quadruply curtail nourishing, and leave to reward for services performed. 12. Quadruply curtail an instructor, and leave a beverage.

The initials of the twelve long words spell the name of a very prominent man; and the initials of the curtailed letters spell his official home.

GEORGE M. ENOS.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail, 1. Disposal, and leave to pack. 2. To attack again, and leave to burn slightly. 3. Hinders, and leave equable. 4. Maxims, and leave above. 5. Inopportune, and leave duration. 6. A popular oration, and leave resounded. 7. The rabble, and leave part of the hand.

When rightly beheaded and curtailed the remaining words may be written one below another. Then, the zigzag, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter will spell the surname of a well-known general.

GERTRUDE HUSSEY (League Member).

ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1	.	.	*	.	3
.	O	.	*	.	O
O	.	*	.	.	O
.	O	.	*	.	O
O	.	*	.	.	O
.	O	.	*	.	O
O	.	*	.	.	O
.	O	.	*	.	O
.	O	.	*	.	O
2	.	*	.	.	4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The fruit of a tropical tree that is often pickled for market. 2. An English name for a thin cake or muffin. 3. The act of deposing from office. 4. A morphological unit. 5. A bounty bestowed. 6. Ransoms. 7. A vegetable extract brought in solid cakes from South America. 8. The name of a large wild duck. 9. A yellow crystalline substance found in the root of yellow dock. 10. A plant of the highest class of cryptogams. 11. A person who takes care of horses.

Centrals, reading downward, the famous author of the two books named by the zigzags from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4.

MARGARET FREE.



It Tastes So Good!

"Peter's Milk Chocolate is the very best
present Father brings home—"

Children can eat all they want of it.
It is digestible and nutritious.

Flexible Flyer

THE SLED THAT STEERS



**Every Boy and Girl
Wants a FLEXIBLE FLYER!**

The ideal Christmas gift. Nothing will make the children happier. The Flexible Flyer is the safest, speediest and most economical sled made. Steers by the mere pressure of hand or foot on the steering-bar, past all other sleds and around every obstacle. No dragging the feet. The FLEXIBLE FLYER saves its cost in boots and shoes alone the first season. Prevents wet feet, colds, doctors' bills. Light, easy to pull up hill, yet so strong and scientifically constructed it outlasts three ordinary sleds.

Years ago we patented the principle of the famous FLEXIBLE FLYER steering bar and now every one recognizes the superiority of "the sled that steers"

Our patented grooved runners prevent "skidding" and are far superior to flat or rounded runners used on other sleds. The Flexible Flyer has many other exclusive advantages. Ask your dealer to show them to you. Insist on the Flexible Flyer and look for the trade-mark.

Card-board model free

Let us send it. Also booklet, beautifully illustrated in colors showing coasting scenes, etc. A postal will bring both. WRITE TO-DAY! Do it now before you forget it.

S. L. Allen & Co., Box 1101V, Phila., Pa.
Patentees and sole manufacturers



Trade-mark

Wins Every Race!

Ready at your Grocer's

—the new Karo (Extra Quality)—with the red label. Clear as strained honey—a more delicate flavor.

You will surely want some for griddle cakes and to spread on bread for the children's lunch.



Karo

Large Cans, 10c. & 15c.

Karo Cook-Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

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Dept. H.H.

NEW YORK

P. O. Box 161

Brain & Nerves

require *special* Food for their
nourishment *because* they are
the most highly "*specialized*"
organs of the body.

The Food required by Nature
for rebuilding Brain and Nerve
Cells is found in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Time to hand in answers is up November 10. Prizes awarded in January number.

Write an essay of 500 words on the subject of "Pure Foods"—the history of the movement; the Pure Food Law: its operation, and what benefits accrue from it.

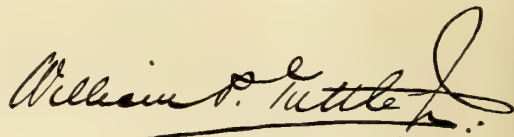
The usual prizes will be offered to competitors of any age—under the following rules:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be

subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (107).
3. Submit answers by November 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.
4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 107, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 105

If you only could have put your heads over the Judges' shoulders *you* would have laughed too.

Funny competition! one of the *veriest*-funniest ever held in this year or last—or the one before.

"Pond's Extracted from the ground to make pleasure lakes" as amusing as cutting a large hole out of a doughnut to make it more appetizing—Aunt Emily, Uncle William, Mr. Swift, Peter's forgetfulness about the letters, which he explains by saying, "I done forgot to Postum." All these were addressed most cleverly. Lots of people wrote from Happy Island, or to it, and every one reached it by the Grand Trunk or the Erie.

Now, you've had a good rest

and have enjoyed a very easy set of competitions for the last few months. This month, in competition No. 107, there will be an opportunity for research—and good plain writing.

Here are the prize-winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Velona B. Pilcher, age 16, Ohio.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Esther W. Thomson, British Columbia.

Asa S. Bushnell, age 10, Ohio.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Ann Adele Hicks, age 16, Texas.

Elizabeth K. Brooks, age 14, Ohio.

Kate D. Smith, age 10, Alabama.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Adelaide Nichols, age 15, New York.

Irene Putnam, age 16, New York.

Dan F. Waugh, age 16, Massachusetts.

Lucille C. Hudson, age 11, Iowa.

Alice D. Karr, age 22, New Jersey.

Beryl Morse, age 14, New York.

Rudolf Cannon, age 12, Ohio.

Dorothy Browning, age 15, New Jersey.

Alice D. Wilkinson, age 14, Massachusetts.

Annie W. Johnstone, age 13, Pennsylvania.



“How’s That for a Minute’s Work?”

It took a great deal of argument to convince fastidious people that anything selling for ten cents could be made in a minute into the daintiest and most delicious desserts.

Now everybody knows that

JELL-O

is better than anything that costs ten times as much and takes more than ten times as long to prepare.

Seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Cherry, Chocolate. At all grocers', 10 cents.

**The splendid Recipe Book, “Desserts of the World,”
illustrated in ten colors and gold, free to all. Write for it.**

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



**A
New Pattern—
the "SHARON"**

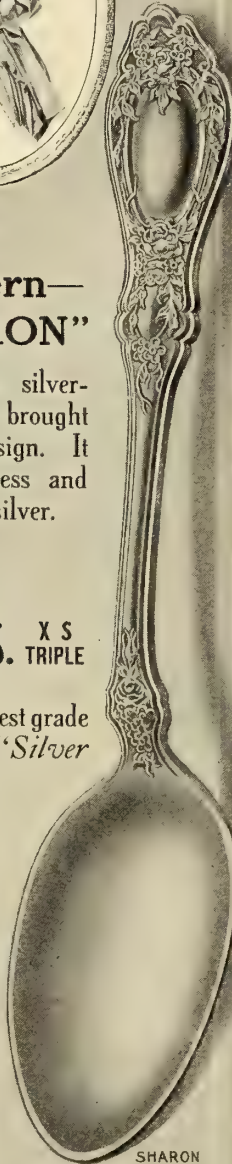
The charm of silver-ware is beautifully brought out in this new design. It has all the richness and character of solid silver.

1847

ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

is not only the heaviest grade of triple plate—"Silver Plate that Wears"—but is backed by the guarantee of the largest silver manufacturers in the world.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Y-5."



SHARON

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)
Meriden, Conn.

New York Chicago San Francisco Hamilton, Canada



**The Doll with
Real Hair Eyebrows
and Eyelashes**

Renders expression lifelike. Your neighbor's child will have one, and *your* little girl will want one.

Insist on HAIR EYEBROW Doll

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
Sole Agents for United States and Canada
NEW YORK

If not obtainable from your dealer refer to us.

Trade Mark

Buy a cake of your favorite toilet soap, and then buy a cake of

Mennen's
(Borated)
Skin Soap

Put the two on your dresser use them alternately and in a week you will know which you prefer and why Mennen's is constantly growing in favor.

At all druggists, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents postpaid. Sample for 4 cents in stamps.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

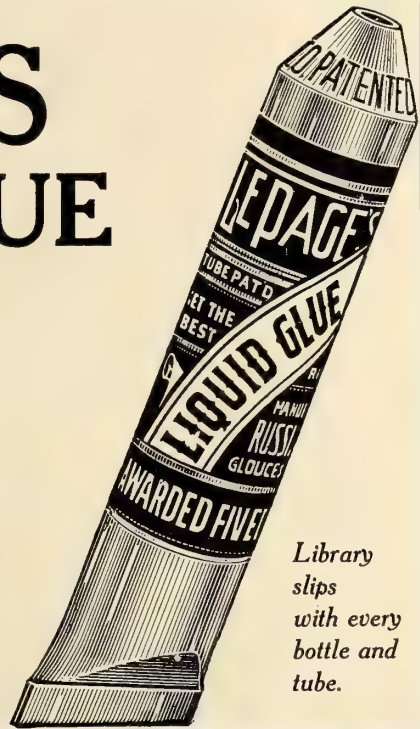
10c.

Ready for instant use—mends everything—holds fast.

Sold in pin sealing tubes (like cut) and in cap sealing bottles.

Every dealer sells it because every one demands it.

Useful to man, woman and child in making things as well as mending things.



Library
slips
with every
bottle and
tube.

Delicious and Satisfying

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa

A Smoothness and Delicacy All its Own

So carefully manufactured that it is readily digested by young or old. The purest of pure foods, strengthening and invigorating. Excellent for a light lunch. Quickly prepared. Fifty years of world-wide popularity.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate

Always the favorite wherever known. Flavored with the true Mexican Vanilla bean, it is exceptionally, deliciously fragrant.

AT LEADING GROCERS

*The Ladies' Luncheon Restaurant—where
fashion centers—afternoon tea 3 to 6*

FIFTH AVENUE

Maillard's
NEW YORK

At 35th STREET

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES



*The
Pure Food
Drink
of Value*

**Sample Can
Maillard's Cocoa
FREE on request**

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

SIMPLIFIED COLLECTING

THE impossibility of ever completing a general collection, and the large amount of money invested in so doing, have led to many suggestions along the line of simplified collecting. A novel scheme has recently been suggested. It is the collection of only such stamps as have been issued on colored paper and by British Colonies. There are not many of these as yet, although the introduction of the "color scheme" is increasing the number rapidly. Previous to this there were five colored papers used—red, blue, yellow, buff, and green. According to the list published by the promulgator of the scheme there were issued twenty-three stamps on red paper, seventeen on the blue, fifteen on yellow paper, four on buff, and only one on the green. None of these is expensive, nor are those issued since the color scheme came in.

Appropos of the proposed destruction of the remainders of the Barbados 5d. and 10d. stamps, it has been suggested not only that no remainders ever be destroyed, but that all issues be reprinted whenever exhausted, so that every stamp of every country be always on sale at its post-offices. But such a scheme would put stamp-collecting upon a purely financial basis only. If you have the money you can get the stamps. There is no joy in hunting for them, no pleasure in finding them. Think of what our feelings have been when, in looking over old letters, we have found a five-cent of '47. Was not the glory sufficient for many days? Suppose the same stamp had been on sale at the post-office for a nickel? Where, then, is the glory of the chase?

ENGLISH NOTES

THE stamp world of England is rejoicing greatly because King George has signified his intention of still retaining his interest in stamp-collecting and has, of his own initiative, graciously consented to be patron of the Royal Philatelic Society. This society is unquestionably the most important stamp society in the world, although by no means the largest. It numbers about two hundred and eighty members, of whom nearly ten per cent. are citizens of the United States.

Not only did the king consent to become a patron of the society, but he moreover indicated his desire that Lord Crawford be elected to the presidency of the club (this election will undoubtedly take place). Also, as an evidence that the royal patron was addicted to deeds as well as words, George V presented to the society, for its reference collection, a complete set of the reprints and stamps of Portugal and her colonies, known as the "King of Spain Reprints." This set is exceedingly scarce. Indeed, owing to the few printed, they are really rarer than the originals. These stamps were brought to England personally by King Manuel of Portugal, and by him presented to George V. As the interest of England's king in stamps is well known, it is hoped that other monarchs will follow the precedent of Portugal's king.

It was, of course, only a question of time before the announcement would be made that King George had graciously been pleased to confer upon his eldest son the title of Prince of Wales. The new prince is the second stamp collector to bear this distinguished and ancient title. As a lad of only twelve years, the little

prince is said to have publicly exhibited a remarkable collection of French stamps.

For nearly thirty years, all stamps printed for use in Great Britain have been from the press of Messrs. De La Rue & Co. This firm has now lost the contract, having been underbid, and beginning January 1, 1911, the work will be done by the firm of Harrison & Co. This is not a new firm, but one which has been in existence upward of one hundred and fifty years. The change of contract will probably bring into existence new plates and new designs with the portrait of George V. If rumor is to be trusted these designs have already been submitted for royal approval. The number of stamps used daily in Great Britain is about fifteen millions, and the contract for supplying this quantity is a large one, and calls for great care and diligence. Owing to the strict supervision of the De La Rue people, almost nothing escaped their hands unless in perfect condition.

The affected new twopence, violet color, with the usual crown watermark, will probably never be issued although it is reported that several millions were printed and ready for delivery before the death of Edward. It is reported, officially, that there will be no change in the twopence, or indeed in any stamp, pending the issue of a new series. It remains to be seen whether any copies leak out. They will certainly be in demand.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE Falkland Island provisional was issued because of a change in rate on letters to Great Britain. The rate had been 4d., but was reduced to 2½d. As there was in use neither a 2½d. nor ½d., the postal authorities authorized the one penny to be cut diagonally and used as ½ pending the arrival of the new stamps. No new stamps are to be issued in celebration of the eightieth birthday of the Austrian Emperor. The opportunity is too good to be entirely lost, however, and the current issue will be overprinted 1830-1910. Probably the plate will be so altered that the dates will appear at top and bottom of each stamp. The following reason has been given for changing the die of the 1d. and 2d. Great Britain and substituting letters in the upper corners in place of the artistic ornament first used, viz.: that thrifty, but unscrupulous people were selecting copies of stamps not well canceled, and by skilfully joining the top of one to the bottom of another, produced an apparently uncanceled stamp. The series of letters in both upper and lower corners rendered this fraudulent proceeding impossible. According to the estimates of the postmaster-general there will be used in the United States in the ensuing year 4,024,000,000 one-cent stamps; 5,322,300,000 two-cent stamps. These figures are exclusive of those made into books. There have also been ordered 500,000 two-cent stamps to be used on official mail in connection with the postal-savings-bank system. A French journal recently offered a prize for the most complete list of stamps bearing portraits. All lists were to be based upon stamps mentioned in the French catalogue. According to the list which won the prize the head of Victoria appears on 3193 stamps, Edward, 1080, while in United States postage George Washington leads with forty-six stamps bearing his likeness.

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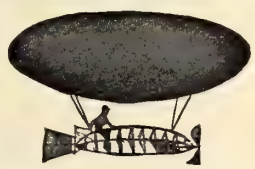
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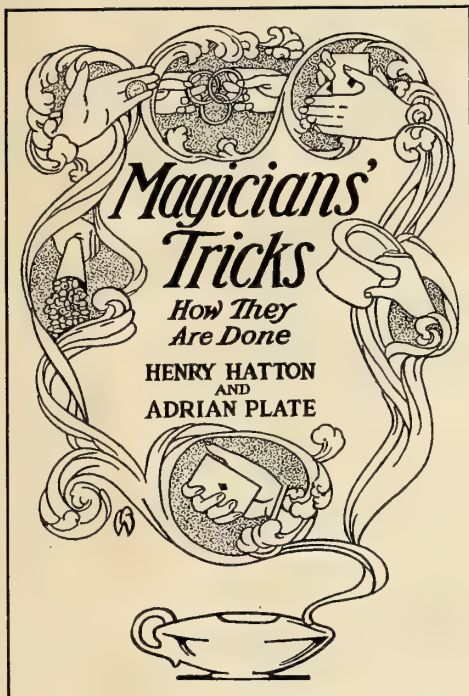
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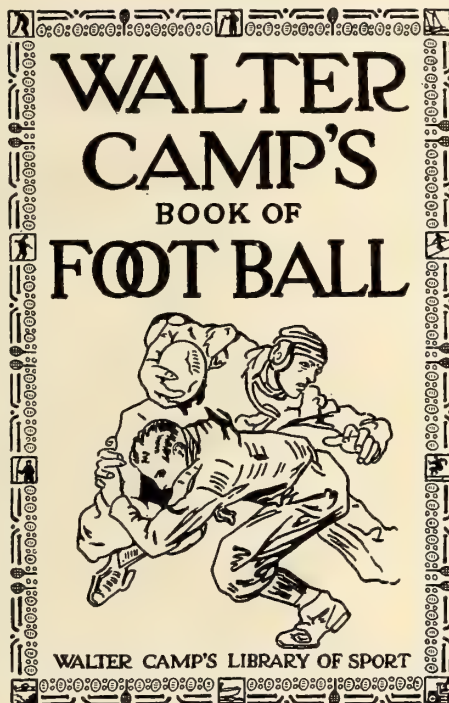
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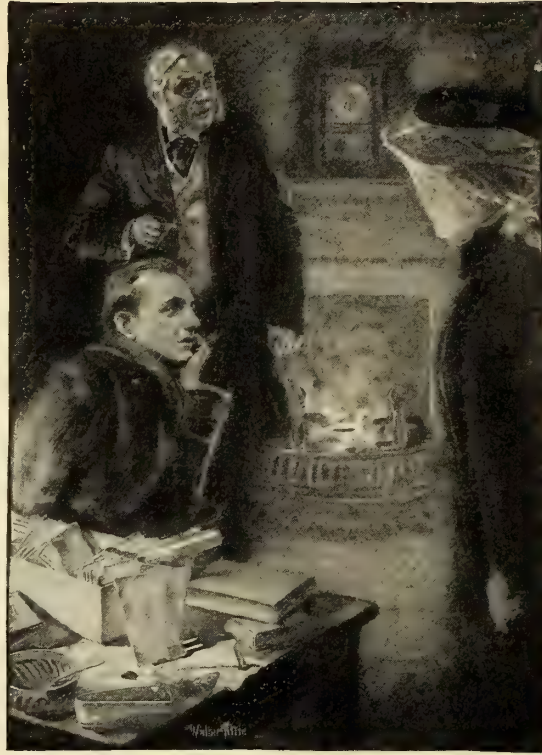
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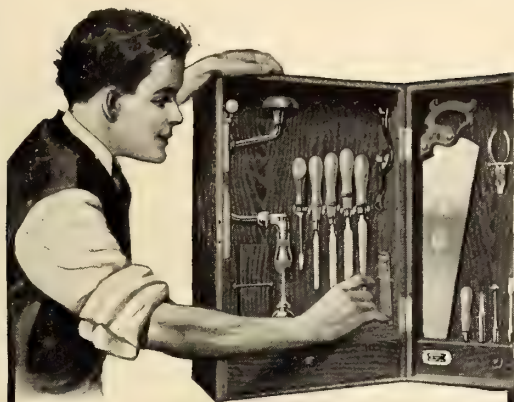


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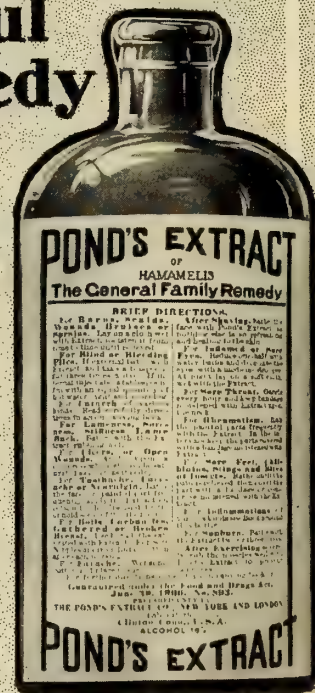
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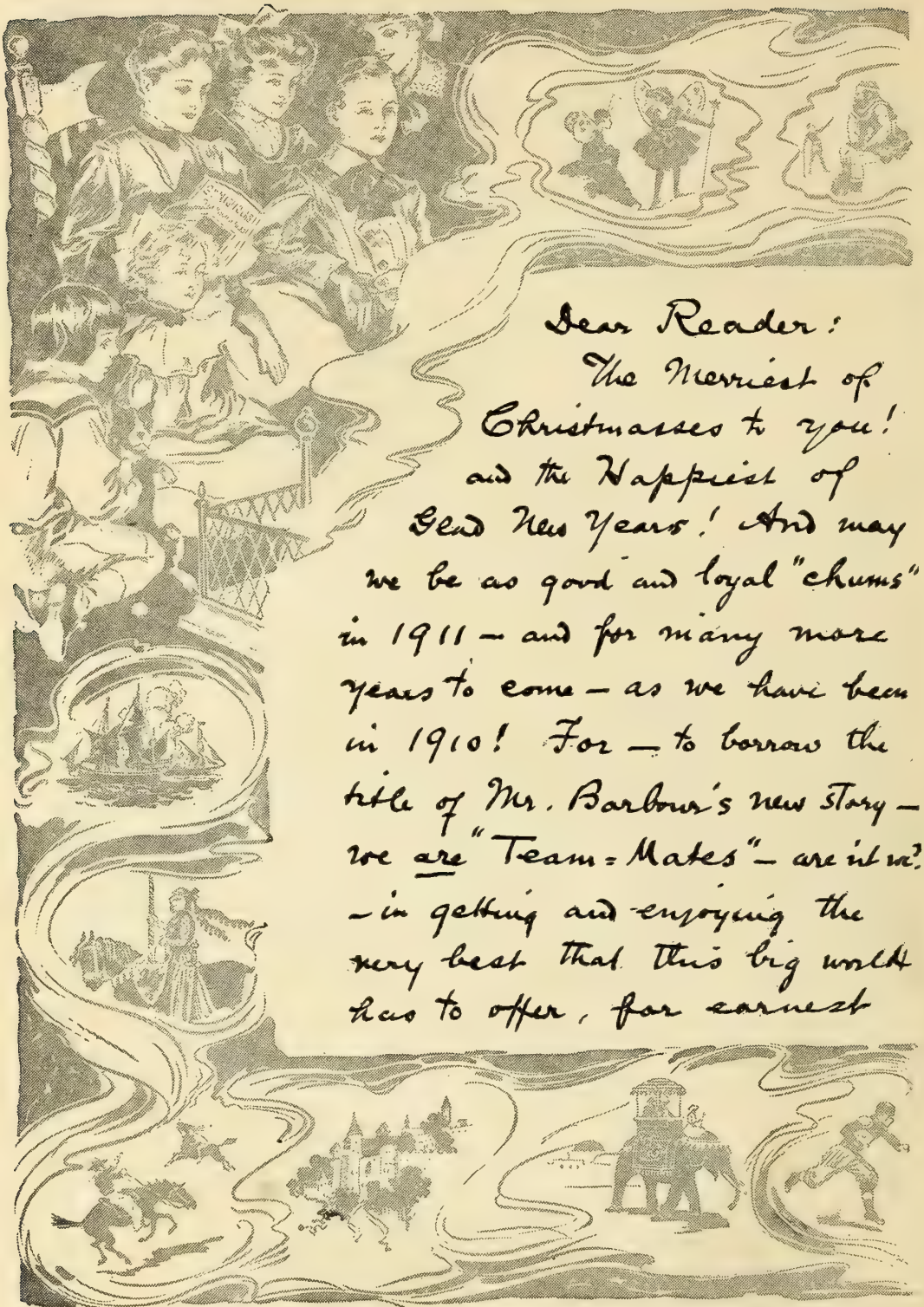
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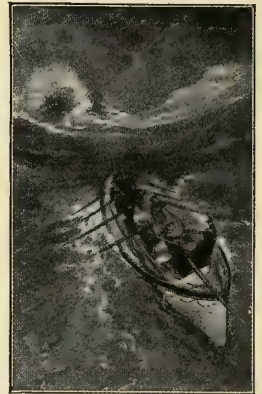
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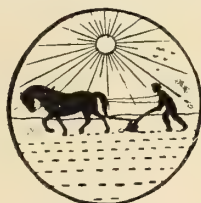
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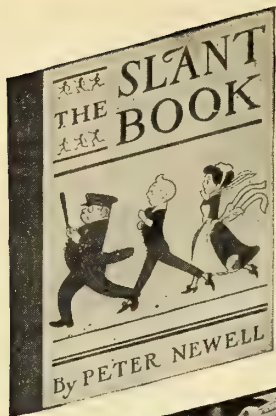
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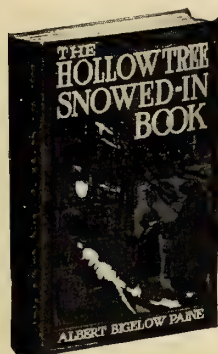
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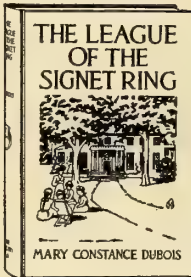
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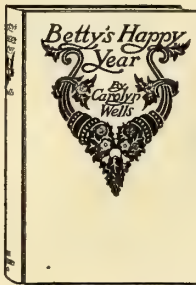


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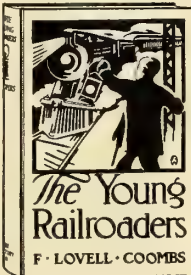


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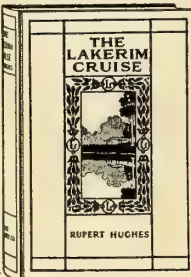
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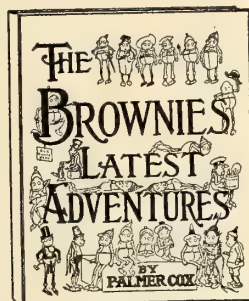
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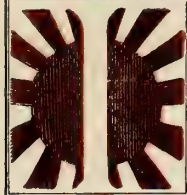
"IN HIS OLD-FASHIONED SLEIGH, WITH A JINGLE AND JANGLE OF BELLS."
DRAWN BY REGINALD BIRCH TO ILLUSTRATE "A CHRISTMAS TEA." (SEE PAGE 126).

ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 2



IN an old, old city in the south of Japan, during the Japanese-Russian War, two American boys were playing in a high-walled old garden.

Their parents were missionaries and could not afford much of a house, but, as the boys said, "what does anybody want with a house 'ceptin' to sleep in?" They were nearly right, for no one could really ask for a finer place than this mossy playground, with its curiously twisted trees looking like little old men and women, broad stone lanterns that could easily be made into lighthouses and crooked sandy paths into wonderful rivers, big mounds and little ones that could be dug into and made into caves and mountains, and sometimes even made into active volcanoes.

To make it much nicer, right down in one corner of the garden was a small pond where lived a fat old turtle, who was a fine playmate and whose name was "Duckie" because he waddled so.

But, best of all, what made these days so full of interest and excitement, the boys could climb to the top of the wall and watch the Japanese soldiers drill and march.

On this splendid morning in the spring holiday, Paul and Tom Demar had been busily working at building a fort, just as they had seen the Japanese soldiers doing on a hillside not far away.

They had worked very hard all morning. The sun had just kept on climbing till he could look straight down and make himself felt. Just then the big gun on Military Hill, where the real fort was, boomed out the hour of noon, as it did every day.

The boys stopped their work to listen to the echoes, playing hide-and-seek as they raced among the mountains.

The sound of the gun woke up Duckie, who had been asleep near by, and he began to waddle slowly back to his pond. To turtle and boys it meant the happy hour of dinner-time.

Paul straightened up from his digging and

threw down his shovel. "Whew!" he whistled, "I bet my back 's stretched a whole inch this morning, I 've leaned over so long. Say, Tom, soon 's we get the flagpole made, the fort will be done. Then I can be the Japanese army 'n' you can be the Russian army."

"No, sir-ree, I won't," said Tom, with a bang of his fist on the ground. "Catch *me* being a Russian! Anyhow, you are ten years old and the biggest, 'n' I 'm not but six years old, and the Japanese are lots the littlest."

"But, Tom, you 've always wanted to be the biggest, 'n' Mother said the other day that the Russian prisoners were the goodest-looking men, 'n' I don't care if they are Russians. They are white 'n' wear shirts just like Father does, 'n' that 's more 'n Japanese do, and there 's lots of generals."

"No, sir, no, sir, I won't, don't care if he 's a general 'n' a captain 'n' a policeman all in the same clothes."

"Oh, Tom, go on and be it. Even if you are a Russian you don't have to do anything 'cept play getting killed."

Neither one of them knew what the war was really about, for their father and mother seldom talked of it before them, nor did they know just why they disliked the Russians, but all their lives they had played with Japanese boys, and of course they were on their side.

Tom was just about to say no again, when they heard their mother calling them to dinner, and there was no use arguing when dinner was ready.

When the meal was half over, Paul caught sight of several bowls of shaking jelly and yellow custard all in a row on the sideboard.

"My! Mother, what 's all that?"

Mrs. Demar smiled in a way that would make any boy glad she was his mother.

"Well, son, this is my day to go to the hospital where the Russian prisoners are, and I thought they would enjoy the custard and jelly. What do you think?"

"I say, Muddie," broke in Tom, "are the Russians the worstest people in the world? Paul wants me to be a whole army of 'em and play getting killed. They must be bad or they would n't be fighting the Japanese."

"Go slow, Tommy boy," said his mother; "some of the bravest men I ever knew were Russians. Besides, you are a very little boy, and there are many things for you to learn."

Just then the Japanese servant came in and said there was a most honorable guest who wished to speak to Mrs. Demar, as Mr. Demar was out of the city.

Paul and Tom followed their mother into the

living-room. They were delighted to find in this guest a Japanese officer with a very big name who was a good friend of theirs. They gave the officer the military salute, and then sat down and waited to see what was going to happen.

The officer, whose name was Matsu San, which meant Mr. Pine-Tree, did not talk to the boys as he usually did, but began to talk business to Mrs. Demar at once.

Tom and Paul had been born in Japan and could talk and understand Japanese almost as well as they could English, and as they listened to Mr. Pine-Tree's low and rapid talk, their eyes grew rounder and bigger every minute.

The officer said that a few days before a terrible battle had been fought. Port Arthur, the strong fort for which the Russians had so bravely and faithfully fought, had been compelled to surrender.

Among the men who had been taken prisoners was a Russian general of high rank. When that Russian officer had come forward to surrender his sword to the Japanese, they found with him a boy about eleven years of age, who had solemnly handed a small gun to the Japanese officer and asked to be made a prisoner with his father, the Russian general. We could not leave the boy in a desolate town without food so—

"Of course," continued Mr. Pine-Tree, "we had to bring him to Japan with the other prisoners, but we cannot permit him to remain in the prison, and, Madam, I 've come to ask if you will not let the motherless little chap share even a small part of the big and beautiful love that is the fortune of your boys. They are both waiting outside for your answer."

Mrs. Demar was silent. Two boys kept her heart and hands busy. What would she do with three! But suppose it was *her* boy?

The boys watched first their mother and then Mr. Pine-Tree. For a minute it was so still that the old crow, who was busy quarreling with his wife in the crooked willow-tree just outside the window, sounded as if he were right 'inside the room.

Tom, who never liked still times, got up and stood by his mother. He was just about to say, "Don't do it, Muddie," when he heard Mr. Pine-Tree say:

"Madam, the Russian soldiers surrendered Port Arthur because they had neither food nor water. This child fought to the last by his father's side and is now slightly wounded and very hungry."

Tom felt something sticking in his throat. It was awful to be hungry just between breakfast and dinner. He slipped his hand into his mother's and said:



"TOM AND PAUL SAW THE BOY SALUTE AND KEEP EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD."

"Muddie, let him come even if he is a Russian. He 's hungry."

Tom saw his mother give a smile and a nod of her head to the officer. Mr. Pine-Tree almost ran out of the door. A second later there came into the room the biggest man the boys had ever seen. By his side, straight and tall, ragged and dirty, dressed partly in a coat made of an old coffee-sack and partly in trousers entirely too big for him, stood the boy prisoner. His hair, matted and grimy, was partly hid by a bandage which covered the wound on his forehead. His eyes, Paul told his mother afterward, looked just like the blue sky on a cold winter day.

For a moment nobody spoke, then Mr. Pine-Tree explained to the Russian general that the honorable mother would take his boy into her home for a while and treat him just like her own.

If Tom and Paul had n't been so excited, they might have laughed out loud when they saw the big Russian step forward, take their mother's hand, and kiss it two or three times. They did not know it was the Russian custom. Indeed, they hardly had time to think about it before the man turned to his son, who stood at attention just like a real soldier, and began to speak.

Mr. Pine-Tree listened till the man finished, and the boys thought they had never seen his face look so kind or his eyes so bright, and when he told what the big Russian man had said to his son, they did n't know why, but they never had so much wanted to yell "hurrah" at the top of their voices.

"Ivan, my son," had said the Russian, "by the kindness of this lady you are to remain here. We are both prisoners of war. Also we are both Russian gentlemen. Do nothing to shame me, nor to trouble these American boys who will share their home and pleasures with you." And he kissed the boy.

Tom and Paul saw the boy salute and keep eyes straight ahead till the door closed behind Mr. Pine-Tree and his prisoner.

For a minute the boy stood as if he were made of stone till he heard the last rattle of the wheels of the jinrikisha that was taking his father to prison.

Then his eyes filled with tears, and not even the coarse, loose-fitting clothes that covered him could hide the shaking of his body as he struggled to hold back the sobs. He had been born under the shadow of a great fort. The roar of cannon had sung him to sleep when a baby, the crack of a rifle had always been music to him, but the terror of a loneliness without his father was too great for him to face.

"Oh, Muddie," almost shouted Tom, "do something quick: *he 's hungry.*"

Mrs. Demar went quickly to him, and in the safe shelter of her arms the lonely little Russian soldier sobbed out his grief of many months.

The next morning Tom and Paul awakened to find their mother standing over them, with her finger on her lips, and pointing to the bed wherein lay Ivan. The boy was so fast asleep that even when Paul fell over a chair, in his eager desire to go out quietly, he did not awaken.

Then they remembered that the Japanese officer had told them that at Port Arthur the Russian soldiers had been without sleep or food for many days and yet had fought every second of the time.

While the boys were dressing in their mother's room, Mrs. Demar told them she was going to ask both of them if they would not help her to make Ivan happy while he was with them.

"Remember," said she, "even though he is partly a prisoner, he is a guest in your home. He does not understand you, nor you him, but be kind and thoughtful and coax him to play."

"Well, Mother, I 'll try 'cause you asked me to," said Paul, "but it 's going to be work to get him to play. Last night I gave him a book to look at the pictures. He opened it, and before I could say boo, he flung the book clear across the room, and he looked mad enough to fight a whole regiment by himself."

"Bet I know why," Tom laughed. "The very first picture in that book is a Japanese shooting a Russian."

"Come now, boys," went on Mrs. Demar, "that 's just what I want you to be careful of. When Ivan saw that picture, he thought you were making fun. He thinks he is in the enemy's country and that every one is his enemy. Let 's show him that we want to be his friends and give him as good a time as we can."

For days and days Paul and Tom coaxed the Russian boy to play with them. They got out their books and tops, their Japanese puzzles, their balls and bats and uniforms. It was all in vain. The Russian boy stood apart from them, shy and silent, with his hands deep in the pockets of Paul's trousers, which Mrs. Demar had given him to wear, and looked on with cold, uninterested eyes.

Only once did the boys think they saw a flicker of a smile cross his face.

The winter before Paul and Tom had made a boat. It was too small for anybody to ride in and had no sails, so they had hit upon the plan of harnessing Duckie up to the boat and making him do the work. It 's true Duckie needed a good deal of coaxing, for he was old and fat and lazy.

This they accomplished by putting a big rice-ball on the end of a long pole and holding it just in front of Duckie's nose as they walked along the side of the little pond. As many times as they had seen him do it, Paul and Tom laughed their eyes full of tears to see how fast and hard Duckie paddled his four short legs and stretched out his neck till it looked twice as long. It was the only time Duckie was ever in a hurry.

One afternoon just after the boys had made the

many feet, keeping time with the music of twenty buglers. Tom and Paul knew it meant soldiers either going to the war or returning from a battle. When they quickly climbed to the top of the wall, they saw it was both. On one side of the street was a returning company. Some of the wounded were walking, some were being carried on stretchers, but sick and well, officers and men, were tired and ragged and dirty. On the other side of the street were the soldiers headed for the



"THEY HAD HIT UPON THE PLAN OF HARNESSING DUCKIE AND MAKING HIM DO THE WORK."

turtle work very hard for the rice-ball, Ivan stood watching Duckie trying to swallow all his prize at once. Tom and Paul watched him, and they thought they saw him smile just a little.

Tom, seeing it, held out a rice-ball and made signs for Ivan to give it to the turtle. The boy took it, and breaking it in small pieces, fed the turtle bit by bit from his fingers. Tom and Paul looked on in amazement. As well as they knew Duckie, they would n't do that, for Duckie would just as soon eat fingers as rice.

But Ivan was unafraid and seemed to be growing very interested, when suddenly from over the high wall came the sound of the tramping of

battle-field. Clean new uniforms with bright gold trimming seemed to help these fresh soldiers carry their heavy knapsacks. They were young and strong, and the battle-field held no terrors for them, so long as they were fighting for their emperor. Paul and Tom recognized many of their friends, and when they saw that Mr. Pine-Tree was the officer in command, together they shouted: "Banzai, banzai, Matsu San, banzai!" which is "hurrah" in Japanese.

The Japanese officer gave the command of "Halt, face about!" and the whole company, looking toward the wall, gave a salute.

The young soldiers were saluting their friends

and enemy alike, for Tom and Paul, hearing a sound like something hurt, saw Ivan standing on the wall near by. His face was as white as the bandage which covered the wound in his head. His figure was rigid, and, seemingly without realizing what he was doing, he raised his arm halfway to his head to return the courtesy of the Japanese soldiers, when he caught sight of a Japanese flag that waved its big red sun in the breeze, and remembered the awful days at Port Arthur when he saw this flag. With a cry as if he had been shot, he threw his arms up over his head, and, jumping to the ground, ran to the house as fast as his legs could carry him.

That night the boys told their mother all about it while they were eating supper.

"And, Muddie," said Tom, as he dug a spoon into the second apple dumpling, "I am awful sorry I hollered 'banzai' when Ivan was there, but my! a fellow can't keep thinking *all* the time."

"What did you do, Paul?" asked Mrs. Demar.

"Well, I hollered too, Mother. Then, just as soon as I remembered, I turned around, and there was Ivan, as white—well just as white as white." Paul was unable to think of anything whiter.

"Say, Mother," he continued, "let's go up-stairs and take him an apple dumpling, for he would n't touch his dinner. Maybe that 'll bring him around."

Mrs. Demar thought that a good suggestion.

She let the boys prepare the tray, which they did nicely, for they had always helped her.

After it was ready Tom asked his mother to wait a minute and ran out of the room. He was soon back again. When all three started up-stairs, from the rich brown top of the dumpling, which floated in a foamy sea of cream, there fluttered a tiny Russian flag, given Tom by a returned Japanese soldier.

The boys stood in the doorway while their mother turned on the light.

There was Ivan in the bed, face upward and very still.

Mrs. Demar placed the tray on a near-by table and sat down on the bed with the boy. She knew nothing of Russian, Ivan not a word of English, but mothers seem to have a language known only to themselves, yet understood by all the world, which, though unspoken, finds its way to the right spot and smooths out the rough places.

She moved Ivan's arm from across his eyes, and taking his face between her hands, looked at him with something in her eyes that only mothers have.

What kind of signs passed between their mother and Ivan, Tom and Paul never knew and forgot to ask, for just then Ivan caught sight of the

little flag in the apple dumpling, and with one bound and a shout he had it in his hand and was waving it frantically above his head. The smiles fairly danced all over his face, and now his eyes were of the softest blue, as he ran about the room.

When she could quiet him enough, Mrs. Demar pointed to a chair before the table, while Paul made signs for him to eat, and Tom raced down-stairs for more cake and cream.

The flag of his beloved country had broken the night of his loneliness and turned it to day. These American boys had brought it to him. They were his friends.

He clicked his heels together and saluted first Mrs. Demar, then the boys, and Tom laughed out loud when he saw the way Ivan devoured the apple dumpling which had brought him such happiness.

Every night since Ivan had come, when Mrs. Demar had gone in to kiss her boys good night, she had offered the same to Ivan. All these weeks the boy had steadily resisted any outward show of affection.

Tom and Paul could see him watching them as they kissed their mother and called out good night.

What was their surprise this night to see Ivan reach up, pull their mother down and kiss her, while he stammered in broken English, "Good night, Moother," then quickly hid his head beneath the cover.

Mrs. Demar softly closed the door, and soon inside the boys' room all was still, as America and Russia slept peacefully and happily together, while outside Japan kept unwearied, faithful watch through all the night.

The days that followed were so full of interest and good times that the boys wished the hours could be doubled in which to play. Mrs. Demar had school every morning for her boys, and Ivan was always included. But he must have thought the English books very stupid, and Tom and Paul thought so too sometimes, for at the faintest sound of trumpet, or tramping of soldiers, or drum, Ivan would run to the top of the wall, and nothing could persuade him to return to study.

But Paul and Tom found he had grown very friendly, and he tried hard to understand all they did and said, and the sight of the Japanese soldiers did not make him so furious as on that first day.

All afternoon they had for play, and none of them would ever forget the delight of those sunshiny hours in the old garden with the twisted trees.

The small fort Tom and Paul had made was still there, and the battles the boys had were many

and fast and fierce. Again and again it was taken, first by one side and then the other. Before the boys could make each other understand just what the play was to be, Tom and Paul drew pictures in the sand with a sharp stick, showing just what moves Ivan was to make. But they

But boyhood only wants half a chance, and Tom and Paul were the best of playmates and comrades, so the real boy in Ivan shot up into the friendly atmosphere as fast as a young bamboo-tree in spring.

Paul and Tom felt pretty sure there was not



"THE BOAT WAS STEERED BEHIND ANOTHER MOUNTAIN."

soon found that Ivan could skilfully manage his side of the battle and in the same breath tell them how to work theirs. He could play war better than anything else, and Paul told his mother "he played so really truly it was scary." The boys learned afterward that Ivan had never had any playmates save stern soldiers; his only playthings had been guns and cannon, and his only games the grim preparations for war.

another such mother as theirs anywhere, and Ivan was beginning to love her very dearly, if all the little signs of tenderness he showed her told the truth.

Every time he put on anything new that Mrs. Demar had made him, Ivan would wait until Tom and Paul were not looking, then he would quickly catch her hand and kiss it, and smooth his clothes, to show her his delight in them.

Mrs. Demar never tired of planning for the boys. There were picnics on the mountain-side, where the boys made a big camp-fire and cooked their dinners. There were visits to the great old castle which stood on a high hill and was just as the old feudal lord had left it years and years ago and never came back because the emperor had said there were to be no more great lords. There were jolly sails on the beautiful inland sea, where the boys could watch the fishermen drag in great nets full of fish. Then there was one day which the boys felt was the very best day of all.

It was Saturday, and Mrs. Demar told the boys they were to go for the day on an oyster-hunt. Ivan understood little, but he knew it must be something fine by the way the other boys shouted and danced and made signs.

When they got down to the water, Mr. and Mrs. Demar sat on the beach while Paul and Tom and Ivan helped the boatman load all the things necessary for the day in the *sampan*, a broad boat with a flat bottom.

Soon all was ready and everybody in except Mr. Demar, who was too busy to go with them. The boatman raised the sail and away they went, skimming across the green-blue water.

Tom and Paul were very glad to show Ivan this strange but lovely inland sea, which did not seem to be a sea after all, but some water which had run away from the great ocean outside, just to play in and about the mountains which rose to right and left.

The boys tried to show Ivan how the farmers grew wheat and rice clear to the top of these mountains. Here and there they could catch sight of the men toiling up the narrow paths between the tiny fields, carrying the water for these crops in buckets swung from poles on their shoulders.

The cherry-trees on the mountains were beginning to look like big pink bouquets against the dark green pine-trees, and the boys thought the wind whistling through the sail sounded like merry music.

Paul was very good at handling a boat, and the boatman had asked him to tend the sail while he arranged something else.

Around one mountain they skimmed, only to face another just like it, and, to one who did not know, it would seem as if they were hemmed in by hills big and little, with no way out.

But it was all old playground to Paul, and he was making for a broad open space, and got well into it, when he saw, some distance before him, three great black shadows which he knew instantly were war-ships; and between two that flew the Japanese flag was another which, bat-

tered and flagless, told a tragic story of hard fight and final capture.

Paul remembered his mother had forbidden either of the boys to speak of the naval battle which had taken place a few days before, in which the Russians had lost their whole fleet, and he had grown to like Ivan so much he wanted to do nothing to remind him. Just then the boatman took the helm again and Paul made a sign to him, and the boat was steered behind another mountain, so that Ivan did not see the war-ships at all.

Soon after that, the boat was beached for the day.

The beds where the oysters lived and flourished were acres of reeds and wild grass that grew in the shallows of the sea.

The boys, in bathing-suits, waded out, up to their necks in water among the reeds, and, looking down into the clear water, could easily see the oysters clinging to the stalks. They were as thick as shells on the shore, and the boys soon filled the little baskets tied around their waists.

There were big oysters and little ones, fat ones and thin ones, some that came off easily and others that clung hard and fast to their reedy home. But they had to come, until Mrs. Demar cried out: "Please, boys, no more."

The chief fun of the whole day was cooking the dinner.

Tom and Paul asked Ivan to start the charcoal fire in the *hebach*i, a little Japanese stove, while they opened the door of the oyster's house and invited him with a knife to come out to the feast. Mrs. Demar made the coffee and cooked the rice. Then when all was ready, the boys put the broiler over the glowing charcoal, and in a twinkling the oysters were crisp and brown and fit for the emperor's feast.

It was the jolliest picnic anybody could wish for. Ivan would use one word of English and a dozen of Russian. Paul and Tom used one word of Russian and a hundred English. When this failed, they used signs, and as they were never still a second, they must have understood them.

By persuasion, the boys rested awhile after dinner. Tom proposed a swimming-race, the prize to be a medal made from the top of the pickle-bottle. Had it been a medal of gold, the boys could not have worked harder, and they had tried it so often and came out even every time, that Mrs. Demar called them and pointed to the west, where the sun was falling down behind the mountains so fast, it seemed as if he was racing, too.

It had been a splendid day, and all the way back Paul and Tom sang songs in which their mother joined.

In one end of the boat sat the little Russian soldier, silent but happy, with the first touch of real home he had ever known.

Not many weeks after, came a big surprise for Tom and Paul, but a bigger one for Ivan.

The boys were busy playing out in the yard, when Mrs. Demar called them to wash their faces and come at once to the living-room.

The boys lost no time in obeying, and when they walked one after the other into the room, there stood not only Mr. Pine-Tree, but also the big Russian general, in his own uniform and his face all smiles.

Ivan stood as if petrified for a moment, then, with a rush, threw his arms around his father, who held him as though he would never let go. Paul and Tom, realizing what had happened, danced around like wild Indians. Mr. Pine-Tree was so glad he surprised himself by shaking hands with Mrs. Demar, and no Japanese knows how to shake hands. Nobody listened to anybody else. Everybody talked at once, and it was all the confusion of a great and happy surprise.

Mrs. Demar caught the boys and made them sit down. Ivan stood close to his father, a rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed happy boy, far different from the wounded, ragged little chap of months ago. Then Mr. Pine-Tree explained that there had been an exchange of prisoners, and the Russian general and his son were going home. They were to sail that night at sunset, and Ivan must be on hand in plenty of time.

If Paul and Tom did not give Ivan every plaything they had, it was only because the little trunk with which Mrs. Demar had provided him would not hold them.

Between the new linen suits and duck trousers and underclothes their mother had made him, the boys stuffed in balls and bats and slung-shots, patterns for kites and models for boats, books and pictures and marbles.

Ivan, happier than he had ever been before, laughed, tried to sing, and once in a while did a solemn Russian dance.

At five o'clock everything was ready.

The news had spread abroad, and when Paul and Tom slipped out of the gate, on each side of Ivan, a big crowd of Japanese men and boys and girls was waiting. The boys, with father and mother, went right on, and the crowd fell in behind, laughing and chattering like a lot of happy school-children.

It was only a short distance to the pier where lay the steamer that was to take Ivan and his father home to their beloved Russia.

Mr. Pine-Tree and the general were waiting, and the boys, still holding tight to Ivan's hands,

went on board with them, their father and mother close behind.

Mrs. Demar asked Mr. Pine-Tree to explain to the general about the clothes she had made Ivan, and also to tell him how she had learned to love the boy and wished him every happiness. He did so, and then the general made a long speech which Mr. Pine-Tree interpreted to Mrs. Demar.

His English was one thing that Mr. Pine-Tree was proud of. Many times it was only politeness that kept the boys from smiling when he talked what Paul called broken-back English.

Now was his chance to show how many languages he knew. He solemnly folded his hands in front of him and began:

"Dat Rooshy man he say he give you much of his lovely heart for your many goodfuls to his boy child. He say, many obliges for playfuls and few trousers, and he say, please, most soon, you go and bring Paul and Tommy San to his home in land of Siberia for to enjoy himself with yours. He say you American queen, and he salute you good-by."

Mrs. Demar was just about to reply, when the ship's gong sounded, ordering everybody ashore who was not going.

The boys said good-by to the general and extended their hands to Ivan. But to Ivan handshaking expressed little of what he felt for these new-found playmates. He laid his hands on their shoulders and kissed them on either cheek, first one and then the other. It was the Russian way. The American boys blushed furiously, but said nothing, and were glad of an excuse to run to the gangway as the last gong sounded.

Paul and Tom, with their mother and father, stood and watched the great steamer back slowly out into the open sea. The band played, and as the Japanese crowd realized that, though the Russian soldier and his son belonged to the enemy, yet even as prisoners they had been guests of the nation, and now they were sailing toward that beautiful thing called home, cheer after cheer went up, in which the boys joined, waving their hats and coats.

The boys could easily see the general and Ivan, standing apart from the group on the steamer.

The general's hand was on his son's shoulder, and against the white of Ivan's coat the colors of the little Russian flag shone out brightly.

Tom and Paul watched long to see the last of the boy who was sailing to the big unknown country across the Japan Sea. They saw Ivan leave his father, rush to the rail, and put both hands to his mouth, and on the little breeze that blew ashore came the message:

"Good night, Moomther!"

A LITTLE BOY'S CHRISTMAS WISH

BY FRANCIS McKINNON MORTON

I LIKE to be a little boy
Almost all of the year,
And all the joys of other boys
To me are very dear;
And one pair of shoes and stockings
Can bother one a sight,
If they 're put on every morning
And taken off at night,—

But, ah! when Christmas comes along,
With all its cold and snow,
And good Santa fills our stockings
All hanging in a row,
I 'd love to be a centipede;
'T would sure be jolly fun
To hang a hundred stockings up
Instead of only one!



10



THE PEACOCK ROOM



The flowers and peacocks on the wall are blue, and gold, and green,
All through the pleasant daytime, when everything is seen,
At night, by flickering candle-light, dark shadows in the room,
Hide pretty peacocks, peering out, and blinking in the gloom.

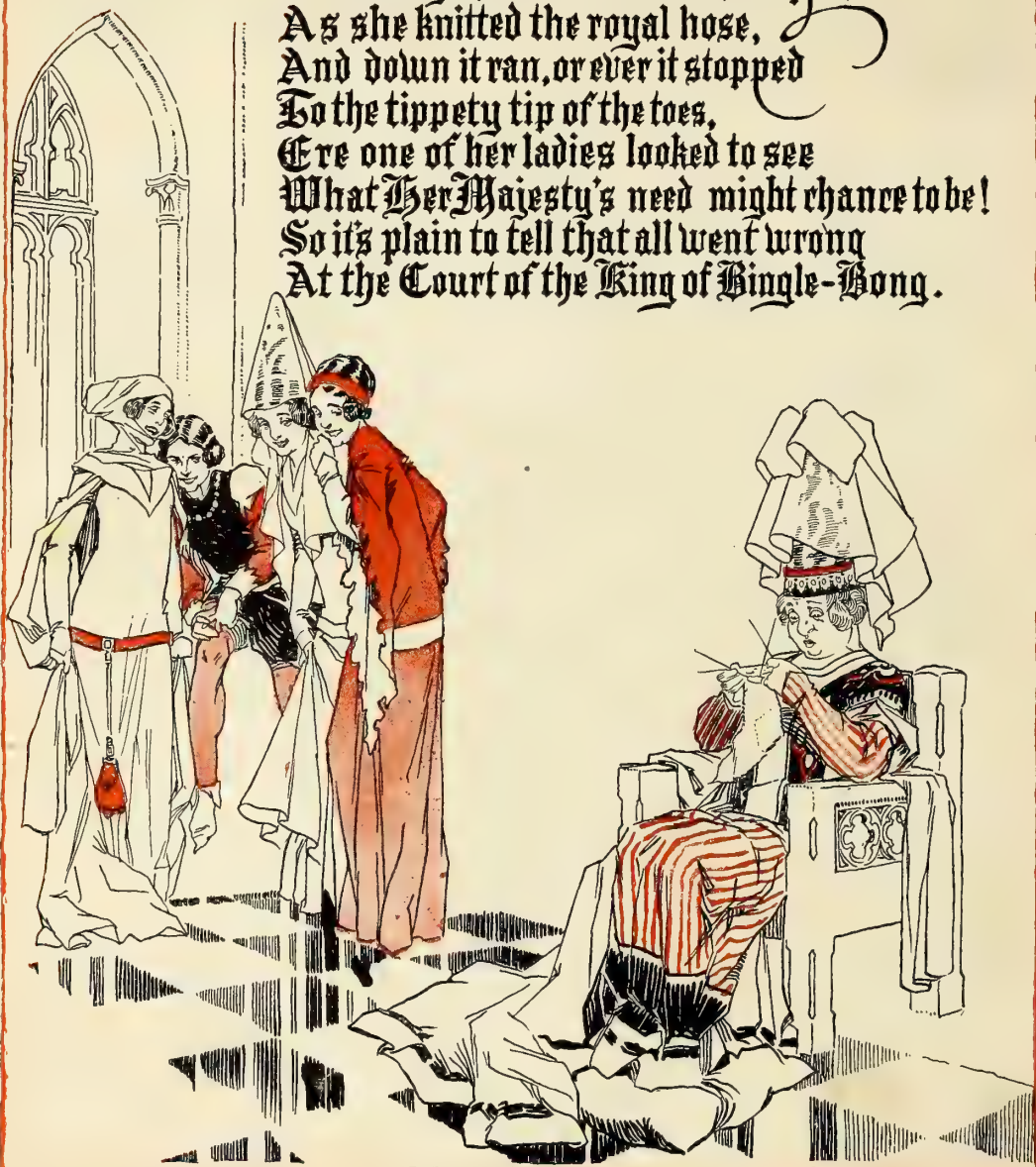


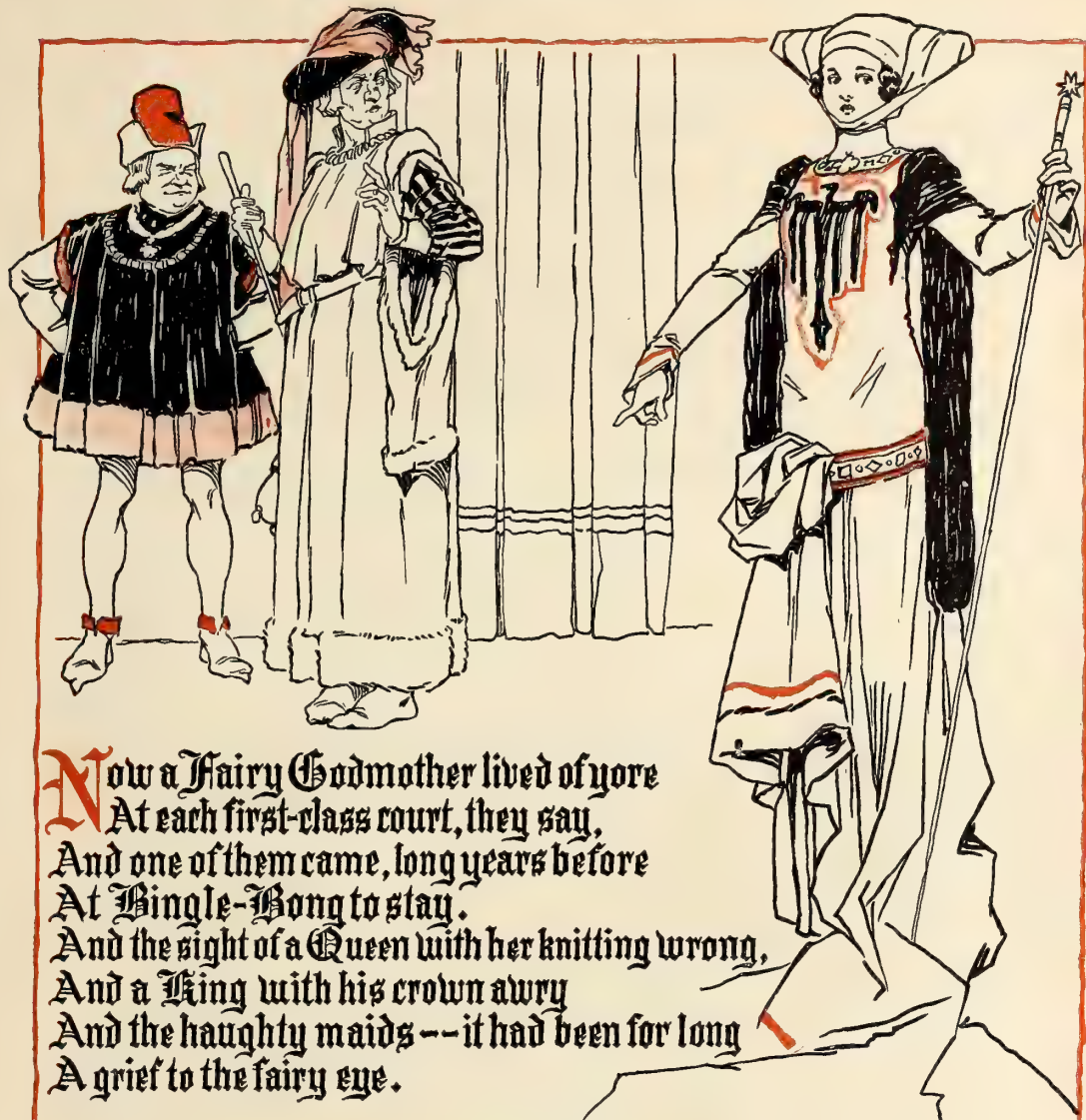
The Ballad of the Golden Maid

by Ellen Manly

When the King was old, and bald was he,
 And his crown it slipped adown
 While the grim Court Chamberlain would not see,
 Or winked with a knowing eye.
 And His Majesty loved his game each day
 But the courtiers careless stand
 When the checkers roll on the floor away
 As they slip from the royal hand.
 "We can't go down on our noble knees --
 We are quite too grand!" say they,
 "Let the old King choose some game we please
 An he feels inclined to play!"

The Queen her spectacles she mislaid
Some score of times a day,
And never a maid attention paid,
So haughty and spoiled were they.
And many a stitch she careless dropped
As she knitted the royal hose,
And down it ran, or ever it stopped
To the tippety tip of the toes.
Ere one of her ladies looked to see
What Her Majesty's need might chance to be!
So it's plain to tell that all went wrong
At the Court of the King of Bingle-Bong.





Now a Fairy Godmother lived of yore
 At each first-class court, they say,
 And one of them came, long years before
 At Bingle-Bong to stay.
 And the sight of a Queen with her knitting wrong,
 And a King with his crown awry
 And the haughty maids -- it had been for long
 A grief to the fairy eye.

So the Godmother waved her magic wand
 And issued a wise decree --
 "When a Golden Maid at the court shall stand
 This trouble will cease!" quoth she.
 "Let the Royal Herald be sent in quest
 Of the prize ye have needed long,
 And bring her back at the Queen's behest
 To the Court of Bingle-Bong!"



And how shall he know a Golden Maid,
 For maids a many be found!"
 "He must speak the dames," the fairy said,
 "As he looks the town around.
 An an idle mother he chance to see
 It's nigh that the Golden Maid will be!"

Then the Herald he donned his cloak of red,
 And his cap with the white cockade.
 And down through the streets of the town he sped
 To seek for the Golden Maid.
 And never a street he rode him through
 But maids a many were there,
 With eyes of brown, or with eyes of blue
 And with dark or golden hair.



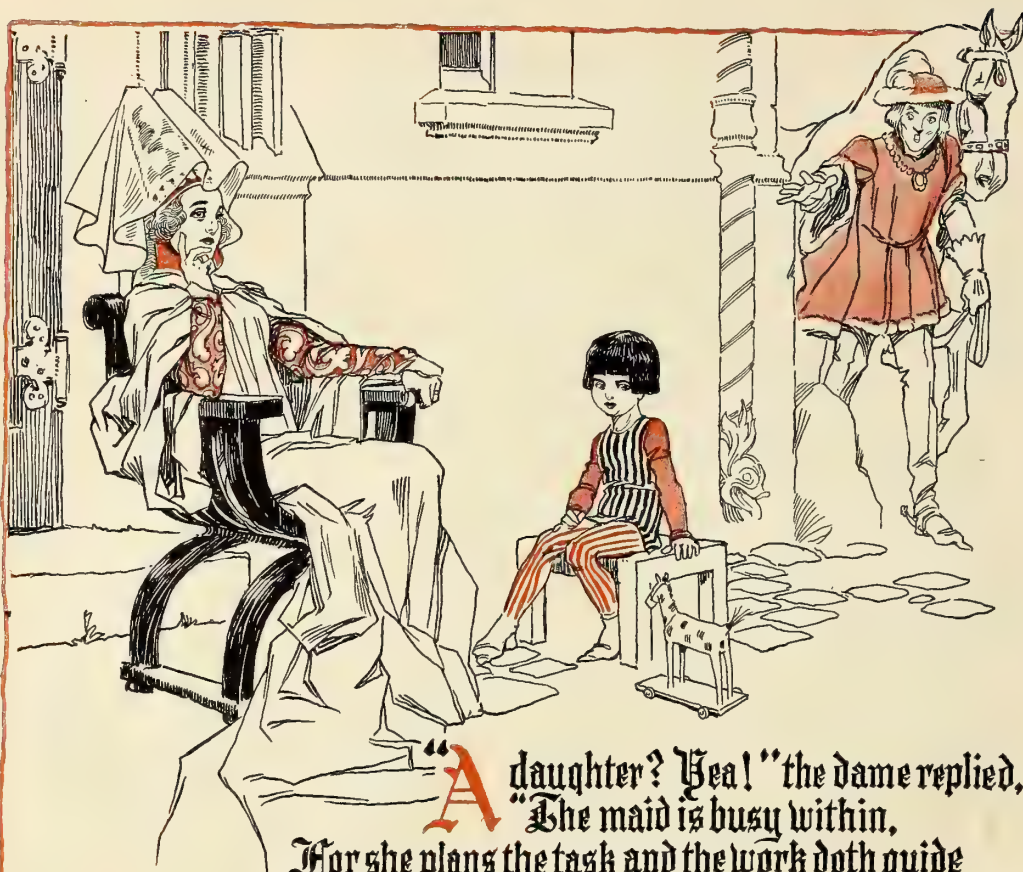
The maids they sang, and the maids they talked
 And the maids they sate at ease;
 And the maids with a gallant gay they walked
 In the shade of the arching trees.
 But as for the dames the Herald sought
 There could nowhere one be seen,
 And the maidens laughed if he asked them aught
 Or said, with a careless mien:—

And where should our mothers be, we pray,
 An it's not at their place within?
 For there's 'broidery fine to stitch to-day
 While the handmaids weave and spin.
 And it taketh time to shape with care
 The beautiful gowns we needs must wear.
 And how would the damsels do their task
 Were nobody nigh to heed?" they ask.

Soon the Herald he urged his quest
 Till late, at last, he came
 To a spot where, quietly taking rest,
 Was seated a gray-haired dame.

RENE
 VINCENT
 10





“**A** daughter? Yea!” the dame replied,
 “The maid is busy within,
 For she plans the task and the work doth guide
 Where the handmaids weave and spin.
 And but for the thought she takes for me,
 I’d not be here at my ease!” quoth she.

Then the Herald, he doffed his cap, and said,
 As he kneeled on his scarlet knee,
 “The Queen hath need of the Golden Maid,
 She shall ride to the Court with me!”
 Then oh, but the Queen rejoiced that day,
 And the old King cheered in glee,
 And the Godmother laughed -- so glad were they
 The Golden Maid to see!
 And the bells rang loud and the bells rang long,
 As she came to the court of Bingle-Bong!

Then soon it was that things went right
 At the touch of the Golden Maid.
 Her Majesty's glasses, shining bright,
 In place were always laid;
 And rapidly grew the royal hose
 That fared so ill before,
 For down to the tip of the tippety toes
 The stitches could run no more.
 Then the maids took note of her silver speech,
 And the charm of a helping hand,
 And they mended their manners, all and each,
 Till you'd never have known the band.

She polished the King's pet crown with care,
 And many a time each day,
 She balanced it straight on his fringe of hair
 In the most becoming way.



She quite bewitched with her cheery smile
 The Chamberlain, gruff and grim,
 Till he scurried about in charming style
 When His Majesty called on him.
 And the courtiers, all intent to please,
 As they watched the game at night,
 They fairly fell on their noble knees
 When the checkers rolled from sight.

Then the Fairy Godmother took delight
 In the Golden Maid so dear,
 And hearts were light, and the days were bright,
 And the place was all good cheer.
 And dingety-ding! and dingety-dong!
 The bells rang loud and the bells rang long!
 For never again did all go wrong

At the Court of the King of
 Bingle-Bong!



Illustrations by
 René Vincent.
 Lettering by
 Joseph Nesba.

THE GRIT OF THE CHEMIST'S HELPER

BY H. IRVING HANCOCK

I DUTY

"I THINK it a delightful place," glowed Neil, looking around at the laboratory.

"It 's a very busy, matter-of-fact, often grimy, always workaday shop," smiled his uncle.

Yet John Pryor, the chemist, felt an ever-new throb of pride and loving interest as his glance roved the familiar shelves, bottles, work-benches,

made up. I 'm going to become a chemist like you!"

Dr. Pryor shook his head.

"Don't decide the great question of your life's work too rashly, Neil, my boy. Remember that, when you 've planned your work, have fitted for it and embarked in it, that work becomes your prime duty through life. You must sacrifice much to your career, so be sure you choose one that will always look bright to you.



• EDWIN F. BAYHA • 1910 •

"'YOU 'RE NEIL PRYOR, ARE N'T YOU?' ASKED THE GIRL."

and other fittings of this much-prized chemical laboratory wherein he spent his busy days in the service of science.

"It is a cozy old place, but it looks full of mysteries, Uncle Jack."

"In the chemical laboratory we seek only truths that can be proved. It would be rather useless, not to say harmful, to bring the imagination into the lab, Neil."

"Uncle Jack," went on the boy, still looking about him with kindling eyes, "I think my mind is

Now, does this laboratory, with its begrimed benches, its sooty furnace, and cobwebs on many of its high-up bottles, really look bright to you?"

"Yes," declared Neil, promptly. "For I 'd love the work—I know I would."

Again John Pryor smiled quizzically, shaking his head.

"Won't you give me a chance this summer, Uncle Jack?" begged the boy, enthusiastically, entranced with all he saw. "Let me work and

show you whether I 've the brains and perseverance to become a real chemist."

"Do you fancy you could make a start here?" asked Dr. Pryor.

"Yes, I do, Uncle John," replied the boy, "for under you I would soon be a real chemist, would n't I?"

"No, my boy; for *then* you would only be fitted to make a beginning in a laboratory like this. It requires a goodly part of a man's lifetime to make him a *real* chemist."

In the spring Neil's father had died, leaving him alone, save for this uncle. The boy had promptly communicated the news to his sole relative, but both telegram and letter had to follow the chemist out West. Dr. Pryor, when he received the word, answered, offering his nephew a home. It was some time, though, before Dr. Pryor could end his business trip and send for the boy to join him at Oakdale.

"Now you 'll live here and get your schooling," declared the old bachelor chemist, after giving his nephew a hearty greeting.

In his first three days there the boy explored the comfortable old two-story brick house, and the grounds, comprising some thirty acres, mostly on a hilltop. During those first three days Dr. Pryor worked in his library, so that Neil saw only the outside of the compact, one-story, iron-shuttered, brick laboratory building, with the narrow, queer chimneys poking up out of the roof.

During the three days the boy had become acquainted with slim, silent, middle-aged Joe Black, the chemist's man-of-all-work, and with Mrs. Butler, the housekeeper, who was hardly more talkative than Joe. Neil would have found it intensely dull had he not met, on his first day there, a girl of his own age—fifteen. The girl looked up pleasantly from the moss that she had just placed in an oval tin specimen-can.

"You 're Neil Pryor, are n't you?" asked the girl, in a low, sweet voice. "I heard you were coming here to live. We shall be neighbors."

"And friends, I hope," said Neil, gallantly.

From the porch Dr. Pryor espied the young people, and came across the grounds to introduce them. Dorothy Terry lived on the next place with her father, a retired clergyman.

The next morning in the laboratory Dr. Pryor said to Neil, pointing to a glass jar on a shelf: "Those are samples that have been sent in for analysis. This one here"—turning to Neil and holding up a jar—"is one of the kind that is most interesting to a chemist. It is a portion of the lining of a cow's stomach. It is to be examined for arsenic in a case of suspected poisoning. It was taken from the remains of

Philip Granger's valuable Jersey cow. Granger had a quarrel with a worthless character named Deck Stratford, and it is charged that Stratford poisoned Granger's cow in revenge. There 's a fair amount of evidence to support the charge, and Stratford is out on bail now. The case will hinge mainly on whether I find arsenic in this material. Right here, Neil, is where a chemist's responsibility comes in. This jar was handed to me by the district attorney. No matter how much arsenic I may find here, unless I can testify in court that this jar has been constantly in my possession since I first received it, my other testimony would be worthless."

"Why?"

"Well, for instance, the defense might claim that some enemy of Stratford's had put the arsenic in to injure the accused before the court."

"Then, if I took the jar outside for five minutes, your evidence couldn't hurt Stratford?" Neil asked.

"Exactly. But there is another kind of care needed, too—in the examination of this stuff. The conclusive test is made after this fashion: first, I have to start a hydrogen lamp going, and then light the gas given off at the tip of the jet. Next, into the contents of the lamp I pour some of the liquid from this jar. If the tissue in the jar contains arsenic, some of it will mingle with the hydrogen gas that supplies the flame. In that case the flame will burn a dark-hued, metallic 'mirror' into the surface of a porcelain plate. That is the test for arsenic that the court accepts. Yet, if there is arsenic combined with the hydrogen gas as it comes off, and the flame happens to go out, so that the hydrogen-arsenic gas is still given off, but without burning, then one bubble of the gas, inhaled, would be enough to kill the chemist bending over the lamp."

"Whew!" puckered Neil. "I should think that would be a risky test."

"It is. Once in a great while it happens that a chemist is killed while he is making it."

"Why, it takes as great courage to be a chemist as it does to be a soldier," declared Neil.

Dr. Pryor laid the sample carefully away. Neil was boy enough, now he had found that grit was needed in the calling, to want more than ever to be a chemist.

"Speaking of angels—or their opposites," remarked Dr. Pryor, presently, glancing through a window at the near-by road, "there 's Deck Stratford now, standing and scowling up this way. I wonder if he has heard that I 've been called into the case against him?"

Neil looked, and saw a swarthy, thick-set, ill-favored man of about forty, who started to shuffle along the road.



"THEN THERE CAME ANOTHER SPLASH FROM OVERHEAD." (SEE PAGE 123.)



"NEIL HEARD THE SHARP PRODDINGS OF A CROWBAR." (SEE PAGE 123.)

"I'm awfully sorry there is n't something I can do to help you," said Neil, after looking on for some minutes at his uncle at work.

"You'd like to be the under dog, would you?"

"The 'under dog?' What's that?"

"Why, he's the chemist's helper," explained Dr. Pryor. "He has all the drudgery to do, while the chemist does only the important work."

"Yes, I'd be glad enough to be the under dog—I'd be willing to be anything in a laboratory, in fact," declared Neil.

"Then, toward the end of the day, I'll give you a lot of apparatus to wash. In the meantime, just by way of fun and practice, why don't you make something? What would you like to make that can be turned out in a chemical laboratory?"

"Why," answered Neil, practically, after a moment's thought, "as it will be the Fourth of July in three days, why not some red fire?"

"Very good," nodded Dr. Pryor. "Then write down this formula." And Neil wrote down the formula as his uncle dictated it. "Here are the rough scales. Use the common commercial chemicals, which you'll find in this big stock-closet. Find them yourself by the labels."

Dr. Pryor returned to his own absorbing work, from which he did not turn until Neil, emptying the scoop of the scale into a panful of ingredients, remarked suddenly:

"I'm afraid I should n't have done that, Uncle Jack. I've used nearly all your strontium nitrate."

"What have you been doing?" asked the chemist, wheeling around. "Weighing out by pounds? I thought you would use ounces. Oh, well, never mind. I can get more strontium nitrate before I shall need it, and you'll surely have plenty of red fire for your Fourth."

So Neil, though he felt rather embarrassed, went ahead mixing and grinding until the job was done.

"Take a very small sample and try it in here," suggested the chemist, good-humoredly, opening the door of a darkened little room.

The red fire, set off on a plate, burned up brightly, perfect in tint.

That afternoon Neil found a chance to tell Dorothy of his wholesale exploit in making red fire. From that he drifted into an account of what his uncle had said about the dangers of making an arsenic test.

"So, you see, a chemist's work calls for a lot of grit sometimes," added the boy.

"I like a man who has a strong sense of duty, and who can mingle with it all the courage necessary," said Dorothy, an earnest look in her eyes.

"And that's Uncle Jack, you can wager," asserted the young man.

"It will be equally true of you, when the time comes, won't it?" challenged Dorothy, in her friendly way.

"If it ever does come," sighed Neil, "I hope so. I'd love grit, even in an enemy! But no such call ever came my way. Only humdrum things happen to me."

"How many years have you lived yet, Mr. Humdrum?" laughed Dorothy. "Would n't it be better," she suggested thoughtfully, "if you were to hope only that your courage may prove equal to any calls that may ever be made upon it?"

"Much better," he admitted promptly. "Yet, when a fellow does have a humdrum life, I think he *must*, sometimes, become impatient for something startling to happen. I often feel that way."

"I wonder whether a real sense of duty brings the needed courage?" asked Dorothy, musingly. "Papa and I often talk of such things, and he believes that, if one has n't the courage to meet a duty squarely, then it's because he has n't a true sense of the duty."

"I like that view of it," nodded the boy. "It makes a duty seem something grand in its very self. Mostly, we get in the habit of looking upon duty as something disagreeable. It would be fine if we could see *any* duty as something we're privileged to meet. Speaking of duty," he observed, rising from the grass, "that reminds me that I'm pledged to one now."

"Then it's because you're pledged, not privileged?" she laughed, holding up her hands to her companion, who drew her gently to her feet.

Hurrying to the laboratory, where he found his uncle as busy as before, Neil put in a couple of hours cleaning beakers, test-tubes, glass funnels, and extractors. No sooner were the evening dishes cleared away than Mrs. Butler started for the village to enjoy her evening out. Half an hour later a telephone message came that called Dr. Pryor over to Newton.

"I'll have Joe hitch up at once and drive me over," said the chemist. "You'll be alone, lad, for two hours or so; but, with the library at your disposal, you ought not to be lonely."

Not caring to read, Neil went out on the porch. For an hour or so the boy thought over the day's doings and chats. At last, feeling lonely, he rose, stepped down, and strolled through the dark toward the main gate.

Then, of a sudden, he stopped short, rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

Three dimly defined figures were moving about at the door of the little laboratory building. Their very motions proved them prowlers.

Neil felt his heart give a swift, choking bump against his ribs. But he stole forward again, almost at once, approaching unseen until he made out one of the men to be Deck Stratford.

"They 're here to steal that sample!" guessed Neil, indignantly.

"We can git the whole thing done in fifteen minutes," sounded in Stratford's low tones.

"And disgrace Uncle Jack's reputation as a chemist?" muttered Neil, inwardly. "I think not—not while the under dog 's here to bark!"

II

DANGER

"THIS is a pretty stout door," continued Deck Stratford, "but we can force it. Slip back, you two, and bring up the crowbar and the other things. Hurry, and we 'll git away from here before any one has an idea of what 's being done."

Neil heard it all and trembled, yet without fear. In this supreme moment he found himself too intensely interested to think of dread.

"How can I stop them?" he questioned himself, as, peering intently, he saw Stratford's two helpers steal back to the road and out of sight, while their leader remained on post near the laboratory door. "Oh, if I could only get into the building," quivered the boy, "and fight them off from the inside!"

Then the men returned, and after an inaudible consultation they again moved off together, as if to look for a heavy beam or rock.

Neil looked up with a feeling of helplessness at one of the iron-shuttered windows overhead. But, crouching low, the boy darted from the thicket, trying to gain the laboratory unseen. As he ran he pulled a key of the door from his pocket.

Just then, through the darkness, one of the men made out the figure of Neil as he fitted the key to the lock.

"There 's some one—over there!" panted the discoverer.

"Ketch him!" snapped Deck, heading the rush.

Neil threw the laboratory door open, jumped inside, slammed the door shut, and hurled his not very considerable weight against it. Outside he heard the prowlers rush up. Bump! came the weight of the three men against the door.

Click! Neil answered them, with a turn of the key.

"Open that door, boy!" came the low, warning tone of angry Deck Stratford. "If you don't, it 'll be wuss for you!"

Groping, Neil found a gas-jet. Flare! As the match burned up he turned on the flow, shedding

light over the place. In another instant the boy was turning the telephone bell-handle furiously.

"Quit that and open the door!" ordered Deck, outside, with a satisfied chuckle. "There won't nobody answer. We cut the wire."

After trying again, twice, Neil concluded that Stratford had told the truth. "Here 's a lot o' keys I brought along, Deck," Neil heard one of the men whisper. "Try 'em on the lock; one may work."

Neil gave a half turn to the key that was in the lock, and quickly thrust a small screw-driver through the key-handle, so that the key could not be turned or pushed out. Then he crouched, watching, while he held his breath in suspense.

"You might just as well open, boy," warned Stratford. "We 're going to be in there in less 'n three minutes, anyway. If you block us, or try to, we 'll feel obliged to give you some rough treatment. Will you unlock the door; wise-like, and let us in?"

"No!" retorted Neil, shortly.

"Then be prepared for consequences!" rapped Deck, crisply.

"Get ready for a few consequences yourselves," taunted young Pryor. "You don't begin to guess the surprises that may be in store for you, if you persist in trying to break in here. Go ahead, if you want!"

The boy heard the prowlers draw back a few feet and consult in low whispers. While they were doing this Neil looked about him, more anxious than ever to hit upon some real plan of defense.

Seeing a file near by, he picked that up. It was short and slender; just the kind he needed. Completely locking the door and slipping the key out, he wedged one end of his handkerchief into the keyhole. With the file and a bit of bent wire he rapidly plugged the cloth into the lock.

"Now I 've time to think of something else," reflected the under dog.

His inquiring glance fell upon the jar of red-fire powder, then upon the forge and bellows in one corner. The forge was a small affair on which his chemist-uncle sometimes heated metals for welding, or other purposes. The draft was carried off by a small chimney that extended up through the roof of the laboratory. A little heap of charcoal lay on the floor.

"A signal-fire!" thought the boy, his eyes lighting up. "Good enough! I can send up a first-class signal, if only some one will see it and guess that it stands for trouble!" He quickly lifted the can, depositing it by the forge. Next the under dog found a small scoop, which he thrust into the powder in the can. A lighted match and a gentle

pressure at the bellows-handle started the charcoal to sputtering. More draft caused a bright little fire to glow up on the forge. Continuing to pump with his right hand, Neil, with his left, poured on the powder, throwing it with a rapid movement across the coals.

The brightened fire and strong draft sent a jet of red flame leaping up through the chimney. Young Pryor imagined that the illumination must show for some feet above. Another scoopful of powder he threw on the coals, bringing the bellows to bear hard. A third lot of his mixture he handled in the same way.

"That boy is signaling some one!" Deck Stratford muttered audibly. "I don't like that, either. It looks like coming trouble. Bring the crowbar to bear, and we'll get inside and stop the youngster!"

The thumps that followed showed a determined assault was being made, though the door stoutly resisted.

Neil kept an almost steady column of red fire leaping up through the forge chimney, while he listened apprehensively to all the clatter and racket at the door.

"They'll handle me roughly," he realized. "Deck Stratford is no gentle miscreant when his blood is up."

"Hey, you, boy in there!" sounded Deck's summons again. "Quit that nonsense you're up to, or we'll know how to make you sorry for it. We're going to be inside there in a minute more. Now, men, use more muscle! Batter that door down!"

"Look out for the surprise that may meet you when you start to come in!" defied Neil, wishing with all his heart that he could hit upon some real means of fighting these men if they succeeded in breaking in the door. He continued to pump the bellows and to feed on the red-fire powder.

Fortunately, Dr. Pryor's laboratory stood on high ground. The red fire that was streaming above the chimney-top in successive jets must be visible at a considerable distance. If some one would only be curious enough to want to find out what it all meant!

"Going to stop that nonsense, boy?" challenged Deck, through the still stoutly resisting door.

"No," promised Neil.

"You'll be sorry soon, then!"

Suddenly the evil work outside came to a halt. Neil's heart bounded with the hope that these prowlers had taken alarm and left. But he heard them whispering a moment or two later.

"I have n't scared them off. They're planning some new mischief," thought Neil. "I wonder if they'll try to force one of the windows instead?"

But the iron shutters are so secure that I believe they'll hold out a long time against attack."

The bellows, moving rhythmically under Neil's pressure, made hardly any sound and the red-fire powder hissed slightly as it fell on the glowing charcoal.

It was natural that the long-continued silence of the prowlers should bother the besieged boy more than sustained assault would have done. Wholly in the dark as to the intentions of those outside, he was tormented by the suspense.

Then came Deck's new summons, sharp and crisp: "Open the door, boy, or you'll never get out alive! We've got no time left to fool with you."

Neil Pryor's heart gave a great bound from fear. Did they mean to threaten that they would destroy the laboratory itself? That would dispose easily enough of the evidence that Deck Stratford wanted out of the way, and would very likely, as well, dispose of the boy as a witness against the rascals.

The building being of brick, the miscreants could not easily set fire to it. If, however, they had blasting-dynamite, they could without difficulty set off a wrecking charge. Stratford's next words confirmed the boy's sickening fear.

"Dynamite will bring this place down in a jiffy," called the fellow. "Are you going to push us that far?"

"Don't trouble to do anything of the sort on my account," laughed Neil. His voice rang bravely, now, though his face was deathly pale.

Neil heard the sharp proddings of a crowbar under the foundations of one corner of the building. The boy shivered, for, in connection with the hint of the intended use of dynamite, the whole business looked alarmingly hopeless.

"I must n't let those fellows talk me out of my wits again," he told himself reproachfully as he plied the bellows and scattered on more powder.

Soon he had the fuel crackling, sputtering, glowing. He reached for the scoop once more, throwing on a goodly lot of powder. With his right hand he forced a draft that sent the bright red shaft leaping up through the chimney.

Sounds on the roof attracted the boy's notice. Splash! Water poured down the chimney, blotting out the fire, sending a cloud of sputtering steam into Neil's face. There came another splash from overhead, and as Neil hung back, gazing ruefully at the drenched embers on the forge, he realized that these men had found at last an easy way of stopping his signaling.

From just out past the door Deck Stratford's evil, jeering voice came again: "We've spiked your last gun, have n't we, lad? Now we don't

care whether you choose to open the door or not. We're going to open a tremendous wide passage for ourselves!"

III

REWARD

ALMOST fully convinced, now, that the men outside intended to make good their threat of wrecking the building, Neil Pryor had to think quickly.

Near the forge was a "fume chamber" under a hood. In this chamber Dr. Pryor placed pieces of apparatus from which evil-smelling or dangerous gases were being generated. There was a chimney to the hood through which such gases were carried off into the open air. True, this chimney would not answer the purpose as well as the one over the forge fire had done, but it would be better than nothing. On a metal plate the under dog built a small charcoal fire, fanning it with a hand-bellows. After a little the fire was crackling. Neil dropped on a liberal quantity of red fire, and, seizing the hand-bellows once more, sent a bright red stream up through the narrow chimney.

All too soon he heard some one on the roof again. A bucketful of water came splashing and dripping down the fume chimney, extinguishing the under dog's second fire.

"Back to the forge, then, to see whether I can make things dry enough to start another blaze there," decided the under dog. He was working at the forge, as noiselessly as possible, when another deluge fell.

"That fellow is going to stay up there and pour water down both chimneys," guessed Neil, half angrily. His suspicion was soon confirmed by a drench down the fume chimney. Presently, too, more water came down the forge chimney.

"That 's the end of the signaling," Neil told himself grimly.

While he stood leaning against a bench close to the door, young Pryor heard Deck Stratford's low voice calling, "You, up on the roof, come down! Hurry! Now get away from the building altogether. I can attend to the rest!"

Neil's face, if that were possible, became a little more pallid. He could guess what the words portended.

"We're all ready now," sounded Deck's tones, like the voice of dishonorable reprieve, at the keyhole. "Come on out, boy, if you want to. You might as well save yourself."

For an instant the under dog wavered. If the building was to be wrecked, what was to be gained by his remaining where he was? Yet to yield was not to hold the fort!

"Going to open the door and come out?" persisted Deck.

"No!" Neil bawled hoarsely, clenching his hands.

"Last call!"

"I've answered you."

"All right, then, boy. My conscience is clear," announced Deck.

"You must have a tremendously obliging conscience," sneered Neil. "In fact, as good as new—never used."

There was no reply to this. After waiting an instant Neil heard voices and other indistinguishable sounds of excitement. Running steps next sounded, followed by a sharp pounding on the door and a breathless command: "Open quickly!"

"No, I won't!" shouted back the under dog. "Blow down the building, if you want, but I won't let you in here."

"Neil, Neil, my boy!" came the eager appeal. "Don't you know me—Uncle Jack? We've got two of the rascals, and all is safe. Open the door, lad, as quickly as you can."

Neil Pryor's heart gave a great bound of joy. "I can't open the door in a jiffy, Uncle Jack," he answered, his voice shaking a good deal. "I—I have the keyhole plugged." When, finally, he did shoot the bolt, a strong hand from outside turned the knob, pushing the door open.

"Neil, my boy! What a time you must have had! And what splendid grit you've shown!"

Dr. Pryor had both arms around his nephew, embracing him, while in the background four men stood guarding two surly, handcuffed prisoners.

"Did you get Deck Stratford?" asked Neil, breathlessly.

"There he is," laughed the chemist, turning and pointing to one of the manacled prisoners. "He made an ugly fight, but we finally secured him. But, Neil, how did it happen that you managed to get inside and on guard? And whatever put into your head the idea of sending up those signals?"

"Then you saw the red streaks against the darkness?" Neil asked.

"Saw them?" repeated Dr. Pryor. "Of course we did, Joe Black and I. We were some two miles back on the road, and had just decided to turn into another road and drive to the village before coming home. Then, away up on the hill-top, we saw a lot of red fire shoot up. Very soon we realized that the red flames were being forced up through one of the laboratory chimneys. We felt sure that you were n't doing that without an object, as you could n't send the flame from inside and see it yourself. All of a sudden I thought of Deck Stratford, and of the evidence against him that the laboratory contained."

"Joe and I did n't know, of course, whether we had guessed the right answer, but we drove at a gallop to the nearest house, and telephoned the police station in the village. Three constables mounted their bicycles and met us at the cross-roads below here. Then we hurried here, making such a swift raid that we captured two of the three men who started to run away. We'll have the other by to-morrow, for we know who he is. But speak up, Neil, lad, and tell us what you've been through."

So the under dog found his voice and told his tale. He related it simply, without any thought of boasting or of posing as a brave boy. It took him but a few minutes to describe what had happened.

"The boy has the real grit, that's certain," declared one of the constables, admiringly. "I reckon you found that out yourself, did n't you, Deck?"

"He was as stubborn as a mule, and as reckless, too," grumbled Stratford. "If the boy had n't got in our way, we'd have done what we came here to do. He hindered us all he could."

"It was all in the way of business," smiled Neil. "You were telling me this morning, Uncle Jack, some of the ways in which the chemist has to show grit. I just had to go in training for some of the grit, did n't I? For I've set my heart on being a chemist."

"And a chemist you shall be," declared Dr. Pryor, heartily. "You've shown the knack of being resourceful, and that's some of the best capital the man over the test-tubes and crucibles can have. Officers, if you can spare a moment for me, I'd like to call your attention to something."

The chemist led the way into his laboratory, Neil and two of the officers following, the latter curious to see what it might be.

"I want you to note the safety of the jar containing the sample that is to be used in evidence against Stratford," announced Dr. Pryor. "Since I received the sample from the district attorney it has not been out of my possession. I left it, this afternoon, locked in this cupboard," added the chemist, pausing before a door and inserting a key in the lock. "Here is the jar, you see, gentlemen. Kindly read this label, so that, at need, you will be able to testify that neither Stratford nor any one else managed to get in here and tamper with it. Note, also, that the seal of the district attorney's office is still unbroken in its place over the lid."

News of the occurrences of the night before was abroad early that morning. Neighbors called to look at the marks of assault on the stout door of

the laboratory, and to inspect the hole dug with a crowbar under the foundations.

There was much speculation as to whether Deck Stratford had really been supplied with dynamite, and whether he had intended to use it as a last resort. Nothing could be learned from Deck on that head, nor from the accomplices captured with him.

Among the earlier visitors at the Pryor house were the Rev. Dr. Terry and Dorothy. The latter said, with a laugh: "You were complaining yesterday that nothing exciting had ever happened in your life. Now that something has happened, tell me how it seemed."

"Do you remember the advice you gave me yesterday?" Neil inquired. "You advised me not to be eager for the coming of danger, but to hope that, when danger *did* come, I would have the needed courage to meet it."

"How foolishly I talked, did n't I?" said Dorothy. "For you proved that you have abundant courage."

"We shall be proud of our new neighbor, young Mr. Pryor," said Dorothy's father, as he arose to go.

Dr. Pryor's subsequent analysis aided the authorities in convicting Stratford on the charge of poisoning Farmer Granger's cow. Stratford, however, received an even more severe sentence for trying to break into the laboratory. Both accomplices were also sent to prison on that latter charge. To this day, it is something of a puzzle why Stratford should have persisted in his efforts to break into the laboratory when he knew that Neil could testify against him. It may be that Deck relied on sworn denials by himself and his accomplices to more than offset the boy's charges. What is just as likely is that the rascal was so utterly bent on getting that jar into his possession that he did not think much beyond the moment.

NEIL is in college now, and nearly at the end of his course.

During his summer vacations and holidays he still sees much of Dorothy Terry, though not as much as he might if his vacation time were also a period of rest and recreation.

For Neil Pryor spends hours every day, in his home time, in Dr. Pryor's laboratory, fitting himself further against the time when he must take up, in sober earnest, all the work and the many responsibilities that fall to the lot of the "under dog."

Even that coming period of serious apprenticeship will be but a further fitting for his actual life-work in his chosen profession.



OLD Mother Hubbard and good Mother Goose
Sent cards to their friends for a tea—
To meet, they were told, Mr. Santa Claus, old,
Twenty-fourth of December, at three.

The guests they invited were greatly delighted,
And none of them failed to appear,
As this holiday tea, it was certain to be,
Quite the social event of the year.

There was fair Mistress Mary with worthy John
Stout;
The bold Knave of Hearts with the Queen;
Daffy Dilly from Town, in a pretty green gown,
With fat Humpty Dumpty was seen.

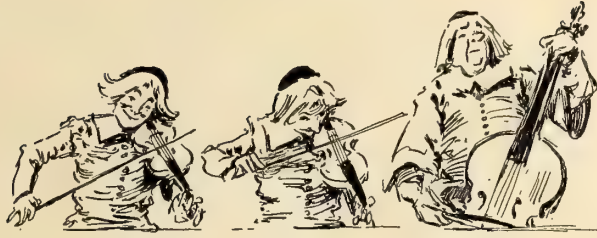
The Old Man in Leather he brought on his arm
The Woman who Lived in a Shoe;
Miss Muffet came soon with the Man in the
Moon,
Polly Flinders with Little Boy Blue.

Tom Tucker escorted Miss Margery Daw,
Nan Etticoat came with King Cole;
And Jack and his Jill, from the house on the hill,
Brought Curly Locks, dear little soul!

Sally Waters' young man was the gay King of
France,
For Sally was always a belle;
Dr. Foster was late, we are sorry to state,
And the Ten-o'clock Scholar as well.

The Man all in Tatters came just as he was,
With the Maiden Forlorn for his guide;
Simple Simon, Tom Green, George Porgie, were
seen,
And others a-many beside.





The trio of fiddlers gave music superb;
 The refreshments were all of the best;
 And a Christmas tree bright with its candles
 alight
 A souvenir bore for each guest.

Jack Horner was given a big silver spoon;
 Miss Muffet, a dear little stool;
 For the Moon Man a pair of wee bellows was
 there
 His over-hot porridge to cool.

An aluminum pail came to Jack and to Jill,
 And Little Bopeep had a crook;
 To the good Queen of Hearts, ever famous for
 tarts,
 Was presented a cookery book.

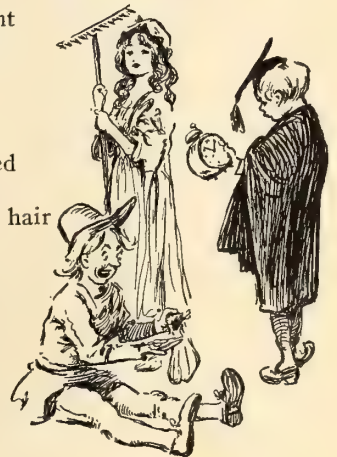
Miss Flinders was charmed with a pair of new
 shoes;
 Tommy Tucker rejoiced in a cake;
 A candlestick rare was Nan Etticoat's share,
 And Mary Contrary's, a rake.

The Ten-o'clock Scholar was far from content
 A patent alarm-clock to see;
 Simple Simon's delight was a comical sight
 When a purse full of pennies had he!

A "Treatise on Children" was gladly received
 By the Woman who Lived in a Shoe;
 And Curly Locks, fair, for her bonny brown hair
 Had a beautiful ribbon of blue.

Miss Margery Daw had an afghan of wool;
 Boy Blue, a most musical horn;
 And you never could think how a parasol pink
 Enchanted the Maiden Forlorn!

Mr. Santa Claus gracefully said, with a smile,
 As he gave the last gift from the tree,
 It had been a great treat such a circle to meet,
 And so many old comrades to see.





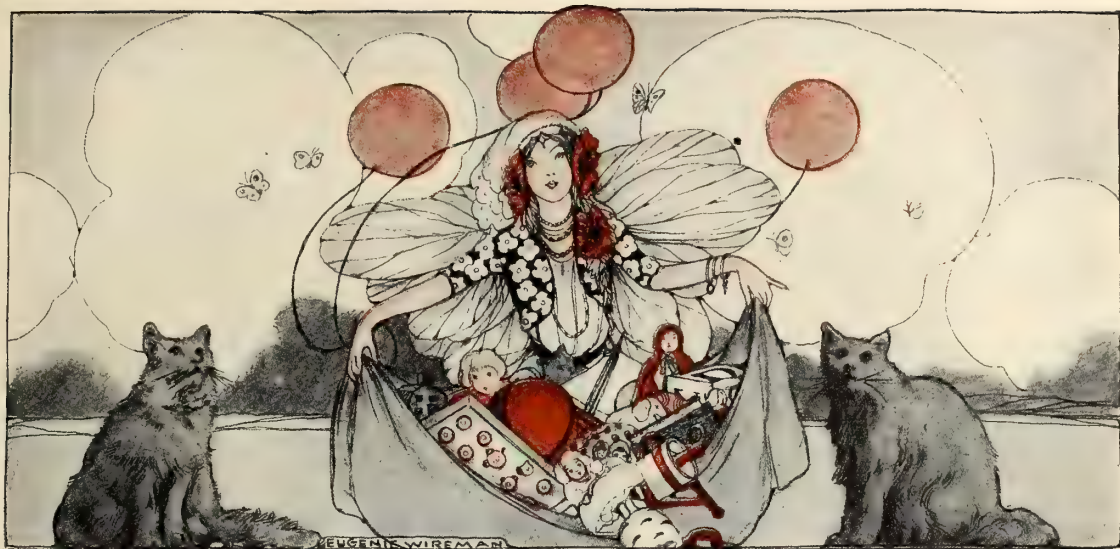
As his reindeer impatiently chafed at the door
And obliged him to hasten away,
He said: "I deplore that engagements galore
Will permit me no longer to stay."



So with cordial adieu to the hostesses two,
'Mid a chorus of mingled farewells,
He went on his way in his old-fashioned sleigh,
With a jingle and jangle of bells.

Then the guests all departed, reluctant, at last,
And were heard with one voice to agree
That no social affair of the year could compare
With the Mother Goose holiday tea!





The Little Girl-Magnet

BY CLARA GREENLEAF PERRY



ALLY wanted a doll and a doll's carriage, a little brown bear, and, in fact, every one of the things that all the other little boys and girls had. Sally had no mother or father, but was taken care of by some kind people, who fed and clothed her. They could n't afford to

give her toys, which made her so unhappy that, this morning, she had run away.

Sally had reached a lonely part of the country, and the tears were running down her cheeks, as she thought of all the good things that people were eating, for she had only a crust of bread. Just then an old woman came along, and stopped to ask her what was the matter. Sally sobbed out her troubles; she had no toys, no pretty clothes, never went to parties, never had candy, and, in fact, had nothing but just plain food and a house to live in! The old woman, who was really a very wise fairy, looked grave as she heard this discontented little girl.

"My child," she answered, "it is very wrong, and it makes people unhappy and disagreeable, to think only of the things that one can't have. You are well and strong, and have lots of loving friends, old and young, to care for you."

But no; Sally wanted more, and when the fairy asked, "What would you do with all the things that you long for?" she answered quickly:

"I would keep and use them."

"Very well," said the fairy; "everything that you wish for you shall have; but remember, you will have to keep and use every one! You shall be like a little magnet that attracts things to it, only with this difference: they shall not stick to you, but you may not be farther away from them than one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails."

Sally clapped her hands in joy, but the fairy said:

"Be sure not to wish for anything of which you may grow tired, for you can give nothing away, and must keep everything as near as one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails."

Sally could hardly wait for the old woman to be out of sight, before wishing for a doll, to find out if it were really true. To her surprise, she held in her arms the most beautiful doll she had ever seen! Its clothes were so pretty that Sally sat right down, in the greatest excitement, and took them all off, that she might admire every garment. She played a long time with "Dora," as she named her, but finally started on her way again.

Dolly grew pretty heavy after a while, and Sally said: "Oh, I wish I had a doll-carriage, Dora, dear." She almost fell over one with her

next step, for she had forgotten her new power of having what she wanted. She clapped her hands and wished at once for a lot of good things to eat, she was so very hungry. Immediately a basket appeared, filled with chicken and rolls, cakes, candies, fruits, and many other goodies. Sally sat down and ate until she could eat no more, then put what was left in the basket, and with that and the dolly in the carriage walked on, a very happy little girl.

By and by she came to a village, and, thinking how people would stare to see a poor girl with such a beautiful doll and doll-carriage, she wished for the prettiest dress a little girl could have. Sally held her breath in wonder to find herself the next moment clothed in just such a lovely thing, all lace and embroidery, with the cunningest soft kid slippers, while there was even a gold locket and chain. She could n't resist saying, "I wish I could see myself in a mirror!" There it hung on a tree, and Sally could hardly believe that beautiful little girl could be herself. It was a very proud, vain child that entered the village.

All the other boys and girls stared at her in wonder and envy; but presently she heard a shout and turned around to see what was the matter. There were her old dress and old shoes tumbling and rolling after her down the street, for she had forgotten that she could leave them only the length of one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails behind! Oh, dear! there was nothing for it but to go back and pick them up, while all the children laughed and hooted.

She stuffed the things on top of her lovely doll, and hurried away as fast as she could. The children ran jeering along, too, until she was ready to cry with mortification, and called out: "I just wish I had a dog to frighten you away!" The next minute a big bulldog rushed so fiercely at the children that away they ran, screaming; and Sally walked out of the village, with her nose in the air, wheeling the carriage, while Trusty, the dog, followed behind.

Just the same, those old things of hers spoiled everything. "Oh, how I wish I had a bag!" said Sally, who was so in the habit of saying "I wish," that it slipped out before she knew it. Of course the bag would n't squeeze into the doll-carriage with "Dora, dear" and the basket, so Sally had to carry it.

On they tramped, and those new, thin shoes with the high heels began to hurt.

"If only I had an easier pair!" wished Sally, and then, of course, she had to pack the others in the bag. Sally and Trusty were both pretty hungry by this time. They sat down by a brook and spread out all the food that was left in the

basket, for a feast. "I do wish we had some cushions to sit on," said Sally, before she thought, for she already had about as much as she could carry.

When they started, Sally packed the plates, knives, and forks in the basket, put "Dora, dear" on one cushion, tucked the other under her arm, carried the bag, besides pushing the doll-carriage. Oh, she was so tired! But she forgot about it when they passed a field in which there were a mother pig and a lot of baby pigs. They were squealing and playing with each other in the funniest way. One little black one was so cute that Sally said: "Oh, I do wish I had you!"—and then stopped suddenly; but it was too late, for Piggy was running toward her as fast as his little legs could carry him. Trusty saw him coming and growled. He did n't like pigs anyway, so after him he went! Now, neither he nor Piggy could run farther than one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away from Sally, so around and around her they went, dodging, barking, and squealing. Sally darted this way and that after Trusty, to catch him before he could hurt Piggy, while the bag, the doll-carriage, and the cushions came wheeling and bumping behind.

Sally caught Trusty by the leg just as he was diving after Piggy and upset them all; then she sat up laughing and cried: "I wish for a muzzle. Now you must wear it, Trusty, until you learn to leave Piggy alone." After this she picked up "Dora, dear," put her with the cushion in the carriage, took the other cushion and the bag, and started on again, Piggy frisking in front, and a very woebegone dog trotting behind.

Presently they passed some children driving the cunningest Shetland pony, in a cart. "Oh," said tired little Sally, "I wish I had one just like it!" and behold! tied to the very next tree was a small black pony with a white star on his forehead, as like the other as two peas. "Why did n't I wish for it before?" exclaimed Sally. "Well, now I can have as many things as I want, for I won't have to carry them. I wish I had a brown bear, a baby doll, a red balloon, a pair of roller-skates, and a gold watch and chain!"

Even with a large pony-cart, it was a tight squeeze for them all to get in; but they managed it somehow, and drove on as merry as crickets. Sally took the muzzle off of Trusty, who kept one eye on Piggy, but left him alone.

As they were driving along, Sally spied some lovely blue flowers growing down by the brook, and out she jumped to pick them. She was half-way down the bank when she heard the greatest clattering behind; and there was Pony trotting after her, spilling out toys, dishes, and cushions;

finally Piggy, with a loud squeal, rolled off as they went over a particularly big bump.

"Whoa!" shouted Sally. "Oh, dear, I forgot all about those one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails! Pony will upset the whole cart in a minute!" And she scrambled back as quickly as pos-

sible where Sally persuaded some good people to take her and all her friends in for the night. She had to wish for a collar and chain for Trusty, and one for Piggy, as the pig-pen was really too dirty for him to sleep in. Then Pony needed a halter, and she needed clothes. Of course all of these things had to be packed into the pony-cart when they started the next morning.

Sally wished for a purseful of money and gave most of it to the kind people with whom she had stayed, but when it came flying out of their pockets the moment she had driven one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away, they were very angry, and ran after her, shouting:

"Put her in prison!" "She's a witch!" "Catch her!"

Poor Sally tried to explain, but it only made matters worse; and they were dragging her to the lockup, when Sally sobbed:

"I just wish I had a dragon to scare you all!"

Mercy, what a roaring and bellowing there was, as, out of a cellar, appeared the head of the most awful-looking beast! The people fled in every direction to hide, while even Sally, Trusty, and Piggy tried to creep under the cart; but Pony was dancing so in his fright that it was impossible, and Sally had to run to his head instead, to hold him. But he turned out to be a very friendly dragon after all.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" sobbed Sally. "I'm so frightened! And now, I sup-

pose, that dragon will follow me everywhere—and only one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away! Oh, why did I ever wish for such a thing? He does n't look really so very cross, though. Perhaps he is good and kind, and is sorry to have people so afraid of him! I'll speak to him. Oh, what a loud voice! It is pretty scary, but maybe I'll get used to it; and he seems to be very pleasant. I think I had better lead Pony until he sees that the dragon won't hurt him."



pulling out toys
dishes and cushions

sible. After picking up "Dora, dear," the doll-carriage, the bag, the basket, the knives, forks, and dishes, two cushions, a bear, the baby doll, the roller-skates, and tying up Piggy's head in her handkerchief, as he had bumped it, Sally decided that she would not get out again for a whole field full of flowers! The red balloon floated overhead just one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away—too far for Sally to catch it.

After a long time they came to another village,

Everywhere they went, people ran away and hid the moment that they caught sight of the terrible beast. By night-time Sally was in despair.

"I shall have to wish for a house of my own," she groaned, "and then I never shall be able to go anywhere, for I can't have a house following me! Well, I don't care; there is no fun in traveling when every one is afraid of me and runs away! I might just as well stay in this lovely place, with woods to play in, and a river to row on. I will wish for a beautiful house. Oh, and stables, too, for Pony and Dragon, with room for plenty of cows and chickens."

Sally had a happy time for the next few days, in wishing for a house and ordering all the pretty things that she could think of. One room was full of dolls—big dolls, little dolls; pretty dolls and rag dolls; boy dolls, girl dolls, and even little baby dolls; so that there were no chairs to sit on, and hardly room to walk in, there were so many trunks to hold their clothes. One room held toys of every description, while in others were flowers and birds. Then she had pussy-cats, yellow pussies, white pussies, gray pussies, and black pussies who frisked and frolicked around her, while Trusty kept a suspicious eye on them all.

Sally now had to be up at sunrise, to feed the animals, sweep and dust the house, dress the dolls, play with her many toys, and, in short, carry out her promise to "use" her things.

As the house was just one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails across, Dragon did not have to follow Sally inside, which was lucky, for none of the doors was large enough to let him through. When Sally came out, Dragon would gambol around, and then take her for a ride, Sally slipping and sliding on the shiny scales.

For a few days Sally was quite contented, then she began to think how much she would like to have some little friend to play with, also to help her play with the many toys. One day, as she was walking by the river with the pussies, Piggy, Pony, Trusty, and Dragon, while the birds flew overhead, and the house slipped downhill a little, so as not to be left more than one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails behind, she had just said: "I wish I had a friend of my very own," when she saw a ragged child hiding behind a tree, too frightened even to speak. And, although Sally told her that the dragon was very kind and would n't think of hurting her, she refused to come out until Sally showed her the dolly, and promised to let her have one just like it, if she would only come up to the house. Gertrude could n't resist the doll, and she and another little girl, even more ragged still, whom they passed,

went with Sally to her home, where they had a beautiful time playing all the afternoon. Sally was so happy in dressing her new friends in some of her pretty clothes, and in giving them dolls, toys, and even a yellow kitten to little ragged Tatters, that she had forgotten all about that selfish wish of hers to keep and use everything herself. Her disappointment was so great when Tatters started off happily with her beautiful presents, only to have them go flying back the moment that she was the one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away, that Sally sat down and wept. Tatters had promised to come back the next day and bring some other children who had no toys of their own, but this only made her feel more ashamed of herself, for what would they think of a child who had so much, yet was too selfish to share?

Sally had already begun to find that it was work, not pleasure, to have so many things; and now she really commenced to hate the sight of them, when she thought of all the other children who had none, yet with whom she might not share. Well, Gertrude could have anything that she wanted, but oh, dear, how would she like always having to follow her not more than one hundred and one pussy-cats' tails away? However, when Tatters came the next day, bringing three others, they had a grand time, playing with the wonderful toys, racing Trusty and Piggy around Sally, and also having a ride on Dragon's back; but when they went home, and the littlest began to cry because he had to leave behind a beautiful brown bear, Sally wept, too.

The next day was still worse. When it came time to say good-by, Sally ran and hid her head on the Dragon's scales, and cried her heart out over her past selfishness. The little girl felt so badly, and was so much in earnest, that the dragon promised to help, for—what do you think?—the dragon was really the wise fairy, who had turned herself into the dragon that she might see what Sally did with her wishes!

She told the little girl how glad she was that she had found out that it did not make one happy to have everything one could want, unless one could share with others. The fairy promised to take back the wish gift, but Sally might do as she liked with what she already had.

It was a very bright, contented little girl who drove Pony over the next day to the good people who had cared for her when she had nothing, and brought them to live with her, as well as Gertrude and the other little child, whose name never again was Tatters.

They all lived together happily ever afterward, giving pleasure and help to all who were in need.



One room was full
of dolls

NEW PICTURES FOR OLD JINGLES



*"Mary, Mary, quite
contrary,
How does your garden
grow?"*

*"With silver bells and
cockle-shells
And pretty maids all
in a row."*

R.B. STONE



*"There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush
And scratched out both his eyes."*

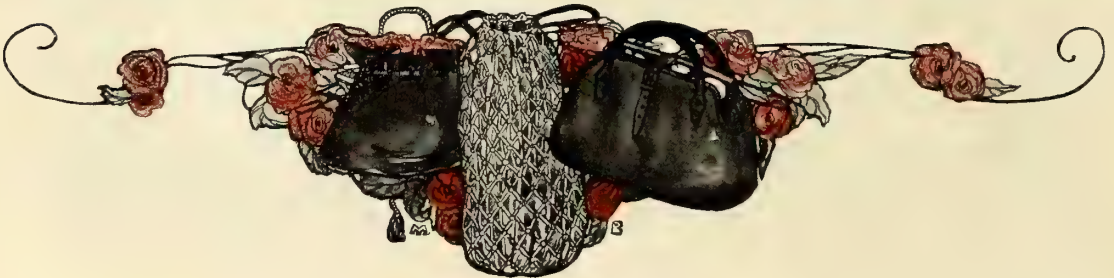
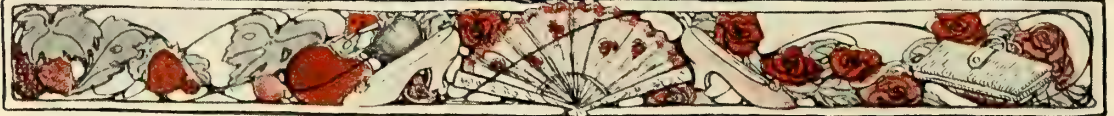
*And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."*



SANTA: "MY, BUT THIS BEATS A SLEIGH AND REINDEER!"

"THREE BAGS FULL"

(SEE NEXT PAGE)



"THREE BAGS FULL"

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

*Three bags full of good things, of them I will sing,
Made from velvet and silk, and from leather and string.*

OUR Bridget starts off at the top of the morning,
And, summer and winter, a-marketing goes.
She takes a large bag that will hold all her parcels;
It 's woven of netting, strong knots in long rows.

And tasty the tidbits and tempting the things
She brings home to us in her strong bag of strings:
Some sugar and spice,
And honey so nice;
Tomatoes and turnips, and plums red and blue;
Some fish and some berries,
And lemons and cherries,
A dozen fresh rolls, and some meat for a stew.

When Mama goes shopping, she takes a bag with her,
The kind they call Boston, its color is brown.
It holds many parcels; she keeps adding to them,
As she hurries through all the stores in the town.

At sunset she says, "I 've a feeling of fag,"
And starts off for home with her brown Boston bag:
A veil for the face,
Embroidery and lace;
And patterns, and ribbons, and gloves white and gray;
And down in one corner
(Like little Jack Horner)
A purse that is flat at the end of the day.

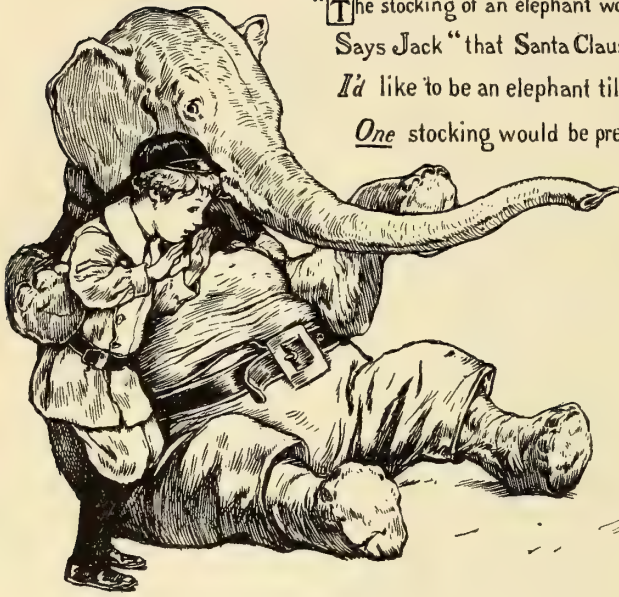
When my sister Frances is asked to a party,
A real dancing-party, she takes a bag, too.
It 's made of brown velvet, and lined with soft satin,
Embroidered with butterflies, yellow and blue.

She bids me good night, wrapped in velvet and furs,
And shows me the things in this fine bag of hers—:
Pink shoes for the ball,
Her best fan of all:
The sticks are of gold, and it 's painted between;
Long gloves and a fluffy
White down "powder-puffy";
The finest lace 'kerchief that ever was seen.

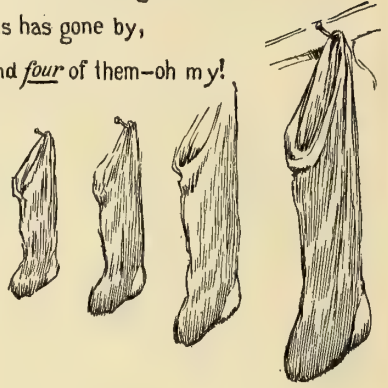
*Three bags full of good things, of them I will sing,
Made from velvet and silk, and from leather and string.*

JUST THINK OF IT!

BY EUNICE WARD

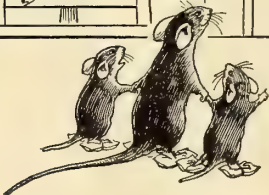
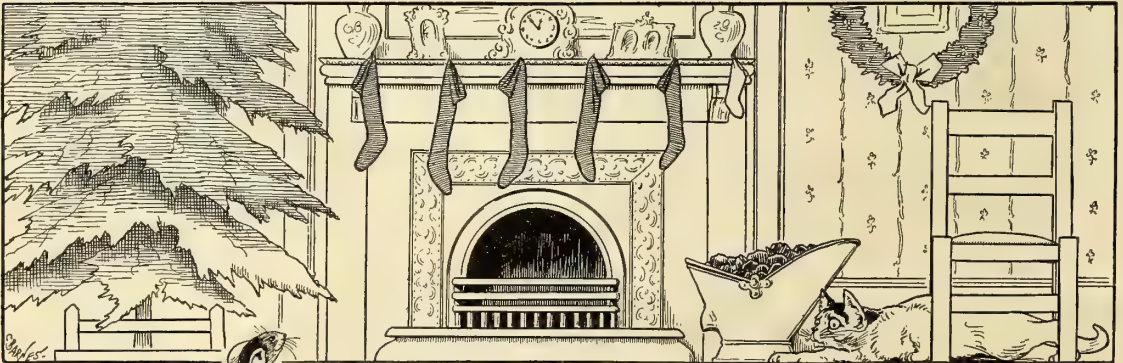


"The stocking of an elephant would be so very wide "
Says Jack "that Santa Claus could put a lot of things inside.
I'd like to be an elephant till Christmas has gone by,
One stocking would be pretty nice, and four of them—oh my!



V

"T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!"



MOTHER MOUSE: "BE PATIENT, DEARS, AND YOU 'LL SOON SEE HIM, WITH HIS GREAT FUR COAT AND LONG WHITE WHISKERS." (BUT SHE WAS SPEAKING OF SANTA CLAUS, AND NOT OF THE FIERCE FELLOW UNDER THE CHAIR. WHEN THEY SAW HIM, THEY HAD TO SCAMPER—AND SO THEY MISSED SEEING SANTA CLAUS!)

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER III

A VISIT TO THE INQUISITORY

MRS. LINN, the matron of West House, was a short, ample, motherly woman of some fifty years who had in some miraculous manner preserved both her complexion and her hair. Her cheeks bloomed like roses, and her tresses, which she wore wound high at the back of her head in large braids, were hued like the raven's wing. She had been born in England, had married an Englishman, and had come to this country soon after her wedding. Under the stress of excitement she still lost an occasional *h*. What had become of Mr. Linn was a matter of conjecture among the boys, for, while the matron in her infrequent allusions to him assumed the sorrowfully resigned air of a widow, yet his fate was never explained. Mrs. Linn had ruled over West House for nearly fifteen years. She was not a disciplinarian; in the face of revolt she was helpless and tearful; and yet she got along very well. You see, there was n't much fun in being bad when you knew all the time that Mrs. Linn was sitting in her room down-stairs, rocking back and forth in her patent rocker, shedding silent tears. Chivalry protested. At such times West House sighed for a house-master of its own sex whom it could bait to its heart's content.

The fellows liked Mrs. Linn and called her Marm—and poked good-natured fun at her among themselves. Conversation was her one weakness. She loved to talk. The boy who listened patiently to her discourse won her heart, a fact well known and taken frequent advantage of. When a special privilege was wanted, West House to a man descended to the matron's room and sat around in respectful and apparently spellbound attention while she ran on and on. Then, at departure, Sandy or Dutch, both prime favorites, preferred their request in quite the most casual manner in the world, and it was almost invariably granted.

The arrival of a new boy presented an opportunity for discourse that Mrs. Linn always made the most of, and it was a good ten minutes before Ned Brent closed the door behind her with a sigh of relief. John, who had accorded her polite attention every minute, thereby at once gaining a foothold in her affections, now turned to view his surroundings with frank interest. West House

accommodated eight boys—two in each of the four rooms of the second floor. Below were Mrs. Linn's room and the kitchen on one side, and the parlor and dining-room on the other. Somewhere at the top of the house dwelt Hulda, the maid, who combined the duties of cook and waitress and chambermaid. The room in which John found himself was officially known as No. 1, but in house parlance was called the Den. In the same way, No. 2, across the hall, was the Ice-Chest, so called because it was at the northwest corner of the house and in winter attained a temperature that would have made an arctic explorer feel right at home. Back of the Ice-Chest was the Smellery. The Smellery was over the kitchen, and Dutch Zoller and Hoop Ross, who dwelt therein, pretended to be able to tell an hour beforehand what was to be served at the next meal. The Sun-Parlor, habitation of The Fungus and his new room-mate, was so named because it had the sun almost all day. On the lower floor Mrs. Linn's room was called the Throne-Room, the kitchen was the Hashery, the dining-room the Gobblery, and the parlor the Tomb. They were partial to nicknames at Oak Park, and each dormitory had its own particular vernacular.

In the hall they came upon The Fungus and young Parker. The latter was a slim, pink-cheeked, diffident boy of thirteen, who was evidently taking his advent at Oak Park very, very seriously and was rather overwhelmed by his sudden plunge into boarding-school life. The four left the house and struck off through the park in the direction of the principal's residence, whose chimney John had spied above the trees. Ned and The Fungus walked together, leaving the two new arrivals to get acquainted in their own fashion. Claire Parker was visibly embarrassed, and John was so intent on his own thoughts that it was not until they had left West House well behind that he considered the conversational demands of the situation. Then he turned and found the younger boy observing him with shy and eager brown eyes which were instantly lowered.

"I cal'late you and I might as well get acquainted," said John, kindly. "My name 's John Boland. What 's yours?"

"Claire Parker," was the reply. "You just came, too, did n't you?"

"Yes. What do you think of the place, Parker?"

"Oh, I like it immensely," was the eager response. "Don't you?"

"I guess so. I've never been to this sort of a school before, you see. Have you?"

"No, I have n't. I've never been to any school. I've been taught at home. I'm awfully afraid that it's going to be hard. I suppose you've been to school for a long time?"

"Four years in grammar school. Where do you live?"

"New York."

"New York? My! that's a long way off, is n't it? Were n't there any schools there you could go to?"

"Why, yes, lots of them, but my mother did n't want me to go to school near home, you see."

"Did n't she? Why not?"

"Well, she said I needed to learn how to look after myself, and she said the best way to do that was to go a good way off where I could n't come home all the time, and where I'd have to—to get along by myself."

"Oh, well, I cal'late that's a good idea, maybe. I live at West Bayport. Ever been there?"

Claire shook his head. "N-no; where is it?"

"About sixty miles from here, on the coast. It's a dandy place. Lots of city folks come there in the summer. There's some fine big houses on the Neck. We live in the town. I can look right down on the decks of the schooners from my window."

"That must be fine! I'm crazy about ships and the ocean. I can see some of the North River from our house, and I love to watch the boats go up and down. I suppose you've been to New York?"

"No." John shook his head. "No, I have n't ever been there—yet. I'm going some day, though. It must be pretty big, is n't it?"

"Awfully! It—it's almost *too* big. You see, there are so many people there that you never get to know many of them."

"That's funny," said John.

"Maybe it sounds funny, but it is n't. One summer Mother and I went to a little place in Connecticut, just a village it was, and after we'd been there two or three days I knew lots of the boys, about three or four times as many as I knew at home. I suppose if I went to school I'd know more fellows."

"I cal'late I know about every fellow in West Bayport," said John, "and lots of fellows on the Neck, too—fellows that just come there summers."

"Then I suppose you're never—lonely," said Claire, wistfully.

"Lonely! I should say not! I would n't be, anyhow; there's too much to do and see. There's

always boats coming in and going out and tugs skipping around. And then there's the big salt-ships from Spain and Italy, and a revenue cutter now and then, and the lighthouse tender, too. And in summer there's 'most always some of the battle-ships in the harbor."

"I'd like that place," said Claire, decisively. "What did you say the name of it was?"

"West Bayport," answered John, proudly. "I cal'late it's about as nice a little town as there is. And pretty, too."

"It must be very—very interesting," said Claire. "Perhaps I can get Mother to go there next summer, if we don't go abroad."

"Abroad?" echoed the other. "Ever been there?"

"Oh, yes, several times. I've been all around over there. But I like this country better, don't you?"

"I've never been in any other—yet," laughed John. "But I'm going some day. I'm going to England and Turkey and the Holy Land. And maybe Holland. Ever been in Holland?"

"Not to stay very long. I liked the south of France best of all. We stayed there all one winter when I was about ten."

"Ever been to Turkey or Palestine?"

"No, I never have. I suppose you're a good deal older than I am, are n't you?"

"Fourteen last March," answered John. "I cal'late you're about twelve, are n't you?"

"No, I'm thirteen. You seem—older than fourteen. I think that's Dr. Webster's house."

They had come to a rustic gate beyond which stood a small brick house with a many-gabled, red-slate roof. Virginia creeper almost hid the lower story, and shrubs were massed thickly under the windows. There was a lawn in front, and a great bed of scarlet sage followed the upper curve of the drive.

"Here we are," said The Fungus, as he held the gate open and they passed through under a canopy of lilac branches. "You will have to pull down your vests and wipe off your chins, kids, and look respectfu."

They crossed the garden and ascended the short flight of stone steps. Under the gabled porch Ned pressed the button and waited. Presently a maid admitted them, and they filed into the Inquisitory, as the doctor's library was termed. They found four boys ahead of them. When they had been there a few minutes a door into a rear room was opened, and a short, elderly man, with kindly face and near-sighted eyes that twinkled humorously behind spectacles, appeared.

"Now, then, who's next, please?" he asked.

A stout boy and a thin boy arose immediately and then stood regarding each other doubtfully.

"Well, which is it?" asked the principal.

"We both came in together, sir," answered the stout youth.

"So? Well, there 's more of you, my boy, and so I 'll see you first. This way, please."

John's turn came presently, and he found himself shaking hands with Dr. Webster and being conducted across the threshold of a little sun-filled room that was dazzlingly bright after the darkened library. The door was closed, and the doctor pointed to a chair at the side of his desk.

"Sit down, please. Now, then, what 's your name, my boy?"

"John Boland, sir."

"Boland?" The doctor seated himself in his revolving chair and referred to a book that lay open before him. "Ah, yes, from West Bayport, where they make the codfish for our Sunday morning breakfasts. Well, John, I 'm glad to see you. I hope you left your—" another glance at the book—"your mother well?"

"Yes, sir."

"She tells me in her letter that you want to go to college."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that 's a commendable desire," said the doctor, heartily. "I suppose you know all about sailing a vessel, John?"

"I can sail a sloop, sir."

"Then you have that advantage over me. Now, I dare say that if you knew little or nothing about sailing and you were put in a sloop at, say, Boston Light and had to make your way to West Bayport, you might be able to do it, but it would be difficult work, would n't it?"

"I cal'late it would, sir."

"You calculate it would," said the doctor, with a twinkle behind his glasses. "Yes. Well, on the other hand, if you knew how to sail that boat you 'd get home safely, easily, and quickly. That 's what education does, my boy. It teaches you how to set your sail, how to point your craft, how to take advantage of all the varying winds, how to meet squalls and weather storms. Without education you may be able to travel life's sea, but it 's going to be hard and you 're going to be tossed about more than necessary. But with knowledge it 's a good deal easier. Knowledge is power, whether you 're sailing a sloop over Massachusetts Bay or breasting the waves of life. See what I mean?"

"Yes, sir. You mean I ought to study hard and get an education."

"Exactly. I observe that you have a practical mind, John. Study hard; that 's the idea. But

don't let study be hard if you can help it. Try and *like* study, my boy. If you were master of a seining-schooner and set out on a trip to the Georges, you 'd be doing something that would be at once a pleasure and a duty, would n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Surely. Well, see if you can't combine pleasure and duty here, John. It 's quite possible. Study need n't be drudgery. Keep in mind that learning is like rolling a snowball downhill. It may be slow work at first, but it gets easier every minute, and the bigger the snowball gets the more snow it takes up, until you 've reached the bottom of the hill; maybe it 'll be all you can do to look over the top of it. And then, if you 've put your mind on it, perhaps your snowball will be bigger than anybody else's snowball. Now, let me see. You want to enter the first junior class, I think? Your age is what? Fourteen? H'm. Well, I think you ought to find your place there without much trouble. But we 'll attend to that later. You 're at West House?"

"Yes, sir."

"That 's good! Mrs. Linn is a very excellent woman, and you will like her. Who are you to room with?"

"Ned Brent, sir."

"Brent?" The doctor's brows went up, and he was silent a moment. Once he frowned, and once his hand went toward the telephone on the corner of the desk. Finally, however, he nodded his head slowly. "Well, maybe he 's just the boy for you," he said thoughtfully. "We 'll see later. Brent is rather a favorite of mine, but I 'm not blind to his little weaknesses. However— Well, that 's all this time, I think, John. I hope you 'll get along nicely with us and will enjoy it. It is n't all study here, you know; we play foot-ball and base-ball and all the other games that boys like; and we try to be out of doors all we can. Healthful bodies make healthful minds, you know. The rules are n't hard; we try not to have many. The principal one is this, John: Be manly, straightforward, and diligent. When you find you 've just got to break one of the regulations, go ahead and break it. Then come over here and tell me about it honestly, and we 'll try to make the punishment no harder than necessary. We don't expect every boy to behave like a sober old man; all boys must rear and tear a bit; all we ask is that they shall be straightforward and honest. I 'll see you at school to-morrow morning, John, and we 'll see how much you 've already learned. Good afternoon."

The doctor shook hands again, the door opened, and John was once more in the darkened library.

"Who is next, please?" asked the doctor.

CHAPTER IV

NICKNAMES AND MUSIC

SUPPER that evening proved a very pleasant affair, although John still felt too strange and ill at ease to take much part in the conversation that raged from the instant grace was over to the end of the meal. The dining-room was a homelike apartment, light, roomy, and well furnished. There were many pictures on the walls—not a few of them photographs of former inhabitants of West House grouped on the lawn or on the steps—and a leather couch occupied the bay. A mammoth sideboard hid the door into the parlor, which was never used, and a small serving-table stood between the rear windows, through which John looked out upon the oak grove. The dining-table was long enough to seat twelve quite comfortably, although its capacity was not often tested. Mrs. Linn presided at the head and Fred Sanderson at the foot. At the matron's right sat Hooper Ross, Otto Zoller beside him, and Ned Brent coming next. At Sanderson's right was Fergus White. John's place was next, and his right-hand neighbor was Claire Parker. Beyond Parker, Mason Halladay completed the company. Hulda, red of face and always good-natured, waited on the table, and Mrs. Linn served. The food was plain, well cooked, and attractively served; and there was plenty of it. For supper there was cold meat, a plain omelet, baked potatoes, Graham and white bread, preserved peaches, and one of Mrs. Linn's great white-roofed pound-cakes. And each end of the table held a big blue-and-white pitcher of milk, which had usually to be refilled before the meal was over.

It was quite like a family party, and every one talked when he pleased, to whom he pleased, and as much as he pleased, and sometimes it became quite deafening, and Mrs. Linn placed her hands over her ears and looked appealingly down the length of the table at Fred Sanderson, and Sandy served rebukes right and left until order was restored. To-night every one save the two new members of the household had lots to say, for they had been making history during the three months of summer vacation and had to tell about it. Even Mrs. Linn was more excited and voluble than usual, being very glad to get her boys back again, and contributed her full share to the conversation. John contented himself with satisfying a very healthy appetite and trying to learn something about his companions. For a while it was exceedingly difficult, for the boys talked in a language filled with strange and unfamiliar words.

"Another slice of the cold, if you please, Marm," said Ned Brent. "Pass along, Dutch."

"Any more bakes in the bowl, Marm? They're the swellest I've had since last year."

"Easy there, Dutch! You're training, you know, and bakes are very fattening."

"Yes, and go light on the heavy sweet, Dutch. I'll eat your wedge for you."

And it took some time for John to get the fellows sorted out by names. The round-faced, good-natured Dutch he identified easily, and he knew that the boy who had tripped him on the steps was called Hoop, but for a while it was n't apparent whether Spud was the chubby, smiling youth sitting beyond Parker, or the tall, older boy at the foot of the table. But at last he had the names all fitted, Hoop, Dutch, Ned, Sandy, The Fungus, and Spud—every one. Every one, it seemed, was known by a nickname save Ned Brent. He was just Ned, or, on rare occasions, Old Ned. John wondered whether they would find a nickname for him. He was n't long in doubt.

After supper the fellows congregated in the Ice-Chest, the room occupied by Sandy and Spud Halladay, John being conducted thither by Ned. The Ice-Chest had only the regular allowance of chairs, and so several of the visitors perched themselves on the beds. John and Claire, as new arrivals, were honored with chairs, however. As school did not begin until to-morrow, there was no study to-night, and until bedtime at ten o'clock West House might do as it pleased. It pleased to discuss the foot-ball situation and eat marshmallows and salted peanuts, the former supplied by Spud and the latter by Dutch Zoller.

"Say, Boland, you've got to come out for foot-ball, you know," announced Sandy. "We need every fellow we can get this year. Think you can play?"

"I cal'late I can try," answered John, modestly.

Spud leaped suddenly to his feet.

"Wow!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "'Cal'late,' fellows!"

"You've got it," said Sandy, approvingly.

"Right-o, Spud!" cried Ned.

"Only 'Cal'late' 's too long; make it 'Cal' for short," suggested The Fungus.

"Got you, kid," Spud agreed. "Make you acquainted, fellows, with my very dear friend Mr. Cal Boland."

"Speech! Speech!" cried the others.

John looked about him perplexedly. "Huh?" he asked finally.

"Don't say 'Huh,' Cal; it is n't done in the best circles," advised Dutch. "Give us a speech."

"Me?"

"Sure thing! You've been named."

"Let him alone," laughed Ned. "How about the other, fellows?"

"Oh, that 's too easy," said The Fungus, grinning at young Parker. "Thought you 'd all met Clara!"

There was a howl of laughter, and Claire got very red and distressed. "But—I—I don't mind," he said.

"That 's the stuff! Of course you don't. Besides it 's a very nice nickname and rather—rather unusual," said Hoop Ross. "Satisfied with your cognomen, Mr. Boland?"

"I cal—I guess so," answered John, amid renewed laughter.

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," said Hoop, rising and bowing to Sandy, "that the christening exercises take place to-night."

"Good, that 's the thing!"

"Second the motion!"

"Moved and seconded," proclaimed Sandy. "All in favor— Thank you, gentlemen. The motion is carried. The exercises will take place to-night at the witching hour of—of eleven-thirty at the Haunted Tarn. A full attendance is requested. And if any fellow forgets to turn out he will surely be court-martialed. The usual regalia, gentlemen."

"Fine!" said The Fungus. "And there 's a moon to-night. But won't half-past eleven be a little early, Sandy? Marm never puts out her light until about eleven."

"We 'll use the emergency exit," said Ned, gaily. "I 'll sneak down and unlock the back door after Queen Hulda goes to bed, and we can get in that way when we come back. Marm will be fast asleep by that time. Wish I was in the pond now!"

"So do I," agreed Hoop. "My, but it 's hot for this time of year, is n't it? When we came back last year—"

"Rained like fury," said Spud. "Remember?"

"Do we?" laughed Dutch. "Do we remember your suitcase, Spud? Oh me, oh my!"

"What was that?" asked Sandy. "Was I there?"

"No, you came up ahead. We had Tim's carriage and it was full up. Spud was holding his suitcase in his lap, and just as we made the turn into Elm Street it slipped—"

"Slipped nothing!" cried Spud. "The Fungus shoved it off!"

"Why, Spud Halladay, how you talk! I would n't do such a mean trick!"

"Well, anyhow, it went out," continued Dutch, "and there was a nice big pool of muddy water right there, and the suitcase went *kerplunk*—"

"And I had n't shut it tight because it was sort of crowded, and the water got inside and just about ruined everything," said Spud. "Oh, it was

funny—maybe! I 'll get even with The Fungus yet for that."

"Spud, I did n't—"

"Don't fib, Fungus, old boy. I saw you," said Hoop.

"I was about to remark," said The Fungus, with dignity, "that I did n't see the puddle. It was—it was a coincidence, Spud."

"Yes, it was—*not*! But just wait, you old fraud!"

"Spud, you can't call me that and live," said The Fungus. Instantly Spud and The Fungus were thrashing and kicking about on the floor beside the window-seat. Proceedings of this sort were so frequent, however, that the others merely looked on calmly until The Fungus, by virtue of superior years and unusual agility, had Spud at his mercy.

"Beg pardon?" demanded The Fungus.

"No, you old puffball, you pink-eyed albino!"

"What?" The Fungus rubbed Spud's short nose with the heel of his hand, and Spud writhed in a vain attempt to unseat his enemy.

"Let me up!"

"Be good?"

"Maybe."

"Apologize?"

"Never! Pull him off, some one."

"No more rough-house, you two," said Sandy. "Let 's go down and have harmony. Got any new songs, Ned?"

"I don't know. Yes, one or two. But I 'm tired."

"Oh, come on, Ned!"

"I 'll sing for you," announced The Fungus eagerly, as he removed himself from Spud's prostrate form. But this offer met with groans of derision and protest.

"If you open your mouth, Fungus, we 'll throw you out," said Sandy, decisively. "Come on, Ned, like a good chap."

"But I tell you I 'm tired—"

"It will rest you," said Spud. "Nothing like music to soothe and rest you."

"I know a lullaby," suggested The Fungus.

"So do I," answered Hoop, darkly. "Mine 's a base-ball bat. One blow of it warranted to put you to sleep. I 'm not going down if The Fungus is going to howl."

"If he tries it I 'll thrash him," said Spud. "I can thrash him, you know. You fellows saw how I did it a minute ago."

"How 's your snub nose?" asked The Fungus, maliciously.

Spud felt of it and made a face.

"It hurts, you abominable Fungus. But just wait!"

"Come on," said Sandy. "All down to the Tomb!"

They trooped down the stairs and into the parlor. Sandy turned up the light and Hoop opened the piano.

"Ten to one, Marm has n't had this old music-box tuned," said Ned, as he seated himself on the stool and ran his fingers inquiringly along the keyboard. "I should say not. It's terrific."

"Hark from the Tomb a doleful sound!" murmured Spud. "What are you going to sing, Ned?"

"What do you want?"

"Something The Fungus does n't know."

"That's easy," laughed Ned. "He does n't know anything."

"Give us something new," said Sandy, seating himself beside John on the couch. "He's a fine singer," he confided to the latter. "Do you sing?"

"A little," replied John, modestly.

Ned broke into a rollicking song that had become popular during the summer, and the others joined lustily in the chorus. In the midst of it Dutch seized a sofa-cushion and aimed a blow at The Fungus.

"No parlor tricks," cried Hoop.

"He was trying to sing! I heard him!"

"I never!"

"You did, Fungus! You were making awful noises in your throat," charged Dutch.

"I was trying to cough. I guess I may cough if I want to!"

"Well, please go out of doors to try it. This is a gentleman's party. Give us that chorus again, Ned."

Ned obeyed, and Dutch and Hoop stood guard over The Fungus and threatened him whenever he tried to open his mouth. Mrs. Linn tiptoed in and seated herself in a chair which Spud moved forward for her, and beamed upon them.

"I do love to hear them sing," she confided to Claire in whispers. "I've always been fond of music. My husband had such a grand tenor voice. I wish you might have heard him."

"Yes 'm," said Claire. "I wish I might have. Did he—did he lose it?"

"Who knows?" answered Mrs. Linn, with a far-away look and a deep sigh. "He had genuine talent, had Mr. Linn. And he played the guitar something wonderful. 'Annie Laurie' was one of his favorite pieces. It would 'most bring the tears to your heyes—I mean *eyes*," she corrected hastily.

"It must have been very nice," murmured Claire, politely.

"Here's a fellow says he can sing," announced Sandy in a lull. "Go ahead, Cal, come over here nearer the piano and do your worst."

But John was embarrassed and begged off.

"Come on," said Ned. "What do you know, Cal? I'll play your accompaniment if I can."

"I cal'late you would n't know my songs," said John.

"Well, let's see. What are they?"

"Know 'The Wreck of the *Lucy May*?' " asked John, after some hesitation.

"No; how does it go? Come over and hum it. Maybe I can catch on to it." But John shook his head.

"I cal—I guess all the things I know are sort of funny," he said apologetically. "I know 'Barney Ferry'; ever heard that?" Ned had to acknowledge that he had n't, and he was forced to make similar admissions regarding several other songs of John's suggesting. Finally, however, John mentioned "Sally in Our Alley," and Ned swung around and started the tune.

"Got you there, Cal. Come on and sing it."

So John, who had wandered across to the piano, cleared his throat, hunched his shoulders once or twice, and began. Hoop and Dutch nudged each other, and The Fungus winked amusedly at Sandy. But John had a surprise for them, and the grins disappeared. He had a good voice and knew how to use it, and as soon as his nervousness had been forgotten he held his audience silent and delighted. Sandy raised his eyebrows and nodded appreciatively at Dutch. They all paid John the compliment of refraining from joining in with him, and when he had finished, applause was genuine and whole-hearted.

"Good work, old man!" cried Sandy, slapping him on the back. "You can do it as well as Ned can."

"A lot better," said Ned. "He's got a *peach* of a voice. What else do you know?"

"That's all, I guess," answered John, smiling with pleasure and embarrassment.

"Now do sing something else!" begged Mrs. Linn, wiping her eyes. "That was just lovely. My, the times I've heard that song when I was a girl at home! Quite carries me back, it does!"

"Maybe if you'll let me sit down there," said John, "I can sort of find the tune. I'll try if you want me to."

"Sure thing!"

"Go ahead!"

"Sing us some of those things you spoke of, Cal."

So John took Ned's place and sang right through his repertoire before he was allowed to get up. His accompaniments were n't ambitious, but he managed fairly well, and the songs he sang, most of them old ballads of the sea that he had heard all his life, did n't demand much of the

piano to make them go. Toward the last the others began to dip into the choruses with him, and there was one rollicking refrain that caught their fancy at once and for years after remained a classic at Oak Park. They made John sing that over and over, and howled in unison:

"Its name is 'Yo-heave-ho!'" declared The Fungus. "'Yo-heave-ho! And away we—'"

"Kill him, some one!" begged Spud.

"It 's 'most ten, boys," said Mrs. Linn. "Off with you."

"Now, Marm, you know this is the first night



"'YOU AND I MIGHT AS WELL GET ACQUAINTED.'"

"Yo-heave-ho! When the wind do blow,
It 's up with the sail and away we go!
We 'll catch the slant to Georges' bank,
And we won't be home for a month or so;
Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
We won't be home for a month or so!"

"That 's a winner!" declared Hoop. "'Yo-heave-ho! What 's the name of it?"

"I don't think it has any name," answered John. "Leastways I never heard any."

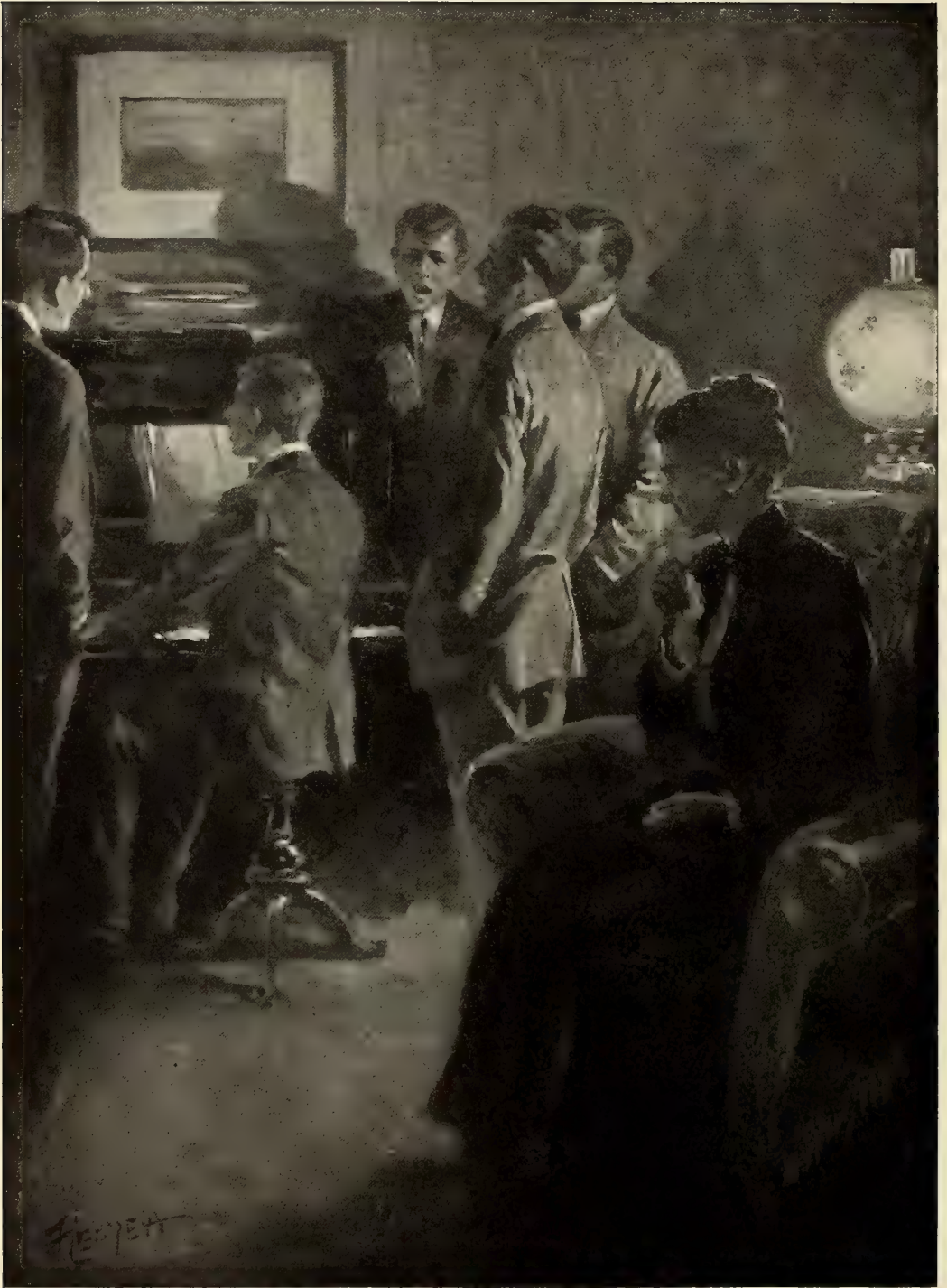
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back," begged Hoop. "We can stay down another half-hour, can't we? School has n't really begun yet."

"Now don't ask me—" began the matron.

"That 's so, Marm," interrupted Sandy. "Rules don't count to-night, you know. We 'll have one more song, eh? Is n't that it, fellows?"

"Sure thing, Marm! One more song and then we 'll go up. Come on and gather round."



"YO-HEAVE-HO! WHEN THE WIND DO BLOW!"

"What 'll it be?" asked Ned, drowning Mrs. Linn's protests by banging chords.

"Yo-heave-ho!" they cried. "Play it, Ned."

"I 'll try. Now, then, sing the verses, Cal, and we 'll do the rest!"

Mrs. Linn subsided in smiling despair, and for the tenth time they yo-heave-ho'd until the chandelier swayed. At the final crash of sound, Sandy turned out the lights, and there was a frantic rush up the stairway.

(To be continued.)

"Good night, Marm! Good night!"

"Sweet dreams, Marm!"

"Yo-heave-ho! When the wind do—"

"What 's for breakfast, Marm?"

"Chops and bakes, I hope!"

"Is that right, Marm? Keep mine warm, please; I may be late!"

"Yo-heave-ho! When the wind do blow—"

"And we won't be home for a month or so!"

"Go-o-od night!"

HOW A RAILWAY SHOVELS SNOW

BY C. H. CLAUDY

IN the Middle States, where six inches is a heavy snowfall, getting it off railway-tracks is about as easy for an engine as cleaning it off the sidewalk is for the small boy. A snow-plow, which is nothing more than a gigantic scraper, with perhaps an enormous horn or plowshare in front, is pushed down the track by an engine, and scrapes and pushes the accumulated clogging white mass off the track to either side.

But in the Northern, and particularly the Northwestern States—where, when it makes up its mind to snow, every one knows it; where the falls are feet in depth and in the East only inches; where the railway runs through open plains on which the resistless sweep of the wind drifts the white crystals into hills and valleys, humps and hollows so large that they seem large even to a steam-car—something more effective than mere pushing must be employed.

This "something" is the rotary snow-plow, an invention which is in use on every railway on which large drifts collect in the winter, and where snow-sheds and snow-guards—fences built in exposed places to keep the snow from drifting on the track—are ineffective.

The snow-plow is a huge machine, as big as a freight-car, and built of steel. On the forward end is a monster wheel, with powerful blades of steel, looking like an overgrown electric fan, so arranged that their angles can be changed. This wheel, which is perpendicular to the track and revolves at right angles to it, is inclosed in a casing or drum, also of steel, and with sharp steel edges. The top of the drum is supplied with a pipe or chute. Inside the snow-plow is a steam-engine, which drives this huge fan-wheel at from one to two hundred and fifty revolutions every

minute. Below the body of the plow, near the track, is an ice-cutter, to clear the rails of ice before the wheels go over them, and a "flanger," as it is called, designed to scrape the bulk of the snow off the track itself, after the fan has whittled the snow-bank away and thrown the most of it to one side.

Behind the snow-plow are coupled from one to three or even more powerful engines, and behind these a car. On the car are many men with shovels; for, despite its enormous power and its ability to toss tons of snow about as you might toss a shovelful, even the rotary gets stuck at times and has to be ignominiously dug out!

To go with a rotary train on its work is an exciting experience. It is usually bitter cold, for the immense snow-storms of the Northern States bring cold weather with them. Not till after the storm is over does the plow venture to attack the high-drifting snow, if it can be avoided, so it is usually in bright sunlight and cold, snappy weather that the engines hiss their way out of the yards, the steam making a great cloud in the air, and freezing into fine particles of ice almost as it forms. On board the caboose is a crowd of merry men, wrapped to the eyes, and provided with plenty of good things to eat, for snow-shoveling is weary work. In front is the plow, its blades still; but steam, escaping from the safety-valve, shows that all that is needed is a turn of the throttle-wheel to make the silent blades begin to hum, and then, woe betide the snow, and anything in the snow, for nothing short of a tight-packed drift or a tree-trunk can stop those whirling blades!

Perhaps the snow is but four or five feet deep, and the plow, as soon as it strikes the snow, bores

through it at a great rate. Wonderful to see, the snow, eaten away from the bank by the whirling blades, is tossed out of the chute at the top of the



COMING "HEAD ON"—NOTE THE STREAM OF SNOW AT THE LEFT.

drum or casing in a solid stream, to fall in a curving arch and with a thunderous roar from one to two hundred feet away. This arch is frequently thirty and even more feet high. Billows of snow-dust fill the air, and the most beautiful rainbows surround the falling cascade of snow; but the men have no eyes for these. It is to the track they look, and the "snowscape," and the speed and the throttle and the steam, for snow-plowing is important work—the running of a whole division may be hopelessly blocked with a broken plow or the snow-drifts it tries to toss away.

You will notice, after a while, that the plow proceeds more and more slowly. The train is entering a cut where the snow has drifted so high that only the engine-cabs can be seen above its tops. The snow is packed hard and fast in here, and the resistless blades are at last meeting that "irresistible object" about which the farmer made his classic reply.

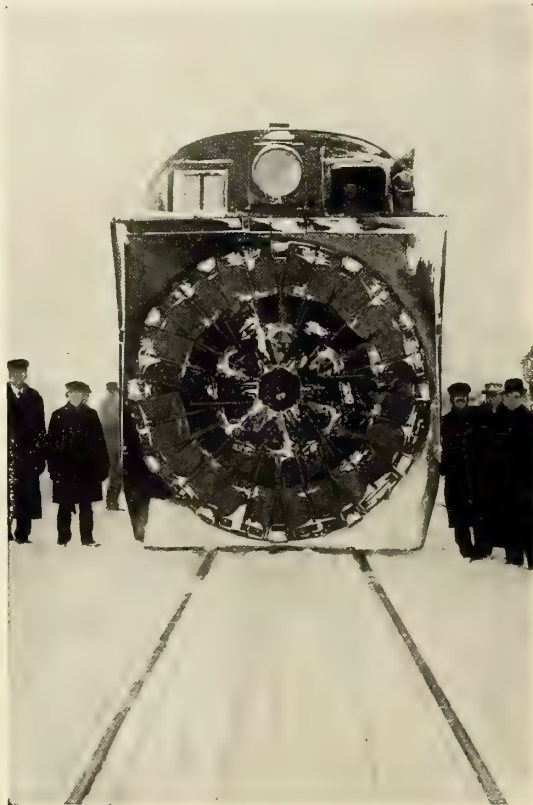
And while it is true that, if the wheel were really resistless and the snow really irresistible, there would undoubtedly be "splinters somewhar," nothing happens but the stoppage of the whole train. Out comes the foreman.

"Tumble up, boys, and go to work."

And out they come, shovels in hand, and proceed to dig the snow-plow out, after the engines have made ineffectual efforts to back it out of the drift.

Released from the white prison, the whole train backs off a couple of hundred yards and takes a new start. Down the track it sweeps, gathering speed and momentum with every "puff-puff" of the exhaust, and smash! it goes headlong at the drift, mighty fan-wheel whirling, engines pushing, men yelling, snow "scrunching," and over all the roar of the falling stream of snow and the blinding, cutting clouds of ice particles it sets free.

The drift may yield to one "bucking," in which case the men congratulate themselves at having



SHOWING THE FRONT END OF A ROTARY SNOW-PLOW, AT REST.

an easy time of it. But, more often, the mighty rush of the train, engines, snow-plow, and car is brought to a sudden halt by the soft packed mass, and once more the shovelers must dig the snow-plow out. Again the train backs away, again the momentum is gathered, and as before the charging rush is made at the drift, so soft, so white, apparently so yielding and in reality so



PLOWING THROUGH A HEAVY DRIFT.



STALLED!



AFTER THE PLOW HAS GONE BY.

tough! And thus, little by little the bank is eaten through. At last, just as the train begins to slow

thirsty work for engines and snow-plow, just as for the men who run the train!



A SNOW-PLOW TRAIN. THE PLOW AND ITS TENDER, TWO ENGINES, AND A CABOOSE.

up with the pressure, it suddenly takes a new start and goes faster. The roar ceases to be so intense, the train appears above the tops of the snow-drifts, and,

"She's through at last!" says the foreman. "She's through at last! All aboard!"

And when the line is clear and the long-delayed trains come slowly through,—always with the risk that some of the drifts may have caved in and again obstructed the track,—the wondering passengers travel sometimes for miles through roofless tunnels of white and shining walls, a



READY TO "BUCK" A DRIFT. NOTICE THE WHIRLING BLADES.

Then the train stops long enough for the men to get aboard, while the firemen, perhaps, shovel snow into the tenders of their engines, where it is melted with a steam-blast. Shoveling snow is

natural monument at once to the awful power of the storm and the ability of puny man, aided by his mighty servant steam (which is but another form of that same snow), to overcome it!



AN UNUSUALLY HEAVY SNOW-DRIFT.



UP ONE TRACK—DOWN ANOTHER.



DIGGING HER OUT.



ANNETTE HALL's needle was beating a faint little drum-tune on the circle of linen stretched taut over her embroidery-hoops, evolving a crimson rose; Mary Dayton's brush was tracing golden scrolls on a fine white china cup; Katrine Schuyler's long amber needles were weaving mysteries of violet wool; Rosalie Jessup's ivory paper-knife was spreading sweet-smelling powder over a broad surface of fleecy white stuff;—the Christmas Club was in busy session.

"How early it gets dark!" Mary complained, bending lower over her cup.

Rosalie sprang up, shaking sweetness all around. "Let's stop awhile and have our tea," she said. She pushed a bell somewhere, and then, kneeling by the fire, she prodded the big logs into a crackling blaze.

"Come on over here, girls," she called. "The tea-things are coming in a minute."

Down on the rug they sat in a merry circle, and when Annie appeared she was directed to place her great silver tray on the floor. The little kettle was already singing, and the girls fell into silence, listening and watching the fire.

"Twilight and firelight, shadows come and go," Annette murmured.

"It's all so comfy," Katrine sighed.

"Where can Judy be?" Mary wondered.

"Girls, I'm worried about Judy," said Rosalie. "One sugar or two, Katrine?"

"Three, please," said Katrine. "Girls, she is worried about Judy!"

"Why is she worried about Judy?" asked Annette, in tragic tones.

"Because," Rosalie explained, "she has n't had a bright idea for a long time, and one must be about due; and if she should get one now, and we should catch it, and—so near Christmas," she finished anxiously.

"Oh, cheer up!" Katrine comforted. "It's been so long now, maybe she's outgrown them."

"Rap on wood, quick!" Annette advised.

Mary reached over and solemnly rapped on Katrine's coronet of golden braids.

"Funny Mary!" drawled Katrine.

"You know we *always* do just what she suggests, Annette. She has a way—Judy has. Our only safety is not to let her suggest anything."

There was a distant sound as of a heavy door closing, a swift rush as of a little breeze coming, and then within the circle a brown elf of a girl appeared, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"How dear you look!" she cried. "Oh, girls, I've got just the loveliest idea!"

Then up rose four determined maidens and fell upon that small one.

"No, you don't, Judy Kendall,—oh, no, you don't!" quoth Mary, more in fear than in wrath.

"Perhaps if you'll let us put you right to bed you can sleep it off, dear," cooed Annette.

"There, there, child, take a cup o' tea and forget it," advised Katrine.

Judy wriggled away from her tormentors.

"Are you all quite crazy?" she asked sweetly. "I was only going to tell you—"

"Judy darling," Rosalie broke in, "you are not going to tell us anything. No lovely ideas until after Christmas! Do you get *that* idea, Judy?"

Judy laughed, tossed the brown coat and furs and hat on a sofa, and dropped down beside the tea-tray, a slim little figure in a white serge sailor frock and scarlet tie.

"I want my tea," she said. Rosalie knelt to serve her, and the others completed the merry circle.

"You are late, Judy," Mary chided. "Not a stitch of work have you done this day."

Judy greedily ate her cake.

"What kept you, dear?" Annette coaxed.

A flame shooting up caught sweet mischief lurking in Judy's dimples, but the girls did n't see and the little flame did n't tell.

"I had a lot of errands to do for Mother," Judy explained, "and of course I had to stop and look at 'The Night before Christmas' in Hartmann's window. That window made me late at school three times last week," she added ruefully. "Well, two wee things were looking, too, and—but it's a long story; you don't want to hear it," she ended.

Thus denied, they were sure that they wanted to hear every word of it, only they might as well be working, Mary suggested. Rosalie flooded the room with light, and the Christmas Club was busy again, all but Judy, who stayed on the floor by the fire.

"I must get these bureau-pads together while I'm in the mess," Rosalie apologized. "Go on, dear; we're listening."

So Judy went on. She had talked to the children beside her at the window, and they had played a merry little game of "I choose." Judy herself had chosen a tiny table set for tea and the doll party around it, which Santa Claus was leaving for one of the children "nestled all snug in their beds." The little girl wanted the baby doll in its cradle and the wee chair beside it, hung with the baby doll's dainty clothes. The small boy sniffed at dolls and manfully selected an automobile, a drum, and a pair of roller-skates, and some fur gloves.

"All right," Judy had said then, "I'll just step in and mention to Santy what we want."

But the small girl had detained her, explaining gravely that Judy must not, for Santy was very poor this year, her mother had told them, and he probably would not come to their house at all.

"Then," said Judy, "I just whisked those babies in, and fed 'em hot chocolate and sandwiches, and made 'em tell me all about it. They are Tommy and Bessie Evans, and they live out toward the lake. Their father has been sick for a long time, and their mother is trying to make their savings last till he can work again, so Santy is too poor to come. And, girls, they were n't even dressed warm—their toesies were almost out of their shoesies."

"Oh, Judy!" Annette choked. Judy smiled.

"You'll feel better in a minute, dear," she comforted. "I left those infants drinking chocolate at the little table and just ran around to Father's office and collected my March allowance."

"Your March allowance!" cried Mary, in horror.

"Of course," said Judy, easily; "I've spent them up to—April now. Well, we bought shoes, Tommy and Bessie and I, and stockings and fleece-lined rubbers and mittens. It was more fun!"

Katrine was tapping an amber needle against her white teeth. "How big is your family, Judy?" she asked. "I wonder if they could n't wear some of Editha's and Bobby's things."

"They can," Judy said—"they do. I trotted them right over to your mother and held her up for warm coats; got those fuzzy scarlet ones your young imps wore last winter. Then I made Dave take us home in the car, Rosalie. They had never been in an automobile before, and they had simply the time of their lives, those kiddies did. And *that* is why I'm late," she ended, and gazed into the fire, smiling. Presently she got up and joined the industrious ones.

"How many presents did you have last Christmas, Rosalie?" she asked.

"Oh, forty or fifty, I suppose," said Rosalie, carelessly. "Why?"

"I had over thirty," Judy said. "Nobody needs so many. Rosalie, won't you please give me that baby doll in the cradle this year, and the little clothes, and the chair?"

"Touched in the head, poor thing!" said Mary, pityingly. "Better humor her, Rosalie."

"She shall have her baby doll, yes, she shall," laughed Rosalie.

"A drum, Katrine?" Judy suggested.

"Yes, dear, yes; and some roller-skates—I'll steal a pair from Bobby," Katrine promised.

"I'd just love to give you an automobile, dearest," Annette offered.

"And I was thinking of fur gloves," Mary confessed. "Do you know what size you wear, Judy?"

"I'm Tommy and Bessie Evans, please," Judy

corrected. "Girls, will you 'reely-trooly' do it? And then not give one thing to Judy Kendall? Girls, *will* you?"

"Oh, I think it's *sweet*!" Annette exclaimed. "I'm going to do it, too. I'm—I'm Emily Bailey, girls; you know—that little lame girl. And I want a doll and things to sew for it, and books and picture-puzzles, and—and—"

"I'm the O'Rafferty twins, meself," Mary announced. "I dunno yit what I'm wantin'. I'll inquire whin me mother goes to wash for Missus Dayton nixt Monday."

"I'll ask Mother to tell me who we can be, Katrine," Rosalie said. "She has an eye on every poor family in town, I guess. And I'll tell you, girls, let's hang our stockings up here by the fire, Christmas Eve, and fill them. Then Dave will take us all round in the car to distribute them."

"We must have a Santa Claus," Judy added. "Would Peter do it, Katrine, the way he does for Bobby and Editha?"

"Of course," Katrine promised. "I'll make him."

"You see, I promised Tommy and Bessie that he would surely come, and that they should see him if they were good." She stopped in alarm, for Annette's eyes were shining with intelligence.

"Judy Kendall—" Annette began. Judy winked a naughty eye at her. Annette's brow lifted in question, and Judy winked another eye and laid her finger on her lips, whereupon Annette sprang up and hugged her.

"You *dear*!" she whispered.

"Hush!" Judy warned.

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the Jessup house five young creatures in bright dresses were stirring about with a rapidity which caused David to insist that he had counted ten of 'em at least. He mentioned his calculations to a little creature in blue who was hurrying through the hall with a big red basket on each arm. "Say," he added, "why don't you get in one of those baskets and ride?"

But the little blue creature had vanished up the stairs, laughing.

"That's the third or tenth or second that has gone up," David grumbled, and taking his paper, he distributed his length across the second step of the broad stairs. Another little creature appeared, in white this time, but with the same red baskets.

"Halt!" came from the barricade on the stairs. "How many are there of you? I think you're the *tenth*."

"Just the eighth and ninth," she set him right. "I'm Tommy and Bessie Evans."

The little creature planted a foot lightly on

David's knee and she, too, vanished up the stairs, laughing.

Up-stairs, in Rosalie's sitting-room, it was very quiet. Hanging from the broad chimney-shelf were nine pairs of small black stockings, limp and empty. On the hearth little flames were playing, now hiding behind the great logs, now dancing out to "tag" some shadow creeping toward the small stockings.

The door opened softly and closed again. The little flames crouched low. Somebody was coming, dragging something over the thick rug. When the somebody got very near, the little flame sprang up and surprised a tall girl in a rose-colored gown, who carried one red basket and pulled a sled behind her.

The rose-colored girl laughed at the excited flames, and proceeded to fill the largest pair of stockings with candy and nuts. Then she drew the sled under another pair, and an inquisitive flame stretched up to read "Jimmy O'Rafferty" on the card pinned to the shelf above. A doll came out of the red basket and sat down on the shelf between two very tiny stockings; next, a scarlet automobile; and last a beautiful big book. Then, setting her basket on the sofa, the rose-colored girl vanished.

Soon the door opened again, and the flames caught a yellow girl advancing with two red baskets. She filled two pairs of stockings. Then she set a little cradle on the shelf, and beside the cradle put a tiny chair, on which she hung some tiny garments. A cupboard showing some blue-and-white dishes behind its glass doors went on the shelf beside the rose-colored girl's doll, and above the largest pair of stockings went a woolly pink kimono. Then, leaving her baskets on the sofa, the yellow girl was gone.

It was a little blue girl next, with a coronet of golden braids. She played her pretty part and disappeared like the others, to be followed by a girl in red. And last came a slim little girl in white, who plumped herself down on the hearth-rug, with a big red basket on each side, and studied the shelf above. The clock ticked the minutes away, and the little flames scolded.

"Judy!" a voice called outside the door, reproachfully. "You Judy!" The girl on the rug jumped up.

"She said not a word, but went straight to her work"; she chuckled softly, and fell to emptying her baskets. Soon the little flames were alone again with the Christmas treasures.

But only for a few minutes. Suddenly voices called along the halls and up and down the stairs, the door swung open, lights flashed up, and the room seemed full of girls in bright dresses. A

few fathers and mothers hovered in the background; David stood in the door, a great fur coat over his arm, cap and goggles in his hand; Santa Claus, brave in scarlet and fur, appeared from somewhere and took his position by the chimney.

"Jimmy O'Rafferty—Katy O'Rafferty," he announced, grabbing two pairs of chubby black

Jefferson," he read. "Whar *am* those pickaninnies?"

"Heah we is," laughed Rosalie, appearing beside him and holding up the skirt of her yellow dress. He laid the stockings in it and added two big dolls, a set of dishes, and a little table.

"Emily Bailey," he called next, and Annette



"SHE PLUMPED HERSELF DOWN ON THE HEARTH-RUG, WITH A BIG RED BASKET ON EACH SIDE."

stockings. "Will Jimmy and Katy please come forward?"

"I 'm they—thim 's me, I mean," said Mary, gathering the stockings into her arm.

"This sled is Jimmy's," Santa Claus went on, "and this doll-carriage with the fine young doll in it is Katy's. These fur gloves seem to be for Jim."

Mary piled her gifts on her sled and drew it merrily away, while Santa Claus seized the next two pairs of stockings.

"Gladys Louise Jefferson—Helen Clementine

stepped up to take the single pair of stockings, a lovely pink kimono, a work-basket fully equipped and stocked with bright silk and muslins, two picture-puzzles, and a copy of "Little Women."

"Why are you only *one*, you little pig?" Santa Claus demanded sternly.

"Please, sir, because I can never walk," Annette explained, dropping a little curtsy as she retreated.

Then Tommy and Bessie Evans received their chosen gifts, and last Katrine, responding to a call for Jenny Dolan and Eddie Martin, got a

doll, a cupboard of blue-and-white dishes, a pair of roller-skates, and a picture-book.

"Hurry up, now, and let 's get out of this," said Santa Claus. "These togs are pretty hot!"

"I 'll bring around the car," said David, struggling into his heavy coat. And when the honk-honk was heard out in front five minutes later, a little procession of well-wrapped girls bearing tissue-decked baskets, with Santa Claus bringing up the rear, filed down the walk.

The young men carefully stowed the five girls, the nine baskets, and the one sled in the back of the car, and climbed into the front seat themselves, where David hung a string of bells around Santa's neck, with "Shake 'em up, Pete, shake 'em up! We 're a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, you know. All ready, girls?"

Peter glanced back. "Let her go!" he said, and with a honk-honk and a jingle-jingle the great car leaped into the night, tossing up a spray of snow.

"The lake road first, Dave," Rosalie called, and then no one spoke again, until, with a suddenness that set the bells all jingling, they came to a stop at the gate of a tiny cottage. Peter jumped out and took Judy's baskets.

"You 're a reely-trooly Santa Claus, remember," she pleaded.

"Sure thing!" he answered, starting for the door. "Honk-honk," remarked the car, and a shade flew up, revealing two childish faces in the window.

"There I am!" Judy whispered. "Look, somebody is opening the door."

It was a little woman in a big white apron, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Come in," she invited pleasantly, and then, "Oh, my goodness!" she gasped, and stepped back.

"What is it, Mother? What is it, Mother?" shrill voices cried.

"Come and see," she laughed.

They came and stared at the apparition, wonder-eyed, clinging to the little mother's skirt. For a full minute he bore their scrutiny, smiling in a manner most saintly, and then he offered each small one a basket. But they only stared.

"Take them, dear ones," the mother coaxed, "and thank Santa Claus."

Two small hands reached out then, two small faces hid behind the white apron. Peter laughed and set the baskets on the floor.

"Merry Christmas!" he said to the little mother, pulling off his pointed hat.

"Merry Christmas!" she returned, "and thank you—oh, thank you!"

"Oh, don't thank *me*," he began, "I—"

"Honk-honk," warned the car, and he retreated

in haste and climbed into his seat. The big machine circled and went purring toward town, while a faint "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night" floated back to the little group in the doorway.

"The O'Rafferty house next," said Mary. "This sled is a nuisance."

The O'Rafferty twins were not shy. They were for climbing right into the car when it stopped at their curb, but their mother caught one by his collar and the other by her braids, which prompt action discouraged exploring expeditions.

"Ain't ye 'shamed?" she scolded. "Thank the saint for your sled and your pretty baskets, and git along into the house with ye!"

"Say, Ma, I thought he drove reindeer," Jimmy yelled. "And he 's got his family with him, Ma!"

"He has that!" Mrs. O'Rafferty agreed, as a shout of laughter came from the car. "Miss Mary, bless your sweet heart, I—" But the car was gone.

"Are n't I just the cutest twins you ever saw!" Mary insisted. "Where next, girls?"

It was over at last, and a gay-colored row of girls decorated the sofa in the Jessups' hall, weary, rather silent, and grateful for the hot chocolate which David and Peter were bringing to them.

"Great stunt, that!" Peter approved, keeping a watchful eye on Annette's cup. "That little lame kid insisted on kissing me."

"Poor baby!" Mary murmured. Peter regarded her with suspicion.

"Whose idea was it, anyhow?" Dave wanted to know.

"Judy's," said Annette, proudly.

"Why, I thought it belonged to all of us," Rosalie said.

"It did," Judy nodded, and pinched Annette.

"No, it *did n't*," Annette insisted. "It was all Judy's, only we would n't let her label it that afternoon. Don't you remember?"

"Wait—let me think," said Rosalie. "Girls, Annette is right. Judy has simply manoeuvred us through this whole thing. *This* was your lovely idea that afternoon, was n't it, Judy? Now own up to it."

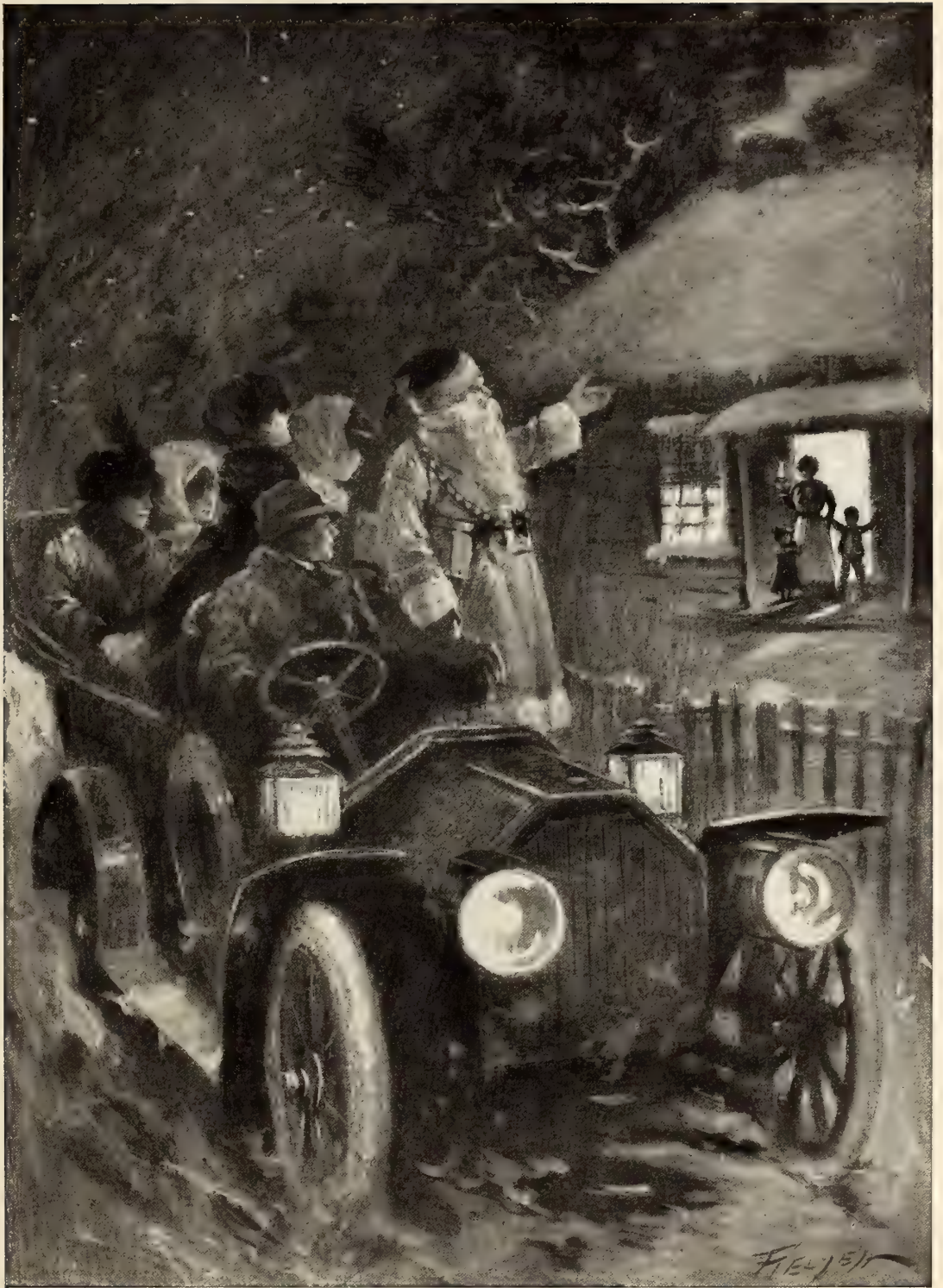
Judy only laughed and held her cup out to David.

"Oh, well," said Mary, "I told you we always had to do just what Judy wanted us to."

David lifted high his cup of chocolate.

"Here 's to Judy's idea!" he proposed.

The four girls sprang up to drink the pretty toast with the young men, while little Judy sat still on the sofa, laughing and blinking very fast.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

FOOT-BALL UNDER THE NEW RULES

(Third paper)

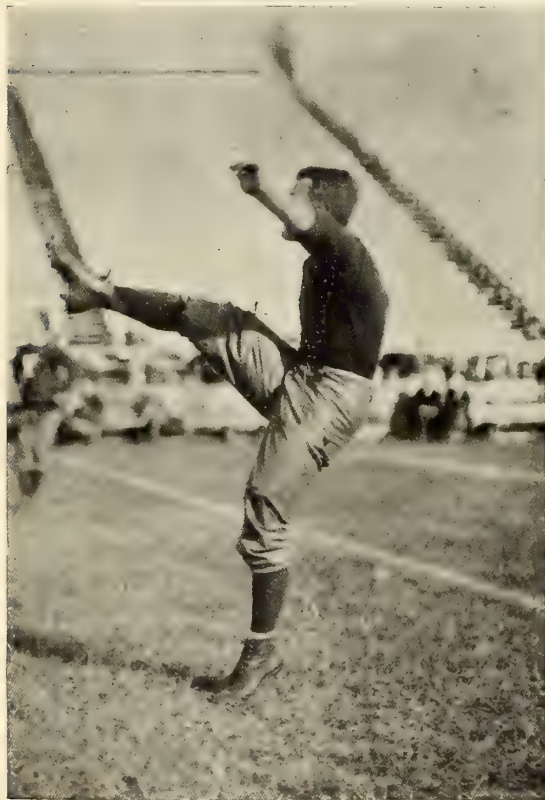
BY EDWARD H. COY

Captain of the Yale Foot-ball Team of 1909, and Head Coach of the Yale Team of 1910

IT may be of interest to the ST. NICHOLAS readers to have me tell the story of the foot-ball season from the personal standpoint of a coach. The season in particular I shall have in mind will be this present one of 1910, in order to make it as up-to-date as possible; and in conclusion I shall discuss the new rules, telling just how far they have accomplished their purpose and in what ways they have fallen short.

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE

BEFORE the summer vacation there is usually a meeting called to instruct the players about sum-



THE PROPER FORM FOR PUNTING.

mer work. Strange as it may seem, the men are told not to train too rigidly, but to lead a healthy outdoor life, handling a foot-ball occasionally, but not doing any organized practising. Mistakes are too often made, as foot-ball "hopefuls" attempt to get into perfect shape in the summer-time and return to college only to grow stale before the season closes; but if a man lives a healthy outdoor life, at the same time keeping himself in good condition, he will return in just the shape he should. The work of the season is sufficiently strenuous in itself without beginning any hard practice in the summer months; and it is best for the men to return from their vacations overweight than in a tired-out condition, to accomplish the most satisfactory results. Still there is one respect in which the men cannot err, and that is in getting a great deal of sleep and outdoor exercise. A man must be as well as possible at the start of the season, for the fall work is always a severe tax on the nerves of even the most physically perfect.

With such words of advice men start on their summer vacations. Once in a while a quarterback, center, or kicker will be given a ball to play with in spare moments, but that is not done to encourage hard practice; it is done simply to get those important players used to handling the ball and to feeling at home with it in their hands. So during the summer the men will spend their time in complete forgetfulness of foot-ball, and not until September is anything definite required.

BEGINNING TEAM PRACTICE

ABOUT the first week in September, promising foot-ball men will receive communications from the captain or manager, telling them to report at a certain time for early practice, and, as a result, about fifty or sixty men will turn up at whatever training-place is designated. This preliminary drill is very important and, as was the case this year, absolutely essential. Men need just such a two weeks' time to get acquainted with the rules and the game in general. When the season is well under way there is not time enough to spend in coaching the men in elementary details, and therefore, as they must have some work of this sort, early season practice is necessary. This work, however, is only of the lightest kind. Generally there are two practices a day. Kicking and catching punts occupy the morning practice, as a rule, while the afternoon hours are spent in forward passing, with the possible development of simple plays. With the exception of these few hours of practice in the morning and the after-

noon, the men can spend the rest of the day as they please. For instance, at Lakeville, Connecticut, where the Yale team had their preliminary practice this fall, there was any amount of opportunity for enjoyment for every one. The candidates for the team occupied two cottages situated on the shore of a beautiful lake. Many of the men preferred to spend their time thereabouts. Canoes were easily secured, and the men were often seen paddling about the attractive shores. Others enjoyed being in the water rather than on it, and water games were frequently indulged in.

This all goes to show that the early work is far from strenuous and is simply to get the men feeling well and started properly. As to the remainder of the season, it is devoted to much harder work, including the games with scrub teams, until at last the "real," scheduled games begin and the foot-ball season is at last "on." Most teams have had some difficulty with the new rules, and the code seems to be possibly at fault in several ways; but old-time players have constantly been on hand to assist the head coaches and to instruct the players, and many valuable ideas have been put forward by these men.

An outsider might think that all the foot-ball of the college team is carried out on the field. That is by no means the case, as the greater part of the scheming and plotting is done at night in the rooms of the coaches. Sometimes as many as ten coaches will be in the head coach's room, discussing the team and the year's work. Individual players are criticized or praised as the case may be, but always with the one idea in the mind of all—Is this player the man who can do most for the team? In case of doubt one coach who may be supporting the player under discussion will say, "Give the man a chance to-morrow and I'll show you coaches what he can do." Plays, too, are worked out in theory to be tried in the next day's practice, which often prove the most successful of all. There is but

one danger in such informal gatherings, and that is that the coaches will get to "reminiscing" too much and will forget the season at hand. A remark will be made about a drop kicker on the team. Some one will say, "He reminds me of O'Day, the famous Wisconsin kicker." Another coach will interrupt by saying, "I'll never forget his kick in the fall of 1898 against —." Then that whole game will be played over again. Such incidents are most interesting and instructive, but recounting them takes up valuable time.

HOW THE NEW RULES HAVE WORKED

LET us now discuss the changes with reference to their working out, at the same time giving ideas for the future benefit of the game. It should be understood that, to permit its appearing in the December number of the magazine, this article could include the season's experience with the new rules up to October 10 only, and so the con-



TACKLING THE "DUMMY." THE RULES THIS YEAR DEMAND THAT ONE FOOT BE ON THE GROUND AT THE MOMENT OF TACKLING. ALL TEAMS ARE DEVOTING MUCH TIME TO PRACTISING ON THE DUMMY.

clusions reached may in some cases prove to be not of general application; but I shall endeavor to write my opinions from the experience I have had so far, and I hope I shall not err greatly.

The game at present depends entirely upon the ability of the officials, as regards its success and interest to the public. Inefficient officials cannot

who can determine at a glance just when to act and how to act. Players do not wish to be constantly interrupted in their work for the purpose

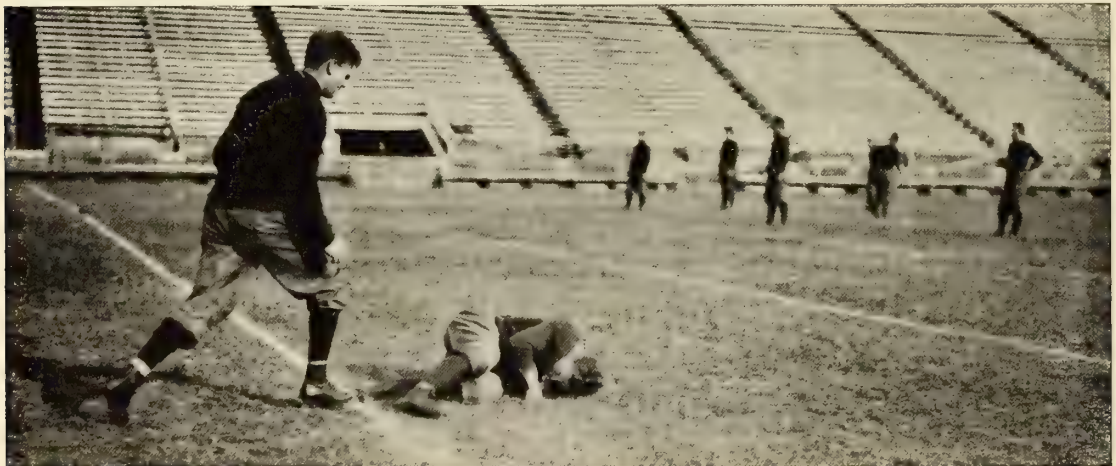


CATCHING A PUNT.

only rob the game of all interest, but can spoil it from the players' point of view also. They must handle the game with gloved hands, so to speak, and they must perform their several duties with greatest care. Too often they will attempt to show their importance and authority by continually interfering with the play, making constant interruptions and calling players to account

of enforcing minor rules, and at the same time they do not wish to have the serious infringement of rules go unnoticed.

The new rule as to pushing and pulling a runner is unfortunate. The game this year has been one of individual prowess. Team-work, which used to be the glorious thing in a foot-ball game, is now practically done for. Each man can only do



RECOVERING A FUMBLE WITH LITTLE RISK OF INJURY.

for the breaking of rules, when it might make but little difference if they did not interfere. And, again, they will fail to interfere when they really should. What is most needed is a set of officials

his best and work out his own salvation. This rule was put into force to do away with a concentrated attack upon tackle, and thereby attempt to do away, also, with all injury resulting from ex-

haustion. It seems to me that conditions have simply been reversed. Formerly, we would have several men attacking the one tackle. Now we have several tacklers attacking the one man running with the ball. We have protected the tackles by this rule, but we have neglected the runner, and made him the man subject to danger. From the standpoint of injury, this working-out of the rule seems rather illogical.

THE FORWARD PASS

THEN, too, there is the forward pass. By placing the present restrictions on this play, namely, requiring the passer to be five yards behind his own line, it seems that the fangs have been drawn and the possibilities of the play lessened. It is no longer a play that can be worked successfully in the open. It is now a play of deceit, and it cannot be operated without concealing the intention and pretending an entirely different play. And it is still a dangerous play. The rule protecting the receiver of the pass, in a feeble way, as it does, still allows the contact of two men running at great speed from opposite directions. As long as such a thing is permitted, there are bound to be accidents. Both men are intent on catching the ball, and a collision frequently occurs in which one man, at least, is apt to be injured.

THE ONSIDE KICK

THE onside kick is practically a thing of the past. Making the ball travel twenty yards before any one can receive it has done away with the recovery of the ball by the kicking side unless through an error of play. In the old game it was undesirable because of its lack of uniformity. Now it is undesirable because it requires entirely too much execution. No play that necessitates a great deal of exertion in its execution—and difficult execution at that—can possibly succeed. It is the simple plays, with a variety of possibilities, that are the most to be feared.

THE DIVING TACKLE

THE diving tackle is supposed to be done away with, but those of us who have watched the games this year thus far have found that the present rule cannot possibly eliminate it altogether. No man will wish to allow an opponent to score a touch-down against him, provided he can prevent him by making a diving tackle. The present penalty of five yards cannot absolutely do away with this, and it is just as well that it should not. Except on a punt, this form of tackling never appeared really dangerous. It was a safe play, to my mind, with that one exception. I believe this new rule was passed in an attempt of the rules

committee to meet the demands of a public who incorrectly believed that the old diving tackle was dangerous.

It is a shame that the public and the newspapers demanded such radical revision. No one acquainted with the situation blames the rules committee. Friends of the game rather deplore the conditions under which the committee was forced to work. It is almost a certainty that the game will not stand another season as it now is, and never can we get a perfect game until the committee decides to utterly disregard public criticism and newspaper talk in their attempts to work out a game above all complaints. In many respects to-day's game is good, but it would take a lifetime to solve the many problems arising from it.

It is in this respect that coaches this fall are at sea. No one knows what to expect from the rival team, and no one is willing to take the chance of developing an entirely new game, when such a new style will possibly be ineffective. On this account, therefore, the teams for the most part are playing the old game as much as possible, with an occasional new formation peculiar to the new rules. Just what the final outcome will be no one knows. Some team may surprise the world with an open game, full of passes of all sorts; that is the present English game, and it is believed by many to be the game which will ultimately be in vogue in America. Others predict a game similar to the old game of the eighties and early nineties. At any rate, it is safe to predict a little something out of the ordinary. Many arrays of false formations may be manufactured and played.

AS TO THE DANGER OF INJURIES

Now concerning injuries. From the games so far this fall there seems to be but little curtailment of minor injuries. Sprained ankles, knees, shoulders, and the like must be expected. But is not the open game the cause of such injuries? Seldom in the old game of mass-plays did we hear of many such troubles. These accidents come principally from collision, and the fewer men connected with the collision the greater the risk. The new game encourages speed and open running. In just such plays do we hear of the greater number of fatalities. Why then were the rules originally changed? To do away with injury? No. In the old game there was no need to change for such a purpose. The rules were formerly changed to do away with unnecessary roughness which frequently occurred. Then, again, the public declared that only those closely connected with foot-ball could understand the old-

time game. And for these two reasons alone the game was changed and made into what it is to-day—one of complex and uncertain features and of almost unsolvable details.

THE RULE AS TO SUBSTITUTES

It might be possible, perhaps, in championship games for teams on the defense within a few yards of their own goal-line to take advantage of this rule in an unsportsmanlike way. We hope, however, foot-ball coaches will not attempt to delay the game by substitution. And, further, we hope that coaches will strive to make it possible in every way to retain this rule, which has such great advantages—principally in the prevention of injuries owing to exhaustion.

SHALL THE FORWARD PASS BE RETAINED?

As regards the forward pass, it would seem best to let the ruling stand as it is for the present. The season is so short that it is not possible to develop all the varieties of this play this fall. Give it another chance and then we shall be able to judge more accurately. It is unfair to criticize such a play too severely and too soon. The possibilities are so great that it will take several seasons to determine the forward-pass rule.

MUST A FOOT-BALL TEAM HAVE ELEVEN MEN?

HAVE we ever imagined having a foot-ball team consisting of but nine men? Would it appear that a game played under such conditions might be advisable and satisfactory? Many complications, which are so frequent at present, would doubtless be done away with, but the question is, Would new complications arise? If there were but nine players on a side the game would be much more open, and possibly there would be no need

for rules restricting assistance to the runner. There would certainly be much more action than ever before and much more chance for actual playing. The only doubt of success, to me, seems in the probability of over-exertion. Could nine men play a game of foot-ball? Would it be possible for so few men to do the work that eleven men find it hard to do? Having fewer men on the field will make it easier to distinguish the players individually. This seems a very feeble argument for so radical a change, yet earnest complaints come in continually from all sides on this score alone. People cry out that the rules committee neglected to fix any method for the identification of players on the field. They say that a man could not recognize his own brother in the present-day uniform. Perhaps, as in England, the players might be obliged to wear large numbers stitched to the fronts and backs of their jerseys. Then by means of score-boards, such as exist at some college fields, the spectators could follow the game intelligently.

Under the new legislation four officials are required, and it has already proved a task for even so many men to control the game. It is unfortunate that this is the case, and in making new rules the committee should bear this in mind and try to make foot-ball less complicated. There are so many points now for the officials to watch, and it seems an impossibility for them to keep track of all things. They are bound to overlook some rules, in their eagerness to penalize infringement of other rules. This is not as it should be. Foot-ball should not be placed in such a position. It should remain as far as possible a simple game, as far as the legislation is concerned. And a few rules, easily comprehended and enforced, would give greater satisfaction to all.

TWO OF THE DAYS

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

WEDNESDAY. Hey diddle diddle, the world is a riddle!
Days on a see-saw, but I 'm in the middle!
Three go up flying, and down come three crying,—
I can sit still, and my thumbs I can twiddle—
Life is a see-saw, but I 'm in the middle!

SATURDAY. Saturday is scatter-day,
Tearing, tag-and-tatter day.
Lucky little Number Seven!
Next to Sunday, near to heaven!
Merry "does n't-matter" day!

THE BROWNIES REPAIR THE STREETS

BY PALMER COX



"WHEN BROWNIES REACHED A TOWN ONE NIGHT THE ROADS WERE IN A WRETCHED PLIGHT."

It was the season of the year
When streets should at their best appear,
Inviting people to lay by
Their work, and outdoor pleasures try,
When Brownies reached a town one night
Where roads were in a wretched plight.

Said one: "The funds are surely low
That for the street repairs should go,

Or we would not upon us bear
The slush and mud that is our share.
I would we had gone miles around
And no such rank condition found."

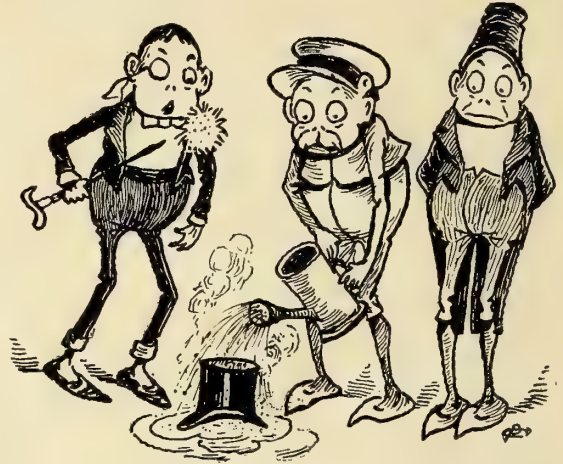
Another said: "Not so, my friend.
Good fortune did our steps attend
And guide us well, that we might do
Some service here like Brownies true.

We need not wait till day of doom,
 To make the streets smooth for the broom,
 Though now a barge or war-canoe
 Could find an easy passage through."
 A third remarked: "Our mystic trait
 For just such chance appears to wait.
 We'll use the crusher down in the dell,
 To grind the stones and spread them well,
 And give a hint to humankind
 That may take root within the mind."
 To get it ready was a scheme
 That called for water and for steam,
 And stretching belts from rim to rim
 To put all into working trim.
 Some at the furnace door were game,
 While cramming wood into the flame;
 Some at the boiler pleasure miss'd
 Through slight mistakes in turn or twist,
 While blaze escaped when it was meant
 To be in furnace well content.
 Mishaps will happen, as we see,
 However good the cause may be,
 And those who plan to aid a friend
 May meet with trouble ere the end.
 'T was well the mill was out one side,
 And sound of work to ears denied,
 And neither whistling tube nor pipe



THE FURNACE CREW.

Gave warning when the steam was ripe
 And ready, to revolve the wheel



"THE BLAZE ESCAPED WHEN IT WAS MEANT
 TO BE IN FURNACE WELL CONTENT."

Or give the rock the sifting reel.
 Now crushing stones is not a task
 For which a lazy man would ask,
 But Brownies are not of the class
 That let a chance for labor pass.
 To keep the mill upon the grind
 Was not a picnic, bear in mind,
 For from the jaws the pieces flew
 On every side to mischief do.
 Some stones with loud reports would go
 In pieces fast, while others, slow,
 Still inch by inch kept up the fight,
 To yield at last and break from sight.

But liniments came into play
 Before the midnight passed away,
 And all the painful clips and raps,
 That workmen get around such traps,
 Could not the earnest band impress
 Enough to halt, or labor less.
 Then barrows had no little share
 Of work to do, for teams were rare,
 And independence seems to be
 A trait that in the sprites we see.

The fruit of haste began to show
 In madcap races to and fro.
 A few could handle barrows well,
 But others could a sad tale tell.
 And schools for wheeling could not there
 Be opened with a teacher's care.
 The breaking dawn no favors showed
 For those who lagged, or lost their load.
 But then it takes a knock complete
 To make a Brownie keep his seat

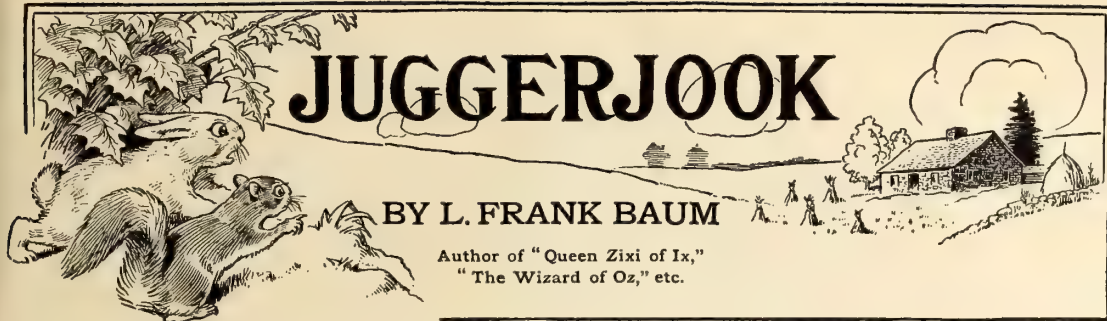
Who knows the tenfold power that lies
 In every rogue before our eyes;
 Enough to know it was a treat
 To ever after use the street.
 The people walked the village wide,
 And wore their garments still in pride,
 And carried home no blotch or stain
 To scratch and scrub and scour in vain.



"THEN BARROWS HAD NO LITTLE SHARE."



"THE FRUIT OF HASTE BEGAN TO SHOW."



"Oh, Mama!" cried Fuzzy Wuz, running into the burrow where her mother lay dozing, "may I go walking with Chatter Chuk?"

Mrs. Wuz opened one eye sleepily and looked at Fuzzy.

"If you are careful," she said; "and don't go near Juggerjook's den; and watch the sun so as to get home before the shadows fall."

"Yes, yes; of course," returned Fuzzy, eagerly. "And don't let Chatter Chuk lead you into mischief," continued Mrs. Wuz, rubbing one long ear with her paw lazily. "Those red squirrels are reckless things and have n't much sense."

"Chatter 's all right," protested Fuzzy Wuz. "He 's the best friend I have in the forest. Good-by, Mother."

"Is your face clean, Fuzzy?"

"I 've just washed it, Mother."

"With both paws, right and left?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Then run along and be careful."

"Yes, Mother."

Fuzzy turned and darted from the burrow, and in the bright sunshine outside sat Chatter Chuk on his hind legs, cracking an acorn.

"What 'd she say, Fuz?" asked the red squirrel.

"All right; I can go, Chat. But I 've got to be careful."

As the white rabbit hopped away through the bushes and he glided along beside her, Chatter Chuk laughed.

"Your people are always careful, Fuz," said he. "That 's why you see so little of the world, and lose all the fun in life."

"I know," replied Fuzzy, a little ashamed. "Father is always singing this song to me:

"Little Bunny,
Don't get funny;
Run along and mind your eye;
It 's the habit
Of a rabbit
To be diffident and shy."

"We squirrels are different," said Chatter Chuk, proudly. "We are always taught this song:

"Squirrel red,
Go ahead!
See the world, so bright and gay.
For a rover
May discover
All that happens day by day."

"Oh, if I could run up a tree, I should n't be afraid, either," remarked Fuzzy Wuz. "Even Juggerjook could n't frighten me then."

"Kernels and shucks! Juggerjook!" cried Chatter Chuk, scornfully. "Who cares for him?"

"Don't you fear him?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, curiously.

"Of course not," said the squirrel. "My people often go to his den and leave nuts there."

"Why, if you make presents to Juggerjook, of course he won't hurt you," returned the rabbit. "All the beasts carry presents to his den, so he will protect them from their enemies. The bears kill wolves and carry them to Juggerjook to eat; and the wolves kill foxes and carry them to Juggerjook; and the foxes kill rabbits for him. But we rabbits do not kill animals, so we cannot take Juggerjook anything to eat except roots and clover; and he does n't care much for those. So we are careful to keep away from his den."

"Have you ever seen him or the place where he lives?" asked the squirrel.

"No," replied Fuzzy Wuz.

"Suppose we go there now?"

"Oh, no! Mother said—"

"There 's nothing to be afraid of. I 've looked at the den often from the trees near by," said Chatter Chuk. "I can lead you to the edge of the bushes close to his den, and he 'll never know we are near."

"Mother says Juggerjook knows everything that goes on in the forest," declared the rabbit, gravely.

"Your mother 's a 'fraid-cat and trembles when a twig cracks," said Chatter, with a careless laugh. "Why don't you have a little spirit of your own, Fuzzy, and be independent?"

Fuzzy Wuz was quite young, and ashamed of being thought shy, so she said:

"All right, Chat. Let 's go take a peep at Juggerjook's den."

"We 're near it, now," announced the squirrel. "Come this way; and go softly, Fuzzy Wuz, because Juggerjook has sharp ears."

They crept along through the bushes some distance after that, but did not speak except in whispers. Fuzzy knew it was a bold thing to do. They had nothing to carry to the terrible Juggerjook, and it was known that he always punished those who came to his den without making him presents. But the rabbit relied upon Chatter Chuk's promise that the tyrant of the forest would never know they had been near him. Juggerjook was considered a great magician, to be sure, yet Chatter Chuk was not afraid of him. So why should Fuzzy Wuz fear anything?

The red squirrel ran ahead, so cautiously that he made not a sound in the underbrush; and he skilfully picked the way so that the fat white rabbit could follow him. Presently he stopped short and whispered to his companion:

"Put your head through those leaves, and you will see Juggerjook's den."

Fuzzy Wuz obeyed. There was a wide clearing beyond the bushes, and at the farther side was a great rock with a deep cave in it. All around the clearing were scattered the bones and skulls of animals, bleached white by the sun. Just in front of the cave was quite a big heap of bones, and the rabbit shuddered as she thought of all the many creatures Juggerjook must have eaten in his time. What a fierce appetite the great magician must have!

The sight made the timid rabbit sick and faint. She drew back and hopped away through the bushes without heeding the crackling twigs or the whispered cautions of Chatter Chuk, who was now badly frightened himself.

When they had withdrawn to a safe distance the squirrel said peevishly:

"Oh, you foolish thing! Why did you make such a noise and racket?"

"Did I?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, simply.

"Indeed you did. And I warned you to be silent."

"But it 's all right now. We 're safe from Juggerjook here," she said.

"I 'm not sure of that," remarked the squirrel, uneasily. "One is never safe from punishment if he is discovered breaking the law. I hope the magician was asleep and did not hear us."

"I hope so, too," added the rabbit; and then they ran along at more ease, rambling through the forest paths and enjoying the fragrance of the woods and the lights and shadows cast by the sun as it peeped through the trees.

Once in a while they would pause while Fuzzy Wuz nibbled a green leaf or Chatter Chuk cracked a fallen nut in his strong teeth, to see if it was sound and sweet.

"It seems funny for me to be on the ground so long," he said. "But I invited you to walk with me, and of course a rabbit can't run up a tree and leap from limb to limb, as my people do."

"That is true," admitted Fuzzy; "nor can squirrels burrow in the ground, as rabbits do."

"They have no need to," declared the squirrel. "We find a hollow tree, and with our sharp teeth gnaw a hole through the shell and find a warm, dry home inside."

"I 'm glad you do," remarked Fuzzy. "If all the animals burrowed in the ground there would not be room for us to hide from each other."

Chatter laughed at this.

"The shadows are getting long," he said. "If you wish to be home before sunset, we must start back."

"Wait a minute!" cried the rabbit, sitting up and sniffing the air. "I smell carrots!"

"Never mind," said the squirrel.

"Never mind carrots? Oh, Chatter Chuk! You don't know how good they are."

"Well, we have n't any time to find them," he replied. "For my part, I could run home in five minutes; but you are so clumsy it will take you an hour. Where are you going now?"

"Just over here," said Fuzzy Wuz. "Those carrots can't be far off."

The squirrel followed, scolding a little because to him carrots meant nothing especially good to eat. And there, just beside the path, was an old coverless box raised on a peg, and underneath it a bunch of juicy, fat, yellow carrots.

There was room under the box for Fuzzy Wuz to creep in and get the carrots, and this she promptly did, while Chatter Chuk stood on his hind legs a short distance away and impatiently waited. But when the white rabbit nibbled the carrots, the motion pulled a string which jerked out the peg that held up the box, and behold, Fuzzy Wuz was a prisoner!

She squealed with fear and scratched at the sides of the box in a vain endeavor to find a way to escape; but escape was impossible unless some one lifted the box. The red squirrel had seen the whole mishap, and chattered angrily from outside at the plight of his captured friend. The white rabbit thought he must be far away, because the box shut out so much the sound of his voice.

"Juggerjook must have heard us, and this is part of his revenge," said the squirrel. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wonder what the great magician will do to me."

He was so terrified by this thought that Chatter Chuk took flight and darted home at his best

until his mother made him. Then he ran down to the lowest limb of the tree and sat there while he talked.

"We went walking," he said, "and Fuzzy found some carrots under a box that was propped up with a peg. I told her not to eat them; but she did, and the peg fell out and made her a prisoner."

You see, he did not mention Juggerjook at all, yet he knew the magician was at the bottom of all the trouble.

But Mrs. Wuz knew rabbit-traps quite well, being old and experienced; so

speed. He lived in a tree very near to the burrow where Mrs. Wuz resided, but the squirrel did not go near the rabbit-burrow. The sun was already sinking in the west, so he ran into his nest and pretended to sleep when his mother asked him where he had been so late.

All night Mrs. Wuz waited for Fuzzy, and it was an anxious and sleepless night for the poor mother, as you may well believe. Fuzzy was her one darling, several other children having been taken from her in various ways soon after their birth. Mr. Wuz had gone to attend a meeting of the Rabbits' Protective Association and might be absent for several days; so he was not there to help or counsel her.

When daybreak came, the mother rabbit ran to the foot of the squirrels' tree and called:

"Chatter Chuk! Chatter Chuk! Where is my Fuzzy Wuz? Where is my darling child?"

she begged the red squirrel to come at once and show her the place where Fuzzy had been caught.

"There is n't a moment to lose," she said, "for



"THEY HOPPED THROUGH THE BUSHES."



"'I SMELL CARROTS!'"

the trappers will be out early this morning to see what they have captured in their trap."

Chatter Chuk was afraid to go, having a guilty conscience; but his mother made him. He led the way timidly, but swiftly, and Mrs. Wuz fairly flew over the ground, so anxious was she to rescue her darling.

The box was in the same place yet, and poor Fuzzy Wuz could be heard moaning feebly inside it.

"Courage, my darling!" cried the mother. "I have come to save you."

First she tried to move the box, but it was too heavy for her to stir. Then she began scratching away the earth at its edge, only to find that it had

were as sharp as needles. So he started at the lower edge and chewed the wood with all his strength and skill, and at every bite the splinters came away.

It was a good idea. Mrs. Wuz watched him anxiously. If only the men would keep away for a time, the squirrel could make a hole big enough for Fuzzy Wuz to escape. She crept around the other side of the box and called to the prisoner: "Courage, dear one! We are trying to save you. But if the men come before Chatter Chuk can make a hole big enough, then, as soon as they raise the box, you must



"FUZZY CREPT UNDER THE BOX."

been placed upon a big, flat stone, to prevent a rabbit from burrowing out.

This discovery almost drove her frantic, until she noticed Chatter Chuk, who stood trembling near by.

"Here!" she called; "it was you who led my child into trouble. Now you must get her out."

"How?" asked the red squirrel.

"Gnaw a hole in that box—quick! Gnaw faster than you ever did before in your life. See! the box is thinnest at this side. Set to work at once, Chatter Chuk!"

The red squirrel obeyed. The idea of saving his friend was as welcome to him as it was to the distracted mother. He was young, and his teeth

make a dash for the bushes. Run before they can put in their hands to seize you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother," replied Fuzzy, but her voice was n't heard very plainly, because the squirrel was making so much noise chewing the wood.

Presently Chatter Chuk stopped.

"It makes my teeth ache," he complained.

"Never mind, let them ache," replied Mrs. Wuz. "If you stop now, Fuzzy will die; and if she dies, I will go to Juggerjook and tell him how you led my child into trouble."

The thought of Juggerjook made the frightened squirrel redouble his efforts. He forgot the pain in his teeth and gnawed as no other squirrel

had ever gnawed before. The ground was covered with tiny splinters from the box, and now the hole was big enough for the prisoner to put the end of her nose through and beg him to hurry.

Chatter Chuk was intent on his task, and the mother was intent upon watching him, so neither noticed any one approaching, until a net fell over their heads, and a big voice cried, with a boisterous laugh:

"Caught! and neat as a pin, too!"

Chatter Chuk and Mrs. Wuz struggled in the net with all their might, but it was fast around them, and they were helpless to escape. Fuzzy stuck her nose out of the hole in the box to find out what was the matter, and a sweet, childish voice, exclaimed: "There 's another in the trap, Daddy!"

Neither the rabbits nor the squirrel understood this strange language; but all realized they were in the power of dreadful Man and gave themselves up for lost.

Fuzzy made a dash the moment the box was raised; but the trapper knew the tricks of rabbits, so the prisoner only dashed into the same net where her mother and Chatter Chuk were confined.

"Three of them! Two rabbits and a squirrel. That 's quite a haul, Charlie," said the man.

The little boy was examining the box.

"Do rabbits gnaw through wood, Father?" he asked.

"No, my son," was the reply.

"But there is a hole here. And see! There are the splinters upon the ground."

The man examined the box in turn, somewhat curiously.

"How strange!" he said. "These are marks of the squirrel's teeth. Now, I wonder if

the squirrel was trying to liberate the rabbit."

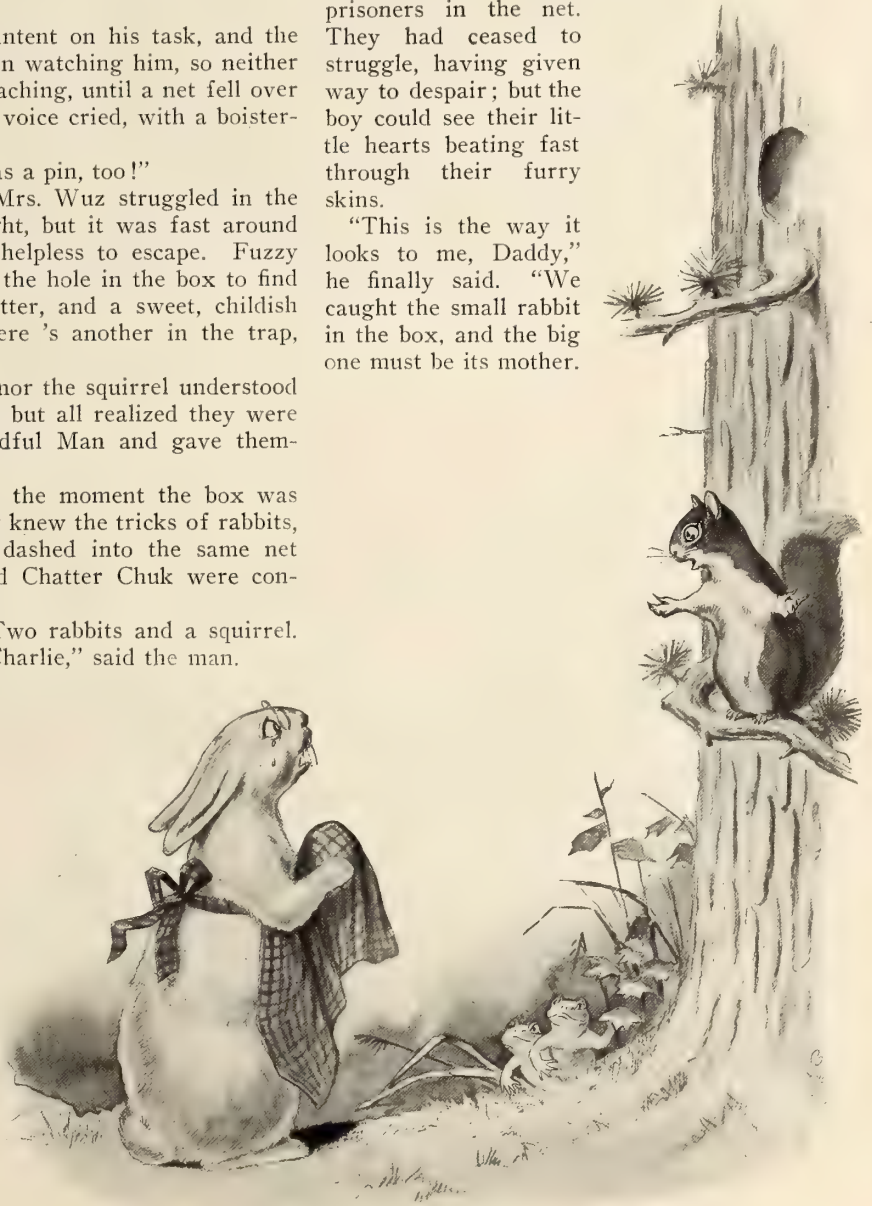
"Looks like it, Daddy; does n't it?" replied the boy.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," declared the man. "These little creatures often display more wisdom than we give them credit

for. But how can we explain this curious freak, Charlie?"

The boy sat down upon the box and looked thoughtfully at the three prisoners in the net. They had ceased to struggle, having given way to despair; but the boy could see their little hearts beating fast through their furry skins.

"This is the way it looks to me, Daddy," he finally said. "We caught the small rabbit in the box, and the big one must be its mother.



""WHERE IS MY CHILD?""

When she found her baby was caught, she tried to save it, and she began to burrow under the box, for here is the mark of her paws. But she soon saw the flat stone, and gave up."

"Yes; that seems reasonable," said the man.

"But she loved her baby," continued the boy,

gazing at the little creatures pitifully, "and thought of another way. The red squirrel was a friend of hers, so she ran and found him, and asked him to help her. He did, and tried to gnaw through the box; but we came too soon and captured them with the net because they were so busy they did n't notice us."

"Exactly!" cried the man, with a laugh. "That tells the story very plainly, my son, and I see you are fast learning the ways of animals. But how intelligent these little things are!"

"That 's what *my* mother would do," returned the boy. "She 'd try to save me; and that 's just what the mother rabbit did."

"Well, we must be going," said the man; and as he started away he picked up the net and

"Oh, they 'll make us a good dinner," was the reply.

"I—I could n't eat 'em for dinner, Daddy. Not the mama rabbit and the little one she tried to save. Nor the dear little squirrel that wanted to help them. Let 's—let 's—let 'em go!"

The man stopped short and turned to look with a smile into the boy's upturned, eager face.

"What will Mama say when we go back without any dinner?" he asked.

"You know, Daddy. She 'll say a good deed is better than a good dinner."

The man laid a caressing hand on the curly head and handed his son the net. Charlie's face beamed with joy. He opened wide the net and watched the prisoners gasp with surprise, bound out of the meshes, and scamper away into the bushes.

Then the boy put his small hand in his father's big one, and together they walked silently along the path.

"ALL the same," said Chatter Chuk to himself, as, snug at home, he trembled at the thought of his late peril, "I shall keep away from old Juggerjook after this. I am very sure of that!"



"THE PRISONERS SCAMPERED AWAY."

swung it over his shoulder. The prisoners struggled madly again, and the boy, who walked along the forest path a few steps behind his father, watched them.

"Daddy," he said softly, coming to the man's side, "I don't want to keep those rabbits."

"MAMA," said Fuzzy Wuz, nestling beside her mother in the burrow, "why do you suppose the fierce Men let us go?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," was the reply. "Men are curious creatures, and often act with more wisdom than we give them credit for."

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE "CHRISTMAS ROSE" IN BLOOM IS SOMETIMES SEEN ABOVE THE SNOW IN GARDENS.

PLANT DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

No other holiday or special occasion is so closely and so widely connected with so broad a range of plant life as is Christmas. Easter is limited to the flowers, and Arbor Day to the trees, but, more extensively than either, Christmas uses both trees and flowers, and adds to them the ever-green ferns, and also a lower form of plant life that is neither a fern nor a moss, but is known to the botanists as a "fern ally" or a "club-moss"—the trailing Christmas green (*Lycopodium complanatum*).

It was pointed out in "Nature and Science" for July, 1900, page 834, that one variety of the club-mosses is closely associated with two important holidays. The plant is used for decorating at Christmas, and known as "ground-pine" or "Christmas green," while a large quantity of the spores is used in colored fire and sky-rockets for Fourth of July celebrations.

For Christmas decorations we use many forms of plant life, even a parasite (that is, a plant that feeds on another) in the familiar mistletoe often brought from England, and our own false mistletoe (*Phoradendron*), less commonly seen.

The amount of plant material used in the form of Christmas trees is enormous, more than four millions being required in the United States each season. What this country uses equals that of England, Scotland, and Wales combined, and is about twenty-five per cent. greater than that of Germany. Taking into consideration, however, the population of the United States and of the other countries, the relative or *per capita* use of Christmas trees is undoubtedly less in this coun-

try than in Germany, and about the same as in England.

The question naturally arises, in view of this astonishing use of young trees, is it commendable when the need for the conservation of our forests is becoming so generally realized?

The Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture explains that the answer depends wholly on the method of cutting.



A "CARPET" OF CHRISTMAS GREEN IN THE WOODS.
Shown by the fence. Detail at the lower right.

If improperly done, the effect is bad; if done in a scientific way, it is not only commendable, but

is one of the best methods of promoting the cause of forestry. The United States Forest Service,



A HOLLY TREE.

therefore, urgent in its plea for preserving the forests, approves of the liberal use of evergreen trees in Christmas decorations. Ex-Forester Gifford Pinchot says:

"Yes, it is consistent and proper that the custom should be maintained. Trees are for use, and there is no other purpose to which they could be

trees which are cut for this object each year is utterly insignificant when compared with the consumption for other purposes for which timber is demanded. Not more than four million Christmas trees are used each year, one in every fourth family. If planted four feet apart they could be grown on less than 1500 acres. This clearing of an area equal to a good-sized farm each Christmas should not be a subject of much worry, when it is remembered that for lumber alone it is necessary to take timber from an area of more than 100,000 acres every day of the year.

"That the use of Christmas trees is perfectly in keeping with the welfare of the forest is fully proved by the practice in Germany. The cutting of small trees is there not considered in the least as a menace, but, on the contrary, as a means of improvement and as a source of revenue, and is therefore constantly encouraged. It is not by denying ourselves the wholesome pleasure of having a bit of nature in our homes at Christmas that we shall preserve our forests, but by learning how to use those forests wisely and properly."

There is little doubt that the present thoughtless cropping every year of many young evergreens for Christmas trees has produced in many cases a bad effect on the future supply of these species. If the woodlands were under a proper forestry management, no harm would be done, for the yearly thinnings would satisfy even a greater market demand for Christmas trees than now exists. In Germany the greatest number of such trees come from the most carefully managed forests. The forester simply indicates to the dealer the stands which should be thinned, sees that his instructions are carried out, and the buyer him-



CHRISTMAS TREES IN READINESS
FOR SHIPMENT.

GROWING IN SNOW-COVERED
WOODS.

AS THEY ARRIVE IN THE
LARGE CITY.

put which would contribute so much to the joy of man as their use by the children at this one great holiday of the year. The number of evergreen

self does the rest; and there is scarcely a hut in Germany without a Christmas tree.

The two or three hundred mature trees which

one finds on an acre are only "the fittest" which have survived in the race for life that was begun by several thousand. One frequently finds in Maine and in the Adirondacks, which are the principal sources of supply for Christmas trees,



THE MISTLETOE GROWING ON ITS HOST TREE.
Detail of attachment to the branch at the lower left.

as many as from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand young seedlings on an acre. It is evident that only a small portion of these can reach maturity, the others being doomed to perish in the course of the development of the stand. It is necessary for the production of tall, clean timber that there should be, at the beginning, many trees to the acre, because only in this way are the lower branches shaded and killed, and trees forced to grow in height. In the course of nature, those trees die that lag behind in growth; they fall to the ground and rot, and often become breeding-places for insects and fungi. Trees that have been left behind in the race do not, however, die at once; they often persist for years and frequently hamper the development of better ones. Especially on poor soil, where the growth is in general slow, and where no individual tree has strength enough to kill its neighbors and so get more light and growing-space for itself, a state of stagnation and deterioration of the whole stand may take place. Many a balsam-fir or black-spruce swamp in Maine and in the Adirondacks is in just this condition. Man, by interfering in the struggle, and by a timely thinning out of all

loiterers, can hasten the development of the remaining trees, and at the same time find a useful service for those that are taken out. The application of forestry hinges, in many localities, mainly on the possibility of finding a market for the small trees to pay for the cost of thinning them. The use of small evergreens at Christmas offers, therefore, the most favorable opportunity for the improvement of the forest.

For these good reasons, we need not worry over what, at first sight, seems a wicked waste of trees which, at Christmas, are used for only a short time and are then thrown away. We may rather feel that by buying such trees we are not only giving ourselves pleasure, but are actually helping the trees that remain in the forest.

A ROCK RESEMBLING QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEAD

EXPOSED to the atmosphere the hardest rocks break down and assume the picturesque forms which attract tourists to mountain viewpoints. Castellated crags, rock needles, and obelisks of stone are familiar features in mountain ranges. Weathering, as geologists call this process of sculpture by the hands of nature, occasionally brings out a recognizable human profile. Seldom, however, is such an accidental likeness fashioned as that shown in the accompanying photograph.

Some years ago, before Avalon, Catalina Island, had become such a famous fishing resort as it is now, I was out with a New York angler a few miles south of the town. We had passed the rocks on which the sea-lions sprawl, when he said: "Now I am going to show you a profile



THE ROCK THAT SUGGESTS QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEAD.

which you ought to recognize. Is n't that a fair likeness of Queen Victoria, widow's weeds and all?"

He took the photograph with a kodak, and named the islet "Queen Victoria's Head."

F. W. REID.

9 "BECAUSE WE
? WANT TO KNOW"
???????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

THE LUMP ON THE TREE

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On page 691 of your magazine for June, 1909, you published a picture of a young forester



"A YOUNG FORESTER USING HIS ARM FOR MEASURING." using his arm for measuring. On the top of the trunk there was a great lump. What caused this lump? This picture was an illustration from "The Boy Timber Cruisers of Carolina."

Yours,
FREDERICK SCHINTZER.

The large bunch is a burl, the name by which all excrescences are known among woodsmen. The burl is an abnormal growth. The origin of burls, common on a great many different kinds and species of forest-trees, is a matter of some dispute. Insects in some cases, in rare instances woodpeckers, and in others fungi, are supposed to produce these growths. It seems most likely, however, that the large and continuously increasing burls are due to the presence of some irritating fungus growth. The woody tissue becomes multiplied as a result of this local irritation, being piled up, so to speak, in an attempt to grow beyond the exciting cause. The growth here is analogous to that which always takes place at a point where the trunk of the tree is injured.

Burls differ greatly in structure on different kinds or species of trees. Some of them are solid throughout and very strong, showing, moreover, in some instances, a very attractive appearance when the wood is cut and finished. Wherever available and sound these burls are usually highly prized for ornamental veneer-work. In the early days the burls of some trees were much used for making chopping-bowls. The grain of the wood is so interlocked that a bowl would not split or check, as would one cut from ordinary straight-grained wood.—GEORGE B. SUBWORTH, Dendrologist.

SOME FISH CAN ENDURE FREEZING

WINTHROP, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard people say that fish freeze in the ice and then when the ice melts they come to life again. I want to ask you if it is true or not.

Your faithful reader,

JOHN SMALL (age 12).

"It seems to be pretty definitely established that fish that have been frozen in aquaria or in open waters may be thawed out and resuscitated. It is a matter of personal experience that goldfish and other species frozen in the ice of a river or lake have been cut out, carried into the house, and thawed in water of moderate temperature, with the result that they have soon come to life, apparently no worse for the treatment. In these cases there is no question about the ice around the fish being frozen solidly, but I have been somewhat skeptical as to the extent to which the fluids in the body of the fish have been solidified. I think it more than likely that the heart has continued to beat and the blood to circulate, and I very much doubt whether, if the blood be actually frozen, the fish would survive."

To my knowledge, some scientific experimenters several years ago, to investigate this very question, set out a catfish in a basin of water one very cold night. The next morning the water to the very bottom of the basin was solid. They

took the basin and contents into the house and let it melt in the ordinary temperature of the room, and a few minutes after the ice had melted away from the fish it began to swim around the basin and gave no sign of having been injured.

THE "SERPENT" IN A MANHATTAN ROCK

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how this serpent came in this rock? When Cooper Street, in the Borough of Manhattan, was opened, the man who blasted the stone away from the northwest side of the street left it as seen in the photograph. It is not a fossil, is it? And if not a fossil, how did it come there?

Your interested reader,

HELEN HAYDEN.

You are quite right in assuming that the markings are not fossils in spite of their resemblance to serpentine forms.

Their origin is essentially as follows: the rock formation, the whole mass, is limestone—the so-called Inwood limestone of the New York City region. Originally it lay in nearly horizontal beds of varying thickness and purity. Some layers were quite impure with clay and other matters that gave a banded effect in the rock. Subsequently the region was folded and became a mountainous area, and in the process all these beds of rock were squeezed and folded and in some places crumpled or twisted into fantastic forms. Whenever the impure beds occurred they became conspicuous because of their difference of color. They appear, therefore, to twist promiscuously through the more massive, uniform white beds. The uniform white beds do not preserve the crumpling evidence so well as the colored ones, but, as a matter of fact, they have also suffered



THE "SERPENT" IN A MANHATTAN ROCK.

similar modification in the mountain-folding operation. At the same time all the rocks were

"metamorphosed"; that is, they were worked over, or modified, or made more crystalline, so that now they are almost like marble.

The serpent-like markings are therefore only the twisted, and squeezed, and somewhat broken, and thoroughly metamorphosed remnants of a thin layer or bed of impure limestone lying within a larger and more pure and more uniform mass of limestone or marble. They are not fossils, but they are to a geologist fully as interesting as a fossil and maybe more so. They give to the student of such matters, if he knows how to interpret them, a sure and reliable evidence of the history that the rock has undergone. It is nature's handwriting that tells to a nicety just what has happened in the very long ago.

CHARLES P. BERKEY,
Assistant Professor of Geology,
Columbia University.

THE YELLOW WARBLER

WOODBURY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago a friend and I were walking along in the woods near a creek, when, all at once, we saw a female "summer yellow-bird" and heard her making a queer noise. As we came nearer to her she made more noise and the male flew to her protection. This made us think that their nest was near by and after hunting for quite a while we found the nest in a low willow. We climbed up and looked in. There we saw some of the cutest little young ones we had ever seen. The summer yellow-birds are from 4.75 to 5.2 inches long. The male on the upper parts is olive yellow, being brighter on the head. The under parts are bright yellow streaked with reddish brown; wings and tail dusky olive brown, edged with yellow. The female is duller than the male and the reddish-brown streakings less distinct.

EDWARD S. DILLON (age 11).

This bird is sometimes called the wild canary, but that name is also applied to the goldfinch, although, to be sure, that bird has black cap, wings, and tail.

The cowbird frequently lays an egg in the nest of the summer yellow-bird.

MORE OBSERVATIONS OF SPARKS AFTER LIGHTNING

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some one in your April number wrote, and you commented upon the letter in the same number, of seeing sparks after an especially brilliant flash of lightning.

Where we are, on Long Island Sound, I have noticed the phenomenon time and time again, but only over the water and during the height of the storm. An unusually brilliant and long flash would light up the shore for a moment, then, where extinguished, seemingly leave a trail of sparks that fell slowly very much like sparks falling from a paper balloon. At times the flash would seem like a fiery string that suddenly broke and went out, falling in a chain of embers.

Yours sincerely,

D. R. BAKER.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

McALESTER, OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While looking out of my window last night I happened to glance up at the (full) moon, and



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FULL MOON.

The three moon photographs on this page and the one in the first column of the next page are from the Yerkes Observatory.

then I began to wonder what made the "man" in the moon. Could you oblige me by answering this question



DIAGRAM TO SHOW "EYES" (8 AND 10), "NOSE" (11 AND 2) AND "MOUTH" (5).

1—Tycho; 2—Copernicus; 3—Kepler; 4—Mare Nectaris; 5—Mare Nubium; 6—Mare Crisium; 7—Mare Tranquillitas; 8—Mare Serenitas; 9—Ocean Procellarum; 10—Mare Imbrium; 11—Apennines.

on the "Because We Want to Know" pages? and I assure you it will be appreciated by

Your faithful, loving reader,

IRIS E. VINING.

It is probable that from prehistoric times men have noticed the face of the Man in the Moon.

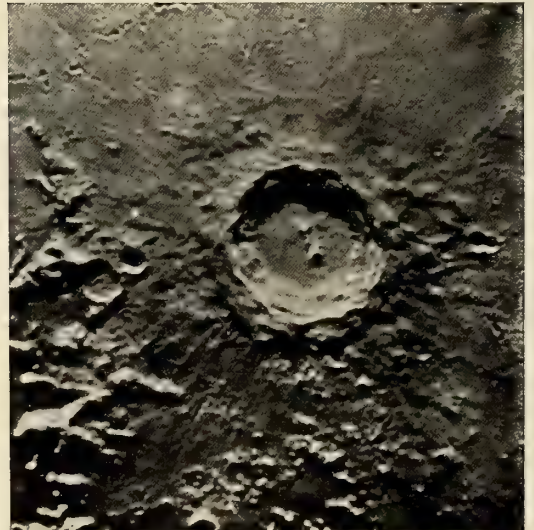


THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF THE APENNINES.

("Bridge of nose.")

The first reference we find to it is by the historian Plutarch, who, surprising as it may seem, wrote a whole book on the Face in the Moon. The face is not a very good one, and when we look at the photographs we wonder how we can see it at all.

But besides the face, numerous other objects



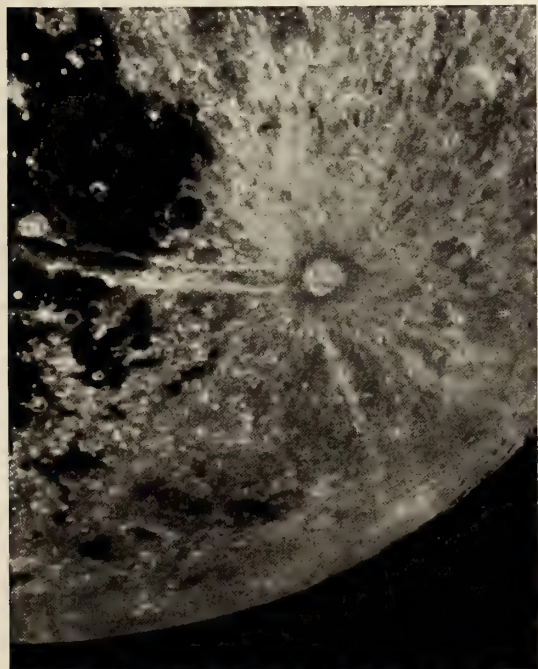
A PHOTOGRAPH OF COPERNICUS.

("Tip of nose.")

are supposed to be visible—such, for instance, as the fagot-gatherer, which is really poorer than

the face itself. There seems to be no general agreement as to its location upon the moon. The Chinese liken the dark markings to a monkey pounding rice, in India they are said to resemble a rabbit, while the Persians say they represent our own oceans and continents reflected as in a mirror.—PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING.

Other fancies have been the girl reading, the lady, the crab, the donkey, etc. In fact, it has always been quite easy for humanity to fancy al-



TELESCOPIC VIEW OF TYCHO.
Notice the curious radiating streaks.

most anything in the moon—and elsewhere! The accompanying illustrations show, in detail, the portions of the moon's surface that, from the earth, look like the fabled "Man in the Moon."

ONE MORE PORTRAIT THAN INTENDED!

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was taking a picture of one of my girl friends the other day, and when my picture came back from the printer's there was this small insect in the corner. Will you please tell me how it happened?

Yours truly,

HELEN BRAMBLE.

The outline of the small insect on the upper right-hand corner of the print submitted with your letter is peculiar. This effect was brought about by a bug or fly, being inside the camera when the exposure was made, coming within range of the lens. We have known of a case or two of this

same kind. This insect was not on the lens, but close to the film, which explains the distinct outline. There is a possibility that the trouble occurred when the film was spooled originally, but in this case the image might not be as perfect from the pressure when winding. — EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY.



A PORTRAIT OF BATHER AND OF INSECT.

A "WITCHES' BROOM" ON A HACKBERRY-TREE

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will find a piece of a hackberry-tree with some queer growth on it. Will you please tell me what it is?

Your interested reader,

ELEANOR LOWREY.

This is one of the things to which the German people in Europe long ago gave the name of *Hexenbesen*, which means "witches' broom." If one looks at a tree on which these are growing, they may be likened to brooms with badly tangled straws. Long ago people thought much more than now that any odd or curious growth must be due to witches or other evil influences, but now we know that this "hackberry witches' broom" is caused by very small mites of the genus *Phytop-tus*, which infest the twigs and buds when very young. I suppose such abnormal growths on trees may well be likened to the warts that sometimes disfigure the hands of children, only the



THE "WITCHES' BROOM" ON A HACKBERRY-TREE.

warts appear not to be caused by the presence of mites or anything like them.—PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BESSEY.



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

As a rule it is preferable to have the prose contributions true ones when the subject calls for something autobiographical, as is the case this month. "An Important Moment In My Life" would naturally call for some personal experience of the author, and it was so treated by nearly all the contestants. While we have no rule governing this, yet a departure from the custom is most welcome if it results in too clever a "scene" as that described by Miss Katharine Stewart, whose contribution is printed on the opposite page. The editor congratulates the author on the successful little sketch.

It is always pleasant to note the alertness of our members as sometimes shown in interpreting a subject in a novel or unusual way, yet at the same time conforming to the spirit of the subject itself. "The Youth of Growing Things" suggests, at first thought, small children or animals; and then, maybe, on second thought, young plants or trees might be suggested; indeed, many of the contributions were of growing young plants. But to Master Frederick Brooks the subject appealed less literally, and he sent a photograph printed on page 182; not a particularly good one, however, of an aeroplane—a biplane that in a few years will doubtless appear old-fashioned, and in this age of trying to conquer the air will prove that this was but the "youth of growing things." The sender received his prize for the idea, rather than for the actual photograph.

The drawings were particularly good this month.

For a number of competitions past we have been receiving some excellent photographs of "Wild Animals," especially photographs of deer, buffalo, and bear. The senders of these photographs have, of course, noticed that they neither received prizes or honorable mention, nor have their photographs appeared in the magazine. This has not been because the photographs were not good enough,—in many cases they were exceptionally good,—but it was because they did not comply with the conditions of the competition.

We have repeatedly called attention to these terms, but it must be that contributors have not read our warning or have not fully understood the object of the competition.

Most of these excellent photographs of wild animals have been taken in zoological gardens, or in game reservations, such as Yellowstone Park. As the definite object of the competition is to encourage the "shooting" of wild animals with a camera instead of with a gun, League members quite miss the idea when they send in photographs made of protected game. The competition is not of photographs merely of animals, but of *unprotected* animals that the thoughtless or bloodthirsty might otherwise have needlessly shot and killed. Therefore, the spirit that we wish to cultivate, that of preserving the wild animals, is not encouraged by photographing protected game.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 130

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **S. Janney Hutton** (age 13), Brighton, Md.; **Katharine Barron Stewart** (age 15), Woodbridge, N. J.; **Mary Augusta Johnson** (age 14), Norwich, Conn.; **Elizabeth Abercrombie** (age 13), Newark, N. J.; **Chester E. Floyd** (age 15), South Berwick, Me.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Helen Finlay Dun** (age 14), Hoylake, Eng.; **Marie Louise Hersey** (age 16), Monument Beach, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Cleo Damianakes** (age 15), Oakland, Cal.; **Gustrine K. Milner** (age 16), Hawthorne, Ala.

Silver badge, **Marion Carolyn Walker** (age 17), Melrose Highlands, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Frederick A. Brooks** (age 15), Sheffield, Mass.; **Herschel V. Johnson** (age 16), Charlotte, N. C.; **Leonard A. Strauss** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Margherita Auteri** (age 13), Florence, Italy.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Wallace L. Cassell** (age 11), Torrington, Wyoming.

Silver badge, **Frederick Morgan Davenport, Jr.** (age 9), Clinton, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Dorothy Curtis** (age 13), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Marjory Roby** (age 12), Topeka, Kans.

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN MY LIFE

BY S. JANNEY HUTTON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

YES, indeed, it certainly was an exciting game of base-ball. We were at the bat, in the beginning of the ninth inning, with the score 4 to 3 in favor of them.

In that inning we made a run, tying the score; then they came in to bat. The first man up bunted and made first without any difficulty; the next man up knocked a fly over the left-fielder's head and made two bases on it; then their best batter came up, with the score 4 to 4, men on second and third bases, and no one out.

The pitcher threw an inshoot, the batter landed on it squarely and knocked a sky-scraper to short-stop — I was playing in that position—and waited for it to come down.

"Is n't it ever coming down?" thought I. "My! it is still going up, and a man on third. Oh, suppose I muffed it: he will get in, we will lose, I will be disgraced, probably put off the team. Gracious, here it is! What if I muffed it?" Just then the ball passed between me and the sun. I lost sight of it, but I was fixed to catch it. Before I knew it the ball hit in my glove — and bounced out.

The men on second and third bases, who were playing off about ten feet, ran to the bases ahead of them. "I have lost the game," thought I, as instinctively I grabbed at the ball. Ah, I hit it, it stuck in my glove; I had won, not lost, the game. Then without thinking I slammed the ball to the third baseman, who touched his base and threw the ball to the second baseman, who did the same — a triple play! My, what luck for me!

In the next inning we won the game, 5 to 4.

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY HELEN FINLAY DUN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN I'm away, I sleep till ten,
It's one of many lux'ries then,
But indignities I suffer when
At home!



"A MEMORY OF WINTER." BY GUSTRINE K. MILNER, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

When I'm away — "Let's rest at ease,"
My hostess says, "beneath the trees" —
But it's "Dora! dust the china, please,"
At home!

When I'm away — "We'll now go out
And in the car we'll spin about,"
But it's "Dora! take the baby out,"
At home!

When I'm away, quite late at night
We don our evening dresses light,
But it's "Dora! time to say 'good night,'"
At home!



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY MARION CARCLAN WALKER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN MY LIFE

BY KATHARINE BARRON STEWART (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"MARIA," said Sue, "tell me an important moment in your life — please."

"W'at dat? W'at you want'er know dat fer, chile?"

"Oh, 'cause; just 'cause."

"I reckon you got sompin' up yo' sleeve. Is it de St. NICHERLAS, ag'in? Last month 't was, 'M'ria, tell me sompin' 'bout water.' An' befo' dat 't was 'M'ria, ef you was me, w'at would you like ter do dis vacation?' An' befo' dat, 'M'ria, w'at new creature would you like ter see in de St. NICHERLAS — an' why.' An' —"

"But, Maria, the other times, you know, I just wanted to hear what you'd say — but this time —"

"You s'pose I'se gwine ter waste my bref ef you don' want'er heah w'at I say?"

"But, Maria, *what* was an important moment in your life?"

"Guess it'll be a pretty important moment when you-all stop pesterin' me an' let me finish washin' dese yeah windahs."

"But, Maria —"

"Go 'long, chile, you 'se all 'buts!'"

"Please tell me, Maria."

"Well," said the old negress, tersely, "one was when I was bawn."

"Oh, dear! I thought you'd say it was when you chose between the North and South, or something to make a story of, you know."

"Sue Williams! you jes' lemmelone, now. I'se tired o' dose questions o' yours. You *alers* say, 'I t'ought you'd say dis,' or, 'I t'ought you'd say dat.' You ain' nevah satisfied. Yo' most impo'tant moment will be w'en you stop axin' questions for to put in de St. NICHERLAS. Dat will be de turnin'-p'int in yo' career."

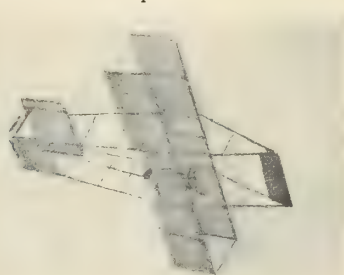
"Maria," I said with a smile, "can't you wait till I'm eighteen?"

THE MOST IMPORTANT TIME OF MY LIFE

BY MARY AUGUSTA JOHNSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE most important and also the proudest time in my life was May 15, 1909. It was then that I knew I had received the Colonial Dames' prize.



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY FREDERICK A. BROOKS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Every year the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames offers prizes for the best essays on Colonial history. This contest is open to any member of either high or grammar schools throughout the State. Last year a special prize of fifteen dollars was offered to any member of either school. It was this prize which I received.

The morning of May 15, one of my classmates called me to the telephone. She began to congratulate me for something. I could not imagine what she was talking about, for I had forgotten the Colonial Dames' prize, as I had sent my essay so long before. Since I was a grammar school scholar at that time, I had no idea of receiving the prize. I finally asked why she congratulated me. Then she told me. I could feel my knees grow weak and my hands get cold, I was so surprised. When I told Mother, she said I was deathly white. One can imagine how proud and pleased I felt, and how my family rejoiced.

Any one who has never received a prize may think it fine to get one, but it has its drawbacks. One of my classmates had won the special grammar-school prize. The following Monday, our superintendent addressed the class about the honor the school had received, when two of its



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY C. PARDEE ERDMAN, AGE 16.

members had won Colonial Dames' prizes. That was very nice, but then he asked us to rise so he could see us. It was very embarrassing for us to stand up before the whole school and be looked at. Another horror was that the principal made me read my essay at graduation. These things were honors, but they were embarrassing ones.

The prize money gave me a great deal of pleasure. It was given by Mabel Osgood Wright, the authoress, who sent a letter of congratulation with the check.

This surely was the most important time of my life.

HOME

BY MARIE LOUISE HERSEY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

"WHO makes the home so sweet?" I asked;
"Who cares for us so well?
Who does the thousand loving deeds
Of which we cannot tell?"

It's Mother mends the rips and tears
That barbed-wire fences make,
And gives you paregoric
If your tooth begins to ache.

She helps you off to school each day,
With pencil, lunch, and books,
And handkerchief, and cap, and bag,—
Found in the queerest nooks.

It's Mother tells you, "Never mind,
School's not the only thing,"
If your report card does n't make
You want to cheer and sing.



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY LOIS MCCAIN, AGE 17.

And Mother's ready to forgive;
She seems to understand
How folks don't always act as well
As they at first have planned.

And now the truth came over me,
My thoughts no more did roam;
With sympathy for every one,
It's Mother who makes the home!

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN MY LIFE

BY ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

OUR chauffeur was always very careful about the speed with which he drove the automobile.

One Sunday we were driving through the park at quite a slow gait. I was in the front seat and saw that a motorcycle policeman was following us. I told the chauffeur, but it was really safe because we were only going eighteen miles an hour by the speedometer.

Suddenly the policeman came up beside us and said he would have to arrest the chauffeur for speeding. So he took us home, then went to the station-house, but the chauffeur was bailed out until the next day.

So he appeared the next day and was given leave to get a witness. As I was the only one who saw the speedometer I went the next day as witness.

The judge asked me my name, my age, where I lived, what would happen if I did not tell the truth, and a few other questions. He asked me what a speedometer was.

I told the judge we were not speeding, so after a few questions to the chauffeur, he dismissed him as not guilty.

So was spent one of the most important moments of my life.



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DESERTED HOME

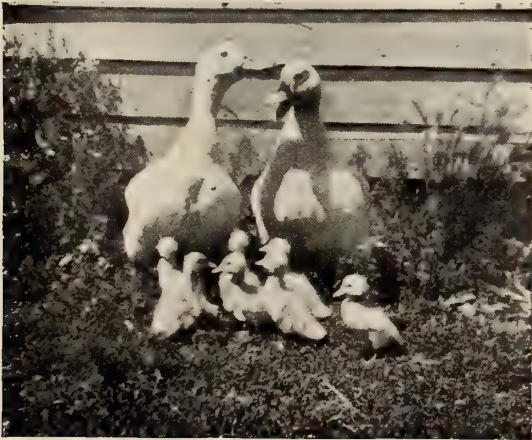
BY KATHRYN DRAIN (AGE 16)

THE sun in setting splendor sends its rays,
Caressingly, to touch the little home,
And there, through the calm silence and the haze,
Under the blueness of the sky's great dome,

The farewell note, sung by some tired bird,
Steals softly on the evening air, and dies;
While far away the whispering trees are heard
Singing the evening song learned from the skies.

The little house stands in the soft gray light,
And seems to call and beckon o'er and o'er;
Waiting in patience through the long dark night
For some one who will come home nevermore.

Alone and gray, in solitude so sad,
While through it little squirrels often roam,
It thinks of the past time when all was glad,
The time when some one spoke of it as home.



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY LEONARD A. STRAUSS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

And as the evening shadows longer grow,
And darkness gathers all beneath her wing,
A peaceful rest comes to the world below.
And silence falls, like dew, o'er everything.

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN MY LIFE

BY DORIS KNIGHT (AGE 13)

THE fourteenth! Yes, though I had counted it over twenty times, I could make it come no sooner. And there was a whole quarter of an hour to wait before the exhibition even began.

"Oh, dear!" I thought to myself; "I wish I had n't said I would. It would be different if I knew it well, but I don't. Mother did n't want me to play, but I hated to let the music conquer me. I must say I do not care for recitals, anyway!"

Slowly, oh, so slowly, the quarter of an hour passed and "it" began.

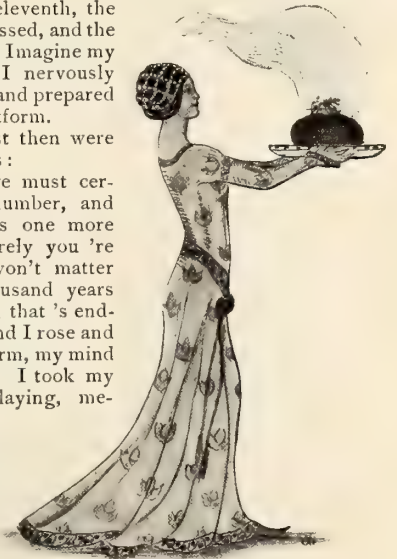
Number after number was played, until it was the turn of a little boy (a beginner) whose piece was called, "Frol-licking Frogs." Those frogs! The poor little boy was so frightened he could hardly play, and the discords he made—well, it sounded more like "Frogs' Funeral" than "Frol-licking Frogs." After a terrible period of absolute torture, he came down, tearful, but glad it was over.

"I'll make a fool of *myself*, too," I thought, and wished it were over.

The tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth numbers passed, and the thirteenth began. Imagine my state of mind as I nervously fingered my music and prepared to go upon the platform.

My thoughts just then were something like this:

"Now this page must certainly end this number, and then—no, there's one more page of it, but surely you're not scared! It won't matter how I play a thousand years from now. There, that's ended. Now for it," and I rose and mounted the platform, my mind in a perfect whirl. I took my seat and began playing, mechanically, until I skipped a page. That scared me out of my wits. Several mistakes followed, but I kept on. A long run well done encouraged me a little, although I was ready to go down long before I had finished. I skipped half a page before I went down. But as I took my seat I murmured, "Well, in spite of a failure I think I've gained something, for I did n't let the music altogether get the best of me."



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY MARIAN WALTER, AGE 16.

HOME

BY LAVINIA JANES (AGE 13)

ONE lies on a bed with covers of silk,
The other on straw and hay;
One's dying is terrors and fears unknown,
The other's the brightest day.

One dies 'mid friends and loved ones dear,
The other one dies alone;
One's going to death, in its blackest night,
But the other one's going home.

HOME LURE

BY CATHERINE DUNLOP MACKENZIE (AGE 16)

THE harvest moon on the calm Bras d'Or
 Reflects in a golden track,
 And its magic beckons; the old words o'er —
 "To the end of the world, and back."



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY KATHARINE DAHLGRIN,
 AGE 16.

Oh, the moonlit track has a mystic charm,
 And to follow its lure we're fain,
 But ever comes back from the "Golden Arm"
 The sob of the old refrain.

For well we know that the home-trail calls
 When the lure of the moon is gone,
 And the spell that comes when the twilight falls
 Is past with the breaking dawn.
 "To the end of the world," is the old refrain
 "To the end of the world," but — "back again."



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." "THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS."
 BY ISABEL HALSEY BROWN, AGE 17. BY MARY L. PECK, AGE 14.

AN IMPORTANT AFTERNOON

BY CHESTER E. FLOYD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WITH great drops of rain spattering drearily about me, musing as to the probable winner of the prize for which I was one of the contestants, I walked rapidly to the graduation exercises of 1910.

I had convinced myself that I would not win, for, as it is the custom in my school not to notify the prize-winners

of their good fortune until the prizes are awarded, only the faculty knew which pupil had achieved success.

The prize, seventy-five dollars in gold, although an attractive one, had this year drawn forth but four competitors, and on this all important day but one of this quartet, besides myself, was given a seat in the envied front row.

The speaker of the day summed up his points, essays were read, the valedictory was completed, and the principal rose from his chair.

He told why the prize was awarded, the terms that we had followed, and finished by declaring that the winner was —

Here he paused a moment, a single second, but in that short space of time — well, a boy seldom likes to be called by his entire name, but this time those words were the pleasantest I ever heard.

Other prizes were awarded, the graduates received their diplomas, and soon I was leaving the hall. The rain no longer fell, the sun was breaking through the clouds, and Nature, after commencing the most important afternoon of my life with a rain-storm, seemed to be congratulating me.



"THE YOUTH OF GROWING THINGS." BY MARGHERITA AUTERI,
 AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN MY LIFE

BY FRANK H. STUERM (AGE 14)

I CAN think of no moment which seemed more important to me than the moment I first swam.

I swam about fifteen strokes and propelled myself about five feet; then I went under the water and came up spluttering. When I got rid of enough water to breathe again, I lost my breath telling my father all about the wonderful feat. After that I swam every day except when it was absolutely impossible to go in. I followed up the news of swimming races and endurance tests, and the winners were heroes in my eyes.

My hero worship died a natural death, but I am still an enthusiastic swimmer.

It is said that swimming is the nearest thing to flying, but you don't need an aeroplane or a balloon. Moreover, it may save human life, which is a grand thing.

On the whole, I think I am justified in thinking that an important moment.

HOME

BY ELSIE LOUISE LUSTIG (AGE 12)

AT home we never are afraid to make a lot of noise,
We jump, and play, and run about, just like a lot of boys.
We go up in the attic and rummage all around,
And look in all the closets to see what can be found.



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY MARGARET ETLER KNIGHT, AGE 14.

One day when we were looking behind a closet door,
We saw that Grandma's glasses were lying on the floor;
Then Jane put on the glasses and Father's overcoat,
She also wore his trousers and held a cane of oak.
She went into the kitchen and scared our Mary Ann,
Who, trembling, dropped some dishes, and broke a
pudding-pan.

At home, you see, we're not afraid to make a lot
of noise,
We jump, and play, and run about, just like a lot
of boys.

AN IMPORTANT TIME IN MY LIFE

BY KATHARINE H. SELIGMAN (AGE 15)

It was May 26, 1910. We had hoped for fine weather and had not been disappointed.

We took the early train from King's Cross to Cambridge, for we were going to that university town to see ex-President Roosevelt take his honorary degree of LL.D., and in our car, in the next compartment to ours, sat Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and their daughter Mrs. Longworth. As Dad knew them, we were introduced to them, and then we took our seats for the journey, which only takes about an hour and a half.

When we reached Cambridge we went to Dad's rooms in King's College, where we had lunch, and then we went on to the Senate House.

The degree was not to be given till three o'clock, but by 2.30 it was difficult to find room in the building. When Roosevelt entered with the vice-chancellor (Dr. Mason), you ought to have heard all the cheering. Then the ceremony began. It was all in Latin, and the public-orator read a long speech in that language.

The scene below ought to have been made bright with the scarlet gowns of the doctors, but, owing to the king's death, they had to wear their black gowns, all save the vice-chancellor and Mr. Roosevelt.

After the ceremony was over a Teddy-bear on a string from one side of the house to the other, was lowered by two of the undergraduates in the gallery, and Roosevelt in passing out caught hold of his namesake's paw and gave it a shake.

There were cries of "Speech! Speech!" but Roosevelt only shook his head and smiled, for his doctors would not allow him to talk, as his throat was not well.

After the ceremony, the ex-President, his wife and daughter, the vice-chancellor, and a few other people came to Dad's rooms, where we helped Mother with the tea.

Then we hurried off to catch the evening train to London.

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HOME, TO PENELOPE

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

ALONE and weary, I, in this my house,
Must weave my tapestry; but not too swift,
Lest I should end this welcome respite, gain'd
From those who e'en besiege me in my home.
My home! Is this a home?—what mockery!—
A prison, beautiful in strangers' sight,
But like a dungeon drear and desolate
To my poor hungry eyes. I hate these walls,
The bleak, bare chambers, empty-echoing long,
The tall, straight pillars, gaunt and gray and grim
In never-ending, cold, monotonous rows,
The halls in which his footsteps used to sound.
Why must I stay in this most cheerless place?
Home is not home without Odysseus.

But if once more he should come back to me,
If I should see once more that godlike form,
Then would the palace seem more beautiful
Than e'er before; the marble in the sun
Would warmly gleam; the house would then be home;
'Tis but an empty shell when friends are gone.
So now it is; Odysseus is gone.

"A MEMORY OF WINTER." BY CLEO DAMIANAKES, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

Athene! Strike me too, if he is dead!
For were he there, then Hades would be bliss
Beside slow, cruel death in this sad tomb.

CONTESTANTS in the League should bear in mind that in awarding prizes and in putting names on the honor rolls, competitors' ages are taken into account. A rather ordinary contribution of a member six or seven years old may be given a higher place than of one older, because for one so young it may be a *very* creditable piece of work.

THE HOME OF GREATEST MEMORY

BY BERYL MORSE (AGE 14)

O SEA! thou home of greatest memory,
Beneath thy depths lie graves of fallen ships,
At each new wreck a fierce joy curls thy lips.
Thy siren voice calls all men out to thee,
O Sea! thou home of greatest memory.

O Fafnir, small thy wealth doth seem to thee.
Thou hearest not the sound of widow's tears,
Thou 'lt suck down loved ones, yet, for countless years,
Thy treasures are thine own, eternally,
O Sea! thou home of cruelest memory.

Thy waves lap gently. Now thou seem'st to me
A fair-haired maiden, combing out her locks;
But later I will think of hidden rocks,



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY MARIAN RICHARDSON, AGE 16

And storms, and fierce winds blowing terribly,
O Sea! thou home of saddest memory.

HOME

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

SOMETIMES when Daddy's been away
From Mother, Bess, and me,
When he gets back again he seems
As happy as can be.
He says, "The cities, they are fine,
There's surely lots to see,
But after all, my little folks,
Home's the best place for me."

And then when Mother goes away
To spend a week in town,
She starts off in her best array
Of Sunday hat and gown.
But when she gets home and we say,
"Well, did you have a rest?"
She holds us close and whispers, "Yes,
But home, dears, is the best."

So is n't it awful funny
That no matter where you go,
To city, town, or country,
That you always miss home so?
I'm sure that good old song is true
That says, "Where'er we roam,
We're all glad to get back again,
'Cause there's no place like home."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Lorraine Ransom
Louise D. Reynolds
Babs Davids
Marcella H. Foster
Eleanor P. Stabler
Leonore Lemmler
Dorothy Crofts
Loomis
Fannie Ruley
Lois Baylor Perley
Mabel H. Sherwood
Genevieve Kerr
Hamlin
Clara Hunter
Dorothy H. Hoskins
Ruth Wilbur
Marie Maurer
Charles Hollender
Bernard Bronstein
Velona B. Pilcher
Belding F. Jackson
Cornelia M. Stabler
Julie M. Emery
Edna M. Schiff
Rebecca Hubbard
Wilder
Dorothy W. Jones
Mary Veldran De Witt
Elaine V. Rosenthal
Charlotte Bartlett
Rena Renard
Harriet Burnside
Foster
Harold Eaton Wood
Elizabeth C. Peck
H. N. MacIntyre
Minna Hyman Besser
Minerva Lewis
Josephine P. Keene
Clark Howell, Jr.
Marjorie Trotter
Hannah Ruley
James G. Fernald
Hyman Estrin
Duncan Thorburn
Dorothy Buell
Aline MacMahon

PROSE, 2

Anne Page
Martha Coleman
Mamie Urie
Marjory Roby
Edward Zerdier
Margaret Spratt
Dorothy W. Abbott
Margaret Phillips
Mildred Roberts
Ann Hastings
Dora A. Iddings
Theodora Wood
Clarice Goff
Gertrude Isabelle
Petry
Stella Green
Mildred Calvert
Frieda Lescher
Carol T. Weiss
Bessie R. Gregory
Marian B. Nicholson
Margaret E. Beakes
Florence Gallagher
Grace L. Schauffer
Esther W. Thomson
Jennie Kramer

George M. Maynard
Elaine MacFarland
Fanny Tomlin
Marburg
Kathleen C. Brough
Kathryn Maddock
Eugenia Ketterlinus
Mary E. Van Fossen
Katharine Barry
Ida Mae Syfrit
Lucy E. Fancher
Vera G. Livingston
David Noyes
Janice Ransom
Naomi Lauchheimer
Edith Maurer
Samuel H. Schaefer
Mary Flaherty

VERSE, 1

Lois Donovan
Lucile Shepard
Isabel D. Weaver
Doris F. Halman
Eleanor Johnson
Alice Trimble
Adela F. Fitts
Margery C. Abbott
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Pauline Nichthausen
Banny Stewart
McLean
Eleanor Maria Sickels
Margaret Fisher
Adelaide Nichols
Thérèse McDonnell
Hattie Anundsen
Rowena Lamy
Elizabeth Page James
Constance Tyrrell
Frances Adair Labaw
Martha Noll
Jessie Bogen

VERSE, 2

Winifred Sackville
Stoner, Jr.
Elsie Stuart
Doris Wilder
Alice L. Packard
Ruth Starr
Pauline Folger
Brackett
Virginia McConnick
Frances Dohoney
Amy C. Love
Ethel Branner
Judah L. Rosen
Ethel Warren Kidder
Helen Nesbitt
Anna De Witt
Emily L. West
Una V. Whipple
Naomi Estelle Butler
Selma H. Roesch
Carol Thompson
Mary Frances
Williams
Charline Marie
Wackman
Helen M. Laffin
Genevieve Elizabeth
Anderson
Violet R. Claxton
Lillian Wiggins
Miriam Spitz

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret Reeve
Dorothy Yaeger
Margaret A. Foster
Robertta Tener
Margaret Farnsworth
Charlotte Knapp
Dorothy Greene
Margaret Osborne
Mary Ruddy Clifford
Mary K. Rope
Estelle Spivey
Doris Burton
Mary Cook
Belle Bartram
Stephanie Damianakes
Julia M. Herget
Shirley Gill Pettus
Frank M. Woollen
Jean Dorchester
Theresa J. Jones

DRAWINGS, 2

Cecilia A. L. Kelly
Fannie Wright
Elsie Butcher
Susan Frazier
Jean Lucile Little
Margaret Pettit
Margaret H. Ballon
Miriam Sipfee
Annie S. Kallio
Laura Willis
Georgia Bonner
Maximilian J.
Overbeck, Jr.
Harry Till
Clara Butcher
Margaret Reynolds
Bennett
Mildred H. Luthardt
Francis C. Lathrop
Edna Buck
Helen F. Morgan
Veronica Frazier
Pauline B. Flack
James Anthony Peirce
Florence Bartram
Josephine Van de
Grift
Selma F. Snyder
Christian Benneche
Charlotte Martens
Marjorie M. Frink
Margaret V. C.
Ogden
Adrianna Bayer
Margaret Brate
Dorothy Hughes
Esther C. Lanman
Josephine
Witherspoon

Barbara W. Rosser
Margaret F. Foster
Margaretta Comstock
Johnson
Marian Blynn
Ethel Van Lieu
Margaret Pierce
Violette Child
Phyllis Kennedy
Theresa R. Robbins
Marion Robertson
Otis Matison Wiles
Virginia Stuart Brown
Frances Kostal
Helen A. Purdy
Mary Horne
Marjorie Adrienne
Johnson

Lawrence Moon
Alice Wangenheim
Ruth M. Adt
Simon Cohen
Anna B. Kessler
William G.
Kirschbaum, Jr.
Dorothea Kluge
Isabella Moore
Madeline Massey
Ruth Roe
Malcolm Clarke
Sherman
Olive Greensfelder
Helen W. Myers
Gretchen Wölle
Helen Breese Walcott

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Arthur H. Rowe
Marion R. Gardner

Elizabeth M. Duffield
Willett L. Eccles
Aileen Napier
Annie R. Williamson
Elizabeth Eliot
Meredyth Neal
Katharine Tighe
Mary D. Ruffin
Mary Comstock
Marjorie D. Cole
Helen Easterwood
Margaret Eddy House
Evelyn Caldwell
Charles Ingalls Morton

PUZZLES, 1

Lowry A. Biggers
Maude Downer
Elsa Frohman
Dorothy S. Mann
Beatrice O. Douglas
Hymen Alpern
Mamie G. Thorn
E. Adelaide Hahn
Eugene Scott
Phoebe S. Lambe
Josselyn D. Hayes
Virginia Dixon
Frances L. Caverhill
Marjorie G. Lachmund
Bruce M. Thomson
Elizabeth V. Kelly
Carl Albin Giese
Catharine C. Fries
Robert Pomeroy
Edna M. Trenn
Summerfield Baldwin,
3d
Emily Price Welsh

PUZZLES, 2

Helen Westfall
Peter Murdock
Emma K.
Anderson
Rose Greeley
J. Rowland Smith
Alice I. Moore
Mary S. Hoag
Frances L. Hardy
Josephine
Hollebaugh
Bertha H. Mann
Jessica B. Noble
Stanley Thompson
Ruth M. Carter
Raymond O.
Ford
Julia Turner

Margaret van Haagen
Gladys Wright
Jorga C. Hahn
Viola G. Cushman
Park N. Darrow
Carl E. Ohlsson
Peter Turchon
Ethel M. Shearer
Pauline Ehrich
Josephine Tunstale
Smith



"A MEMORY OF WINTER." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16.

Nellie Hagan
Bodie Hornemann
L. William Quanchi
Jeanne Demètre
Helen Houghton Ames
Austin Robbins Gordon
Hattie Meyers
Lydia Gardner
John Schlesselman

Henry B. Hodgkins,
Jr.
Anna Halsted
de Lancey
Edward H. Jewett, Jr.
Dwight W. Caswell
Inez Hale
Ruth Bottum
Helen M. Dwight
Clara T. De
Bardeleben
Josephine N. Pilling
Louise Logie
Florence Rideout
Louise Wigenhorn
A. Reginald Ashbey
H. Winslow Gardner
Elizabeth M. Brand
Gertrude Tiemer
Alice Card

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Harold F. Selden
Morris Jackson
Josephine Lytle
Livingood
Margaret E. Hoffman
Jean Hopkins
Ethel du Pont
Barksdale

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

LATE. Helen Smith, Honor R. Heward, Anna Franke, Josephine de Grange, Gertrude Harder, Mildred Moody, Madeleine Fulton, Ruth Chandler, Ruth K. Whitmore, Ethel A. Tornoé, Hazel Gildersleeve, Frances A. Hunter, Carolyn Bowby, Ruth Tiffany, Doris A. Libby, Marcella Seewald, Margaret Russell, Gwenn Robertson, Mary R. Glover, Dorothy Dawson, Lillie Garmany Menary, Flora Nelson, Eleanor Mishin.

NO AGE. Malcolm Gorman, Walter Schwinn, John M. Stevens, Christopher G. La Farge, Jr., Adeline Most, Anna T. Clark, Virginia Duncan, Emmet Mueller, Constance Ayer, Richard B. Bullis, Anna G. Eberbach, Charlotte M. Watson.

NO ADDRESS OR INCOMPLETE. Rebecca Trussell, Mary Stewart Sheffield, Samuel Lazinsky, Marion Bullwinkle, Harold F.

Gartley, Margaret Million, Beatrice H. Wilson, Helen Travis, Katharine Johnson, Charles Meyers, Alice Gifford, Ellen M. Camblos.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Anna Laura Porter, Katharine Balderston.

NOT INDORSED. Julius Holzberg, Kathryn Davis, Ethel Andrews.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Helen Smith, Lise Frankenbush, Kathryn Manahan.

WILD CREATURE TAKEN IN CAPTIVITY. Carleton W. Kendall.

IN COLOR. Louise Ross, Elizabeth Stevens.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 134

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 134 will close **December 10** (for foreign members **December 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Learning."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Study—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Outdoor Sports."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Useful in Winter," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **April**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

“’T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.”

It is easy to believe that at Christmas-time, when the whole Christian world is moved with a loving, gentle, and generous spirit, a sweet influence should be abroad, a power for good stronger than at any other season. In the old days, at least, when people's faith was as simple as it was sincere, they believed many wonderful things of Christmas, and related many stories of the strange happenings that befell. It was thought that nothing evil could occur, and that angels were wont to come to earth and to wander about in the guise of poor folk, blessing those who gave them help and shelter with happy days and good fortune. To “entertain an angel unawares” was then by no means a pretty fancy, but a very real possibility.

Men whose hearts were harsh or cruel at other times were said to grow tender and loving under the Yule-tide spell. Old stories tell of kind deeds done on Christmas by the most unlikely persons. And there were sudden visions of another, glorious world and curious occurrences of various sorts that had no reasonable explanation, but which belonged with the holy season. Good fairies were at work, good powers of every sort, and the child born on Christmas Eve was a fortunate being.

“A MAN'S ONLY A MAN, BUT A BOOK
IS A BOOK”

As you know, books were rare in the old times, and stories were told rather than read. As for children's books, there were none at all. Even the fairy tales and the fables and the stories of adventure were for grown-up people. But when they were being told, the children very likely managed to be within hearing.

Not so very long ago even, books were hard to come by. Abraham Lincoln had, it is said, only the Bible and the Constitution of the United

States until he had grown to be a man. And many a lad desirous of reading was forced to do so a little at a time in some quaint book-shop, where, propped against the shelf or leaning over the counter, he would spend a happy hour turning over the pages of a beloved volume he could not afford to buy. To give a book in those days was to give a precious thing, something to be kept as carefully as the family plate, and read as many times as there were pages between its covers.

So when on Christmas morning you find a pile of fine new books beside your place, all so brave in their handsome covers and full of beautiful illustrations, stop a moment to think what a little while ago it was when no boy or girl ever thought of owning a book, unless it were the “hornbook,” as the primer that held the alphabet and a few short sentences to teach spelling was called.

But, since there were no books to read, Christmas was a great time for story-telling and ballad-singing. Early in the morning, in England, boys and girls would go and sing under the windows of the squire's house, or other places where well-to-do people lived, expecting to have money thrown to them, or, in times still further back, to be called in for a hearty bite of breakfast. These Christmas hymns and songs were passed along from father to son for generations, and have a sweet old charm to them.

Besides the songs and the stories, there were Christmas plays and pantomimes in which all sorts of miraculous things occurred—amazing transformations, fairy spells, and merry tricks. The whole village would go masquerading, and at the great hall or grim castle traveling troupes would be entertained, giving their performances amid much applause and great shouts of laughter and approval after they had eaten the big Christmas dinner, with its huge pasties, its fat roast geese and round plum-pudding crowned with holly, not to mention the mighty wassail-bowl, in which the king's health had been pledged while

the whole jolly company rose to its feet as a sign of fealty and honor.

MODERN INSTANCES

SOMETHING of the feeling of that past time, the conviction that there was a special spirit in Christmas acting upon the men and women of the world with gentle but irresistible force, is found in stories written by authors of our own day or near it. And it is pleasant to read these stories during the Christmas season, just as it used to be pleasant to tell them or to act them when books were very scarce indeed.

Dickens wrote several such stories, a whole bookful of them, charmingly filled with this Christmas enchantment. They have lots of humor and fun in them, but they show especially how even the meanest and hardest hearts have somewhere a sweet and warm spot in them, and how Christmas finds this and breathes upon it, as it were, and changes the whole person. And each of the stories has something touching in it, something that makes your own heart feel warm and sweet. They will bring tears to your eyes, very likely, but tears it is good to have, shining with the light of the Holy Time.

Thackeray wrote his one child's story, "The Rose and the Ring," of which I have already spoken to you, as a kind of Christmas play. Fat Prince Bulbo and fine Prince Giglio, with the maidens they loved, and the queer adventures they had, and the curious enchantments—that story will simply make you laugh; it has nothing at all sad in it, not a single tear, even when Rosalba *almost* gets eaten by the lions; because, you see, you are just sure she will be saved somehow—and she—well, find out for yourselves!

Bret Harte wrote a beautiful Christmas story. A very different setting it has from the English ones I have been speaking of, for it is placed in a wild Western mining town, far away from anything that goes to make up Christmas as we know it. But the wonderful Christmas spirit is in it just the same, the beautiful mingling of smiles and tears, of tenderness and kindness with jollity and fun, and a touch of homesickness: it is one of the best stories in the world.

Bret Harte wrote a number of stories that you will like to read. They are exquisitely written, for they hold, in a few magic words, a whole way of life that has gone from the world forever. Perhaps it never existed so perfectly as in these stories that contain, as a dew-drop contains the whole spectrum in its tiny globe, the color and temperament and passion and imagination of a whole phase of human existence in a few brief pages. Anyhow, the delicious fun and the touch-

ing sadness in them will never pass away; nor will you ever forget your first reading of them as long as you remember anything. They become a part of you, they are part of America. The very names of the men and the women of these stories come to be as familiar to you as those of your own relatives.

TRUE MAKE-BELIEVE

IN addition to stories about Christmas Eve or Christmas Day there are longer books telling about the early Christian times. Two that are good are "Ben-Hur," by General Lew Wallace, and "Quo Vadis," by Henry Sienkiewicz, a Polish author. Both these books give wonderful pictures of those ancient times, and of the ways of life and thought of the people then, and show how the religion of which Christmas is the great festival was gathering strength and bringing people to believe its beautiful teachings.

Both these books have been translated into almost every modern language and have been read all over the world. And "Ben-Hur" was staged, and met with immense success. Both are thrilling stories, full of exciting adventures. The great chariot-race in "Ben-Hur" is particularly famous as an extraordinarily vivid description of what was probably one of the most splendid and picturesque sights of all the gorgeous spectacles of imperial Rome. The sufferings of Ben-Hur and his mother and sister are terrible, to be sure, but the wonder of the miracle repays one for that—as it repaid them.

"Quo Vadis" also gives us some fine pictures of Roman life. It is laid in the time of Nero, and we see that mad emperor as he fiddles over burning Rome. And who can ever forget the death of Petronius, the great patrician, or how he flouted Nero, who, for all his awful power, was vain and silly as a child? Yes, you are sure to like both these books, and another that belongs to a somewhat earlier time—Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia."

There is a strong fascination to tales like these that tell of ancient times and the way of living when the world was a vastly different place from what it is at present. When these stories are written by great men they are often better than histories, because they are true to historical knowledge, and yet bring to you the actual realization of the things they tell about, the sensation that you are there yourself, living through the experiences of the characters described. So that these matters become part of the furniture of your mind, and Rome and Alexandria and the strange people who lived in them are real to you. For a while at least you are at home in the old streets

and houses, suffering and rejoicing with the people who lived and walked in them, understanding their longings and fears, and helping to make the world again, as they made it in their day. A book of this sort moves through time instead of space, it is a ship that carries you to ancient days as a real ship takes you to foreign lands.

For it is a fact that, when history too often seems to have nothing to do with what makes life real to you, this sort of make-believe history will make the old days just as actual as the things that happen to yourself, because the human hopes and fears that were left out in the stern narrative

of the historian are put back by the story-writer. He waves his wand over the marble image, and it comes to life, to laughter and sorrow, struggle and success, love and death. You feel its hand warm in yours, and behold! it leads you straight into the long-gone centuries, and you understand the language they spoke and the manners of their daily life.

Anyhow, if you have all or any of the books I have spoken of in your Christmas stocking, you will have a good time reading them—and they will be books you will gladly keep, as the people in old days kept their books—all your life.

THE LETTER-BOX

ROCKMART, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much. My favorite authors are Ralph Henry Barbour, Charlotte Canty, F. Lovell Coombs, and Bradley Gilman. I think their stories are excellent. I never see many letters published from the fair sunny South. My favorite patriotic song is "Dixie." Mrs. L. H. Harris, author of "The Circuit Rider's Wife," is my aunt. I wish to see more children from "Dixie" write letters to the dear ST. NICHOLAS Magazine. I own a dog by the name of "Teddy Roosevelt" and a black cat by the disgraceful name of "Jack Johnson." They have many quarrels, in which Teddy most always comes out victorious.

Your charmed subscriber,

ALBINUS HARRIS (age 12).

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about a year and a half. I have enjoyed you greatly, especially Miss Du Bois's stories. I think you are the dearest thing to have that story of "The League of the Signet-Ring." My father and mother have every copy you sent out and on rainy days (like this one) I go up to the cabinet and get out six numbers or so. Mother thinks (as I do) that you, ST. NICHOLAS, are the magazine for children. As I read your stories I love you the better. I am

Affectionately,

DOROTHY DICKINSON (age 11).

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is in the Marine Corps, so we travel around a good deal. We were stationed in Annapolis before we came to Charleston, and it is a very interesting place. There is a tree at the college there that is older than the town. A treaty was signed by the Indians under it, and some people say that George Washington took his tea under it when he and Lafayette visited the college. Charleston is older than Annapolis and even more interesting. In one of the churchyards there is a singular tombstone; it is just the bed that the person died in, with the name and date carved on it. There are a good many other interesting graves in the same graveyard, but I have not been here long enough to see all of them. I have a good deal more to say, but I am afraid I have written too much already.

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY FULLER.

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about one year, and I enjoy your coming very much, and wish you came twice a month instead of once.

My sister and I have a mountain burro. Her name is "Texas." The gentleman who sent her to us is from Galveston, Texas, so we named her after the State in which he lived. We have trained her so that she drives very nicely, and we ride horseback too.

We have a summer home at Alder Creek, and the name of our cottage is "Pleasant View."

I am,

Your interested reader,

MARIE BROWN (age 12).

DOWNIEVILLE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the fourth year I have received you for a birthday present. This anniversary, August 10, was particularly enjoyable.

In honor of the day about thirty of my girl friends spent the afternoon and evening with me. We played outdoor games on the lawn until the dinner-hour, 6 P.M.

After dinner, while some returned to the moonlit lawn, others enjoyed themselves with music in the parlors.

As a happy sequel to the many remembrances I received that day came the announcement that I had won a League Silver Badge, which, I assure you, I am very proud indeed to wear.

Thanking you kindly for it and with the assurance that I shall work for still higher honors, I remain, as ever,

Your interested reader,

MARJORIE WINROD (age 13).

WESTERNVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading the Letter-Box the other day I came across a letter from a girl who had written about an heirloom of hers, so I thought I would write you about a snuff-box given by Benjamin Franklin to General Floyd. It is made of tortoise-shell, and we prize it very highly.

My favorite stories are the "Betty" stories, and "The League of the Signet-Ring."

I remain,

Your loving reader,

ADELIA AVENA FLOYD (age 13).



The Riddle-Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

FRACTIONAL FRUITS. Pineapple: p, i, n, ea, p, pl, e.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "So the house of King Creon was left desolate unto him that day, because he despised the ordinances of the gods."

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Wolf, golf, gulf, gulp, gump, lump, lamp, lamb. 2. Fly, fay, bay, bey, bee. 3. Bee, bed, bid, aid, and, ant. 4. Hard, hare, hire, sire, sore, sort, soft. 5. Blow, brow, brew, bred, brad, bead, bend, band, hand, hind, hint, hist, hiss, kiss. 6. Wren, when, then, thee, tree, free, flee, flew, crew, crow. 7. Loss, lose, lone, lane, bane, bale, ball, bail, bait, gait, gain. 8. Lily, lilt, hilt, halt, hale, hole, hose, rose. 9. Hard, hart, mart, mast, east, easy. 10. Hide, bide, bade, bale, ball, bell, sell, seal, seam, seem, seek. 11. Seek, seed, send, fend, find. 12. Arm, aim, aid, lid, lit, let, leg.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. November. 1. Tur-nip. 2. Har-old. 3. Pre-vent. 4. App-ear. 5. Ham-mock. 6. Bom-bay. 7. Str-etch. 8. Her-ring.

CHARADE. Her-mit-age.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Frank Black—Frances McIver—Mollie and Dorothy Jordan—Marjory Roby—Edward Willis Barnett—Anna F. B. Richardson—Lyrrel G. Teagarden—Mildred G. Smith—S. Fairbanks—"Terryville Trio"—Dorothy Curtis—Edna Meyle—Beatrice Stein—Helen E. Wanamaker—Alice H. Farnsworth—Judith Ames Marsland—"Queenscourt"—Agnes L. Thomson—Paul Bittenwieser.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from F. W. Van Horne, 7—"Terryville Trio," 8—Richard Lüders, 2—H. M. Carey, 1—R. Greeley, 1—M. L. Bull, 1—R. K. Davis, 1.

CHARADE

My first is in the negative;
My second rhymes with roll;
My last a preposition is;
A general's name, my whole.

LILLIAN GRANT (League Member).

WORD-SQUARE

1. A HEAVENLY body. 2. A fruit. 3. Measures of distance.
4. An occurrence. 5. Puts to the proof.

MARGARET KEW (League Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Obscurity. 2. The red-backed sand-piper. 3. A servile dependent. 4. Ants. 5. Eatable. 6. Blunders.

Zigzags, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a pleasant season.

JOHN B. HYATT, JR. (League Member).

ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: To a tin receptacle add performed and make frank. Answer, can-did.

1. To an animal add to bite, and make an aromatic plant.
2. To strike add a pronoun, and make nearer. 3. To a

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Bunker Hill; 11 to 20, Bennington. Cross-words: 1. Barb. 2. Duel. 3. Anna. 4. Neck. 5. Pier. 6. Erne. 7. Hang. 8. Bite. 9. Bolt. 10. Nail.

QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS. William H. Taft, Washington, D. C. 1. Way-ward. 2. Imp-anel. 3. Lob-ster. 4. Lit-hium. 5. Imp-ious. 6. Are-nose. 7. Man-gers. 8. Hat-ters. 9. Tab-oret. 10. Ago-nize. 11. Fee-ding. 12. Tea-cher.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. Sherman. 1. Be-stow-al. 2. Re-char-ge. 3. Pr-even-ts. 4. Pr-over-bs. 5. Un-time-ly. 6. Ha-rang-ue. 7. Ca-nail-le.

ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAGS. Centrals, George Eliot; 1 to 2, Middle-march. 3 to 4, Silas Marner. Cross-words: 1. Mangoes. 2. Pikelin. 3. Deposal. 4. Idorgan. 5. Largess. 6. Redeems. 7. Monesia. 8. Mallard. 9. Rumicin. 10. Acrogen. 11. Hostler.

famous dog add a tiny portion, and make a small burrowing animal. 4. To a cold substance add a human being, and make a welcome summer visitor. 5. To a feminine nickname add depressed, and make pale. 6. To a dark, sticky substance add a sailor, and make a cross person. 7. To a human being add antiquity, and make to direct. 8. To an insect add an edge, and make a song of praise. 9. To the sun add a unit, and make comfort.

The initials of the nine six-letter words will spell a happy season.

BEATRICE ORME DOUGLAS (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

ONE word is concealed in each couplet.

- Do see the man standing near by, all alone,
Well, he is the bravest at everything known.
- The novel is tame, now the story we've heard,
I know you'll agree when you ponder each word.
- Who would to a postal entrust such a tale;
I'll have to reform and send letters by mail.
- Should Ada mend every small thing she could find
'T would give me the leisure to settle my mind.
- He's not a pretender; I noticed your smile;
Just wait till you hear what he's done that's worth while.
- The whole village interest centers in him,
Beside his bright exploits our doings are dim.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

FAMOUS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY AND IN THE 20TH CENTURY—SUPREME



KRANICH & BACH PIANOS

THE VIOLYN PLATE

IN THE KRANICH & BACH PIANO

adds the most important element of perfection that all piano manufacturers have worked thirty years to obtain.

¶ This marvelous improvement now makes possible a longer sustained, much purer and more voice-like tone than has ever before been obtained from an Upright piano. And it keeps the piano in perfect tune a much longer time than any piano without it.

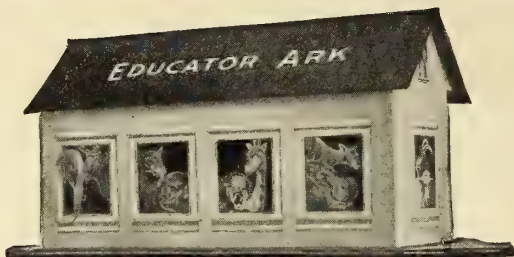
¶ The Kranich & Bach is the *only piano* in the world constructed with the "Violyn" plate. ∴ ∴

An interesting little book describes it fully and will be sent free to those writing for our new catalogue.

KRANICH & BACH

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EDUCATOR Animal CRACKERS

Delight and Nourish Youngsters

Here's the latest addition to the Educator Cracker family. Packed in a beautiful Ark of heavy tin, lithographed in 12 colors. *Highest class cracker container ever put out in America.*

"Just the thing for Christmas"

but it makes a holiday whenever a child gets it. Each cracker has a high food value—being made from entire wheat, rye, barley, cornmeal or oatmeal. Educator Animal Crackers for refilling Ark sold in 25c tins by your grocer.

Every child likes an Ark—get him the Educator Ark

Sent, express prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00 if your grocer can't supply you.

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Let's make the Christmas Candy at home. Use Karo Syrup and follow the *easy, practical* Karo recipes—Fondant Creams, Chocolates, Glace Nuts and Fruits, Fudges, Taffies, "Divinities," etc.

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Large Cans, 10c. & 15c.

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Karo (Golden Brown) is fine for Taffies and Fudges—*blue label*.

Send your name on a post card today for the Karo Cook Book—*Free*.

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Two Classes of Fair Women

Some are fair because they happen so.

Others attain the clear, rosy complexion, smooth velvety skin, bright eyes, easy, graceful poise, as a result of carefully selected food and drink that properly nourish the body,

knowing that a fair complexion is the outward token of health within.

A beautiful woman seldom remains beautiful if she continues to drink coffee which is often the cause of various aches and ills.

Health is a Divine Gift—always ready for us, and produces more pleasure than any other one thing.

When well-made

POSTUM

is used in place of coffee, relief from aches and ills set up by coffee is to be expected and Nature can then restore the rosy bloom of health.

Postum contains the pure, wholesome elements of the field grain, which build and strengthen the nerves and vital organs.

Every woman should read the little book, in packages of Postum—for “The Road to Wellville” is a good road to healthful beauty.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Time to hand in answers is up December 10. Prizes awarded in February number.

It is time we had another *Drawing Competition*. There have been very few kinds that are more popular than this.

So, for your Christmas Competition draw a full-page advertisement of any firm which is advertising in full pages or half pages in this number. Make your sketch either a pen-and-ink, or a wash-drawing, letter-in the text, and try to produce a "Christmas feeling" in it.

Remember that there is no age limit to these competitions; that you may have help, and that whole families may get together and combine on a clever idea.

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration

of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

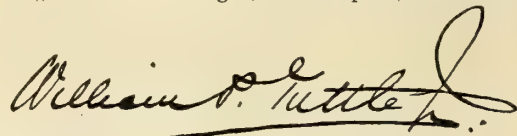
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (108).

3. Submit answers by December 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 108, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 106.

THIS was a very hard one—and the Judges, when they sat down by the big table and rapped sharply for the Secretary to bring in the papers, saw him come tripping lightly into the room with only a few hundred—instead of staggering in as he usually does burdened by thousands.

Therefore the Judges said, one to the other: "Ah, we will have an easy examination this month and get out early."

But it was a longer task than they anticipated. Some of the thoughts were wonderfully concealed by a volume of words—while others were most clearly expressed. The Judges thank you and congratulate the winners. Here they are:—

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Edith May Johnston, age 12, Wash., D.C.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Dorothy Bennett, age 13, Florida.

Thérèse H. McDonnell, age 17, Penn.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Eleanor Johnson, age 12, New York.

Marian R. Priestly, age 15, Penn.

Elizabeth Keeler, age 20, Virginia.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Eva Dobbins, age 14, Alabama.

Paul P. Faris, age 33, Illinois.

Alice and James Joy (average [*sic*] 28), New Jersey.

Mrs. E. M. Stearns, age 55, New York.

Irma A. Hill, age 13, New York.

Gertrude Harder, age 14, New York.

Elizabeth Allen, age 55, Mass.

Florence H. Rogers, age 14, France.

Frances C. Hamlet, age 17, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. Richards, age 72, New York.



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It is all very much like magic.

Frappes, sherbets, souffles, charlottes, salads, puddings, plain Jell-O desserts, fruited Jell-O desserts—almost everything conceivable that is good for dessert—can be made of

JELL-O

A package of Jell-O and a pint of boiling water are all that is needed.

The flavors are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

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Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.





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KINGSFORD'S
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CORN STARCH

—while ordinary corn starch can be made in a few days. **Yet you are asked as much for these low-grade corn starches as for Kingsford's.**
It will pay you in every way to insist upon Kingsford's Corn Starch.

The Cook Book H.H. tells "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch," 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *It's free*—just send your name on a post card.

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OUR new cap sealing bottle makes the use of this famous adhesive a very simple matter. A slight twist and the cap is off or on—no wasting—no evaporation—the last drop is as good as the first.

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Library slips with every bottle and tube.

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THERMOS UNITES SUMMER AND WINTER as it keeps any liquid or solid hot without fire and cold without ice until wanted for use.

THERMOS is necessary to EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY from infancy to old age; IS NECESSARY IN THE HOME for nursery, kitchen and sickroom; IS NECESSARY AWAY FROM HOME at work or play, for the PLUTOCRAT and the WORKINGMAN, to the housewife and physician, to automobilists, yachtsmen, travelers, campers, to EVERYBODY.

THERMOS bottles, tea- and coffee-pots, decanters, jars, humidors (for preserving the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, tobacco, etc.), motor restaurants, cellarettes, luncheon sets, English-made traveling cases, wicker baskets, drinking cups, etc., in complete assortment.

THERMOS IS SO NECESSARY TO YOU that we have prepared a 34-page booklet full of interesting Thermos facts which describes every Thermos article herewith illustrated, free on request.

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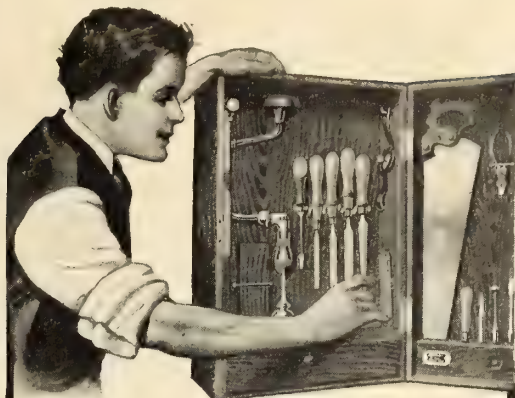


Illustration is of No. 52.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

TRADING STAMPS

ALL of the readers of this page are doubtless familiar with what are known as trading stamps. These little pasters are sold by some company to various retailers—the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, who, in their turn, give them to their customers in proportion to the amount of purchases made. The issuing company redeems them with presents of china, furniture, and various articles of ornamental and utilitarian value. Quite a few enterprising philatelists have made exceedingly interesting collections of these stamps, although they have no postal value whatever. The craze, once violent, is now apparently dying out. But how many of our readers know that a stamp-issuing government actually authorized and issued trading stamps? New Zealand passed an Act prohibiting the use of trading stamps, and itself issued a farthing “discount stamp.” These stamps were sold to such retailers as desired them, and then distributed to customers in much the same way as the trading stamps. But these discount stamps were redeemed by the government itself in cash. While copies are known postally canceled, they are not legitimate or authorized. The stamp is simply a fiscal or revenue issue.

POPULARITY OF UNITED STATES STAMPS

IN chatting with various stamp dealers here in New York, the editor has noticed frequent comment on the increased interest which of late has been taken in the issues of United States stamps. This sudden access of interest cannot be accounted for by any spirit of national pride. It is due largely to the new commemorative issues, and somewhat to the issuing of current stamps in imperforate condition. All such novelties serve to attract attention to stamps, and to arouse the latent collector-instinct. But perhaps what more than all else to excite interest in our own stamps has been the publication of a new guide to the study of our rather technical issues. While the subject has already received much attention, and many books, pamphlets, and articles have been written upon it, yet this latest production has a breeziness and popular merit of its own which have done much to create new collectors, and to revive the interest of older hands.

STAMP CLUBS

THE adage of union and strength is as true of stamp-collecting as of everything else. Every collector should join the local stamp society; or, if none exists, try to organize one. You will be surprised to find how many people are interested in the same subject. Nearly always you will be able to find some older collector who will gladly give you some of his time each month, who will attend some if not all of your meetings, and who will help you with those “hard-to-locate” stamps. Medicine is said to be the most charitable profession, but certainly the philatelist is equally ready to give his time to help others. Maybe this is why so many doctors are stamp collectors.

A society which meets weekly at the homes of the different members, at which exhibitions of the collections of members are shown, will teach the novice much. The addition of facilities for exchanging stamps upon

some safe catalogue basis, under the supervision of an older collector, will be found advantageous, and a means of increasing the size of all the collections. The reading of a short composition upon the history of some chosen country will be found entertaining and of great educational value, not only generally speaking, but along stamp lines as well. If desired, competition in these essays could be had. Or a series of questions could be suggested for the different meetings. At a recent club meeting the question for discussion was, “Why did France issue a lithographed series in 1870?” Several of the boys gave exceedingly interesting and well-written replies. Let your stamp-collecting teach you all it can.

THE CARE OF STAMPS

THE editor of Stamp Page recently received a note from “an amateur collector” in California, asking two questions in reference to the care of stamps. If all inquiring readers will give their name and address plainly it will be possible to answer many of the questions asked not only more at length, but also more promptly in a personal letter than through the columns of this page which should be reserved for topics of more general interest than those which some questions sent in cover.

Many of us began by pasting our specimens solidly and securely in some blank-book or scrap-album. In order to remove these, or stamps put in the wrong place, the best way is to take two or more nice clean blotters, place the stamp, face downward, upon a dry blotter and lay on the back of the stamp the other blotter, well moistened with warm water (if the stamp has been put in the wrong place and one wishes to preserve the album, use only a small piece of blotter and not very wet). The process is rather slow, but with care all can be neatly and safely removed. If a stamp is unused, by careful watching and detaching the paper as soon as loosened, a portion, at least, of the original gum may often be saved. In removing canceled stamps from envelopes, it is well to remember this rule: “Always tear the envelop or paper away from the stamp; never try to peel the stamp away from the paper.”

Try this, sometime, by taking two ordinary stamps on the envelopes and see how much easier and safer it is to take the paper away from the stamp.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

THERE was recently adopted by the Parliaments of four South African Colonies—Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Orange River Colony, and Transvaal—an Act of Federation into the Union of South Africa. Each of the four colonies becomes a province in the Union, and while each province will have its own council, yet each will also be represented in the Union Parliament, which will consist of two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives or Assembly. Under the provisions of this Act, Orange River will revert to its old name of Orange Free State. As nearly all history can be read in stamps, so some new issue will record this step toward a general union of African colonies. Viscount Herbert Gladstone, son of the late premier, has been tendered the position as first Governor of the Union.

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"Martin Luther was very human and very lovable, strikingly like our own Lincoln in his quaint humor, his homeliness of speech, his human sympathies, his simplicity of character, his clearness of vision."

Readers of Maurice Hewlett will enjoy his contribution to this December Century—a conversation between himself and *Senhouse* and *Sanchia*. In this number is the first of a series of articles on "The Trade of the World," which will appeal to American business men. Here is an article by Champ Clark on Congressional Oratory. And stories! Everybody is reading Robert Hichens's "The Dweller on the Threshold."

This December Century is a foretaste of what Century readers will have in 1911—a series by Professor Ferrero on "The Wives of the Cæsars"; William Winter on "Shakspeare on the Stage"; David Belasco on "The Theater and the Box Office"; papers for women on the training of children in different countries (they will enjoy the finely illustrated article on the Colony Club in December). Joseph Pennell is making pictures of Chicago and Niagara for The Century; Timothy Cole is engraving great examples of the old masters in American collections; and the work of such men as Sargent, Chase, Millet, Wiles, Castaigne, Gibson, and Frost, will be seen in every number.

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CENTURY.



AN OLD REMEDY

BOY: "Grandfather, what did you use to do before we had Pond's Extract?"
GRANDFATHER: "Why, I don't remember. We used it regularly when I was a boy."

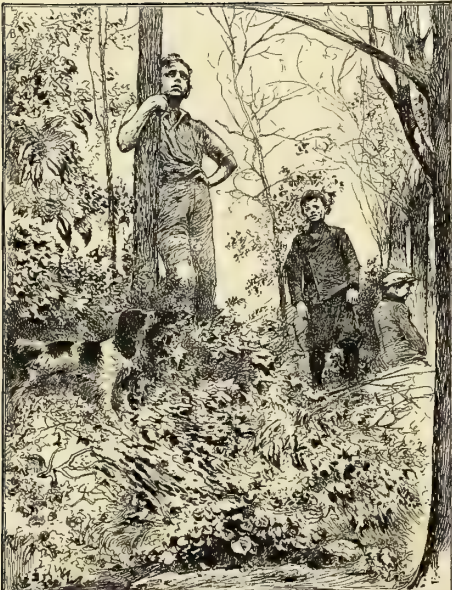


WELL TAUGHT

NEW NURSE: "Bumped your head? Come, let me kiss it and make it well."
CHILD: "Pond's Extract is better than kissing, Mama thinks."

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Standard for 60 Years"



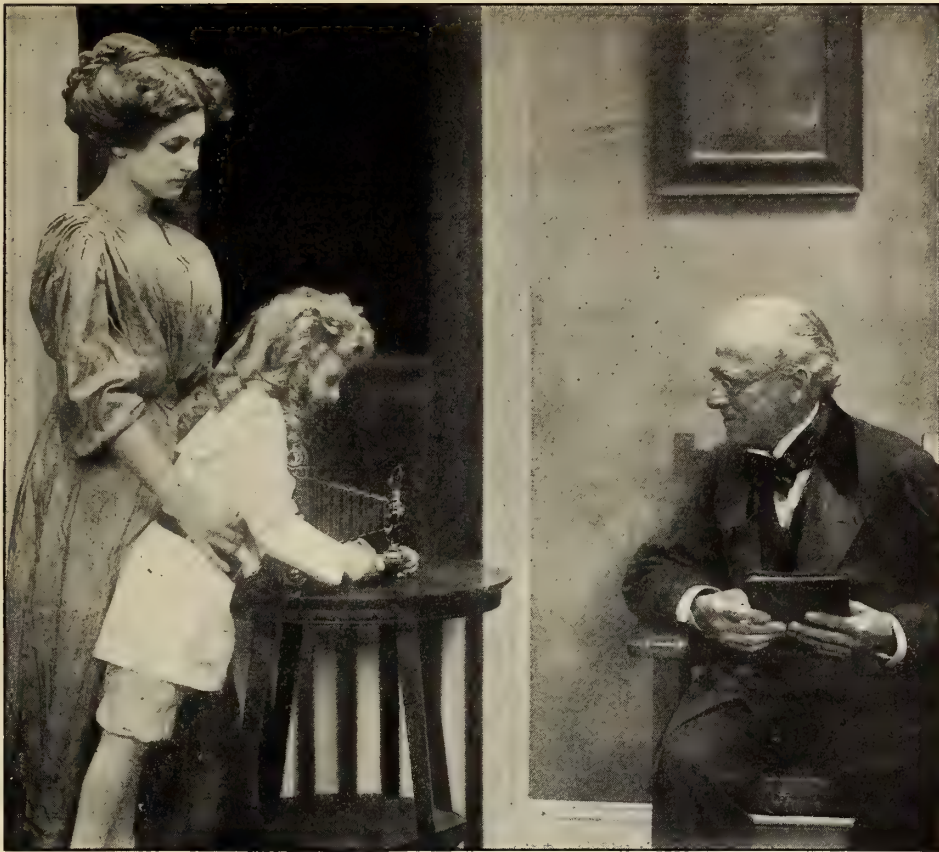
VOICE FROM THE TREE:

"Oh, well! Suppose I do fall. We've got Pond's Extract in the house."



CHILD: "Mother, why does Father put Pond's Extract on his face when he is a't hurt?"

MOTHER: "Because he likes the pleasant, soothing feeling of it, dearie."



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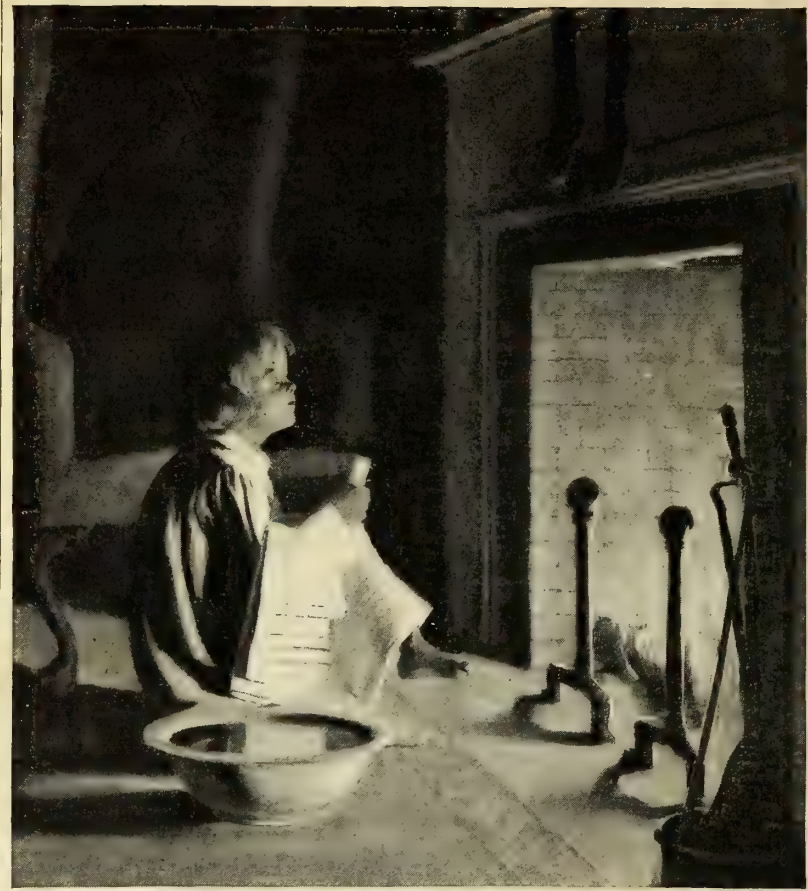
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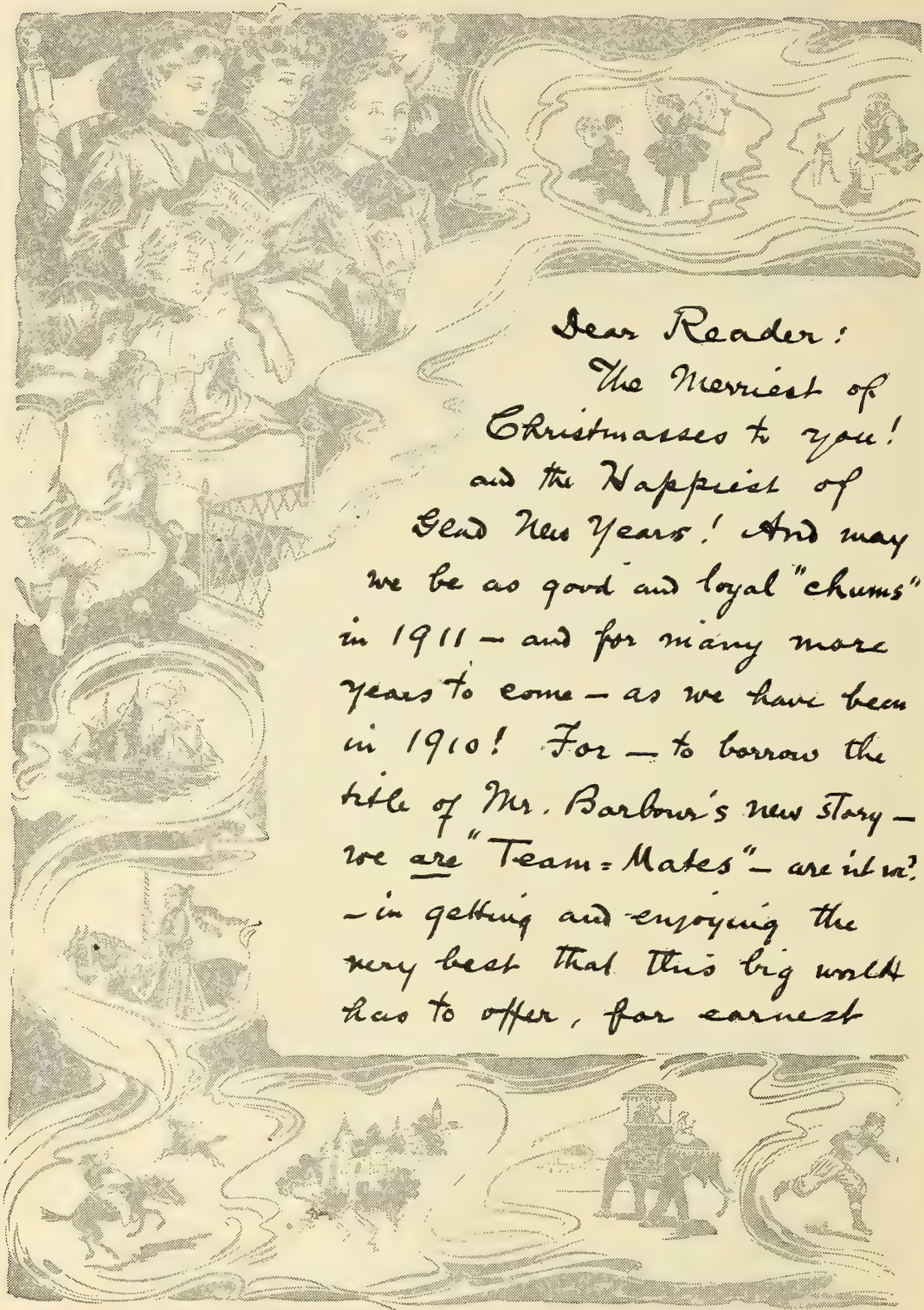
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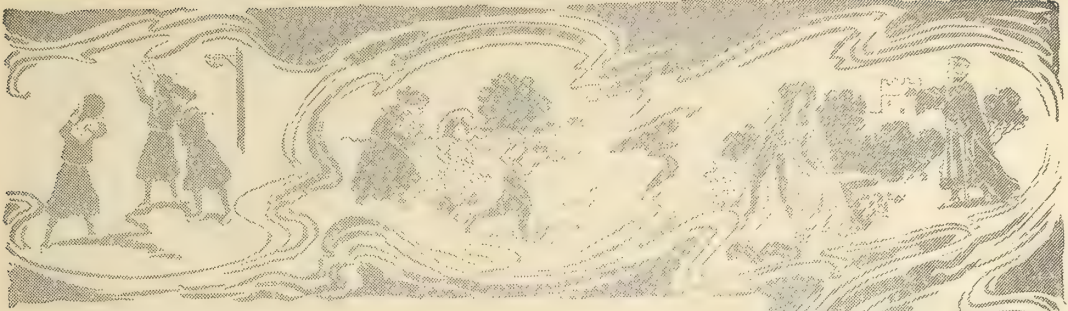
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 Christmases to you!
 and the Happiest of
 Good New Years! And may
 we be as good and loyal "chums"
 in 1911 — and for many more
 years to come — as we have been
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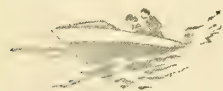
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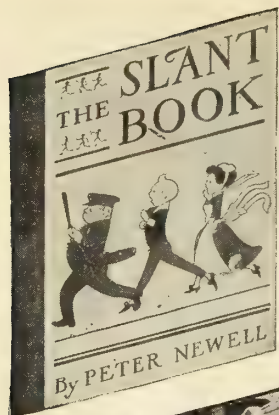
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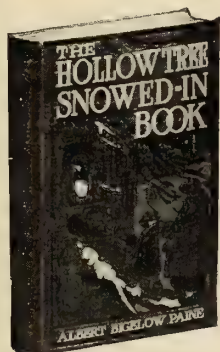
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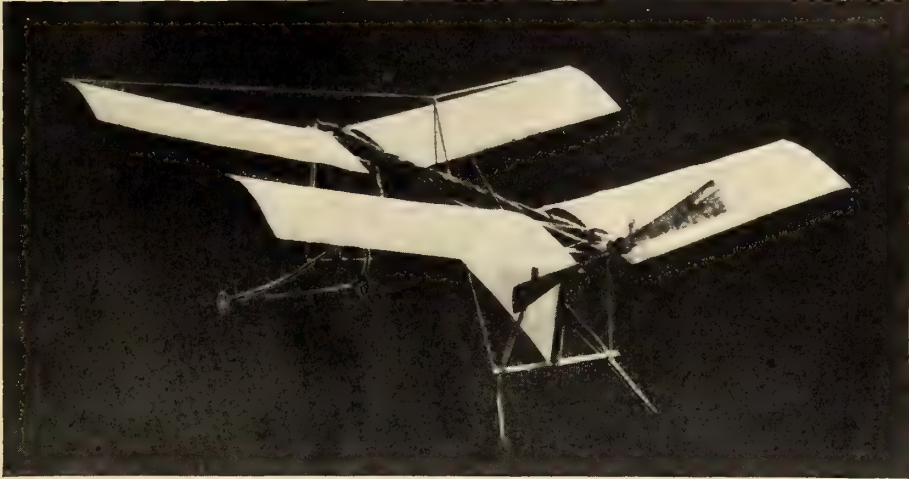


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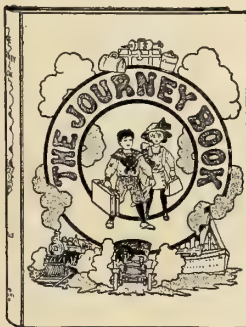
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

JANUARY, 1911

No. 3



CHRISTMAS SNOW



BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE air is full of frozen flowers;
The snow, the snow is falling,
And all the voices of the north
Upon the winds are calling.
Come, high winds, low winds, sing across the snowing
Swell and falls and dying lulls and wild breath blowing!

Weird realm of wonder and of awe,
With ice-fields darkly crashing,
Where cohorts of the cold go forth,
With great auroras flashing,
Your high winds, low winds, blow across the meadows,
Blow, with all your bitter will, with all your eery shadows.

Blow, you dark north, o'er hill and dale,
With many a mile of drifting,
From dawn till purple twilight blow,
Swift, swift your silver sifting,—
Yet sweet world, yet glad world, despite the stormy singing,
The heart of all the earth is warm while Christmas bells are ringing!

TRIMSON



CHAPTER I
MOVING ORDERS

HARDEN stood at his dormitory window and scowled surlily across the bleak academy grounds. The sky was gray—in the deepening twilight almost black. The first snowflakes of the season, harried by the brisk east wind, scooted slantwise over the frozen turf. A few shadowy figures, bundling their lowered heads into their coats, hurried across the campus. From around the corner of the opposite dormitory appeared a group of eight or ten fellows. Harden recognized them. It was the hockey squad returning from practice. With a still more formidable scowl he turned away, and, dropping into a Morris chair, stared at the snapping radiator.

Though tall for seventeen and, on the whole, compactly built, his face at present revealed a little too much cheek-bone, a little too sharp a chin for even a lean man in the best condition. His deep-set eyes were perhaps partly responsible for his generally underfed appearance, but he could not justly claim that such a detail, even if it prejudiced Dr. Fitz, the school physician, affected the gymnasium scales. The impartial steel arm stubbornly refused to allow him to shove the balance-weight beyond one hundred and nine. And at the close of the base-ball season, he had weighed one hundred and thirty-one.

As a matter of fact, however, his mirror really was fairer to him than the scales. His black eyes were clear, his color good, and his teeth white and sound. His lips came firmly together as his father's did, relieving somewhat the handicap of his curly brown hair, which, wet it as he might, refused to lie down flat. Had it not been for those long, stringy muscles, which his lithe body served only the better to reveal, the nickname of "Curly," with which he was christened in his first year, might have stuck to him. It was dropped for "Phil" early in his second year.

The study door opened, and Wenham, his roommate, entered. The latter tossed his books into a

chair and, shivering with the cold, hurried across to the radiator. His peaked, serious face was purple. Both scales and mirror dealt harshly with him. He was shorter of stature than Harden, and there was that in his blue eyes peering out sharply below the square forehead and the shock of light, tangled hair above it which perhaps accounted for the close friendship between the two boys. In a way those eyes belonged to a body even bigger than Harden's. Ordinarily mild and made still milder by large spectacles, they had a way of kindling which set a limit on the badgering which his physique at first prompted from the bullies. Although a hard student, Wenham went at his work in different fashion from the usual grind. It was the fight for mastery that appealed to him rather than any desire to be known as a scholar. He accepted a tough problem in algebra or an involved passage of Latin as a challenge, and approached it in a spirit of contest. Furthermore, his studies offered him his only path to distinction, and he was as ambitious to stand well before his fellows as Harden himself was.

For a minute or two Wenham was unconscious that his room-mate was there. As he finally made him out, he exclaimed:

"Hello, Phil! It's cold out."

"Cold nothing!" growled the latter.

Wenham rubbed his hands together, pressing his back against the warm pipes.

"Almost zero," he declared.

Harden rose and slouched to the window. Wenham studied him a moment, carefully and a bit anxiously.

"What's the matter?" he asked finally.

Without turning, Harden muttered his reply to the rattling sash:

"The doc turned me down."

"For the hockey team?" stammered Wenham, in surprise.

"For the hockey team!"

"You don't say!"

Wenham was genuinely disturbed. He knew how much Harden had looked forward to getting

into that game this winter. He shifted his position a little and tried to make out Harden's face through the dark.

"That 's hard luck, Phil," he responded earnestly.

Harden turned on his heels.

"Hard luck?" he exploded. "I tell you, Fitz has a grouch against me. He is n't fair! He cut me out of the foot-ball squad, and now he 's done this. He 's mad about something."

"About what?" asked Wenham, seriously. "What could he be mad about?"

"Oh, I suppose about not telling him I was off my feed in the Weston game last spring. But I *had* to play that game, did n't I? I was the only pitcher on the team, and it was the championship series. We just *had* to trim 'em. And," he added, in better humor at the recollection, "we did; seven to four."

"But you came down sick that night," Wenham reminded him mildly.

"What of it? I 'd have been sick anyhow."

"Perhaps not all summer."

"Well, I 'm not sick now, am I?" protested Harden, swerving aside from the main point as usual, when he saw Wenham prepared to argue.

"You are n't so heavy as you used to be," ventured Wenham.

"What of it?"

"Nothing, only—well, I think the doctor is right, Phil. You play so hard."

"Bah!" Harden interrupted impatiently. "I was carrying too much weight last year, anyhow. Why, look here, Bob!" he exploded, as he strode to the radiator. "Feel!"

He doubled up his arm, and Wenham placed his fingers upon the knot of muscle which rounded up in response.

"Great!" exclaimed Wenham.

Compared with his own, this was the arm of a Samson.

"Feel here," insisted Harden, lifting his foot to Wenham's chair. Wenham obediently placed his hand on the firm calf.

"Like rock," he assured Harden.

"And yet old Fitz tells me to get out in the air and walk. Walk! I 'm going to write home to Dad. I won't stand it. The doc has something laid up against me."

Wenham crouched a little closer to the register. For a moment he was silent. Then he said:

"Perhaps he has something against me, too."

Harden turned in surprise. It certainly was unusual for the faculty to have anything against Wenham.

"Against you?"

"I called at his office this afternoon," said Bob.

"What about, I 'd like to know?" asked Phil.

"The debating team."

"The debating team!" snorted Harden.

Wenham recoiled at the scorn in his roommate's voice. Harden saw that he had hurt. He placed his hand affectionately on Wenham's shoulder.

"I did n't mean to hurt you, Bob," he apologized, "but—well, it sounded sort of funny to compare the debating team with the hockey team."

"I know, Phil," answered Wenham, gently.

There was another long pause. Wenham seemed to shrink closer to the radiator, while Harden stood by his side uneasily.

"Of course the debating team is all right," faltered Harden. "All I meant was, it is n't what you 'd call a sport."

"Still," put in Wenham, "I did want to make it. Dad wanted me to make it."

"But you will," Harden hastened to assure him. "There is n't a fellow in school who can touch you in that sort of thing."

Wenham glanced up. He was glad the room was dark. In spite of himself, he felt his eyes growing moist.

"The doctor won't let me," he said finally.

Harden started.

"Won't let you?"

"He says—I 'm not in condition."

Harden glanced down at the bowed figure—at the narrow, sagging shoulders, at the hands still stiff from the cold. Then he burst out:

"Well, you are n't. The doctor 's right."

"But I wanted that one chance, Phil. It 's all I can do, and if I did that well, maybe the fellows would n't think me such a chump."

Harden squared his shoulders.

"Who called you a chump?" he demanded.

Wenham turned away his head.

"It is n't what they *say*, Phil," he answered brokenly. "It 's what they think. They think I 'm nothing but a grind—that I have n't any school spirit."

Harden thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and stood squarely before his room-mate.

"See here, Bob," he exclaimed; "you 've got the dumps. I know what I think, old pal, and that is that you can beat them all a mile in books and that sort of thing. And I know what they don't know: that you 've helped me win half the games I ever played in. You have a way of gripping a fellow's hand before the game that makes him feel he just *has* to win. But Fitz is right about you. You 've been at your work too hard. You 're getting round-shouldered over your books. Why, you 're going it even in your sleep! You ought to get out more and walk!"

It was a long speech for Harden, but it came straight from the heart.

"I'm all right, I tell you," broke in Wenham, a bit querulously. "If I talk in my sleep, it's because I think in my sleep."

A knock at the door startled both boys. No one but Principal Gadding ever knocked before entering. Wenham swung open the door and found himself confronting a man some six feet tall and broad in proportion. At first he did not recognize him. But Phil did, and the next second was across the room.

"Dad!" he exclaimed, gripping his father's big hand.

"I thought I'd surprise you," smiled Mr. Harden.

"Well, you have," answered Harden. But he checked his enthusiasm a moment. "Anything wrong at home?" he asked quickly.

"No, Phil."

"Anything wrong here?"

Mr. Harden, having by this time reached the center of the room, studied his son sharply a moment. "Only that you look a bit thin," he replied.

He turned to Wenham. "You too, Bobby," he added.

"Dad," protested Harden, "you've seen Dr. Fitz."

"Yes, I *have* seen him," admitted Mr. Harden, removing his heavy fur overcoat.

Phil stopped to admire his solid, broad-shouldered father. The latter weighed two hundred pounds without an ounce of fat. Wenham drew back almost in awe of such a physique.

"Gee-whillikins, Dad!" exclaimed Phil, "I wish I had your weight!"

Mr. Harden laughed. His laugh was a companion's laugh, open, frank, boyish. And the laugh expressed, better than anything else could, the relationship between him and his son. They had been chums from the time Phil was old enough to walk. They had played together and studied together, and in the long summer vacations they had tramped the woods together. In the boy the father lived over his youth again, and put it into the books which had long since established his reputation as a big-hearted naturalist; in the father the boy found his inspiration for the vigorous, clean-minded life he was already leading to the best of his ability.

"You have n't even your own weight," answered his father.

Phil frowned.

"I suppose Fitz told you."

"My own eyes told me that," answered Mr. Harden. "But, as a result of my interview with

the doctor, I've come to make you boys a proposition."

Phil's face brightened. His father's propositions were invariably interesting.

"What is it, Dad?" Phil pressed him eagerly.

"It's for you both," explained Mr. Harden. "I wrote to Bob's father, and he indorses the plan. I saw Principal Gadding, and he approves, while Dr. Fitz is enthusiastic about it. It now rests with you."

"I indorse it," exclaimed Phil. "I'll indorse any scheme of yours before I hear it."

Mr. Harden's eyes lighted with satisfaction.

"I'm off for a camera hunt in the woods of Maine," he began without preamble. "My idea is to write a book under the title 'When the Woods Sleep.' I wish to make people see what goes on among the pines during the long winter months when most campers are snug in their steam-heated houses. I want you boys to help me."

"Help you?" shouted Phil. "Well, I rather think we will! When do we start?"

"To-morrow."

"And we go back with you to-night?"

"If you can get ready."

Phil circled around Wenham like a wild Indian. The latter had listened quietly, and now his lips contracted as they used to do before a stiff examination.

"Do you hear, Bob?" cried Harden. "Throw your books into the closet and get busy!"

Wenham shook his head.

"I'd like to go," he began, "but—"

He was not allowed to finish.

"No 'buts,' Bob," Harden interrupted him. "You're going, and that's all there is about it. We'll put some meat on your bones, some red blood in your veins."

"Mr. Gadding said you could make up your work easily when you get back," put in Mr. Harden.

"Of course he can," interrupted Phil; "he can make up a month's work in a couple of days any time."

Phil hurried to the closet, grabbed a suitcase, and hurled it at Wenham.

"Catch!" he called.

Before Wenham could frame further protest, the suitcase was upon him, and following this a shower of shoes, hats, and coats. Wenham did n't have a chance to open his mouth again. This marked the first time that Harden ever got the better of his room-mate in an argument. In ten minutes every boy in the dormitory had come in to learn the cause of the excitement. And within an hour the boys had bidden their fellows good-by,

shaken hands with the principal, and received a hearty "God-speed!" from Dr. Fitz.

While they were at the station waiting for the train, Harden blurted out a confession. "I say, Bob!" he observed, with affected carelessness, "I don't believe the doctor's so bad after all!"

"No," agreed Wenham, sincerely. "Did you hear him offer to lend me his snow-shoes?"



"FOLLOWING THE SUITCASE, CAME A SHOWER OF SHOES, HATS, AND COATS."

"Did he? Well, he means well enough."

Mr. Harden, who overheard the conversation, placed his broad hand on his son's back in approval.

"Good, Son!" he praised; "whenever you misjudge a man, don't be afraid to acknowledge it."

Two hours later the three were seated before a hot supper in the Harden home, Mrs. Harden was bustling about with as much ado as though they

were invalids, and Frances, Phil's sister, was staring at them as though they were heroes on the eve of some great adventure. This was nothing unusual for Phil, who always came home like a knight of King Arthur, back from some gallant quest; but for Wenham, who was an only child, it was embarrassing to find the big, dark eyes of the girl include him in the same brave

company. She was a bright-cheeked, well-poised young woman, who looked as though in mere physical strength she could surpass him. As a result, he became rather self-conscious and blushed and stammered when he tried to speak. Had it not been for Mrs. Harden's thoughtfulness and motherly tact, he would have had a bad time of it during this first hour. But her bright black eyes were everywhere and her ready tongue was instant to frame for him the words he himself was unable to speak. His own mother had died before he could remember, but before the meal was finished he had concluded that she must have had gray, silken hair, like Mrs. Harden's; she must have had eyes that were always smiling, like hers, with tender little wrinkles about the corners; she must have had a small mouth, like hers, and a quiet way of laughing that was very comforting.

"Bob, here," explained Phil, anxious to place Wenham in a good light before his sister, "would have been captain of the debating team this year if it had n't been for the doctor."

Frances turned with interest to the blushing boy, though from Phil's letters and talk she knew him now nearly as well as her brother did.

"He can argue your head off," persisted Phil, "and then argue it on again."

"D-d-d-don't, Phil!" pleaded Wenham.

"The crowd that tries to rattle him has its hands full," continued Phil. "Remember how the Northboros tried that game? Why, Bob, here—"

"Oh, yes, I remember!" broke in Frances, eagerly, "and how Mr. Wenham turned around and kept right on talking to the judges and won the debate."

But here Mrs. Harden told how a great many orators and actors found themselves at a loss for words until the moment they stood upon the platform. Then she deftly led the talk to the preparations for the morrow, until Wenham had nothing to do but listen to the details of snow-shoes, cameras, hunting-knives, clothing, and the dozen other things necessary for two weeks in the winter woods.

Frances herself was as well posted in such things as her father and brother, for she and her mother were members of the Appalachian Mountain Club and together had gone on many jaunts through the White Mountains when Mr. Harden said he could not bear to leave them at home. It brought the red blood to her cheeks and left her breathless and wistful as she heard the plans. But it did more than this: it suggested a plan of her own, which so occupied her that she could hardly wait until she was alone with her mother to plead for it.

An hour later both boys were sound asleep in their beds, but Frances was still waiting for an answer to the proposal she had made to her mother. The most satisfaction she was able to secure, however, was: "Well, dear, we 'll see. I 'll have to ask your father about it."

"But you 'll tell him to keep it secret from the boys?"

"Yes."

"Then good night, Mumsy, and I just *know* Dad will let us!"

CHAPTER II

SEEKING THE TRAIL BACK

A WEEK later the two boys stood before a log-cabin on the shore of one of the dozen small lakes which lie to the northeast of the Sourdnhunk River. To the south, thirty miles distant, lay the nearest settlement; a few houses clustered about a flag-station. To the north lay a stretch of unbroken forest extending to the St. John River and beyond. East and west, too, the heavy tree-growth was unbroken for mile upon mile, save by frozen streams and lakes and tumbled heaps of mountains which now looked like huge snow-banks. This was the vast domain of wild things, descendants of beast and bird who roamed the same territory with the Indians ages before Columbus even dreamed of a new continent. The boys were intruders in this snow-locked kingdom of the moose, the caribou, the bear, and the wild-

cat. Even the frightened rabbit, the drumming partridge, the chattering chipmunk, had a better right there than they.

Both Wenham and Harden caught, in the mystic spell cast by this silent country, something of this feeling. They had the uneasy consciousness of being trespassers. When they talked, they lowered their voices as though afraid of being overheard; when they moved, it was as cautiously as though they were being watched.

They stood on the bit of clearing which ran from the log-cabin down to the snow-sheeted lake. In their heavy leggings, sweaters, corduroy jackets, with hatchet and hunting-knife showing in their belts, they looked as much woodsmen as the old guide Peter Cooley himself. Four days here had already brought a stinging red to their cheeks. Phil was stooping to adjust his snow-shoes; Bob was examining his camera.

"It 's about time for Dad to get back, Bob," observed Harden. "It 's only two hours before sundown, and the sky looks like snow."

Wenham glanced up at the leaden sky, and then across the silent white lake. Beyond that a fringe of trees outlined a steep hill which met the leaden sky again. Somewhere beneath that sky Mr. Harden and the guide were stealthily following a trail as fantalizing as the beckoning of a will-o'-the-wisp.

"Do you suppose the moose was really as large as Peter described him?" asked Wenham, finally.

"Might take off a couple hundred pounds or so," answered Harden, "but Peter said it was the largest one he had ever seen. I wish they had taken us along!"

Wenham glanced at the big pines to the left. They were very silent. The shadows beneath them looked like so many cave-mouths. It was hard to believe that anything alive dwelt among them, but he had learned in these last few days that a whole nation of four-footed things lurked there—things that stole in and out with no more noise than shadows until surprised, and then, in a single noisy dash, disappeared again as though swallowed up. It was a bit uncanny to realize that even at this moment a pair of keen eyes might be watching them.

"Ugh!" shivered Wenham, "I feel as though we ourselves were being hunted."

Harden rose.

"I say," he suggested, "we might take a walk to the head of the lake. Your imagination gets to working too fast when you stand still."

Wenham looked uneasy.

"Mr. Harden warned us not to go out of sight of camp," he reminded Phil.

"Well, we can keep the clearing in sight. Be-



"IT LOOKED MORE LIKE SOME NIGHTMARE DEMON THAN A FOREST CREATURE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sides, we might stumble across the moose ourselves."

"Suppose we did?" asked Wenham.

"Your camera is loaded, is n't it? We might get a shot at him, Bob."

"Think he 'd stand still long enough?"

"No," answered Harden, with some scorn, "I don't imagine he 'd pose for us. He would n't look pretty and smile for you."

"I did n't mean that," answered Wenham, innocently.

"Well, if Dad has taken pictures of birds on the wing, we ought to be able to snap something as big as the side of a house. Peter said the moose was just as apt to circle back here as not."

"Then we 'd better wait where we are."

"Oh, come on," Harden replied impatiently; "I want to stretch my legs a bit."

Wenham still hesitated. He was in the habit of taking orders literally and fulfilling them to the letter. But as Harden swung down the incline and reached the lake, there seemed to be nothing to do but follow. He trudged along behind over the level surface. The snow was firm, which made the snow-shoeing easy, so that they were soon at the head of the lake, where a small trout-brook gurgled in from beneath the ice-embowered rocks. They stopped to take a drink of the stinging-cold water. They found the silence here even more depressing than near the cabin. There at least they had the fire for companionship. The warmth and color and movement and crackle of the fire in the snapping birch logs seemed almost human when they were alone with it.

"Just think!" exclaimed Harden, surveying the scene, "you can go straight ahead from here for a hundred miles and find it everywhere as still as this."

"Let 's start back!" was Wenham's only answer.

Nothing loath, Harden turned. But he was checked by a sound that suddenly choked off his wind. Only it did n't stop there; the noise continued as though one tree after another were being toppled over. More than this, each succeeding crackle was nearer. Before they could recover their breaths the sound was almost upon them.

"The moose!" cried Harden.

Wenham automatically swung his camera from his shoulder. But that was as far as he got. Before he could level it, he found himself facing a very fury of an animal. Its huge, big-nosed, antlered head hung low before a misshapen hulk of a body. It looked more like some nightmare demon than a forest creature. There was nothing beautiful about it. It was just one big mass of

ungainly power. For a second its slender legs bore it straight on; for another second it paused with head low and ears pricked forward; then, in a dozen wild scrambles, it lurched to the left with the speed of an express-train, hurdled a fallen tree, and crashed out of sight. It had come and gone within thirty seconds. Harden was left panting; Wenham shaking. The two listened until the sounds died away. Then Harden, recovering his breath, exclaimed:

"Did you get him?"

"Get him!" exclaimed Wenham.

"Oh, Bob! It was the chance of a lifetime! He stood right there and—"

"But how could a fellow know he was going to stand there?"

"Dad would have caught him coming and going!" cried Harden.

"He 'd gone before I knew he had come, Phil," apologized Wenham, weakly.

He himself realized that he had lost a great chance. But, as quick as his eyes were, he had now but a single definite picture in his mind of the animal: just that pose as he faced him, uncertain which way to bolt. Harden impulsively reached for the camera.

"Give it to me," he commanded. "We 'll get him yet."

"Wha-what do you mean?"

"Come on!"

Harden swung ahead into the pines, and for the second time that day Wenham followed against his best judgment. At the end of five minutes Wenham shouted a warning.

"We 're out of sight of the camp, Phil."

"Come on!" Harden shouted back.

He pushed on into a clump of firs, and was lost from sight. Wenham hastily followed after him, and from that moment on had all he could do to keep his comrade in sight.

There was no mistaking the big tracks left by the moose. In great leaps, in wild scrambles, he had torn a path straight on as wide as a sidewalk. But Harden, in his eagerness, left even a wider trail. He stumbled to the right and left and fell headlong, but was on his feet again in an instant and pushing ahead. Every lithe branch seemed to be in conspiracy with the escaping animal and put out a restraining hand; every buried log and hidden stump rose to the monarch's aid and tripped his human pursuer. Blind to everything but getting beyond the next screening clump of trees, of mounting the next knoll, Harden scrambled on. He was as wild as a hound when the scent grows keen. He felt as he sometimes had on the foot-ball field when the struggle got down simply to a blind shove and heave. The trail

took a zigzag course, now to the right, now to the left, now down a gully, now over a crest, but the scattered snow in front ever urged him on, with his goal apparently in sight at the next step. It did n't seem possible that so big a body could keep such a pace for long. Surely, he must be just over the next hummock, with his feet braced and his head lowered, as he had been that single magnificent lost second. And yet, whenever Harden paused to listen, the silence only closed in with deeper intensity.

Wenham was having constantly more difficulty in keeping Harden in range. He had none of the stimulation which gave wings to Harden's legs. It was a sheer plodding grind for him, and at length, exhausted, he was forced to shout to Harden to stop. The latter obeyed the call reluctantly. But while he leaned against a tree waiting, he felt against his cheek that which cooled his ardor considerably. It was nothing but the light brush of a snowflake, but Harden knew well enough what this meant. It touched his face gently and was gone in a second, but swift on its heels came another. From where those came countless others were waiting. Soft and light as eiderdown separately, they made an enemy collectively that even the oldest woodsman treated with caution. They could blind, they could weigh down, but, worst of all, they could wipe out. The only clue to the lake the boys had was in the tracks they had left behind them. Wipe out those and they would be left as helpless as sailors without a compass on an open sea.

"I'm all in!" gasped Bob, staggering up.

Phil raised his hand.

"Listen!" he commanded.

From deep within the forest came a low sighing swish, as a rising breeze swept through the pine-tops. It sounded like the fall of distant water. This was the only sound. Save that, it was as silent here as though they stood in some deep cave. Moreover, the light was fading perceptibly. The dark comes swiftly in the woods. Harden felt and saw and heard these three ominous warnings, and turned back to Wenham. His comrade's condition was even a graver danger. He had already drawn heavily on his strength.

"Bob," he said quietly, "I guess we'd better turn back."

"Let me rest a minute," answered Wenham, sinking into the snow. "My legs ache."

Phil lifted his eyes to the dead sky above the trees. A dozen heavy flakes fell upon his face.

"You can sit down just long enough to catch your breath," he said determinedly.

But Harden did n't give him time even for this. Picking up the back trail, he started off in less than a minute. For the first quarter of an hour they suffered no great difficulty except fatigue, but at the end of that time they found themselves forced to move more slowly. In the gathering gloom it became increasingly difficult for them to keep their feet. Harden was breathing through his nose, with his lips tight closed. With every stumbling advance of a yard, he realized more and more keenly the real peril which threatened. When Wenham called again for time to rest, he knew the moment had come for decisive action. Either he must gamble with the remaining daylight for the chance of reaching the lake, or he must choose the safer course, and use what light was left to establish a camp here for the night. It was hard to stop, knowing that every falling flake was relentlessly blotting out the path which offered them their only sure means of escape. But within an hour the dark would just as relentlessly accomplish the same result, and Harden knew that a half-hour would not be long enough to allow them to retrace their full course at such slow speed as this.

As he waited for Wenham to stumble up, he made his decision.

"Bob," he said briskly, and with no trace of the fear that deep in his heart he really felt, "we'd better stop right here. There's no use trying to get out to-night."

Wenham looked dazed.

"You mean—"

"That we must start a fire right off," broke in Harden, in a businesslike voice. "With a fire we're all right. After that we'll throw together a lean-to if we have time."

"But—"

"The first thing to do is to find an old log," interrupted Phil.

"We're lost, then?" demanded Bob.

"Not if we get busy," answered Harden. "Go to the right. I'll go to the left. Keep me in sight."

He gave his orders like a general. Without another word Wenham obeyed. The boys separated. Within ten yards of one another they appeared to each other like shadows.

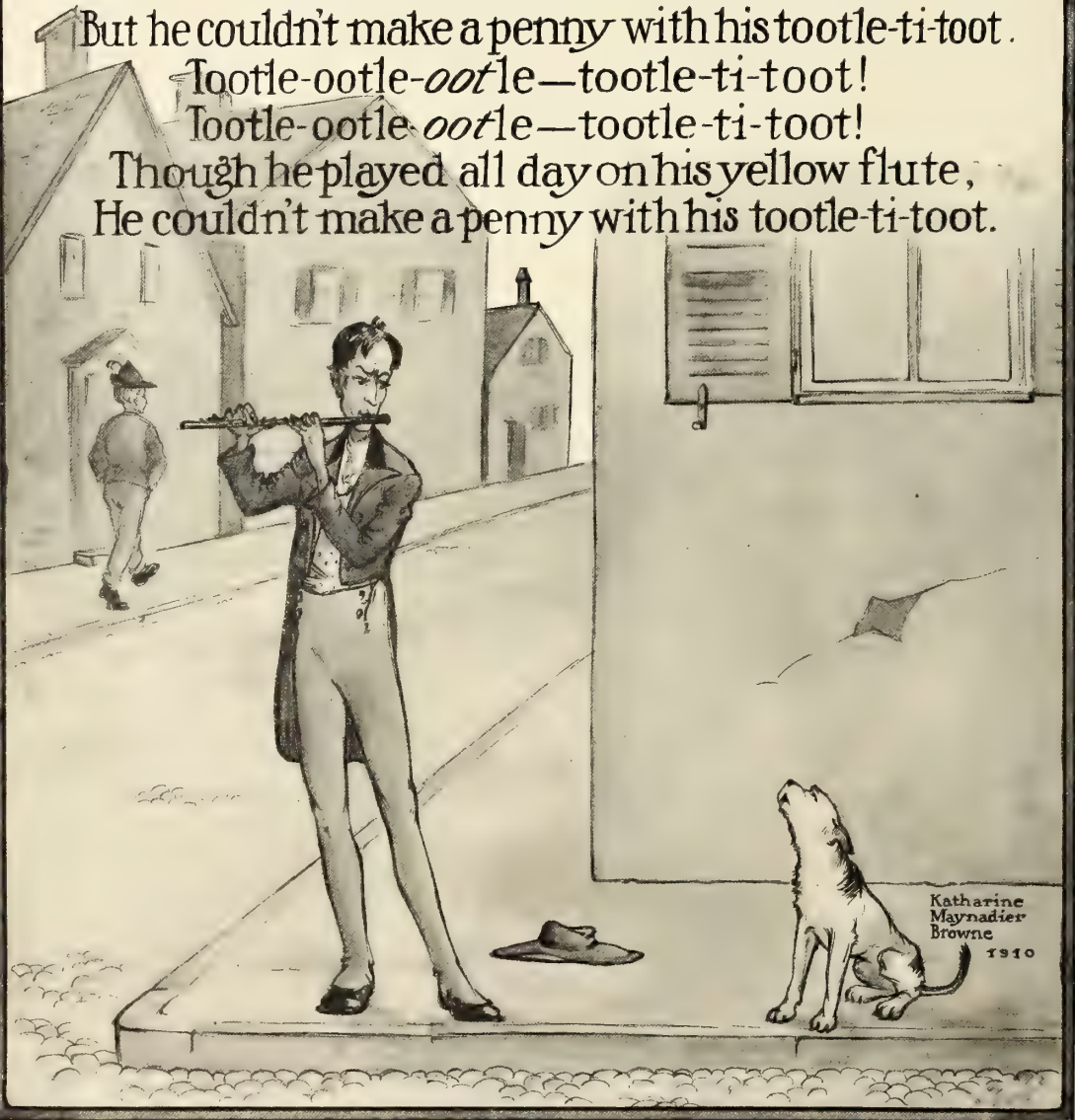
Tenderly, softly, but persistently, the snow fell. Overhead the pines sighed. Before, behind, to the right, to the left, nothing but silence and darkness.

(To be continued.)

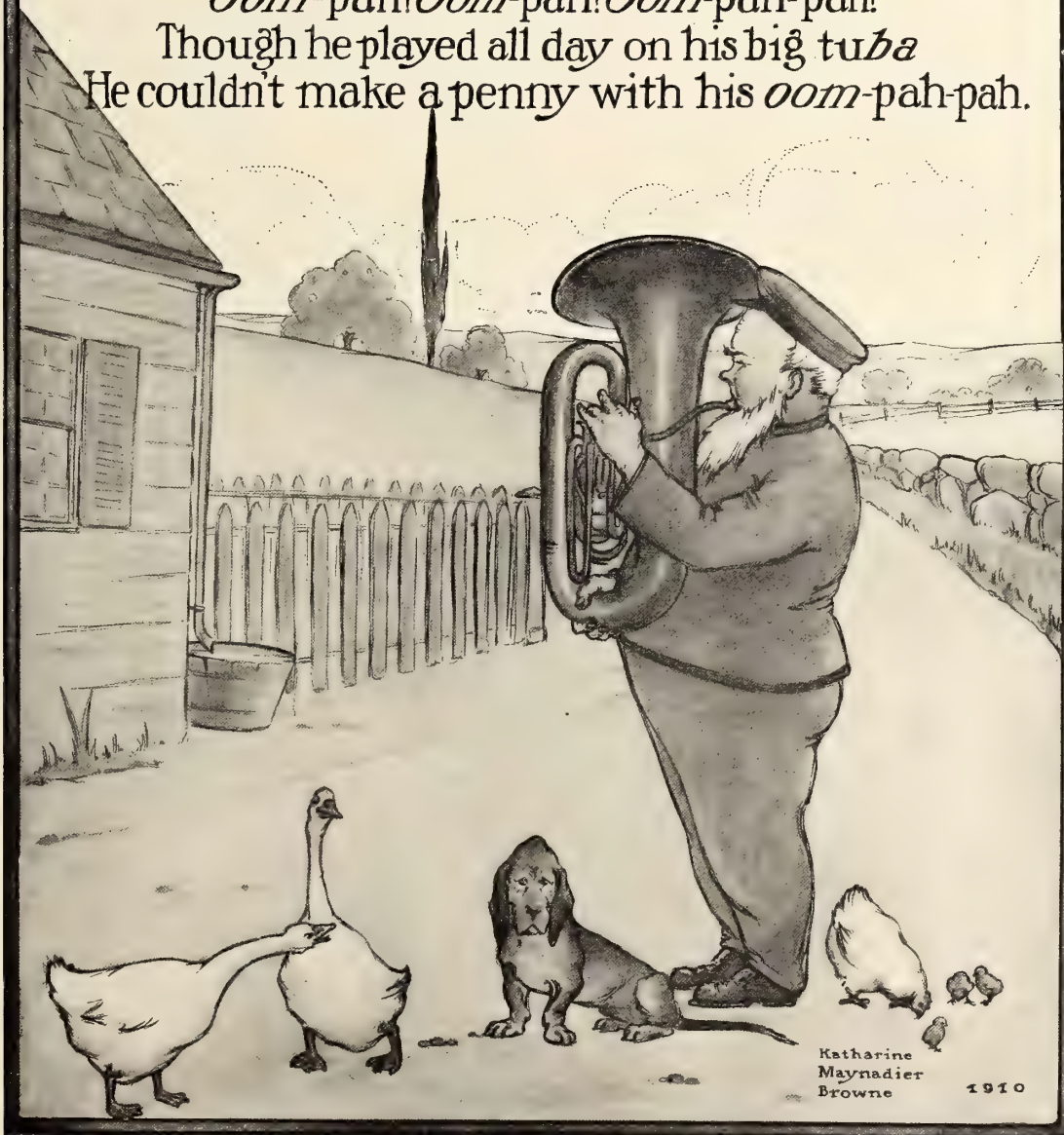
The Musical Trust

By D.K. Stevens

There was once a man who could execute
"Old Zip Coon" on a yellow flute,
And several other tunes to boot,
But he couldn't make a penny with his tootle-ti-toot.
Tootle-ootle-ootle—tootle-ti-toot!
Tootle-ootle-ootle—tootle-ti-toot!
Though he played all day on his yellow flute,
He couldn't make a penny with his tootle-ti-toot.



One day he met a singular
Quaint old man with a big tuba,
Who said: "I've travelled wide and far
But I haven't made a penny with my *oom-pah-pah*."
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
Though he played all day on his big tuba
He couldn't make a penny with his *oom-pah-pah*.



Katharine
Maynadier
Browne

1910

Then they met two men who were hammering
On a big bass drum and a cymbal thing,
Who said: "We've banged since early spring
And we haven't made a penny with our boom-zing-zing!"
Boom-zing! Boom-zing! Boom-zing-zing!
Boom-b-b-boom-boom-zing-zing!
Though they banged on the drum and the cymbal thing
They couldn't make a penny with their *boom-zing-zing*.



Katharine
Maynadier
Browne
1910

So the man with the flute
 Played tootle-ti-toot,
 And the other man he played *oom-pah*,
 While the men with the drum and the cymbal thing
 Went: *boom-b-b-boom-boom-zing-zing!*
 And they travelled wide and far.
 Together they made the welkin ring
 With a Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*
 Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*
 Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*
 And Oh! the pennies the people fling!
 When they hear the tootle-*oom-pah-boom-zing-zing!*



Katharine
 Maynadier
 Browne
 1910

THE LANE THAT TURNED

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

"Just my luck! I might have known it." William tore in two the letter he held, and cast the fragments wrathfully toward the waste-basket. Jessie picked them up, as she said, "It 's too bad, Billy, and I 'm as sorry as I can be, but it 's childish to speak of luck. You know, really, there 's no such thing."

"I know, really, there is." William's tone was positive. "Everything I do goes wrong, and now, to cap the climax, this invitation to the frat banquet, which I would n't have missed for a farm, arrives the morning after it 's over. Some postal clerk has had the nerve to stamp it 'Missent,' as if it did n't matter."

"I know, Billy dear, but then it can't be helped, and fretting only makes things worse. It 's—"

"Never mind, Jess, digging up excuses that don't excuse. It 's easy to be philosophical for somebody else." William's thin hand held his crutch tight, and his jaw set grimly. Then recovering himself quickly, he laughed. "I know it"—he foresaw his sister's comment and did not wait for it—"I know it looks as if I 'm making a good deal of fuss over a tea-party. But it 's only one more link in the chain. I have n't made a plan for one year that has n't failed me, nor had a hope that was n't disappointed."

"Now, Billy, that 's downright wicked." Jessie's tone was distinctly reproving. "I 'm sorry—we all are—about your broken leg and your losing all this time in your senior year, but nobody 's to blame, and it 's just heathenish to talk about luck. Things might be lots worse."

"Yes, and they might be lots better, too," William insisted rebelliously. "You 've just begun my list of disappointments. You forgot to mention that my broken bone did n't knit and had to be cut open and wired together, when any other boy's would have been well and strong; that the tutor who was to coach me so I could take my exams decided to go to Europe instead, and there was no one else I could get at a price we could afford to pay; that I determined to study like mad and catch up anyhow, and then my eyes went back on me—and nobody knows the sequel to that part of it yet. Those are the big things, and the little ones have filled in the cracks faithfully."

"But, Billy—"

"No use, Jess. There are no exceptions. I 'd counted on the frat banquet. I have n't been able to get out with the fellows for months; I could

have gone last night, even if it had to be with crutches and coddling—so, of course, I did n't get my invitation. I 'm going out for a breath of fresh air." William tossed on his cap and limped away, leaving Jessie to look after him pitifully and say, "It is a shame. It 's just made him over into another boy, all this worry. He used to be so merry and full of fun, and always looking on the bright side."

Perhaps there was some measure of excuse for William Norton's depression, for long-continued suffering and the overturning of cherished plans are not conducive to extreme buoyancy of spirits. But the bracing air revived him and set his pulses tingling with something of his old-time vigor. "It 's a good old world, after all," he told himself as he limped along the thoroughfare. "But there 's a heap of trouble in it. Maybe some of it 's worse than mine, though mine is bad enough in all conscience."

Another square, and he came to Arnold's store, its plate-glass windows full of pretty things tempting the passers-by. "There 's a dandy pair of figures—just the thing for the mantel in Jessie's room!" He paused, making rapid calculation. "They 're a little steeper than I meant to go for Jess's birthday," he soliloquized at length. "I need some things myself pretty badly, after playing invalid so long, and all my studying has never taught me how to stretch three halves into two wholes. After all, though, what does it matter whether an old cripple like me has new togs, or any togs? Jess shall have the trinkets."

It was only the work of a few moments to transfer the dainty Dresden figures from the window to William's possession. "Wrap them separately, and pad them good and thick," he instructed the clerk. "Then stow them away for me, will you, one in each side pocket? I have n't much use of my hands, you see—they 're otherwise engaged." He tapped his crutches significantly, and the clerk obligingly complied with his request.

"It 'll be just my luck to smash them before I get home," William declared to himself, when once outside the store. "I shall probably fall and reduce them to fragments. I ought to have bought cast-iron, or let somebody else carry them." But, in spite of forebodings, no accident befell the delicate ornaments, and by bedtime William had carefully rewrapped them in tissue-paper, tied them about with silver cord, and marked them in his

best handwriting, "For Jessie, with Billy's love and wishes for many happy returns of the day." Then he laid them far back on the big closet shelf, hiding them from possible discovery under Mother's little gray knitted shoulder-shawl.

months the date had been repeatedly announced, while mild but meaning hints were rife. Chief among desired articles were such as would help to "fix up" the young lady's room, and the family purse would have been severely strained to meet

all suggestions. "But, to tell the truth, Billy, I don't believe it's going to meet any of them," Jessie announced. "I did hope for that chiffonier from Bowker's, or at least the little cherry rocker. I walked all the way around by Bowker's to-day, to see if there was n't something to rest my hopes upon, but they were both shining in the show-window as serene as ever. Not marked sold, not even looking sold."

Billy laughed. "Have patience," he advised.

"Who has n't had?" Jessie demanded. "But this is Friday afternoon, and Tuesday's my birthday, and I don't see a sign to encourage me."

"Don't set your hopes so high, Jess. Be more modest in your requests, and maybe you'll stand a better chance of getting what you want."

"Maybe I won't, too," Jessie retorted. "If I'd asked for a new tooth-brush, would I be apt to get a grand piano? Never. I'll ask for the grand piano every time, because the tooth-brush is sure to come anyhow. Billy, I'm going skylarking to-morrow. Mother's going to let me, because my real birthday comes on a school-day, and the unfeeling Board of Education would n't close the Southern Female High School, even for me. Oh, I don't know what all—shopping, Wilson's Art Gallery, lunch at the Dutch Tea-Room, Conservatory recital, and—moving pictures, I think."

William laughed again. "Nothing like being versatile in your tastes," he commented.

"So say I. Now let me get these school-books out of my sight," and she lifted a half-dozen heavy volumes from the floor.

"You'd better be thankful you've got sight to read them with. If you had my luck you'd lose it." William turned his blue glasses mournfully windowward, as his sister left the room.

"It's perfect nonsense for that boy to always croak about his luck," she scolded to herself, div-



"'JUST THE THING FOR THE MANTEL IN JESSIE'S ROOM!'"

Birthdays in the Norton family were always times of more or less festivity. But Jessie's birthday this year would be an occasion of unusual dignity, as that young maid was arriving at the mature age of eighteen. Her family had not been allowed to risk forgetfulness. For at least three

ing into the big hall closet. "He fairly gives me the creeps. Of all the crowded shelves—hardly room for my books. Here, go back there, you bundle of dry bones."

"Click!" said something subdued but ominously.



"EVEN A WORKER MORE TRAINED WOULD HAVE FOUND IT NERVE-TRYING."

"Mercy me, what have I done?" Jessie jumped nervously. "It 's time this place was investigated. I don't believe anybody knows what 's here."

A moment later Jessie carried two white bundles to the light and read their neat inscription. Then she sat limply down among the umbrellas. "Billy's birthday gift to me, and I 've smashed it!

If it only had been my new chiffonnier—which I have n't got—or my lovely cherry rocker—which I likely never will have—I could bear it, but Billy's present! Talk about 'luck.' This will be the text for a dozen lectures. Oh, me!" She

carefully felt the sharp edges, telling too plainly the story of their demolition. Sudden tears dimmed the merry eyes, and she gathered the battered bundle in her arms. "You poor, precious brother," she murmured. "It does look as if things were n't fair for that Billy-boy."

"Jessie," somebody called.

"Y-yes, B-Billy. Just stay there. I 'm coming in one second." Hastily hiding the bundles, she flew to meet her brother. "You want me to read to you, don't you, Billy?" she asked, dropping her guilty face low over the book she snatched from his hand. "Why, certainly, I 'll be glad to. Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' is n't it? Yes, indeed, I love it."

William gazed curiously at her, but made no comment and settled to absorbed attention.

"I 'd have read the Unabridged Dictionary through if he 'd asked me," Jessie told herself later. "Now, Miss Norton, what are you going to do about this?" In her hand she carried the unfortunate gift, and, once in her own room, sat down to meditate. "I 've got to see it," she decided. "I can't mend it without unwrapping it—that much is sure. Whether I can afterward or not, remains to be discovered. I feel like a traitor to

open it, but I 'd be a worse one to leave it down there and let poor Billy-boy think it broke itself."

Several tears bedewed the dainty, fragile bits. "Pale blue—though he loves pink best—just because I like blue. Such a dear, dainty little statuette, and that brother of mine could n't afford it, either. Jessie Norton, it 's "up to you" to see that he never finds it out. You 've got a good long

day to-morrow, and if you can't accomplish something in it, you 're not the girl I think you."

It was n't an easy task. Even a worker more trained to slow and painstaking endeavor than Jessie would have found it nerve-trying. The one blow had been effectual, and a dozen shapeless fragments strewed the work-table, whereon also reposed a bottle of cement, the alcohol-lamp from Mother's pet chafing-dish, the brass kettle from Jessie's own beloved tea-table, a vial of gold paint, tubes of blue and white ditto, and a number of paint-brushes.

It occupied most of her day, but she finally accomplished it. The last seam was covered with pale-blue paint, the last slipper-toe was gilded into completeness, and the mended statuette stood forth as pretty as ever. "It 's supper-time, though, and then books till ten o'clock," moaned the china-painter. "I don't care, though; it 's worth it, for nobody 'll ever know unless they have the impertinence to examine it internally."

OF all the gifts that helped to celebrate Jessie's birthday, none seemed to give her more pleasure

than a certain pair of delicate Dresden statuettes. Whenever the donor approached them, the recipient gathered them (especially one of them) into admiring hands and began anew to express her admiration. When she went up to her room that night, the statuettes went with her, though all the rest of the display remained down in the living-room.

"That dear, stupid Billy-boy never suspected, I 'm sure," she exclaimed joyfully to herself. "I would n't care if it had cost me a month's holidays."

Down in his room Billy was smiling into his mirror. "She thinks I don't know," he said tenderly. "Thinks she did n't give herself away a dozen times. I 'll never let on, but, bless her heart, I sha'n't forget it!

"Look here, William Norton, when a fellow 's got a sister that will take all that trouble to keep him from getting his feelings hurt, don't you think it 's time he considered his luck had changed? I do, and, what 's more, I think it 's time, too, that you and I began to talk about *pluck* instead of 'luck!'"

THE JEALOUSY OF FIDO





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"CHRISTMAS CAROLS." BY SYDNEY KENDRICK.

ANDREW HASTINGS, AVIATOR

(A perhaps-not-impossible story of the not-distant future)

BY FITCH C. BRYANT

"MR. ANDREW HASTINGS, Aviator. Personal."

Andrew looked at the special delivery letter, then at the messenger.

"Are you sure that 's for me?" he asked, in an uncertain tone, as he gazed intently yet longingly at the front of the mysterious envelop.

"Ain't no other airyvator, or what you call 'em, round here," the messenger replied with confidence as he glanced at the curious collection of wheels, rods, and canvas in the far corner of the yard.

Andrew still hesitated, but the evidence seemed all in his favor, so he carefully cut open the envelop and unfolded the short note inclosed.

ROCKPORT, June 16, 19—.

Mr. Andrew Hastings,
Cherryville.

DEAR SIR: Can you arrange to come to Rockport at once? I have an important matter to discuss with you that may be for our mutual advantage. Wire me if you cannot be here this afternoon.

Very truly yours,

CHRISTOPHER J. MARTIN.

"Christopher Martin! Great Scott!" Andrew exclaimed. "Why, he 's the big aëroplane expert that we 're goin' over to Rockport to see start in the hundred-mile race to Georgetown next week. Wonder if he wants to borrow that," and he smiled wistfully at the miscellaneous pile in the corner of the yard that never had risen from the earth.

It did not take Andrew long to find his father, nor Mr. Hastings long to decide that the 2:35 train was the one they were to catch for Rockport. Mr. Hastings had taken a great deal of interest in his son's experiments with an aëroplane of his own design, but he had not thought best to appear very enthusiastic, for fear the hobby would absorb too much of the time necessary for school work. Now that the vacation was at hand, the father felt more justified in showing his real interest in the experiments.

Everybody in Rockport already knew Chris Martin by sight and reputation, although he had been in town but four days. Mr. Hastings and his son followed the crowd to an immense open field a mile beyond the town, where some ten or a dozen aëroplanes of all shapes and descriptions rested on the ground or circled in the air above. Tents had been pitched at convenient intervals

throughout the field, each flying a pennant emblazoning the name of some particular machine.

Mr. Martin was busily engaged testing some levers, while a crowd of half a hundred men and boys looked on in wondering admiration and awe. Near by another machine of similar build stood motionless, as though ready to start at a moment's notice. Mr. Hastings stepped forward and, holding out his hand, saluted the famous aviator.

"Mr. Martin, I believe. My name is Hastings."

Mr. Martin at once laid down his tools and turned to his visitor. "I am very glad to know you, Mr. Hastings. I have heard a lot about your work over in Cherryville ever since I struck town."

"Oh, no!" Mr. Hastings exclaimed quickly. "You 've heard about my son Andrew. Andy, this is Mr. Martin." The famous air-pilot looked at the boy critically and held out his hand, but a shade of disappointment was plainly visible on his face.

"Oh, a boy," he said, almost to himself. "How old are you, son?"

"Seventeen," Andrew answered, in as mature a tone as he could muster. He was living months in those few minutes, wondering what the outcome of it all was to be.

"Well, that 's not so bad," the aviator continued. "Rather small for your age. Maybe you 'll do, though, after all. Let 's step inside the tent and have a chat." As Mr. Martin led the way, Mr. Hastings caught Andrew's eye and smiled in a significant way that reassured the boy better than an hour's talk. Mr. Martin placed three camp-stools close together and bade his visitors be seated.

"Now I 'll tell you my troubles," he began. "I 've got two machines entered in the race here a week from to-morrow, and, for reasons that I can't explain now, it 's very important that both of them fly in the race. I 'm going to run the one you saw me tinkering with, but the fellow I brought along for the other one has gone back on me. His sister 's very sick out in Colorado, and he had to start West suddenly last night. So you know now why I sent that special delivery letter to Cherryville this morning." The aviator paused and looked smilingly at Mr. Hastings, then at Andrew. The boy was almost holding his breath, waiting for more of those precious words from the great man. Mr. Hastings tried to say some-

thing, but could not frame his thoughts into words. Mr. Martin continued his explanation.

"Yes, I want some one to fly that machine. I've scoured the country by telegraph for the last twenty-four hours, to get a man for the job, but there is n't one to be had for love or money. Our factory's got a dozen men on its list, but they're all spoken for the whole of next week in various parts of the country, and here I am stranded like a shipwreck, with no one for that second machine."

Mr. Hastings gazed out of the tent at the two machines, then turned and asked quietly: "Do you really think Andrew would be available?"

Andrew, in telling afterward of this long-remembered conversation, said: "I knew it was all settled when Father asked that question. He never would have given me the least bit of hope if he had n't made up his mind to let me do it."

Mr. Martin glanced at Andrew before answering Mr. Hastings's question, and his face was wreathed in smiles as he saw the intent, eager look on the boy's face.

"What do you think, Andy?" he asked, and Andrew for the first time had a chance to say a whole sentence to the man he had so greatly admired.

"I've only flown a few times," he replied.

"I knew that," Mr. Martin laughed; "that is better than many who have been tinkering with flying-machines for a good many years. But you know the principle of the thing a whole lot better than some grown-up ignoramus who never saw an *aéroplane*."

"Do you really think I could learn in such a short time?" Andrew asked, in a tone that showed that he wanted to clear away every obstacle.

"That's the question. The time's pretty short, but, after all, it's a simple operation when everything goes all right and the wind is n't strong. The race will be postponed if there's a wind, and I'll see to it that everything's as nearly perfect as possible before the race starts. You're a likely-looking lad. How far along in school?"

"Just out of high school, next I'm going to a technical school."

"Good! A fellow who keeps up in his studies like that will grow up into a careful aviator."

They made an arrangement for Mr. Hastings to take a short and low trial trip with Mr. Martin that afternoon, and for Andrew to begin his training the following morning. If his father had harbored any misgivings about *aéroplanes* before he came to Rockport, they were all removed on that first trip through the air, and he returned to earth a confirmed devotee to air-navigation and with great confidence in Mr. Martin.

Andrew Hastings learned more during the following week than in any other one week in his life—at least about air-currents, weather-signs, and the manipulation of huge planes. The first few days were spent at Mr. Martin's side, watching every move of the experienced pilot and drinking in his words of clear and precise instruction, while they sailed gracefully over the surrounding country. Then came a trip when Andrew handled the levers and Mr. Martin was the passenger—very alert and extremely painstaking to make sure that the boy understood every move that he made. On the day before the race the young pilot was allowed to make several short trial trips by himself in order to become accustomed to starting and alighting and to give him plenty of confidence.

The weather on the day of the race could not have been more favorable. Not a cloud was in the sky and scarcely a breath of wind stirring. The race was scheduled to start at ten o'clock, but Andrew was up a little after six and was on his way to the field where the machines lay in readiness for the great event. He soon met Mr. Martin coming back to the hotel.

"Hello, boy!" he called; "where are you going?"

"Down to see if my machine is all right," the proud navigator replied.

"Sure it's O. K. Let's go off and have some fun till it's time to oil up."

The next two hours were spent on a trolley ride into the country—the best preparation the inexperienced boy could have had to calm his nerves for the great day. As the pair neared town on the return trip, Mr. Martin, for the first time that day, began to talk about the race.

"Now remember, Andy, the race is a hundred miles from here to Georgetown, and every man must bring his machine to the ground once during the trip. Better postpone this stop until as late as possible, for fear you may have to come down for some reason or other. Keep your eye on the gasoline supply, and if you find you have plenty to spare, put on more speed toward the finish, but don't use top speed excepting in an emergency. I'll stay as near to you as I dare, and I'll give you a word now and then through the megaphone. Don't pay any attention to what any one else says, and keep your wits about you at all events. The prize is a thousand dollars to the man who wins, and two hundred dollars to every man that finishes."

When Andrew caught sight of the tremendous crowd that packed the temporary grand stand and swarmed outside the boundaries of the starting-field, his heart began to beat a few extra thumps; but he concentrated his mind on his machine, and busied himself with the final preparations. Mr.



"THE BOY MADE A QUICK LUNGE FOR THE DANGLING ROD!" (SEE PAGE 217.)

Hastings was already at the tent when the two returned from their trolley ride, and gave his son such a greeting of assurance that the boy felt he *must* do his best, if only to please his father.

At fifteen minutes after ten, eleven machines were drawn up in various parts of the field, allowing plenty of room between, each facing toward the goal a hundred miles away. Every navigator was in his seat, with muscles rigid and ears alert for the starting-gun. Boom! went the

tone; "you got off finely. Let them run away if they want to. The race is just begun. Steer up a little higher, Andy."

The boy could have hugged Mr. Martin for those words of encouragement, but the time and place for expression of gratitude were quite two hours away. For the next twenty minutes the two machines sailed along within hailing distance of each other, apparently holding their own with the nine leaders, each of whom had chosen differ-



"SUDDENLY THE LEADER APPEARED, RISING SKILFULLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD." (SEE PAGE 218.)

cannon, and eleven machines began to roll swiftly along the turf on their bicycle wheels, and, catching the air beneath their broad planes, ascended gradually into the air. The long, thin propellers were buzzing furiously, forcing the air backward and pushing the machines forward and upward. Andrew was so busy starting and steering his own machine that it was several minutes before he dared to look around at the other *aéroplanes*. All the rest were ahead, and even Mr. Martin was circling around a little to bring himself within hailing distance of Andrew.

"Never mind, old boy," he called, in a cheery

ent level. Some of the navigators were soaring several hundred feet above the earth, while one or two seemed scarcely to miss the steeples of the churches in the towns they passed. Everybody along the route was in the open air looking upward, for the race had been widely heralded, and the sight was a new one for thousands that gazed skyward.

"Let's go a little higher, Andy. I believe there is a slight breeze up yonder that will help us," Mr. Martin called through the megaphone.

The young pilot instantly responded to the suggestion and turned to shift his guiding-planes.

The sudden jerk was too much for the bolt at the foot of the wooden lever, and it snapped. The boy let go his hold on the useless stick and made a quick lunge for the dangling rod that had just escaped from its fastenings. In an instant he had the guiding-planes at the correct angle to keep the machine on a horizontal course, and, crouching on the bottom of his machine, was peering at the ground below.

"What 's the matter, boy?" came the quick, anxious greeting from the near-by machine.

"Bolt broken," Andrew shouted at the top of his voice, but the sound was lost in the buzzing of his own propeller.

"Any danger?" the voice asked again.

Andrew looked up and shook his head decisively, then drawing up his free hand, waved it several times in the direction of Georgetown. Mr. Martin of course understood that the signal meant for him to continue in the race and leave his companion to shift for himself, but this was out of the question with the boy up in mid-air in a disabled machine.

"Let her down easy," he called. "There 's a good level field straight ahead to the left." Together the two descended slowly and carefully until about fifty feet from the earth, when Mr. Martin began to circle horizontally, watching the young pilot bring his craft gently to the ground. Andrew turned off his engine, and, stepping out on the soft turf, again waved to Mr. Martin to continue his course.

"Good-by, Andy. Hard luck, my boy! Better success next time! Hire a team and take the machine back to Rockport," yelled Mr. Martin from his circling perch, and then, headed for Georgetown, he began to ascend swiftly and dexterously.

"Go back to Rockport in a mere wagon!" Andy muttered to himself. "Well, I guess not, so long as I 've got a flying-machine and two hands." He had already pulled a roll of wire out of his pocket that he had quietly taken from the tool-chest in Rockport that morning. It was a simple matter to wind and twist a fastening that held lever and rod together even more securely than had been possible with a bolt. He also supplemented the other bolts with a few strands of wire and then tested each part to make sure of the strength of his repairs.

In less than ten minutes from the time he had alighted he was again in his seat, but he had stopped long enough to find himself surrounded by some two dozen astonished men and boys who had come running from all directions. Mr. Martin's machine was barely visible in the distance when Andrew again started his engine and arose easily, steadily, a few hundred feet into the air.

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Now he felt an added responsibility, for the elder navigator was no longer close at hand to render advice or assistance in an emergency, and if he had any show of finishing the race and earning that two hundred dollars, it would be through sheer force of his own efforts. These thoughts stimulated him and urged him on to his best exertions. It was lonely work, with not a soul in sight to whom he could say a word, and only the throbbing engine and buzzing propeller for companions.

By half-past eleven he knew that he had covered forty-four miles, for he had passed over Stockton. Three shots from the village cannon greeted his ears, the only sounds heard from the earth in nearly an hour. They pleased him greatly, for he felt that some one was really talking with him. Another thing pleased him. In a field near the town he saw two of the *aéroplanes* that had recently been in the race. They were evidently out of the contest, for the pilots were busy taking them apart. New hope sprang into the boy's breast, and he shoved the throttle of his engine a notch wider open.

Shortly before twelve o'clock he caught sight of three specks on the sky-line, and again his heart beat in joyous anticipation. Was he really in the race, after all? Oh, it was too good to be true! By 12:20 he flew over Actonville, eighty-one miles from Rockport; about five miles farther on he saw another machine lying in an open field. Only one of those specks on the horizon was now in sight. He examined his gasoline supply for the hundredth time and figured accurately how much would be needed to carry him the remaining fourteen miles. Yes, there was ample for more speed, and he carefully opened the "throttle" two more notches, leaving him only one short of top speed. It was now a race against time—everything to gain, nothing to lose. Could he possibly catch that speck on the horizon? Were there still others ahead of that? His engine had responded splendidly to the call for harder work, and his machine shot through the air as if the spirit of its undaunted pilot had penetrated each rod and wire.

Three more machines were now on the ground just beneath him, but he could see that the pilots of two of them were ready to resume the race. Looking back, he saw that the machine which had stopped near Actonville was again in flight, less than half a mile away. Only four contestants ahead, and one of those was Mr. Martin! The boy clutched his levers with a tense grip as though trying to push the *aéroplane* forward with his own strength.

Grahamville lay beneath him, and he knew that

the goal was only six miles away. But where were those two machines that had disappeared from the horizon a little while ago? Suddenly he saw them rise scarcely a hundred yards ahead of him, and with them a third that he had not noticed. In it sat Mr. Martin.

"Go it, old boy! Go it!" the elder pilot shouted as Andrew flew over his head. "Only one man ahead of you, and six miles to fly. You'll catch him sure. He's got to alight yet."

Andrew held his handkerchief in the stiff breeze as a signal that he had heard, and kept up his terrific pace. Mr. Martin and his two mates were soon under way at great speed, but Andrew was already a quarter-mile in the lead. All five contestants in the chase after the leader had forced their engines nearly to the limit and were sailing along at almost the same rate.

The leader was no longer in sight, and each knew that unless he could be caught before he had gained full speed after his trip to the ground, the race would be lost. Five miles, four miles, three, two, one—the spires of Georgetown could now be seen in the distance. Andrew was watching the earth ahead with a tenseness almost painful.

Suddenly the leader appeared, rising skilfully a few hundred yards ahead of Andrew. Could he make it? Oh, could he win out? Andy shoved the lever over to the limit. He gaged every foot of that few hundred yards that separated him from the leader, and as he shot forward, he could see his machine diminish the tremendous handicap foot by foot. He well knew that if he could only catch the leader before he had regained full speed, the race was as good as his, otherwise he must lose and be content with second place.

Yes, he was still gaining. Inch by inch the progress grew now, but he was already ahead and pushing farther forward each second. Both machines were at top speed, and Andrew was scarcely a hundred yards nearer the goal.

"Easy now," he shouted to himself as they flew over the outskirts of the town; "I must work her down gradually and slow up for the finish. The other fellow will have to go easy." The sound of his own voice seemed to reassure him.

Andrew hated to touch the throttle, but he remembered his instructions to go slowly at the finish, and gradually the machine flew slower and

slower, until at length he closed the throttle altogether, and the great aeroplane slid gently to the ground and rolled along on its wheels a short distance and stopped.

Ten seconds later his rival of the past three hours came to rest a hundred feet away. No sooner had the machine of the erstwhile leader come to a complete stop than the man at the wheel jumped from his seat and bounded across the turf to the boy's side.

"You're the greatest ever!" he exclaimed, seizing the boy's hand. "I only wish they'd make your prize ten thousand dollars. You deserve every cent of it."

"I'm sorry we could n't both win," Andrew replied, with a broad smile, trying to suppress the joy that was bubbling over inside of him.

"Who beat?" came through the megaphone from Mr. Martin's machine as soon as he was within hailing distance. Andrew looked to his late opponent to break the news, and the man waved his arm significantly toward the boy.

"Hooray! hooray!!" came the answer, and a moment later Mr. Martin had brought his aeroplane to a standstill a few rods away and was running across the field to greet the young winner. Throwing both arms around the boy, he lifted him off his feet and swung him around in a circle.

"Andy, you're the *winner*, my boy!" he exclaimed, as he let go of him and turned to examine the machine.

"I'd like to telegraph the news to Father," Andrew remarked quietly.

"Telegraph to Father! Why, boy, your father had the news as soon as your machine touched the ground. Thousands of people all over the country have been waiting hours to find out who won. You'll have a telegram in about ten minutes."

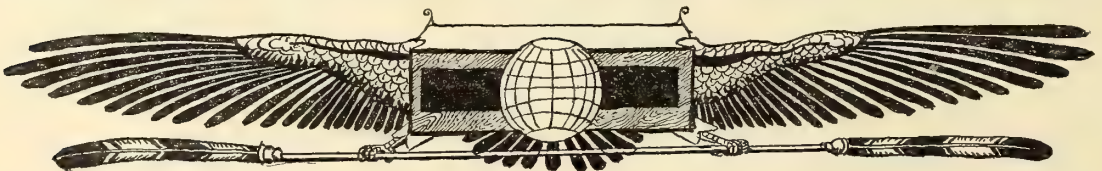
Mr. Martin was right. Just fifteen minutes after he had brought his machine to the earth a telegram was thrust into the boy's hand:

Heartiest congratulations, my dear son. Your Daddy is proud of you.

THEODORE J. HASTINGS.

"I'd rather have that telegram than win the race," Andrew remarked.

"Possibly," Mr. Martin answered, with a laugh, "but you had to win to get it!"



A MYSTERY

BY ROSAMOND LANG



I PLAYED at being tall to-day,
And practised from a chair;
How can grown people pick up things?
I don't see how they dare!

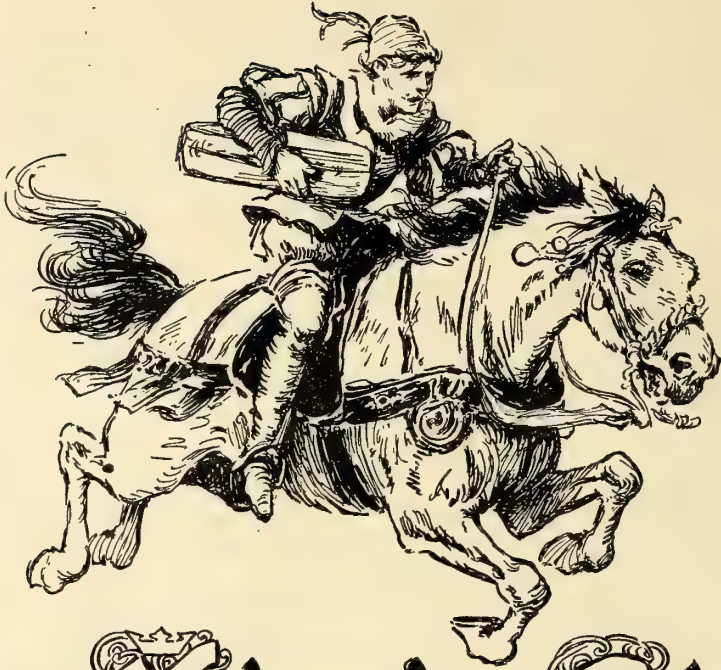


FURS FOR FLAXILOCKS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I 'm going to buy my doll some furs
That she in winter cold may wear,
But just what kind
She has in mind
I do not know, though I 'm inclined
To think that she 'd look well,
And rather "swell,"
In "Teddy-Bear."





The King's Pie

by

Abbie Farwell Brown

THERE was great excitement in Blessington, for the king was coming with his young bride, and the town was preparing to give them a famous welcome.

Hugh, the lord mayor, was at his wit's end with all that must be done. As he sat in the town hall holding his aching head, while a mob of decorators and artists and musicians, costumers, jewelers, and florists clamored about him, there came to him a messenger from Cedric, his son. Cedric was one of the king's own courtiers, and he knew his Majesty's taste well. So he had sent to the lord mayor a hint as to how the king might best be pleased. Being a man of few words, this is how his message ran:

"His Majesty is exceedingly fond of pie."

Long pondered the lord mayor over this mysterious message, reading it backward and forward, upside down and crisscross, and mixed up like an anagram. But he could make nothing of it except what it straightforwardly said: that the king was exceedingly fond of pie.

Now in those days pie meant but one thing—a

pastry, that is, meat of some sort baked in a dish covered with dough. At that time there was no such thing known as a pie made of fruit or mince-meat. Pie was not even a dainty. Pie was vulgar, ordinary victuals, and the lord mayor was shocked at his son's even mentioning pie in connection with the king.

"Pie indeed!" he shuddered. "A pretty dish to set before a king on his wedding journey! How can pie be introduced into my grand pageant? The king can get pie anywhere, in any hut or hovel along his way. What has Blessington to do with pie?"

The lord mayor snorted scornfully, and was about to dismiss his son's hint from his mind, when he had an idea! A pie! A great, glorified, poetic, symbolic pie such as could be carried in procession decorated with flowers! That was a happy thought. The lord mayor dismissed every one else and sent for all the master cooks of the city.

It was decided to accept Cedric's hint for what it was worth, and make pie the feature of the

day. There should be a grand pageant of soldiers and maskers and music. And, following the other guilds, last of all should come the cooks, with their ideas of pie presented as attractively as might be, for the edification of the king. Moreover, the lord mayor said, in dismissing the white-capped company:

"To whichever of you best pleases his Majesty with the pie, I will give this reward: a team of white oxen, a hundred sacks of white flour, and a hundred pieces of white silver."

"Hurrah!" shouted the cooks, waving their white caps. Then away they hurried to put on their *thinking*-caps instead and plan for the building of the king's pie.

Now, among the cooks of Blessington there were two brothers, Roger and Rafe. Roger, the elder, had one of the hugest kitchens and shops in Blessington. But Rafe, the younger, had only a little old house on an acre of land under a little red-apple tree, with a little red cow who gave a little rich cream every day. Rafe was very poor, and no richer for having a brother well-to-do like Roger. For the thrifty cook had little to do with Rafe, whose ways were not his ways.

Rafe cooked in his little kitchen for the poor folk of the town, charging small prices such as they could pay. Indeed, often as not he gave away what he had cooked for himself to some one who seemed hungrier. This is a poor way to make profit of gold, but an excellent way to make profit of affection. And Rafe was rich in the love of the whole town.

Roger was among the cooks whom the lord mayor summoned to consult about the king's pie. But Rafe knew nothing at all of it, until one afternoon he was surprised by a visit from his brother, who had not darkened his door for many a day.

"Well, Brother," said Roger, briefly, "I suppose you are not busy, as I am. Will you work for me for a day or two? In fact, I need you."

"Need me!" said Rafe, in surprise. "How can that be, Brother?"

"I have a great task at hand," said the master cook; "a task that needs extra help. You must come. Your own work can wait well enough, I judge."

Rafe hesitated. "I must cook for my poor people first," he said.

Roger sneered. "Your poor people, indeed! I am cooking for the king! Will you hesitate now?"

"Cooking for the king!" cried Rafe. "Ah, but he is not so hungry as my neighbors will be to-morrow without their rabbit-pies."

"Rabbit-pies! It is a pie for the king that I am making!" shouted Roger, in high dudgeon,—

"such a pie as you and your louts never dreamed of. Now what say you? Will you come?"

"I must do my own small cooking first," said Rafe, firmly.

"Very well then," growled Roger. "Cook for your beggars first, but come to me to-morrow. Every cook in town but you is engaged. I must have your help."

"I will come," said Rafe, simply, and Roger bade him a surly good-by without thanks or promises.

The next morning, when his own simple tasks were done, Rafe hied him to his brother's kitchen, and there he found great doings. Roger was superintending the preparations for baking an enormous pie. A group of masons had just finished building the huge oven out of doors, and about a score of smiths were struggling with the pie-dish, which they had forged of iron. It was a circular dish ten feet across and four feet deep; and it looked more like a swimming-tank than anything else.

Rafe stared in amazement. "Is that to hold your pie, Brother?" he asked.

"Yes," growled Roger. "Now get to work with the other men, for the crust must be baked this morning."

Three assistant cooks in caps and aprons were busy sifting buckets of flour, measuring out handfuls of salt and butter. Others were practising with long rolling-pins made for the occasion, so big that a man had to be at each end. On the ground lay a great round piece of tin, ten feet across, pierced full of holes.

"What is that?" whispered Rafe to one of his fellow-cooks.

"That is to be the lid of the pie," answered the cook. "See, they are lifting it onto the dish now. It will have a strong hinge, and it will be covered with crust."

"And what is to fill this marvelous pie?" asked Rafe, wondering still more. "Tender capon? Rabbits? Venison? Peacocks? What is suitable for a king? I do not know."

"Ah, there you show your lack of imagination!" cried the cook. "Master is a great man. This is a poetic pie. It is to be filled with flowers, and on the flowers will be sitting ten beautiful little children, pink and sweet as cherubs, dressed all in wreaths of flowers. And when the pie reaches the king, the top will be opened, and they will all begin to sing a song in honor of their Majesties. Is it not a pretty thought?"

"Well, if the king be not too hungry," said the practical Rafe, doubtfully.

"Nonsense!" cried the cook, testily. "Would you make out our king to be a cannibal, indeed?"

"Nay," said Rafe; "that is why I doubt. However, I am here but to assist in this colossal plan. Hand me yon bag of salt."

All day long at Roger's kitchen the cooks worked over the king's pie. At noon came a band of ten mothers, each with a rosy, smiling baby. They placed the children in the great shell to see how they would look. Every one cried: "Charming! Superb! But ah! we must not tell any one, for Roger has paid us well, and the other cooks must not know how he is to win the prize to-morrow!"

Weary and unthanked, with his meager day's wage,—a little bag of flour and a pat of butter, sugar and a handful of salt,—Rafe went home, musing sadly. "A team of white oxen; a hundred sacks of white flour; a hundred pieces of white silver,—what a prize! If only I could earn these I should be rich indeed and able to help my poor neighbors. But Roger will win the prize," he thought.

He spread on the table his frugal supper. He had emptied his larder that morning for a sick woman. He had but a few apples and a bowl of cream. It was the first food that he had eaten that day, for his brother had forgotten to bid him to his table.

As he was taking a bite from one of the rosy-cheeked apples, there came a tap at the door.

"Enter!" cried Rafe, hospitably. The door creaked, and there tottered in a little, bent, old woman in a long black cloak, leaning on a staff.

"Good evening, Son," she said, in a cracked voice. "Are you a man of charity, or will you turn away a poor old soul who has had nothing to eat for many hours?"

Rafe rose and led her to the table. "Sit down, Mother," he said kindly. "Sit and share my poor supper: a few apples from my little tree, a sup of the cream which my good little red cow gives me,—that is all; but you are welcome."

"Thanks, Son," said the old woman, and without further words she began to eat. But when she had finished she sat for a few moments looking into the empty bowl. Then she said:

"Son, why do you not bake a pie for the king?"

"I!" cried Rafe, astonished. "How can I make a pie? You see all I have in my cupboard. There is nothing but a little bag of flour, a pat of butter, a handful of sugar and salt."

"It is enough," said the stranger. "Son, I will show you a secret. You have been kind to me. Now I will tell you that which until this day no man has known. You shall make the king a pie indeed!"

"But, Mother," interrupted Rafe, smiling, "you do not know what manner of pies are being made.

I have seen but one—a giant pie, a glorious pie, all golden crust and flowers and pink little babies who sing!"

"Humph!" grunted the old woman. "A pie for a pasteboard king. Why not cook a pie to tempt a hungry man?"

"The king is indeed a man," mused Rafe. "But how shall I make a pie without viands of any sort?" (As I have said, to speak of a pie in those days meant always a dish of meat or game or poultry.)

"I will tell you," said the old woman. "Have you not a tree of red apples? Yes, luscious apples of a goodly flavor, for I have tasted them." She leaned forward, whispering earnestly: "Make your pie of them, my son!"

"Apples! A pie of apples!" cried Rafe. "Who ever heard of such a thing!" (And at this time, indeed, no one had.)

"Nay, you need not laugh so scornfully," said the old crone. "You shall see! I will help you."

At her command Rafe fetched out the bag of flour and the butter, salt and sugar. Then he went to gather a basket of apples, while the old woman mended the fire and mixed the dough. Wonderingly he watched her pare the apples, core and slice them, and cover all with a blanket of crust laid softly over, but not tucked in at the edges as for an ordinary pasty. Soon the pie was baked, all flaky and brown. When it came smoking hot from the oven, the old woman slipped a knife under the blanket of crust and lifted it aside.

"See," she said, "the apples are steamed and soft. Now I will mash them with a knife and mix the butter and sugar generously therein. This one must ever do, Son, last of all. This is the crown of my secret, the only recipe for a perfect pie."

Rafe watched her curiously, by no means convinced. Then, from a pouch somewhere concealed in her robe, she drew out a strange round nut, such as Rafe had never seen before.

"This is the final blessing," she said. "See, I will grate a little of this magic nut into the pie." Forthwith it was done, and a whiff of spicy fragrance reached Rafe's nose, and, more than anything, gave him confidence in this strange new pie.

"It smells worthy," said Rafe, hungrily.

Without a word the stranger drew from under a cover a little pie baked in a tiny tin, an exact copy of the other. "Eat," she said. "Eat and judge if my secret be worth keeping."

Rafe sunk his teeth into the warm, crisp crust and ate eagerly. His eyes sparkled, but he spoke no word till the last crumb was gone.

"Oh!" he said. "It is a magic pie! Never such have I met before! Never, in all my life!"

The old woman nodded. "A magic pie," she said. "And still better when you serve it with the yellow cream of your little red cow."

"It is a pie for a king," said Rafe. "But shall I be allowed in the procession, Mother?"

"All the cooks in Blessington who choose may march with that guild," said the old woman. "Bear your pie proudly in your own hands, wearing

you carry the king's pie." She smiled so sweetly that Rafe's heart danced a jig. She was dressed in a neat little gown of blue, with a white apron and a dainty cook's cap on her flaxen curls. And she wore red stockings and shoes, with silver buckles. From under her apron she drew a little blue jug. "See, I have brought this to hold the cream," she said, "and it is full of red straw-



"SON, WHY DO YOU NOT BAKE A PIE FOR THE KING?"

your cap and apron. I will send some one to walk beside you and carry the jug of cream. She shall be here to-morrow when you milk the little red cow. Treat her kindly for my sake."

"Mother, how can I ever thank you—" began Rafe. But, with a quickness which seemed impossible to her years, the old woman had slipped out of the door and was gone.

The next morning bright and early Rafe went out to milk his cow. And there in the stall stood a young maid, the fairest he had ever seen.

"Good morning, Rafe," said the maid, dropping a curtsy. "I am Meg, and I have come to help

berries for your breakfast. Milk the little red cow, Rafe, and then we can eat and be gone as soon as the cream has risen."

In a happy daze Rafe did as she bade. Merrily they breakfasted together on milk and berries and a wheaten loaf which the maid had brought, as if she knew how hungry Rafe would be. Then Meg skimmed the cream for the blue jug, and they were ready to start. Rafe, in his white cap and apron, bore the precious pie, while Meg walked along at his side. A merry, handsome couple they were.

When they came to the market-place they

found a great crowd assembled. "Ho, Rafe! Rafe!" people shouted to him, for every one knew and loved him. "Come here! Come with us!"

But Rafe answered: "Nay. I am going to walk in the procession with the other cooks. I have a pie for the king."

"A pie! A pie!" they cried good-naturedly. "Look at Rafe's pasty! Of what is it made, Rafe? Grasshoppers or mice?" For they knew how poor he was.

But Rafe only smiled and pushed his way to where the cooks were gathered. They, too, greeted him with jests. But he insisted that he must march with them. So they gave him place at the very end of the line, with the little maid at his side. But when he saw the wonderful pies all around him, he sighed and shook his head, looking ruefully at his own simple offering. The little maid, seeing him so look, said:

"Never mind, Rafe. You are giving your best to the king. No one can do more than that."

The people waited. The hands of the great clock in the market-place crept slowly around until they marked noon. Every one began to feel uneasy, for it was close upon the dinner-hour, and the long procession had not moved. The king and queen were late.

At last there sounded the blast of a trumpet, which told that the king and his bride had arrived, and that the lord mayor had led them to their seats on the balcony in front of the town hall. Every one gave a sigh of relief. But then there was another long wait, while the hands of the clock crept on—on, and the people watched and craned their necks eagerly. The lord mayor was making his speech, and it was very long. Finally arose more shouts and huzzas, not because the speech was good, but because it was ended. And presently another trumpet gave signal for the procession to start.

Off they went, through the streets full of cheering, hungry people. Soldiers and bands of music led the way; then came the maskers and the flower-maidens, the city guilds and all the arts and crafts. Finally passed along the yoke of snowy oxen, with ribbons in their ears, drawing a white wain in which were the bags of flour and silver, the prize for the best pie-maker of Blessington. When the company of white-capped cooks came within sight of the king, he laughed merrily and said:

"Cooks! Now we shall have something worth while, for I am growing hungry indeed!" And the young queen whispered: "So am I!"

Then came the pies. And such pies! Carried on the shoulders of sturdy boys, drawn by teams of ponies, wreathed in flowers and stuck over

with mottos, the pies passed along before the hungry king. And not one of the pies was real! The king's smile gradually faded.

There was a wonderful big pie fashioned like a ship,—rigged with masts and sails and manned by sailor-dolls. There was a fine brown pasty like a bird's nest, and when it passed the king, off came the cover, and out flew four-and-twenty blackbirds croaking lustily.

"Good-by, dinner!" sighed the king, looking after them wistfully. The queen nudged him and said: "'Sh! Behave, your Majesty!" But she also began to look hungrier and hungrier.

There passed a pie in a carriage drawn by six mules. It seemed piping hot, for steam came out of it. But when it reached the king it blew up with a *bang!* scattering showers of blossoms over the royal party.

"My faith!" cried the king, "methought this was the end of all things. But it seems not. Here come more and more empty pies!" The queen smelled of her salts and grew paler every moment.

One pie had a musical box inside and played a sweet tune as it passed the king. In one was hidden a tiny dwarf, who popped out like a jack-in-the-box when the queen pulled a golden cord.

Still the procession moved on, and so did the hands of the clock; and the king's hands moved to his ample girdle, which he tightened sharply. But both he and the pale young queen were too polite to ask the lord mayor for buns or something to sustain them.

The pie which caused the greatest excitement as it passed along, drawn by four white horses, was that of Roger, the master cook, who walked proudly beside it. When it came opposite the king the carriage stopped, the cover was lifted, and ten beautiful babies on a bed of roses waved their little hands and began to sing. The queen leaned forward eagerly, forgetting to be hungry. "How sweet! The darlings!" she murmured. "Oh, this is the best of all!" Roger the cook heard her and flushed with triumph.

But the king grumbled: "Humph! They look good enough to eat, but—my faith, I hope that this is the end, for soon I must eat something, or I shall become a cannibal!"

"Your Majesty!" protested the queen, faintly. But the king interrupted her.

"What comes here?" he cried. "This looks sensible!" It was Rafe and the pretty maid bringing up the rear of the procession. Side by side they walked in cap and apron, he bearing the small, delicately browned pie, she with a jug of yellow cream. No one paid any attention to them, but closed in around them, following Roger's chariot.



"'T IS A PIE, YOUR MAJESTY,' SAID RAFE, SIMPLY, 'AN APPLE-PIE.'"

When Rafe and Meg came opposite the king and queen, they turned and Rafe bowed low, holding up the pie as high as he could. The pretty maid curtsied gracefully, and offered the cream-jug with a winsome smile. The crowd was fain to hustle them on; but the king struck the floor with his staff and pointed eagerly at the pie.

"Hold!" he cried. "What have you there?"

Every one stopped and began to stare. Rafe bowed again.

"'T is a pie, your Majesty," said Rafe, simply, "an apple-pie."

"With cream for the top," lisped the little maid, curtsying again.

"Apple-pie!" cried the king. "Who ever heard of an apple-pie! A pie should be of savory meat. But of *apples*!" Words failed to express his astonishment.

"Butter and sugar, Sire, go to the making of it, and the dust of a wondrous nut. Will you taste it, Sire?" Rafe held out the pie temptingly.

"With thick cream to pour on the top—yellow, sweet, rich, thick cream!" said Meg, lingering over each word as if it melted on her lips.

"Give hither that pie!" almost shouted the hungry king. "I will look into this matter." And, drawing a dagger from his girdle, he seized and stabbed the pie to the heart. Sniffing at it eagerly, his eyes grew round, and he smacked his lips. "It is good, I wager my scepter!" he cried. "Hand me the cream, fair maid."

The little maid stepped up and daintily poured cream upon the shattered pie, and without more ado the king began to eat with his dagger. (This was not considered bad manners in those days.) After the first mouthful he stopped only to say: "Food of the fairies! Pie of the pixies! Cook, you are a magician!" He went on at a rate which threatened not to leave a mouthful. But the queen pulled at his sleeve. "A bite for me, your Majesty," she begged. And, with an apology, the king handed her what was left, watching her wistfully till she ate the last crumb.

"Delicious! I never tasted anything finer," she cried. "I must have the recipe."

"I must have the cook!" cried the king, turning to Rafe, with a broad grin on his merry, fat face. "You must come with me and cook such pies for every meal. Yes, I will have them for breakfast, too," he insisted, in response to a protest from the queen.

Then up stepped Hugh, the lord mayor.

"Sire," said he, bowing low, "will your Majesty deign to point out to me the pie which has best pleased you, that I may have it set in the place of honor, and give the prize to the maker?"

"That I cannot do," said the king, "for the pie

no longer exists. It is *here*," and he slapped his generous waistband. "But give whatever prize there may be to this worthy fellow, whom I now dub Baron Applepy. Baron, wear this ring in token of my pleasure in your pie." He drew a fine ruby from his finger and gave it to Rafe.

"And this is for the little maid," said the queen, taking a beautiful pearl necklace and tossing it over Meg's curls.

But Roger, the master cook, stood by and tore his hair when he saw what was happening.

Then up came the yoke of white oxen drawing the cart bearing the prize. And the lord mayor gave a goad into Rafe's hands, with words of congratulation.

"Now mount and come with me," said the king. But Rafe hesitated.

"Your Majesty," he replied, "I see no way to make another pie like this which has pleased you. For I have no more of the magic nuts wherewith to flavor a second."

The king frowned. "What! No more pie! Is this to be the first and the last? Sirrah, I am not pleased!"

Then little Meg stepped forth. "The magic nut is the nutmeg," said she. "My name is Meg, and Granny called the magic nuts after me. I know where is hidden a store of them. These are my dower." She emptied her pockets of the nuts which they held, and they were a precious handful.

"Ha!" cried the king, eagerly, "you must marry Baron Applepy, that he may use your dower in our behalf."

Rafe and the maid looked sidewise at one another.

"You are willing, my dear?" said the queen, smiling upon Meg.

"Yes," whispered she, with red-apple cheeks.

"Yes, indeed!" cried Rafe when the queen looked at him. But again he seemed troubled.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I cannot leave my poor neighbors. There will be no one to cook for them at my prices."

"You shall have your own price from me," said the king.

Rafe bowed low. "You do me great honor," he said humbly. "But I cannot leave my poor people, my house and my cow and my apple-tree; indeed I cannot."

The king looked very angry and raised his staff with a gesture of wrath. But the queen laid her hand upon his arm.

"Why may he not live where he will and yet cook the pies for us?" she said. "A messenger on a fleet horse can bring them to us every day. We shall then have pies like that first delicious one,

made from apples from that very same red-apple tree of his. They would be best of all."

"True," said the king, reflecting for a moment. "Please, your Majesty," said Meg, in her most winsome tones, "I do so long to help Rafe pick the red apples for your pies and skim the yellow cream of the little red cow. And please, I do so long to help him cook for his poor neighbors, who will miss him so. Now that we have the prize, we can do much for them. Please, your Majesty!"

"Please, your Majesty!" echoed Rafe.

"Please, your Majesty!" begged the queen. So the king hemmed and hawed and yielded. "But see, Baron Applepy," he said, "that you

make me three fine pies every day, for which my swiftest messenger shall call. Now farewell to thee—and to all. We must be off."

"Heaven bless your Majesties," said Rafe and Meg, bowing and curtsying low. Then Rafe lifted the little maid into the white cart beside the hundred sacks of flour and the bag of silver, and amid shouts and cheers away they drove the white oxen toward the little house on the acre of land under the red-apple tree, where the little red cow was waiting for them. And there they lived happily ever after, making three pies a day for the king at an enormous price, and feeding the beloved poor people, his neighbors, for no price at all.



THE FRIGHTENED NEW YEAR

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

THE New Year mused with thoughtful face
And small chin sunken in his hand,
And as the moments fled apace,
He watched the swiftly running sand
In Time's old hour-glass. At his side
The door to Earth stood open wide.

"The Old Year takes so long to die,"
He murmured, with a sigh, at last;
"Oh, when will come my turn to fly
Down on the midnight's rushing blast
And hear the laughter and the mirth
That always greet the Year on Earth?"

At last! at last! the sand is run,
The New Year's reign has now begun.
But ah! upon his startled ears
What clamor breaks! What sounds he hears
From every factory and mill,
From tugs and steamboats whistling shrill,
From pealing bells and cannons' blare,
From rockets whizzing through the air!
The Baby Year half turned to fly
And almost felt inclined to cry.

"Oh, oh," he wailed amid the din,
"I wish—I wish—I'd not come in!"



Yoma Wilkes's Birthday

By Frances Little

Author of

"The Lady of the Decoration"

"Little Sister Snow"

etc.

THE day had been the biggest day Yoma Wilkes could ever remember.

First, it was her birthday. For such a long time it had been "six going on seven." Since breakfast it had been "seven going on eight." And before Father had given her as many love-taps as there had been birthdays, he measured her against the big white mantelpiece, and everybody was surprised to see how much higher up the mark was this year than last year.

Something else had happened to make a day Yoma could never forget. An auntie whom she had never seen before had come that very day to visit Yoma's mother after a trip around the world.

That by itself was enough to excite anybody, even if they were seven years old. But there was much more. From out of the very biggest trunk, with the very deepest bottom Yoma had ever seen, Auntie had brought a large box. Out of the box had come four long packages, all wrapped in cotton and paper.

If Yoma had had one hundred guesses she never could have guessed what was in the packages.

If she had held a wishing-stone in her hand, she never could have wished for anything lovelier than the splendid surprise that lay before her when she brought Auntie the scissors and the strings went *snip-snap, snip-snap, snip-snap!*

The papers and the cotton slipped away from the first package Auntie cut, and there lay the blackest-eyed, pinkest-cheeked Japanese dolly that ever was. Her lovely dress, which in Japan is called *kimono*, looked as if it had been made out of many flowers from a garden. And in her shiny black hair was fastened a rose just the color of her red lips.

In front, pinned to her beautiful sash, was a dainty little card on which was written:

Miss Plum Blossom

Japan

Auntie said she asked somebody to write the name in plain English, for she never could remember those funny foreign names that twisted her tongue every time she tried to say them.

While Yoma was still looking at the Japanese dolly, *snip-snap* went the scissors again, and when she saw what was in the second bundle, she laughed out loud. It was a boy doll with eyes that seemed to grow sideways on his face, and a plait of hair, looking just like a long black pigtail,

hanging almost to his heels. On the outside of his blue brocaded coat he had a wonderful yellow satin vest. Peeping from beneath his pink satin trousers were his two little pink shoes turned perkily, saucily up at the toes.

His little card read:

Mr. Precious Life

China

Auntie said it was no wonder he wore his vest outside his coat, for everything in China was hind part before, and if a Chinese boy did not have a pigtail he could n't seem to be a Chinese boy at all.

Snip-snap went the scissors again. This time there came out of the parcel a very short dolly. Her brown eyes were sad in spite of her crimson dress all spangled with silver and gold, and on her head was a three-cornered veil that made a pretty frame for her dark face.

Yoma smoothed out the crumpled paper pinned on dolly's dress, and saw a name that she had to spell out slowly before she could pronounce:

Miss Saiad Nika

India

"Goodness me!" said Auntie, "does n't it say what that name means? I wonder if I can remember?"

Auntie shut her eyes very tight, determined to hunt in all the little corners of her brain till she found the meaning of that strange Indian name.

All at once she clapped her hands so loud it made Yoma jump.

"I 've found it!" she said. "It means 'full of truth.'" And Auntie looked as proud as if she had found an ostrich egg.

"That doll comes from the strangest city in all the world, where they have temples to monkeys and more temples to cows. Dear me!" said Auntie, smiling.

"I should think she would be the very happiest doll to get away from that strange place where nothing is like anything else."

Yoma was a very polite little girl, but the morning had been most exciting, and she told her mother afterward she really was afraid her

heart was going to run away, it beat so fast it made her forget.

Before she knew it, she was jumping up and down and saying:

"Oh, Auntie, *p-lease* open the other bundle. I can't wait another minute."

Yoma had one of the nicest aunties in the world, for instead of telling her she should be more patient, she said:

"Of course you can't, you blessed child." Then quickly she snipped the strings this way and that with the scissors, and there lay a dolly dressed all in black with trimmings of gold.

The black veil she wore not only covered her head, but was fastened straight across her nose from one ear to the other.

Yoma could only see two bright eyes and two little runaway golden curls. Auntie unpinned the card attached to her dress and read aloud:

Tantewéyah

Egypt

"Egypt," said Auntie, "is a place where they have many queer religious customs. But the strangest is the Mohammedan religion, which says little girls and big ones must wear veils right across their noses.

"Well, I believe that 's all, Yoma, and I hope the dollies will make you very happy and that all your birthdays may be beautiful."

Of course Yoma knew that the very happiest day that ever was had to end just like any other day. But it seemed to her that it took hardly a minute after the sun touched the very top of the blue mountain across the river, for him to fall down behind it just as if he had gone to bed with his clothes on.

And another minute only, before the door opened and there stood Hezekiah Murilla Louise Wilkes, whom Yoma called Rilly for short, round and fat and very black.

She had come for Yoma to go to bed just as she had done every night since Yoma was born.

Soon Yoma and her nurse were in a dear little bedroom, all pink and white.

Yoma in her nightgown was sitting in the middle of the bed. She was telling Aunt Rilly all about the dolls that had come across so many oceans and so many seas.

"What kind of doll you say this one is, honey?" Aunt Rilly asked as she took up the doll nearest her, and smoothed its dark hair with her hand.

"Oh, Aunt Rilly, please be careful. That 's the dolly from India, and to get to India you have to sail on a ship for weeks and weeks right West."

The old nurse screwed up her face the way Yoma loved best, because she said it always made Rilly look like her stuffed black rabbit with white

gets up when we 'se gwine to bed. Dat doll sholy look more like a hollyhock than a plum-flower. En dis here one?"

"That 's the Egyptian dolly."

At this Aunt Rilly looked really serious.

"Look here, honey, I 'se gwine to set all dese



MISS PLUM BLOSSOM, OF JAPAN.



MR. PRECIOUS LIFE, OF CHINA.

eyes. Then she shook her head very slowly, but not very wisely, and said:

"Dat sholy am cur'us. I seed a red Injun once at a circus. He was done dressed wid a pack of chicken fedders in his hair and a red blanket. What you say dis one name?" She pointed to the Chinese doll.

"That is Precious Life. He is a China boy doll."

"A boy doll!" exclaimed Aunt Rilly, with much surprise. "Well, of all the boy dolls I ever see! Looks like his name might be Lilly Sue, wid dat rope of hair hanging down his coat-back." Aunt Rilly laughed till she shook the chair.

"This," said Yoma, "is the Japanese doll, and her name is Plum Blossom."

Aunt Rilly wagged her head from side to side, and rolled her eyes.

"A Jaffernese! Ump-hump! Dat 's de cur'us land what 's hind part foremost, and all de people goes to bed when we 'se gettin' up, and

doll chillun right here at de foot-board where dey can say howdy de fust thing in the morning. Shut yo' eyes and go right to sleep, honey, and get all dem kinks out your tongue after saying dem furrin names. Now I 'se gwine to sing."

Yoma had heard this song every night since she could remember, and it always put her to sleep. It had only one verse, and Aunt Rilly sang it over and over:

Oh, yonder comes de good sandman,
With the gift of sleep within his han'.
Shet yo' eyes, honey, and he'll sprinkle it shore,
And you'll dream some dreams as never before.

Yoma's eyes grew heavier and heavier, till at last she seemed to float away on beautiful white clouds on which were dolls and dolls from all the lands across the seas.

After a while a noise startled Yoma, and she sat up in bed very quickly. She thought she heard somebody whispering, and the sound seemed to come from the foot of the bed, where the dollies all stood in a row, looking like little

ghosts in the silver streaks the big moon sent in the window.

Yoma crept closer and listened very hard. Then she put her hand over her mouth to keep a big round "O" from slipping past her lips. It was wonderful, but it was true! The dollies were talking

was a boy and very sure of himself. Anyhow, girls were very silly sometimes, even if they did have lovely pink cheeks and shiny black eyes.

Yoma was afraid the dolls would stop talking. She leaned eagerly over and whispered: "Oh, Plum Blossom, please go on! Tell what else you did!"



MISS SAIAD HIKA, OF INDIA.



TANTEUWYAH, OF EGYPT.

to each other. Yoma could scarcely believe her ears, but she found the dollies were telling each other all about themselves and the countries they came from. Miss Plum Blossom seemed to be talking, and Yoma had never heard anything so sweet and cunning as the little words she used while telling her story.

"Walk! In course I did not have to walk 'less I wished to. Boysees and girlsies never walk in Japan unless they have wish. My little mama tied me on her back with a long string, just above the big bow of her sash. Then we would go out on the street where all the lovely flags were flapping in the wind."

Mr. Precious Life made a funny little noise with his tongue and smoothed his pigtail.

"Flags don't flap—they fly," he said gently but knowingly. But Plum Blossom's eyes danced with fun, and she made a low bow.

"Oh, Honorable Mister Precious Life from China, flags can't fly because they wings have not."

It was a great joke, and everybody laughed except Precious Life. He only smiled because he

Plum Blossom gave a happy little laugh and clapped her hands.

"It was the dearfulest walk in the mornings. Everybody bowed to everybody else. Sometimes I almostly falled over my mama's shoulder, she bowed so lowly when she said good morning. It was most nice to be up high where I could see the rose in my mama's pretty hair and hear everything she said. Oh, I most forgetted to tell you my mama was taking me to kindergarten with her."

Precious Life peeped out of the corners of his eyes doubtingly.

"Kindergarten! What's that, I'd like to know."

He tried to look cross so he could catch Plum Blossom if she was using a big Japanese word that meant nothing.

Plum Blossom only laughed.

"Oh, what a funnyful little Chinese boy that don't know what a kindergarten is!" But when

she looked at the Egyptian dolly and the Indian dolly, she saw that they did not know either, and right away she stopped laughing, and said sweetly:

"Please let me tell you all about it. Kindergarten is the very nicest place in the world for little boys and girls. They can play everything that ever was and never get hurt. They can skip and hop and sing tunes and have most good time. On last day of week, in that biggest kindergarten where my mama took me, all the little girls brought their dollies. Before they took us off their backs, we had nice big march by music. After that they had tiny lunch-table just for dollies, and dearest little dishes. Then we played and sang songs, and everybody was sorrowful to go away. I am wishful to go to kindergarten again."

It seemed as if Plum Blossom's pink lips were beginning to tremble, but she stopped only long enough to swallow hard and then went on a little sadly:

"But my little mama was getting too big to go to kindergarten, and I came across the big ocean to be your little girl."

Plum Blossom smiled bravely, but when Yoma looked very hard she thought she saw a big tear on her cheek. Precious Life saw it too. He put his hand into the pocket of his beautiful new brocade coat and pulled out a tiny little handkerchief. He leaned over and softly wiped Plum Blossom's eyes and said:

"Now, Plum Blossom, don't cry. If you do, all that lovely pink will come off your cheek. We are going to have a *good* time. And you don't know yet what an awfully nice boy I am."

At this all the dollies smiled, and Yoma came very near laughing out, only she did not want to miss a word.

"Yes," went on Precious Life, "most Chinese boys are nice. They are big and tall and strong. You know, I feel very sad for boys who have not pigtailed hair. It makes such fun to watch them grow. As the boys grow up, the pigtailed grow down. My! I am glad I am a Chinese boy instead of a girl. Boys in my country can fly kites or kick a ball. Girls must stay at home and get their feet tied up to make them small. Boys can go out on the big river in boats and train birds to catch fish. Sometimes we live in boat-houses and play on the river all the time. When the lady came to buy me, I heard her say: 'No, I must have a boy. I have three girl dolls.' My sawdust danced, I was so glad. I wanted to come to America and see if it was as big as China. Well, I'm here, and as I am the only boy, of course I'll be leader. You girls can play what I tell you."

Plum Blossom bowed her head till it touched the spread, and her eyes twinkled, as she said:

"Oh, kind and lovely mister from China, we poor little girl dollies thank you."

All this time the Indian dolly had not said a word. She had hardly smiled, and her big brown eyes seemed very sad for a dolly who wore such lovely clothes—all red and gold, with a beautiful veil on her head, just like her little mistress had worn.

Plum Blossom thought the Indian dolly was homesick. She patted her hand and said:

"Please tell us about the country you came from and the little mistress who loved you. Everybody be quiet and let Iika talk."

Iika spoke very softly, for dollies as well as little girls in India have low, sweet voices:

"My country is the biggest big country. And in the daytime the sun-god makes the earth very hot, but at night-time he goes to sleep and the earth gets very cold. So many boys and girls live in mud houses, and many times they are hungry for food. But my little mistress and I lived in a beautiful house and played all day in a big garden where the lovely flowers grow. The birds would come down to get their breakfast out of my little mistress's hand."

Precious Life broke in:

"Not sure-enough birds, for I never heard of real birds doing that!"

"Yes," went on Iika, "really truly birds, and they were green, too, and could jump through rings and shoot a tiny gun. Oh, such good times as we had! One time we went on a long journey, and part of the way we rode in a cart that had red curtains all around it, and the cows that pulled the cart wore dear little bells around their necks that went *tinkle-tinkle* all the way. But the best time was when we rode a big, big elephant."

"Whew!" whistled Precious Life. "Just listen to that. I never saw an elephant, and here's a girl who says she rode one."

Plum Blossom put her head on one side, just like a saucy bird, and said:

"Oh, honorable funny mister from China, please keep quiet, if you *are* a boy. There's 'most one hundred things you have not seen. We want to hear about that elephant. Please tell us some more, Iika."

The Indian dolly was very shy, and Plum Blossom had to talk her very sweetest before Iika could begin again.

"It was the biggest elephant, and we had to climb a little ladder to get up on his back. My little mistress called him *Tiny-Lightfoot* because he was so big and heavy. We had soldiers with guns to march on each side of us to keep away

the robbers. Tiny Lightfoot had lovely beads around his neck. Oh, it was such a happy time!" A smile made her very pretty, but she seemed to think of something else, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Then came such a sad time. One evening, just as the big sun-god was going to sleep, my little mistress took me out into the garden and hugged me up tight. She whispered in my ear: 'Oh, Iika, I must leave you. I am going to another house. I am going to be married.' I said: 'I won't be left. I'll go with you.' But she said: 'No; when a girl is eight years old in India she must be married, and a married woman can't play with dolls.' Oh, my, how we both cried! But it all happened, and there was a great wedding, and lots of elephants all dressed up in gold, and little donkeys with silk coats on, and so many people. But I just lay on the garden seat till my nose nearly stuck to the boards. They found me and took me to the bazaar to be sold. One day a lady came, and I heard her say, 'Well, look here, if I don't buy her for Yoma!' and I am so glad I came. I am going to be very happy after a while."

Yoma was just starting to tell her how much she would love her, but Precious Life could n't keep still:

"Here, Indian girl, what did that girl marry for if she did n't want to? I would n't have done it; I'd have kicked."

Plum Blossom was ready:

"Oh, mighty Mister China Boy, what *would* you have kicked?"

Precious Life had to think for a minute, for he did not know what there was in India to kick. Then he remembered.

"Oh," he said, with such a grand air, "I'd have kicked the elephant."

Such a laugh as went round! Precious Life did not know whether he had been clever or not. His fat cheeks got very red, and all at once he grew very busy plaiting and unplaiting his pigtail.

Yoma saw Plum Blossom reach across the other dollies and take the hand of the Egyptian dolly.

"Please tell us of your home, Tantewéyah. We are all your friends, you know—all friends."

Tantewéyah did not raise the black veil across her mouth when she talked. In Egypt it is not proper for girls to show their mouths. But her eyes were very soft and beautiful.

"One time," she said, "my little mistress took me on a long journey across the desert with her. A desert, you know, is miles and miles of yellow sand and hot sunshine.

"We rode in a little house built on a camel's back. We could shut out the hot sun with little green curtains and play beautiful games in our little room. The best time was at night, when we could find some tall old palm-trees that grew by a spring and stopped under them to sleep.

"Our camel's legs were very long, and he had to kneel down on the ground for us to get out of the little house. While our supper was being cooked over a big fire my little mistress would take me in her arms and walk in the great palm-groves and watch the stars winking at her through the trees. Sometimes in the night we could hear the wild animals calling to each other out in the desert, and my little mistress would creep close to her mama.

"The soldiers who came with us walked round and round the tent with their guns all night long.

"One night everybody was asleep except my little mistress and I. We looked out the door of our tent and saw two great *big* eyes shining like fire, and they came closer and closer and closer. A great furry paw was just reaching out for us, when all at once the soldiers' guns went *bang! bang!*"

Yoma sat straight up. The sunbeams were dancing across her bed, and there stood Aunt Rilly by her side, with a cup of hot milk.

"Honey," she was saying, "I 'mos' had to bang dis spoon through de cup to wake you up. Seems like you was havin' a spell of some kind. 'Spec' you was jus' dreamin'."

Yoma looked at the dollies standing in a row at the foot of the bed.

They were just as Aunt Rilly had placed them the night before.

She smiled at them dreamily and said:

"Oh, Aunt Rilly, it was beautiful. I 'most wish every day was a birthday."



A Christmas Fairy-Tale

by E. A. Watson Hyde.



HE stood on the curbstone all alone,
Such a little boy!
The men passed by, and the women too;
The banana man, and policeman blue;
And nobody cared—for nobody knew
That the little boy's heart was sad, all through—
It was Christmas Eve, with *so* much to do!

Where had she gone—the baby girl
He had left at play
While he crossed the street to the grocery-store
Where he 'd earned a quarter the day before?
She had promised true, in her baby drawl,
That she would n't stir from the tenement hall
While he went for his "pay."
How grand that sounded,—just like a man!
Now his plan was ruined, his beautiful plan!

He thought of the mother alone up-stairs
In the big white bed
Where she'd lain so long since the day she fell
That it seemed sometimes she could not get well.

The doctor came, and a nurse each week,
But he knew by the quiet way they 'd speak
That the awful dread—
A fear which they did not like to name—
Was in their thoughts each time they came.

How could he go and tell her now
That her child was lost?
That he 'd broken faith and betrayed her trust;
Could he bear to tell her? yet tell he must.
Instead of the wonderful Christmas Day
He had planned for them both in his eager way,
This was the cost:
And far, far worse than her pain, this blow
Would be to the mother he cherished so.

Two slow tears welled in the big blue eyes,
As he stood and thought;
Such marvelous things he had planned to do:
He would buy her an orange,—some pop-corn too;
A Christmas card with an angel's head,
And a doll for the baby, with ribbons red;
Why, those few things bought
Would make such a Christmas as had not come
For three long years to the little home!

The tears splashed down and were brushed away;
He 'd no time to cry.
He must find the baby, whatever came,
So he stepped back softly and called her name
Under the stairs and along the hall
And out at the back to the old brick wall
So bare and high;
There was nowhere to hide, had the child in play
Attempted to hide herself away.

He asked the neighbors on either hand,
And they crowded round,
All tender-hearted and murmuring prayers
For the gentle woman alone up-stairs,
For the manly boy—his mother's stay—
And the baby sister who 'd slipped away
And could not be found.
They searched the alley, the area-way,
And questioned the children who 'd been at play.

The big policeman might know—but look!

A stir in the street!

A jangling of bells and of silver chains;
Two prancing horses with tossing manes;
A crimson sleigh as big as a room;

Great bearskin coats on
footman and groom;
And there on the
seat,

The loveliest lady that
ever smiled,

And, *beside* her the
dear little *missing*
child!

Her face peeped out
from a big white rug
Like a sweet wild
rose;

And in her arms was a
doll in blue,
With flowers in its hat,
and feathers too;
And the floor and the
seats were covered
deep

With toys and parcels
—a fairy heap;
How *do* you sup-
pose

That baby sister so *real*
could seem?
When it *must* be a dream,
a beautiful dream!

But no dream it was, for
she called to him
With a shout of
joy.

And the lovely lady
went up the stair
And talked with the
mother suffering
there;

And the toys and parcels
were taken, too;
They were all for them,
—it was really true!
But it seemed to
the boy

That the lady's face, as she left the hall
And smiled upon him, was best of all.

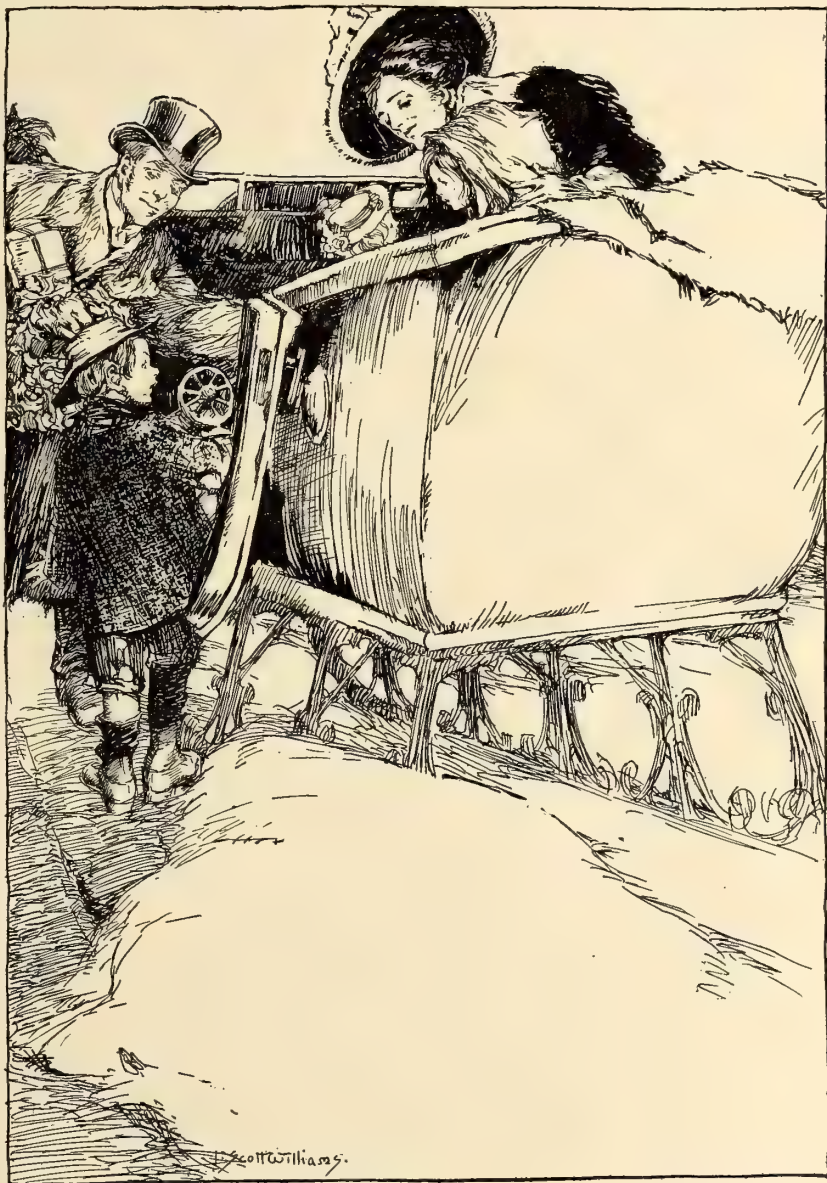
"You must n't thank me," she whispered low;
"I am glad I came.

I do it at Christmas-time, you know,
For my baby daughter—I loved her so.

She was taken away, so each Christmas Day
I make some one happy in just this way

In her dear name.

I'll send a doctor and nurse to-night;
Don't worry, dear; it will all come right."



He stood on the curb and watched her go,
Did the little boy.

The men passed by, and the women too;
The banana man, and policeman blue;
And nobody cared—for nobody knew—
That the little boy's dreams had all come true!
It was Christmas Eve, with *so* much to do!

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER V

CAL IS CHRISTENED

"CAL!"

"Huh?"

"Wake up!"

"Huh?"

"Wake up, I tell you!" Ned shook his new room-mate by the shoulder impatiently. "It 's half-past eleven."

"Wha—say, what 's the matter?" John sat up in bed suddenly and made his inquiry in a loud, thoroughly awakened voice, staring dazedly about him, from the unfamiliar figure of Ned Brent to the great path of moonlight that flooded in through the bay-windows. Ned clapped a hand over John's mouth.

"Shut up!" he said fiercely. "Want to wake Marm?"

But John, still befogged with sleep, was confused and alarmed. Where he was he could n't imagine; this was not his little attic room at home; and who the strange figure in ghostly attire might be he could n't imagine either. Safe to say, though, that he was there at the bedside for no good purpose; and when a hand closed over his mouth and he was told to "shut up," John's fighting blood surged within him. The next thing that Ned knew he was flying head over heels toward his own bed. He landed thereon with a force that made the springs creak protestingly and that sent him bounding up again in the air. And when he once more landed, John was on him. There was no time for explanations. Ned grappled and avoided punishment by pulling John down upon him. Then they tossed and struggled, John striving for a good clutch on Ned and Ned striving just as desperately to roll him off and get the ascendancy. The bed swayed and groaned. Once John's fingers reached Ned's collar, but were torn away again.

"Try to rob me, would you?" growled John, vindictively.

"Let—go!" gasped Ned. "You—crazy—idiot!"

"Give up?" John asked.

But at that moment Ned got one leg free and, using it as a lever, sent John sprawling onto the floor between the beds. Ned tumbled off the other side, and when his room-mate had found his feet Ned was ready for him.

"What 's the matter—with you?" he panted.

John looked across stupidly. His arms, ready for another assault, dropped to his sides, and he stared about the moonlit room.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You 're in the Den, you wild idiot," answered Ned. "Where did you think you were?"

"Oh! I—I did n't know. What was the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Ned, crossly. "I tried to wake you up, and you lit into me and nearly broke my back."

"I 'm sorry," said John, penitently. "I—I was kind of half asleep and—"

"Half asleep! Well, I 'm glad you were n't fully awake, then!" Ned chuckled. "Do you know where you are now? Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, now I do," replied John, sheepishly. "Did I—hurt you?"

"No, but you tried hard enough! You 're too strenuous for me. The next time it 's necessary to wake you I 'll let some one else do it. You 've pretty nearly torn this sleeve out."

"I 'm sorry," muttered John. "I got awake and saw you there and did n't know who you were. And then you put your hand over my mouth, and I thought maybe you were a burglar or something. So I—I—"

"Tried to kill me. I know all about that, Boland; you don't have to tell me anything that happened." Ned put a foot on the edge of the window-seat and examined an ankle solicitously. "Well, come on now, if you 're really awake. The others are waiting."

"Where? What to do?"

"Why, you 're going to be christened at the pond."

"Am I? I thought that was just fooling," said John, uneasily. "Do I *have* to go?"

"Yea, verily, you do! And I 'm going to give you an extra ducking for the way you 've roughed me up, Cal. You are n't afraid, are you?"

"N-no, I cal'late not, but—"

"Come on, then, and don't make any noise. It 's a wonder, though, that Marm has n't been up already. It 's a good thing I thought to close the door."

"But we ain't—you ain't going that way, are you?"

"What way? In pajamas? Of course. And you 'll come in that picturesque garment of yours."

Come on." Ned opened the door and listened. Below stairs all was quiet, but from the end of the hall came the sounds of low whispers and an occasional giggle. Ned led the way in that direction, John following. In the Sun-Parlor the rest of the boys were awaiting them, six figures in their sleeping-clothes, five in pajamas of various shades and styles and patterns, and one set, that of Claire Parker, a gleaming, beautiful white silk.

"I thought you were lost," whispered Sandy, as Ned closed the door behind him. "You made a beast of a noise in there."

"Yo-heave-ho!" chanted Spud, softly. "Who's first down?"

"You," said Hoop. "We want something soft to fall on."

"Fall on your head, then," answered Spud, as he climbed to the window-sill. "Here goes." He disappeared from sight, and there was a thud on the roof of the shed below, followed an instant later by a second as Spud's weight dropped to the turf. One by one the fellows followed. When it came Claire's turn he displayed an inclination to hold back. But Sandy reassured him.

"It's only six feet to the roof, 'Clara,' and about eight to the ground. It won't hurt you, honest. Go ahead."

So Claire gathered his courage and made the descent safely, and John followed. On the grass in the shadow of the woodshed they waited for Sandy and Ned, and then, forming in single file, they entered the park and proceeded along the path which John had traveled that afternoon. Once out of sight and sound of the house, Dutch, who was leading, began to prance and cavort.

"All sing!" he called softly. Instantly the procession started a slow and mournful chant:

Hush! Hush! Not a sound!
Spirits dread are hov'ring round!
To the Haunted Tarn we go
With our victims in a row.

Dark the night and dark the deed;
Prayers for mercy never heed.
We will drown them every one;
That's the way we have our fun!
O-o-o-oh!

The last word was uttered in hollow, shuddering tones that sent a little shiver down John's back, in spite of the fact that he had been smiling a moment before at the ridiculous sight of half a dozen night-robed forms prancing along in the moonlight. The effect on Claire was apparent. He stopped and turned a frightened face to John, who was following.

"It's all right, Parker," said John, reassuringly. "It's only fooling, you know."

"Yes, but I don't like it—I want to go back."

"No, you don't. It'll be fine to have a dip in the pond. Besides, you don't want them to think you're scared, do you?"

"N-no." So Claire went on just as Sandy commanded, "No talking there!" The chant began again with another verse, ending as before in the mournful "O-o-o-oh!" The night was warm and the park was very still. A full moon sailed overhead and lighted the path save where the occasional black shadow of an oak fell athwart it. Walking with bare feet on the gravel was n't very pleasant, but aside from that neither of the "victims" was experiencing discomfort. Suddenly there was a sound of tinkling water, and the pond came into view, black and silver, with the round moon reflected in the middle of it. The party followed the path to the lower end where the bridge stood. The shadows were heavy there, and behind them the brook tinkled off into the darkness. The boys drew up in a semicircle, with John and Claire between them and the edge of the pond.

"Can you swim?" asked Sandy.

"Yes," John answered.

"A little," replied Claire.

"Then we'll take you first, Cal. All ready, Hoop and Fungus."

The two named stepped forward.

"I cal'late I'd better take this off," said John, suiting action to word, and handing his night-gown to Ned.

"Hang it on the bridge rail, Ned," said The Fungus. "All right now, Sandy." The Fungus and Hoop Ross joined hands behind John's back and seized him under each knee.

"We christen thee Cal'late," announced Sandy, in a solemn voice.

"Cal for short," added Spud.

"Lean back," said The Fungus. John obeyed and found himself lifted off his feet. He was swung back and forward twice, and the last time Hoop and The Fungus gave a heave, and he shot sprawling out into the dark pool with a mighty splash. He was up in a moment and found himself only waist-deep. The water was warm and pleasant, and he struck off leisurely toward the bridge.

"How is it?" asked Ned.

"Great! Come on in!"

"Please don't throw me in," begged Claire. "I don't swim much."

"All right," answered Sandy. "We'll take you over there in the shallow." So the ceremony was repeated farther around the pond, only this time the victim was held securely by Ned and Dutch and merely lowered into the water and brought up again laughing and sputtering. Then—

"All in!" cried Sandy, and pajamas were tossed aside, and one after another the boys shot into the water, to emerge white and gleaming in the moonlight far out toward the center of the pond. It was great fun. They raced and played tricks on each other and dived from the bridge railing, the spray shooting up like cascades of diamonds in the moonlight. Claire contented himself with paddling around in the shallows, but John was a strong swimmer and matched his skill with the best of them. When, having exhausted all other means of amusement, they did "stunts" from the bridge, he not only performed all the tricks that the others did, but showed them a side-dive that no one knew. And so they splashed, and dived, and swam to and fro, for a full hour of the warm, silent night and watched the moon go sailing down the sky.

"I say," said The Fungus, "it 's funny neither East House nor the Hall has ever discovered this, is n't it?"

"Because we 've been careful to keep it quiet," answered Sandy. "And that reminds me, you two newly initiated chaps. This is a secret, you know. Not a word to any one outside West House. Understand?"

"I 've often thought," chuckled Spud, "what a joke it would be if our esteemed 'Horace' or 'Fussy' or 'Jim' or some one happened along some night and found us here."

"Would n't it be great!" said Dutch. "We 'd all be sent home, though."

"I don't believe we would," said Sandy. "But Horace would make us promise not to do it again. So we 'd better not get caught at it. Wonder what time it is. We 'd better be getting back."

"Let 's have a race to the bridge," Dutch proposed. "We 'll all line up here even, and Clara can give the word."

So it was done, and there was a wild scamper over the grass, a plunge into the pond, and a frenzied race back across the moonlit surface, John and Dutch and Sandy swimming a dead heat.

Then they got into their night-clothes again, and took the path back to the cottage. Ere long West House was in sight, and they stopped at the edge of the park to make sure that the coast was clear. Then they stole toward the back of the house, across the moonlit grass, and Dutch tried the kitchen door.

"Locked!" he whispered disgustedly, turning to Ned.

"By Jove! I forgot to go down!" muttered Ned, sheepishly. "I had so much trouble waking Cal up that—"

"You 're a wonder!" growled Sandy. "This is a fine note. How are we going to get in, fellows?"

"Perhaps some of the windows are unlocked," The Fungus suggested. "I 'll go around and try them."

"I 'll take this side," said Ned, "but I don't believe we 'll find one undone." Nor did they.

"All tight," said Ned, as he and The Fungus returned. Depressed silence followed the announcement. At last—

"We 'll have to get in the way we got out," said Spud. "Is n't there a ladder in the shed?"

"Shed 's locked," said Dutch. "I tried the door."

"I 've got it," exclaimed Ned. "Two of you chaps put me up on the shed roof. I think I can make the window from there."

"I don't believe you can," said Sandy, doubtfully. "But you can try it."

"I can do it. Then I 'll sneak down and open the Gobbler window. You and Dutch give me a leg-up, Sandy."

Ned gained the roof without much difficulty, and the others drew off to watch him essay the window of the Sun-Parlor. To reach it he had to jump high enough to get his fingers over the window-ledge. He succeeded on the third attempt, and then managed to pull himself up by his hands and squirm across. A minute later a window close at hand was noiselessly opened, and the others crawled through. Everything progressed favorably until Ned, who was bringing up the rear of the procession, stumbled on the stairs. Those ahead raced frantically upward and were out of sight when Mrs. Linn's door opened.

"Who is it?" she cried anxiously.

Ned, rubbing his shins, replied reassuringly:

"It 's me, Marm; Ned; I—I 've been down, getting some water."

"Oh! You 'most scared me to death, Ned. Did you find some?"

"Yes 'm, lots." Ned heard an explosion of stifled chuckles from above, where seven faces lined the railing. "Very nice water it was too, Marm. Good night. I 'm sorry I woke you up. I did n't mean to, but I stumbled."

"Good night." The matron's door closed softly, and Ned went on up, to be seized by the others and gently pommelled.

"'Very nice water it was!'" snickered Spud. "Are n't you ashamed to hoax Marm like that?"

"Where was the hoax?" chuckled Ned. "It *was* nice water. I 'm going to bed. Come on, Cal. Good night, you chaps. Somebody 's got my pajamas, I think; these don't fit; but they 'll do for to-night."

Ten minutes later the only sound to be heard in West House was the gentle snoring of Dutch.

CHAPTER VI

CAL SETTLES DOWN

THE next morning John William Boland began his life at Oak Park School. I give him his full title for the last time, for after his immersion in Willow Lake he was never anything but Cal among his friends, and it behooves us to follow the fashion.

It was customary for West House to proceed across the park to school in a body. The bell on School House rang warningly at a quarter to nine, but its tones fell on deaf ears. At ten minutes to nine the boys leisurely gathered their books together and began their search for caps. At five minutes to nine they raced pell-mell out of the house and through the park, usually arriving breathless in the corridor of School House just as the last strokes of the second bell died away. But this morning, being the first day of the term, the eight boys started promptly with the first bell. Willow Lake did n't look at all like the pool in which they had disported themselves last night. In the moonlight it had seemed to Cal big and mysterious. To-day, with the sunlight pouring down on it and a little breeze rippling the surface, it resolved itself into a small and quite commonplace pond, oval in shape, neatly margined with smooth turf and prettily shaded with oaks and willows, the latter in places dipping their drooping branches into the water.

"I saw a whopping big trout in here last spring," said Spud, leaning over the bridge, and gazing into the channel below. "I'm going to try for him some day."

"Better not let any one catch you," said Sandy.

"Are n't you allowed to fish here?" Cal asked.

"No, nor in the Mill Pond back of the Hall. They're full of fish, too. Some of the East House fellows fished in the Mill Pond one morning last spring and got caught at it. They got fits from Horace. They got up at about half-past four and thought no one would see them, but Eliza piped them from her window."

"Who is Eliza?" asked Cal.

"Mrs. Kendall; Grouch's wife; she's matron at the Hall and teaches history. Grouch teaches math."

They passed out through the little rustic gate, crossed the road, and went in between the iron posts and under the iron grilling with its O. P. S. in monogram. The Green, as the space between the gymnasium, the Hall, and School House was called, was dotted with boys, while the steps of the Hall held many others. As the company came into sight, shouts of welcome reached them from all sides, hearty cheers of friendly recognition.

"O you West House!"

"O you Hall!" was the answer in unison. Right arms went up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and right hands were fluttered with a peculiar motion from the elbow that constituted the Oak Park form of salutation. It was n't many days before Cal could do it as well as any one, but just now he kept his hands in his pockets and tried to ignore the fact that dozens of pairs of eyes were studying him critically. As they followed the path that led around in front of the Hall, greetings and banter fell thick.

"There's Dutch Zoller! Dutch, you're pretty near fat enough to win a County Fair prize!"

"What do they feed you on, Dutch?"

"O you Fungus! How's it going, boy?"

"Hello, Sandy—and Hoop, too! Glad to see you, fellows!"

"You're looking mighty pale, Hoop! You ought to see a doctor."

To Cal's surprise, West House kept on its way around the corner of the Hall, following a path that led slightly downward toward a smaller building set in a corner of the grounds. There was a brook which flowed for a little distance into what Cal surmised to be the Mill Pond of which Sandy had spoken, and the path passed over a tiny rustic bridge. But at the bridge the company stopped.

"Now then," said Sandy, and—

"O you East House!" they shouted.

Two boys ran out onto the porch and waved, and in a moment others appeared and the hail was answered:

"O you West House!"

Hands went up in friendly salutation, and then West House retraced its steps, turning to the right, where the path divided, and fetching up at School House steps. By this time the entrance was alive with boys, boys of all sizes and a variety of ages, but all, excepting a sprinkling of new-comers like Cal and young Parker, looking excited and merry. Cal had stuck pretty close to Ned Brent, and now Ned introduced him to several fellows whose names he either did n't catch or immediately forgot. Presently, finding, to his relief, that no one was paying any attention to him, a fact which helped to reduce his embarrassment, he wandered into the building.

There was nothing remarkable about School House. It was the oldest of all the buildings, and the corridor was rather dark and dismal. A broad stairway went upward from it. Rooms opened at left and right, and peering into the nearer one, Cal saw a blackboard-lined apartment with a platform and teacher's desk at one end and some twenty pupils' desks occupying the rest of the room. At one of the boards a middle-

aged man with a worried, scowling countenance was making cabalistic figures with a piece of yellow chalk. Evidently, thought Cal, that was the mathematics instructor who went by the unattractive name of Grouch. Suddenly overhead the bell began its last summons. A sprinkling of boys came in, but most of them continued untroubled their conversation on the steps. Cal found a new object of interest in a wooden board occupying a space near the door. Beside it hung a pad of paper, and in one corner were stuck dozens of thumb-tacks. On the board itself were many pieces of paper torn from the pad and impaled with the tacks. The messages they bore were interesting to the new boy:

J. W.: Meet me at noon at East House. TAFFY.

GROWLER GAY: Where's my French dictionary? Must have it to-day. E. M.

SPUD H.: Meet me on steps after morning. CARL.

Lost! Tennis-racket with initials J. E. L. Return to Lewis, Hall. No questions asked.

WEST HOUSE BASE-BALL: Nine plays East House at four. All out sharp. WHITE, Capt.

Class-day programs in 12 Hall after two on Wednesday.

Bandy Jones wants to see Pills Green after morning. Important!

The notices were evidently survivals of last term. Cal wondered whether he would ever find his name there with a message that some one wanted to see him.

A moment later, the bell stopped ringing with a final emphatic clang, and there was a wild rush down the hall.

Cal flattened himself against the notice-board to keep from being swept along with the throng, and Ned spied him there.

"Come on, Cal! This way!"

Cal struggled across and followed Ned and the others into a room at the end of the corridor. They were almost the last in.

"Good morning, sir," said Ned, and Cal looked up to find Dr. Webster standing inside the green leather door.

"Good morning, Brent," returned the doctor. "Good morning, Boland. Find a seat at the back of the room, please."

The door was closed; the doctor mounted the platform and struck a gong sharply, and the room became quiet.

Cal found himself in a seat on the last row, one of many new arrivals. As he looked about him, he saw heads go down, and then heard voices join in the invocation for the day.

After a moment's silence the doctor seated himself at his big desk and in brisk and businesslike tones set the lessons for the different classes in Latin and Greek. Afterward the gong was struck again, and most of the boys went out. Those that

remained gave their attention more or less closely to their books.

Then the doctor quietly summoned the new boys to him one by one and put each through an oral examination that soon settled the question of their disposal. Cal had no trouble in satisfying the doctor as to his right to entrance into the first junior class.

"All right, Boland. Report to Mr. James in Room 3, please. Up the corridor, the third door to your right."

Room 3 was as large a room as the doctor's, but contained only some twenty seats, of which rather more than half were occupied when Cal pushed the green door open and entered. At Cal's appearance one of the boys in the room began tapping the floor with his foot, and instantly every other boy followed suit. Mr. James looked around and signaled Cal to approach the platform. The tapping died away. The instructor was a youngish man with the appearance of a college athlete rather than a teacher. Among the scholars he was nicknamed "Jim." He taught natural sciences, had charge of physical training, and was athletic instructor. He was mightily feared by the younger boys and loved by the older. His habitual expression was one of severity, and he had a way of looking at a boy that seemed to bore right through him. Cal's embarrassment was so evident, however, that Mr. James softened his severity of countenance with a smile.

"Well?" he asked.

"Dr. Horace sent me, sir."

A titter of amusement swept over the room, but was silenced at a glance from the instructor.

"Dr. Horace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the doctor very well?"

"Huh?—Sir?"

"Are you an old friend of the doctor's? Have you known him all your life?"

"No, sir, I never saw him until yesterday."

"Then don't you think you'd better call him by his last name instead of his first? Did any one tell you to call him Dr. Horace?"

"No, sir—that is, Ned Brent said his name was Horace, sir. I thought it was Webster."

"You thought right. Never mind; the mistake was natural." Mr. James smiled. "What's your name?"

"John Boland, sir."

"Boland?" The instructor wrote on a card.

"All right,—Peters!"

A youth at the back of the room stood up beside his seat.

"Yes, sir?"

"Boland, do you see that boy standing up?"

Well, that is George Peters. Peters is one of our least industrious boys, Boland. I think I might say our most indolent pupil without risking exaggeration. That is so, Peters,—is it not?"

"Y-yes, sir," replied Peters, cheerfully.

"Thank you. Now, Boland, kindly take the

in you. Should you feel a strange impulse to glance now and then into your books, don't combat it; let it grow. You understand me, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Peters, with a grin.

"Thank you again, Peters. You are very amiable. Am I right in thinking that you have your book upside down? I can't be certain at this distance."

Peters glanced at the book and switched it quickly around.

"I was right? Ah, I thought so. Try it that way for a while, Peters; reading upside down must be difficult to even a normal intellect, and I don't think you ought to even attempt it, as yet."

Mr. James allowed his gaze to wander around the class-room, with the result that some fourteen smiles vanished abruptly from as many faces and an equal number of heads bent over books. Cal looked about him. Most of the boys appeared to be of his own age, although the unfortunate Peters was plainly a year older. Presently he descried Ned over in a corner, and, yes, that was Spud Halladay in the next seat but one. He did n't feel so lonesome after that. Presently Mr. James came down with an armful of books.

"Write your name in these, Boland, and be careful of them. We don't allow the misuse of text-books here. Peters, do you think that you can tell Boland what the lessons for to-day are without unduly taxing your intellect studious?"

"Yes, sir," replied Peters.

"Try it, then, please. I'm sure you can. Have you pencils and pens, Boland?"

"No, sir."

"Come to the desk, then, and get what you need."

Cal followed the instructor up to the platform, received an assortment of writing-implements, and returned to where Peters awaited him.

"Is n't he great?" chuckled Peters, as he opened



"'PLEASE DON'T THROW ME IN,' BEGGED CLAIRE."

seat at the left of Peters. You look like a smart fellow, and I am hoping that perchance propinquity may result in contagion for Peters."

Cal walked down the aisle to the indicated seat.

"You may sit down, Peters," continued Mr. James. "And, Peters, if you experience a queer sensation, don't be unduly alarmed. It will probably be only the germ of industry finding lodgment

one of the new books and indicated the day's lesson. "He 's more fun than a circus sometimes."

"Don't you—don't you mind his talking like that?" whispered Cal, incredulously.

"Mind it! No, indeed-y! He does n't mean anything. 'Jim' 's a brick. We all say so. Welovehim!"

A few minutes later a gong sounded, and Cal followed the others to Room 1, where Mr. Spander, another instructor, taught French and German. There was no real work that morning, and at twelve o'clock the noon gong released them. Cal returned to West House with Ned and Spud, and found that his trunk had arrived.

"Get your things out," counseled Ned. "Dinner is n't until half-past."

So Cal unpacked, and Ned sat and looked on, his countenance running the gamut of expressions from surprised disapproval to hopeless despair. As a matter of fact Cal's wardrobe was n't one to elicit admiration. When the last thing was out, Ned sat huddled in speechless disgust. Finally—

"That 's your closet, Cal," he said hopelessly. "Put 'em away before any one comes in, please."

Cal viewed him with a puzzled gaze, and asked, "Why?"

"Oh, I like the room to look neat." He got up and went to the window, and stood for a moment frowning out at the green hill beyond the dusty road. At last, having made up his mind, he turned resolutely.

"Say, Cal, I 'm a friend of yours; now you know that, I 'm sure, without my telling you. You do,—don't you?"

"Why, yes, I call'te I do," answered Cal, bewilderedly, and wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I am, old man. And now, what I 'm going to say is for your own good. I don't want to hurt your feelings or anything, but—but, honest, Cal, they won't do!"

"What won't do?" asked Cal, pausing on his way to the closet with his no longer new, heavy, brownish-black winter overcoat in his hand.

Ned nodded toward the clothing on the floor.

"Those; the—the togs, you know."

"Why, what 's the matter with them? Ain't they—ain't they good enough?"

"To be quite frank, old man, they are not," said Ned, decisively.

Cal studied a moment, his glance wandering from his room-mate to the apparel. "I 'm very



"'BUT, HONEST, CAL, THEY WON'T DO!'"

sorry," he said at last, "but they 're all I 've got, Ned."

"Well, I suppose you could blow yourself to another suit, Cal, could n't you? And a sweater and cap and a few ties that don't look as though they were made for a circus clown, and—"

But Cal shook his head decidedly.

"I could n't, honest, Ned. You see, I—I—well—I have n't got much money."

"That straight? Folks hit by the panic, were they? Well, a lot of others are in the same fix."

"I don't know anything about the panic," replied Cal, seriously. "We ain't had much money since Father was drowned." Then Cal explained about the legacy and what miracles were to be performed with it; and how in summer he was going to find work and make a whole lot of money toward his college expenses. And Ned listened sympathetically, a little surprised withal, and was silent when Cal had finished.

"That 's different," he said at last gravely. "I did n't know it was like that with you, old man.

(To be continued.)

But you 're downright plucky, that 's what you are, Cal! But—well, there 's the dinner-bell. We 'll have to think this over. Of course you can't spend a lot of money on clothes; I see that, my boy; but there are some things you certainly do need, old man, and we 'll have to find a way of getting them. Come on. Take hold of the rail like this and see if you can make it in four jumps. That 's Spud's record. I almost did it once, but I fell at the bottom and broke the umbrella-stand to smithereens! Come on! One—two—"

THE LITTLE TREE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

WHEN Miss October came around
To dye the dresses of the trees
The usual autumn tints, she found
The whole of Woodville hard to please.
The maple wept, "I don't like these,—
I 'll have a purple frock, I think."
The oak would black and white put on;
And beech and poplar sulked to don
A brilliant hue of salmon pink.

Only the little cedar stood
Content, nor lifted up her voice
While fumed and fidgeted the wood.
In all her life she 'd had no choice
Of tint and shade; no season gave
A gaudy robe for *her* to wear.
Yet, uncomplaining, true and brave,
Year in, year out, she might be seen,
A slender figure standing there
Clad in a quiet suit of green.

Waiting to let their fretting
pass
Awhile October lingered
nigh;
And then, alas for dreams!
alas

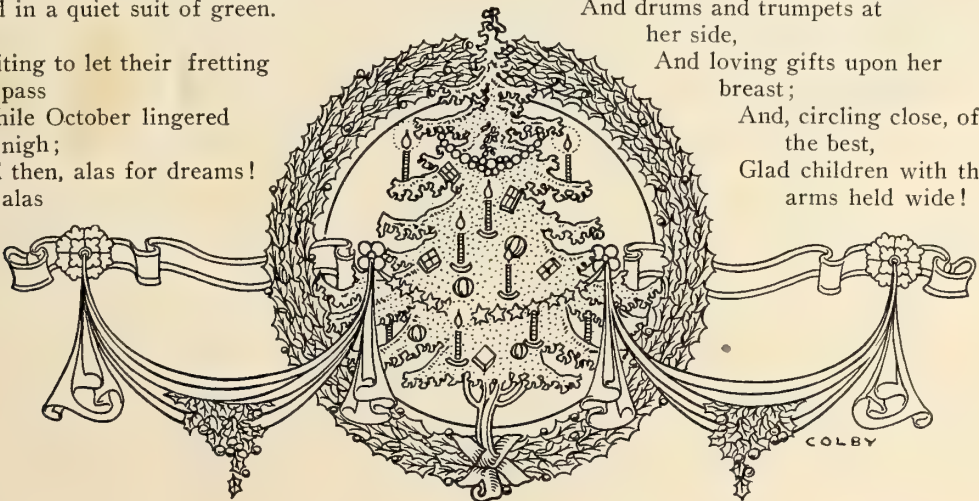
For hope of gorgeous finery!
One night she put her patience by;
More quickly than it takes to tell,
Sharp, unexpected, biting down,
The frost of her displeasure fell.
And bright mid-Autumn wondered, sad,
To find her pretty favorites clad
In livery of sober brown.

Only the cedar stayed the same,
Sturdy, green-robed; and on a day
A wonderful procession came
And bore her laughingly away.
And lo! she saw herself made gay
With sparkling chains and shining rings,
With silver bells and balls of gold,
And lights and sweets and beauteous
things.

And in her hands dear dolls to hold,
And drums and trumpets at

her side,
And loving gifts upon her
breast;

And, circling close, of all
the best,
Glad children with their
arms held wide!



"SOMETHING FOR AUNT JANE"

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

THE four Avery sisters sat on the floor in front of the sitting-room grate, each with her Christmas shopping-list ready for inspection and approval, for Christmas was close at hand.

"Betty," said Adelaide, the eldest of the four, "you are youngest, so read your list first."



AUNT JANE.

"Such a time as I 've had making it!" said fifteen-year-old Betty, unfolding a sheet of pink paper. Betty affected pink in everything. "Christmas money does n't go very far when the thing you want costs twice what you can afford to give. Mine 's mostly handkerchiefs, I think."

Betty read her list, which was, as she said, mostly handkerchiefs. It ended with "a handkerchief for Cousin Maria, and something for Aunt Jane."

A shout of laughter went up from the listeners.

"Oh, it 's so funny," cried Clara; "that 's what my list ends with!"

"Mine, too!" said Janet and Adelaide together, and then they laughed harder than before.

"Well, it 's nothing to laugh about," said the aggrieved Betty. "I 've thought and thought about Aunt Jane,—"

"Yes, we all know that; but,—"

A loud ring of the bell, followed by the sound of a hearty voice, caused Janet to leave her sentence unfinished, and the four to spring to their feet, rush into the hall, and embrace a stout gentleman who was taking off his overcoat.

"Oh, it 's Uncle Otis! it 's Uncle Otis!" they cried, seizing him by the hands and pulling him into the sitting-room and seating him in a big chair before the fire.

"Yes, it 's your Uncle Otis," said the newcomer, "and he 's on his way to New York and stopped off to take one of you girls with him. Whose turn is it this time, and where 's your mother?"

"Oh, it 's my turn, it 's mine!" cried Betty, dancing up and down. "Just think of going to New York at Christmas-time!"

"Yes, yes; but what about school, little miss?" asked Uncle Otis.

"Oh, Adelaide!" implored Betty, turning to her sister, "don't you think Mother 'll let me skip school if I study all vacation? Do ask her, and you ask her, too, dear Uncle Otis!"

The "asking" was evidently effectual, for the next morning the sisters were at the station bidding good-by to Betty and Uncle Otis.

"Now remember," said Janet, giving Betty a parting hug, "be sure you get something for each of us to give Aunt Jane, and remember it must be useful, too."

"I 'm almost sorry we intrusted Betty with the buying of something for Aunt Jane," said Adelaide as they watched the train disappear in the distance. "She 's too young to have good judgment."

"Oh, well," said Clara, "Uncle Otis will help her, and anyway I 'm glad to have it off my mind. I 've thought about Aunt Jane's present till my brains are numb."

"Aunt Jane" was the great-aunt of the Avery girls. She lived alone in a small "salt-box" house on the outskirts of the town. The inside of the house was as unattractive as the outside, and Aunt Jane seemed to fit her surroundings.

She wore her hair combed smoothly over her ears and knotted tightly at the back in the fashion of fifty years ago.

The Averys were Aunt Jane's only relatives, and would have been glad to have her make her home with them, but she preferred to live in her own little house on her meager income, and be, as she expressed it, "beholden to nobody." She would not even accept presents which she could not repay in equal value, and the girls found it harder each year to give Aunt Jane something useful and inexpensive of which she did not possess duplicates. No one ever thought of giving anything purely ornamental to Aunt Jane. She sniffed at "foolish furbelows," and apparently cared not at all for the frivolous things of life.

At the time of year when the rest of the world was hurrying to and fro searching for Christmas gifts, Aunt Jane sat by her window and knitted. One year she would knit for each of her grandnieces a pair of gray leggings, and the next year each of them would receive a pair of knitted red "wristlets." This year was "legging year."

It was a very happy Betty who descended from the train at Bennington a week later. Her sisters were there to meet her and to have a word with Uncle Otis, who could not stop over as he wished to spend the holiday in his own home.

"I 'm just brimming over with curiosity to know what you 've bought for Aunt Jane," said Janet, when, after supper, Betty, the center of interest in the home group, was eagerly telling the story of her outing.

"Let me show what 's in this box first, before I tell," answered Betty, beginning to untie a package. Its fragrance penetrated even the paper wrapper.

She opened the box and took from it a large square of creamy silk so filmy that it floated in the air as she shook it out and tossed it into her mother's lap. To her father she handed a square box of shining lacquer decorated in quaint and artistic fashion. Then she took from the package a small pasteboard box covered with strange characters, and opening it disclosed a bird of shining metal and a bunch of green leaves and a bunch of flowers which she placed on the table. Last of all she drew from its many wrappings what looked like a jumble of beads and glass and tinted paper. She held it aloft by a string and it disclosed itself as a hoop covered with beads from which depended long slender strips of glass painted with graceful flowers. In the center was a hollow crystal ball with red fishes depicted on it, looking as if they were alive and swimming in a tiny globe. A long bead of glass with a rose-colored streamer attached was strung through the globe and when the streamer waved to and fro, it caused the bead to tinkle against the globe. As Betty moved the hoop all the glasses clashed together, making a pleasing musical sound.

"Oh, Betty, Betty," cried Janet, "where did you get that darling thing and what is it for? Do tell us about it!"

"It 's a Japanese wind-bell," said Betty. "You hang it in the window and when the wind blows, the glasses jingle and tinkle and make such soft pretty sounds,—and this little bird is an incense-burner. See, you take one of these leaves or one of the flowers, put it in the bird's bill, set it burning and it scents the whole room. That box Papa is holding is Japanese lacquer and the picture on top is of Fuji-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan, and the flowers on the sides are Japanese plum blossoms. The scarf on mother's lap is Japanese crêpe, and this—" dipping into the box once more—"is a spray of Japanese cherry blossoms. Don't they look as if they were real?" And Betty waved aloft



IN THE "WONDERFUL STORE."

in pride and admiration a beautiful branch of what looked like real pink flowers.

"Oh, they 're the dearest things I ever saw!" said Adelaide, "but, Betty, why did n't you wait

"Why, 't was this way," said Betty, standing with her back against the table and speaking rapidly. "We left Aunt Jane's things till the last day, and then Uncle Otis had a telegram to

see about some more business and he could n't go with me, so he took me to a wonderful store where they had things such as you read about in 'Arabian Nights.'" He left me in charge of a girl just about my age, and she showed me the most beautiful things,—why they just took your breath away almost, they were so lovely,—and I just made up my mind I'd get something for Aunt Jane in this very store, and it could be useful, too, and these things are. You know Aunt Jane hangs strips of paper in the window in the summer to keep the flies out, and she can use the wind-bell, and it'll scare them twice as well; and she always thinks the hall is musty and burns coffee for it. Now she can burn a leaf or flower. Her handkerchief-box is pasteboard and broken and that lacquer box is wood and will last her years to keep handkerchiefs in, and I thought these cherry blossoms would be nice to put on her Jerusalem cherry-tree when its blossoms were gone. And the silk, well you know we think she looks like the picture of Great-grandmother Barnett, and she likes to have us say so, I'm sure. If she would turn in her black silk dress



THE CHRISTMAS VISIT TO AUNT JANE.

till to-morrow? We never have our presents till Christmas morning, and—"

"They 're not your presents at all," said Betty. "They 're for Aunt Jane."

"For Aunt Jane? Why Betty Avery, what made you? She'll never—"

"Tut, tut, Adelaide," said Mr. Avery, seeing Betty's lip quiver. "Tell us about it, Betty."

waist in a 'V,' and fold this silk handkerchief inside it like Grandmother's picture, she'd look almost exactly like her. I want you all to like the things. I'm sure they're just as useful as they can be," and the tears which had been glistening in Betty's eyes brimmed over, and she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"Never you mind, Betty, child," said her

father, putting his arm around her. "These presents shall go to Aunt Jane, and you girls go now and write the notes to put with them, and I 'll take them out to her right away, along with Mother's preserves and pickles. And by the way, perhaps you better explain what each is for."

"I HATE to go in, don't you?" said Clara, as next morning the four girls walked up the path to Aunt Jane's door.

"Yes, I do," answered Adelaide; "but let 's get it over with. The sooner an aching tooth is out the quicker the pain stops"; but before Adelaide could give her announcing rap the door was opened by Aunt Jane.

"Come right in, it 's a proper cold morning, an' go right in my bedroom an' take off your things, an' then come an' git warm."

The girls had time for only a hasty glance as they passed through the sitting-room into the bedroom, but that had sufficed to show them a bird on the table with a leaf in its mouth, the glasses of a wind-bell glistening in the window, and a lacquer box on a stand and beside it a pile of neatly folded handkerchiefs.

Adelaide pointed to a chair in the bedroom and there was Aunt Jane's black silk waist and over it lay the shimmering square of Japanese crêpe.

When the girls went into the sitting-room Aunt Jane was on her knees before the stove stirring the fire.

"My, such surprisin' Christmas presents I never had in all my born days!" she said brusquely, giving the fire an extra poke.

"Did—did n't you like 'em?" began Betty, timidly.

"Well, I don't s'pose I 'd ought, but I do," said Aunt Jane, still poking at the fire. "I s'pose livin' as I do from hand to mouth as you might say, I 'd ought n't to even want anything pretty, lettin' alone havin' it, but now I 've got 'em, I might as well tell you I 've just hankered fer some o' the pretty things you girls have, an' I 've just hated,—fer I might as well own up to the whole thing,—I 've hated the holders an' aperns an' dusters an' dish-towels. Why, I 've got enough to last me twice as long as I shall live. Look here," and rising, Aunt Jane opened the lower drawer to her high-boy, disclosing to the astonished gaze of her nieces, the drawer packed

with dusters, holders, and wiping towels, the accumulation of many Christmases of "useful things."

"Look at them holders, I could n't never use 'em up. Two lasts me a year, an' I 've had a dozen every year since I 've lived alone, but thanks be, I ain't got a blessed holder this year; and you go get your presents, they 're on the table in the best room."

Four small packages lay side by side on the table, and as they looked at them Adelaide whispered:

"It 's wristlets, I can tell by the size. She forgot 't was 'legging year.'"

"I 'm going to put mine right on then," said Betty, breaking the string of the package, but instead of wristlets out fell a handkerchief with a lacy border; and the others hastening to undo theirs found that each package held a pretty, dainty gift of the same kind!

"Oh, oh, Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Adelaide, "wherever did you find these lovely handkerchiefs?"

"Made 'em," answered Aunt Jane, stooping to pick from the carpet a thread that was invisible.

"Made them? But you surely did n't make the borders!"

"Oh, yes, I did. It 's tattin' made out of number hundred thread, that 's what makes it so fine. Last summer I was lookin' over an old box an' found my tattin' shuttle. I thought I 'd forgot how to use it, but I had n't, and then I decided I 'd tat 'stead o' knittin' this Christmas."

"But, Aunt Jane, I 've seen you knitting every time I 've been here."

Aunt Jane had hitherto made no pretense of hiding her Christmas work.

"Well, I thought I 'd surprise you for once, and I 'm the one that 's surprised. Jes' look at them flowers! They look as if they was growin'. Talk about makin' the desert blossom like the rose! I 'll tell you there 's folks that has lives like the desert an' nobody ever thinks o' so much as plantin' a dandelion in 'em, let alone a rose-bush. But I ain't goin' to talk 'bout my desert. If one o' you 'll pin that handkerchief in my dress I 'll wear it up to dinner this evening, an' you might tell your mother that I 'll bring along a change, an' if she wants me to, I think I may stay with you till after New Year 's over."





THE CHRISTMAS STARS

HURRAH for the stars in the Christmas sky,
That shine on a world of ice and snow!
Hurrah for the other stars near by,
Where the happy children come and go!
They always look down on mirth and glee,
The radiant stars of the Christmas tree.

All hail to the love that lights them there,
In palace, mansion, or humbler place!
Wherever they sparkle the scene is fair,
For they shine on so many a happy face.
And always the children play merrily
In the light of the stars on the Christmas tree!

AFTER HIS FEAST

By C.F. FLESTER







"Oho!" cried Rudolph, with a smile,
 Eying his empty plate the while,
 "I fear my health is not just right;
 I've wholly lost my appetite!"



A LITTLE ECHISM

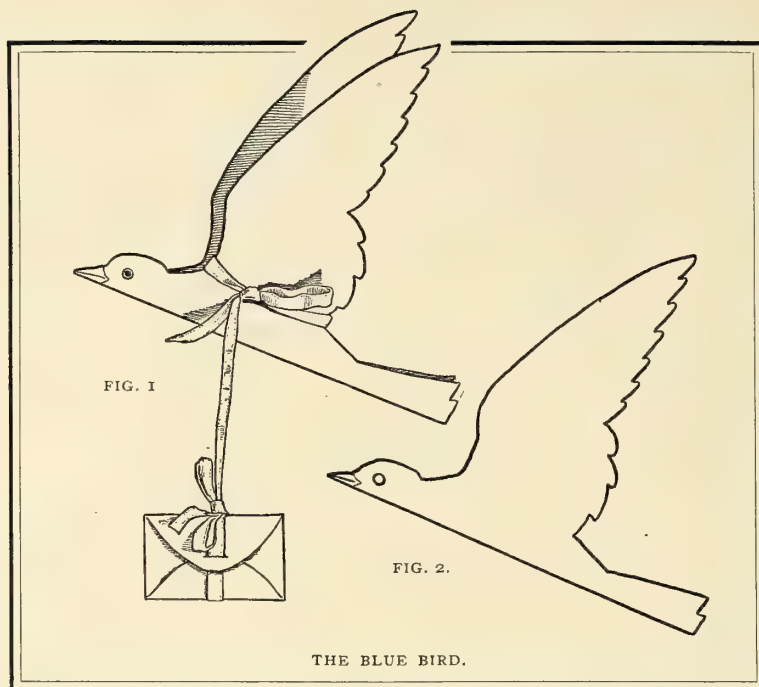


By Margaret Johnson

When Pussy to the Library
 Anon doth gaily jog,
 How does she find her little book?
 "Consults her  alogue."

What does she see in foreign lands
 When far and wide she roams?
 "Why,  aracts and  apults,
 And shadowy  acombgs."

But if a sad  astrophe
 Poor Pussy should befall,
 What then?—
 "Alas! she could but give
 A little  erwaul!"



FOR YOUR FRIEND WHO IS ILL

(A Message for Every Day in the Week)

BY ADELIA B. BEARD



FIG. 3. MONDAY'S MESSAGE.

WHENEVER your girl friends are well and can romp and play, you don't think much about giving them anything; but sometimes they must stay indoors — and even in bed — and then you want to send a reminder to brighten the weary hours and to show that you are thinking of and loving them

SUNDAY'S MESSAGE is the *Blue Bird*, which carries perhaps only a bright *Good morning*, tied with a ribbon to its wing. The blue bird is a joyous little messenger, and Fig. 1 will give you an idea how it looks, but you must imagine how much prettier it is, colored like the real bird.

You will need rather heavy, bright blue paper, blue on both sides. If you can copy Fig. 2 without tracing it, make the bird five and one quarter inches long from the point of its beak to the tip of its tail and four and three quarters inches high from the lower line of the body to the tip of the wing. If you cannot draw the bird, trace Fig. 2. It will be best to make a pattern of writing-paper like Fig. 2, then fold your blue paper, making it double, and lay the pattern with the long, straight edge on the fold of the paper. Run your pencil around the edge of the pattern to make the outline of the bird on the blue paper. Now cut along the pencil lines through the *double* paper, leaving the fold at the bottom uncut, and you will have a blue bird, with wide-spreading wings, ready to fly away and carry your message to your friend. With a pencil draw the eyes and beak as shown in Figs. 1 and 2 at the top of this page.

all the time. The seven little gifts, or messages, I am going to show you how to make will provide a pleasant surprise for a friend for each day in the week, and you can send one every morning.

Write your message on a tiny sheet of paper, inclose it in a small envelop, and address it. Cut a short slit in the flap of the envelop, run a narrow white ribbon through the slit, then pass it around the envelop and tie at the top, leaving one long end. Pass the long end around one wing of the bird and tie in a bow-knot underneath, as in Fig. 1.

We will call the *Blue Bird* the Sunday messenger. And he will begin the week of good wishes for your little friend's happiness and for her recovery from her illness.

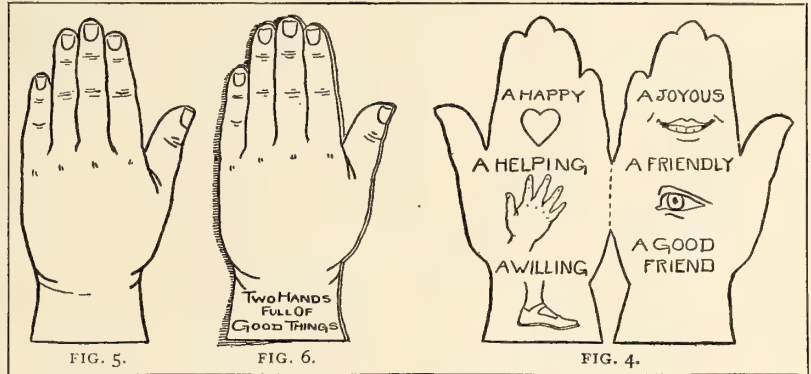
MONDAY'S MESSAGE (Fig. 3) will take the place of a large bouquet of flowers and will not make the air too heavy with perfume. Any little flower from your garden (if in warm weather), such as a violet, pansy, or daisy, is suitable for this, provided it is quite fresh; and it is a pretty reminder that even the flowers are waiting to welcome your little friend back again into the great, glad out-of-doors. In winter a blossom of some of the cut flowers in the house will do.

Take a small sheet of paper and cut two short slanting slits in it about a third of the way down from the top (Fig. 3). Push the stem of your flower in through the top slit and out through the bottom slit. This will keep the flower in place. Then write a little message below the flower.

TUESDAY'S MESSAGE will be *Two Hands Full of Good Things* (Fig. 4). Trace or draw Fig. 5. If you draw it, make the hand four and a half inches high. Cut out your pattern and lay it on a folded piece of heavy writing-paper, with the straight line on the left edge of the hand on the fold of the paper. Trace around the outline of the

hand and draw the fingers as in Fig. 6. With a red pencil on the wrist print: *Two Hands Full of Good Things*. Cut the hand out, leaving the paper joined at the fold, and you will have two

hands that open like a book (Fig. 4). At the top of the inside of one hand print: *A Happy*, and



TUESDAY'S MESSAGE.

below it draw a little heart. Below the heart print: *A Helping*, and draw a hand underneath. At the wrist print: *A Willing*, and below it draw a foot. At the top of the other hand print: *A Joyous*, and under it draw a smiling mouth. Below the mouth print: *A Friendly*, and underneath draw an eye, and underneath that—*A Good Friend*. Your two hands will now hold: a happy heart, a helping hand, a willing foot, a joyous smile, a friendly eye, and a good friend. Color the drawings and they will look brighter. Or, if you prefer, a light pink paper may be used.



WEDNESDAY'S MESSAGE.

WEDNESDAY'S MESSAGE.—Draw or trace Fig. 8 and make a pattern, then fold a heavy piece of paper, lay your pattern with the left side edge of the bottle on the fold of the paper, and run your

pencil around the pattern of the bottle just as you did around the pattern of the blue bird. If you can draw the bottle without tracing, make it five inches high from the top of the cork to the bottom of the bottle and almost two inches wide from one side edge to the other side edge. Use a blue pencil for coloring the bottle and make the lines run as you see them in Figs. 8 and 9. Now take a pen and red ink and make the top edge of the cork red between the two lines shown in Fig. 8. Draw red lines at the

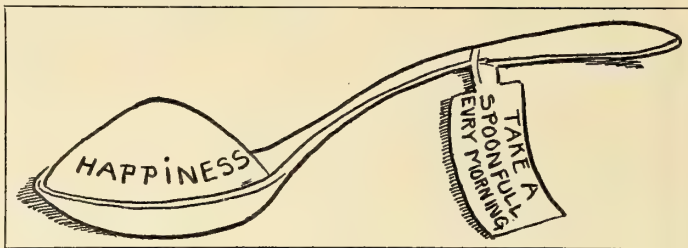


FIG. II. FRIDAY'S MESSAGE.

Make black marks on the cork as in Fig. 9 to imitate the small holes in a real cork. Cut your bottle out now, leaving the folded edge uncut. Open the bottle like a book (Fig. 7) and write on the inside of each half of the cork some fond message to cheer your friend. Then, on the inside of the bottle write something like this:

*Is n't it funny that our little pussy
Washes her face when it's going to rain?*

*Is n't it funny that little Jack Frost
Draws wonderful pictures on your window-pane?*

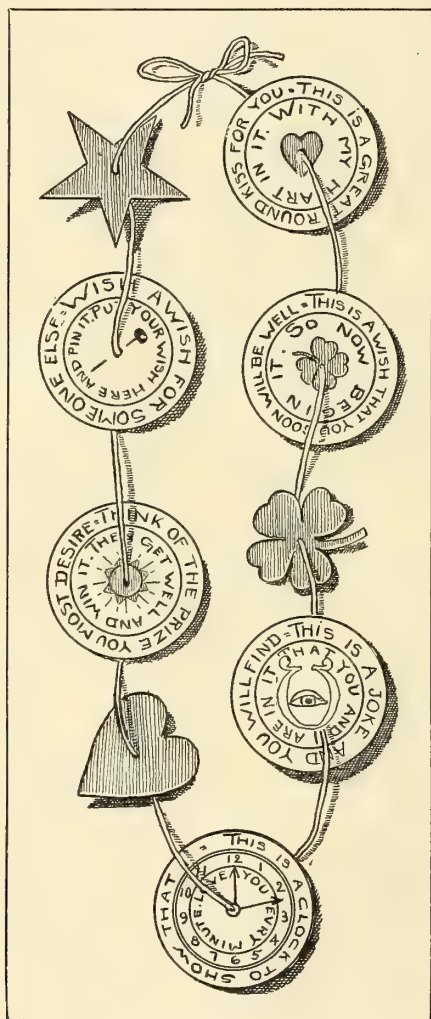


FIG. IO. THURSDAY'S MESSAGE.

top and bottom of the label, then print on the label in red or black letters the words shown on Fig. 9; or write a cheerful little letter.

THURSDAY'S MESSAGE is the Charm-String. Fig. 10 shows this fascinating gift. Draw six circles on white paper, each measuring about two inches across, then inside of each circle draw a smaller circle one quarter of an inch from the outer circle. Cut out along the lines of the outer circles and you will have six white paper disks. In the space between the edge and the inner circle on each disk write or print the charm-message. In the center of the first disk draw a heart and color it red, then put in the charm-message: *This is a great round kiss for you = and inside the inner circle: With my heart in it.*

In the center of the next disk draw a four-leaf clover and color it green. Then put in the charm-message: *This is a wish that you soon will be well = So now begin it.* (The sign = divides the part that goes outside and the part that goes inside the circle.) Around the third disk print: *This is a joke, and you will find = That you and I are in it.* In the center of this disk draw an eye, and around the eye draw the letter U, as shown in Fig. 10. Now on the fourth disk draw the face of a clock as you see it in the bottom disk in Fig. 10. Then put in the charm-message: *This is a clock to show that I = Love you every minute.* On the fifth disk put: *Think of the prize you most desire = Then get well and win it.* In the center of this disk make a yellow sun. On the sixth disk print: *Wish a wish for some one else = Put your wish here and pin it,* and in the center draw a pin with a black or colored head.

Now paste each disk on a piece of colored

paper, cut away the colored paper around the edges, and each disk will have a colored back. Use different-colored paper for the back of each disk. This not only makes the disks prettier, but stiffens and strengthens them as well.

From heavy colored paper, colored on both sides, cut a green four-leaf clover, a red heart, and a yellow star. With the small point of your scissors pierce a round hole through the center of each disk and the center of the other charms, then string them all on a piece of gold or colored cord about thirty inches long. First string two disks, then the clover, then two more disks, and

Take a piece of white paper eight inches long and three and three quarters inches wide and fold it crosswise, leaving one end extending out one and a quarter inches beyond the other. The part marked *A*, Fig. 13, is the long end of the paper. Now fold the double paper again by bringing the first fold over to meet the edge of the short end of the paper, which is shown by the line *B* in Fig. 13. Fold the paper once more, again bringing it over to meet the short end (*B*), and there will be eight thicknesses where the paper is folded. Draw a half doll on the folded part of the paper and the card marked *C* on the single



FIG. 12. SATURDAY'S MESSAGE.

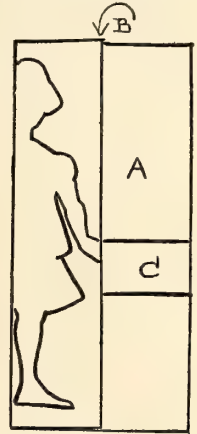


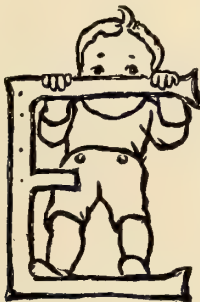
FIG. 13.

after them the heart, then the last two disks, and finish with the star, as shown in Fig. 10.

FRIDAY'S MESSAGE. — *A Spoonful of Happiness* (Fig. 11). Trace or draw this on stiff white paper. On the heaped-up something in the spoon print: *Happiness*, and on the tag attached to the handle write: *Take a spoonful every morning*. Color the spoon blue with a blue pencil, and rub a yellow pencil lightly over the piled-up happiness above and below the lettering.

SATURDAY'S MESSAGE (Fig. 12) can be sent by four little girls. The pattern on a folded piece of paper is shown in Fig. 13, above, at the right.

part. Cut out the half doll and the card, leaving the card attached to one hand and the other hands joined at the folds of the paper. Now open out the half doll and you will find a string of four dolls holding hands, with one end doll holding the card in her free hand (Fig. 12). Draw a face on each doll, also half-hose and slippers, then color them if you like, putting a different-colored ribbon and dress on each doll. On the card write: *Good morning from*, and let the four little girls write their names on the skirts of the dolls' dresses, one name on each skirt. If preferred, some other kindly message may be on the card.



AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

VERYWHERE at Christmas-time the stockings
hang in rows;
verywhere the stockings hang, the good old
Santa goes;
verywhere old Santa goes, he leaves a lot of
toys;
verywhere the toys are found, are happy girls
and boys.



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

SIR CLEGES AND HIS GIFT

(An Old English Christmas Legend)

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

NOR in the time of King Arthur, but in that still earlier day when King Arthur's father, the great Uther Pendragon, ruled Britain with a strong hand, there dwelt near the city of Cardiff, so tell the old chronicles, "a worthy, strong, tall, fair, courteous, gentle knight, named Sir Cleges, with his good wife, Dame Clarys." In his youth Sir Cleges had been a great champion. Right well had he served his king in the wars against the heathen invaders,—the Saxons, Danes, and Northmen,—and worthily had he won much wealth in lands and treasure. But he cared little for wealth, loving to give, rather than to hold in store. Both he and his dame were wont to bestow bountiful alms on the poor and rich guerdon to wandering minstrels. Each Christmas-tide they held a great feast at which they gave presents of food and robes to all who might come. So one Christmas morning Sir Cleges awoke to find that he had no more the means of giving, for all his treasure was spent, all his lands were gone, and little enough remained for himself and his wife.

So he went forth heavily from his door, and his sorrow was heightened as he heard on all sides the sounds of rejoicing and the music of "trompes, pipes, clarions, harps, lutes, and gitterns," celebrating the dawning of Christmas Day.

Then out came the good Dame Clarys and comforted him, saying, "Surely, we have each other; and will not the Lord provide the little that we may need in our old age?" So they went in together and ate joyfully such food as they had.

And then Sir Cleges again went forth into his garden, and kneeling beneath a great cherry-tree, thanked God for all His mercies and prayed for the welfare of those he loved. As he arose he grasped the bough above him to help him to his feet; and as he looked upon that bough, behold! it was laden down with green leaves and rich red cherries!—although it was the Yule-tide.

Then greatly he marveled and rejoiced, and cried out to Dame Clarys. "But now," said she, "take this gift of Heaven to the king in his castle of Cardiff, and sure am I it will much avail us."

"Aye, good wife," replied Sir Cleges, "to Cardiff will I go and to the court where I have not been these many years; for fain would I again see my lord the king, at whose right hand I fought in my youth,—though small chance is there that he will know his strong knight of the old wars in this mean garb and this long gray beard."

So Sir Cleges gathered the cherries into a huge pannier, covering them with the leaves, and set

out for Cardiff, poorly clad as he was and staff in hand, for he had neither war-horse nor palfrey.

Now, when he came to the king's gate he found a proud porter. And the porter, seeing that he was ill clad, called to him gruffly: "Thou churl, withdraw thee smartly, without delay, or else shall I break thy head! If thou seekest again to come in, it shall rue thee,—for then shall I beat thee!"

Sir Cleges answered mildly, though his heart was wroth: "Good sir, I pray thee, let me go in; for I have brought a present for the king. Behold it!" and he uncovered the pannier.

Now the porter, seeing the cherries, knew full well that he that brought so marvelous a present would surely receive rich gifts in return; so he said: "Churl, thou comest not into this place unless thou grantest me a third part of that which the king shall give thee,—whatever it may be."

As he needs must, Sir Cleges gave his word thereto and passed through the gate and on.

At the hall door he met the king's usher, holding his staff of office raised as if to smite, and saying, "Go back, thou churl, without tarrying! or I shall beat thee, head and body!"

Again answered Sir Cleges, humbly: "Good sir, I have brought the king a Christmas gift that even this morning grew in my garden."

The usher lifted the leaves from the pannier, beheld the untimely fruit, and marveled. "I tell thee truly, churl," said he, with cunning, "e'en yet thou goest not in unless thou grantest me a third part of thy winning when thou com'st back."

Sir Cleges saw no other way, and so agreed.

And, with heavy heart, he went on into the hall.

And there was feasting, harping, and singing. And the king sat on a raised seat at the great table, amid his knights and lords. Then came the steward bustling from among the richly clad nobles and went boldly to Sir Cleges. "Churl," said he, "who made thee so hardy as to come into this place? Thou art too bold. Withdraw thee with thine old clothes!"

Simply and sadly answered him Sir Cleges: "I bear a gift for the king," and showed it.

Then marveled the steward: "This saw I never at this time of year since I was man. And thou shalt come no nearer the king unless thou grantest me a third part of the gift that he shall give thee."

"Alas!" thought poor Sir Cleges, "among these thieves I shall have naught for my labor unless it be a dinner!" But, sighing sore, he answered: "So let it be. Whatever the king award, thou shalt have the third part, be it less or more."

Then the steward made way for him among the throng and hastened out beyond the curtains to await his returning. And Sir Cleges went up to the dais, where, kneeling before the king, he

uncovered his pannier, saying, "My lord, Heaven hath willed that earth should bear this fruit this very day, and sendeth it to thee with honor."

And the king said: "Heaven be thanked; and likewise do I thank the bringer. In truth, this is a fair sight and a great wonder."

Then he commanded that place be made for Sir Cleges at his board, and bade him feast and be merry, for that his gift should much avail him. And he caused the cherries to be served bountifully through the hall; and never before had any that were there tasted of such luscious fruit. And when the feast was done he said to his squire: "Bring now before me the poor man that brought the cherries!"

So Sir Cleges came again before the king and fell on his knees, saying, "My lord, what is your will? I am your man, free-born."

Said the king: "I thank thee heartily for thy gift. Thou hast honored all my feast. So shall I grant thee whatever thou wilt have."

Now said Sir Cleges joyfully, yet, withal, somewhat grimly: "Gramercy, my liege king! right comforting is this to me. I tell thee truly, to have land or other riches is too much for such as I am. So, if I may choose for myself, I pray thee grant me twelve strokes of my staff to be dealt where they are due; for fitting it is that men should pay their debts."

At that was King Uther troubled, for he loved not unseemly brawling. "Now do I repent my granting," said he. "I would advise thee, thou hadst better have gold or fee; more need of them thou hast than of sturdy blows, given or taken."

"My liege," answered Sir Cleges, "it was thine own grant, therefore am I full glad thereof. Yet do I promise, and pledge my head thereto, that these twelve strokes, thy gift, shall be bestowed only where they are rightly due; so I pray thee to send after me two trusty knights who, unseen, shall note all that is said and done, and bear witness whether or not I keep my word."

Ill content was Uther, yet might he not gainsay that which he had granted; therefore he gave Sir Cleges leave to go, and bade two knights follow him secretly as he had desired.

While he was gone the king still sat with his lords in hall, and the minstrels sang to them ballads of brave deeds in old wars; and the chief of them all sang of a gallant adventure of Sir Cleges. Whereat said the king: "Harper, tell me of this knight, Sir Cleges, since thou hast traveled widely; knowest thou him?"

"Yea, in sooth," answered the harper; "some time since I knew him. He was a true knight of yours, and a comely, and fair of stature. We minstrels miss him greatly, for free was his bounty."

Then said the king: "I trow Sir Cleges is dead. Would he were alive! I would sooner have him than five others. I loved him much, for gentle he was, and stark in fight."

But now arose a great noise and bawling with-

out the hall; and presently in rushed the steward, the usher, and the porter, crying for the king's justice upon a false churl; and amongst them was not one head unbeaten. And behind them followed the two knights, holding their sides for laughter; and behind all strode Sir Cleges, grim and tall, tightly gripping his stout oak staff.



"I PRAY THEE, LET ME GO IN; FOR I HAVE BROUGHT A PRESENT FOR THE KING."

out the hall; and presently in rushed the steward, the usher, and the porter, crying for the king's justice upon a false churl; and amongst them was not one head unbeaten. And behind them followed the two knights, holding their sides for laughter; and behind all strode Sir Cleges, grim and tall, tightly gripping his stout oak staff.

The king commanded silence and bade one of the two knights tell freely what he had seen and heard. Then said the knight, when that he could

speak for merriment: "My liege, we two, as was thy pleasure, followed this good man whom these three varlets misname 'churl.' Hardly had he left thy hall when up to him came this thy worthy steward, seeing us not, for we were well hidden behind a curtain. 'Churl,' said he, 'now give me, according to thy promise, a third part of what the king hath given thee.' 'Aye,' answered the stout man, 'have here some strokes!' and four masterly strokes he laid on with good will, and left the steward blubbering. Then, as he went on his way, thy usher and thy porter in turn likewise demanded of him a third part of thy gift, and likewise did he deal with them right worthily. So do we two bear true witness, on the honor of our knighthood, that he hath paid these strokes but where they were due according to his word. And truly do we discern that no churl is he, but a stout man-at-arms, for from his stark bearing may it be seen that his hand knoweth sword-hilt better than plow-handle."

Now loudly laughed the lords, both old and young, and louder laughed King Uther; and steward, usher, and porter were fain to slink away to nurse their broken heads in shame.

Then said the king: "What is thy name? tell me, good man."

And he answered: "My name is Sir Cleges. I was thy own knight till poverty came upon me."

Now the king came down from the dais and clasped both Sir Cleges's hands in his own. "Old friend," said he, while all the assembled guests ceased talking, "oft hast thou done me good service with sword and lance on battle-field years ago when we both were younger and stronger than we are to-day, when each would have gladly given his life to save the other. But of all the timely and valuable services thou didst render me in the past, I have never received better service than thou hast done



me this day, when thy stout staff hath dealt justice on the grasping knaves who would stand betwixt true people and their king."

So he clothed Sir Cleges in fine robes, befit-

ting his rank, and bestowed upon him much riches, together with the castle of Cardiff, where the good knight and his dame dwelt long in peace, bounty, and honor, beloved by all the people.

SLEEPING ROOMS FOR YOUNG FOLK

BY ANTOINETTE REHMANN PERRETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALEN J. PERRETT

IN a small bedroom it is best to keep the walls and woodwork light. It gives them a more spacious look. Plain walls add to this effect and give a greater restfulness than a continuous repetition of pattern. In the girl's small bedroom the woodwork and furniture are painted white and the walls a dull yellow. There is a bedstead with a three-paneled foot-board and a head-board with a horizontal panel ornamented with small squares of color. The simple but pretty dressing-table has a rectangular mirror, with two folding mirrors at the sides, as shown in the picture on the next page.

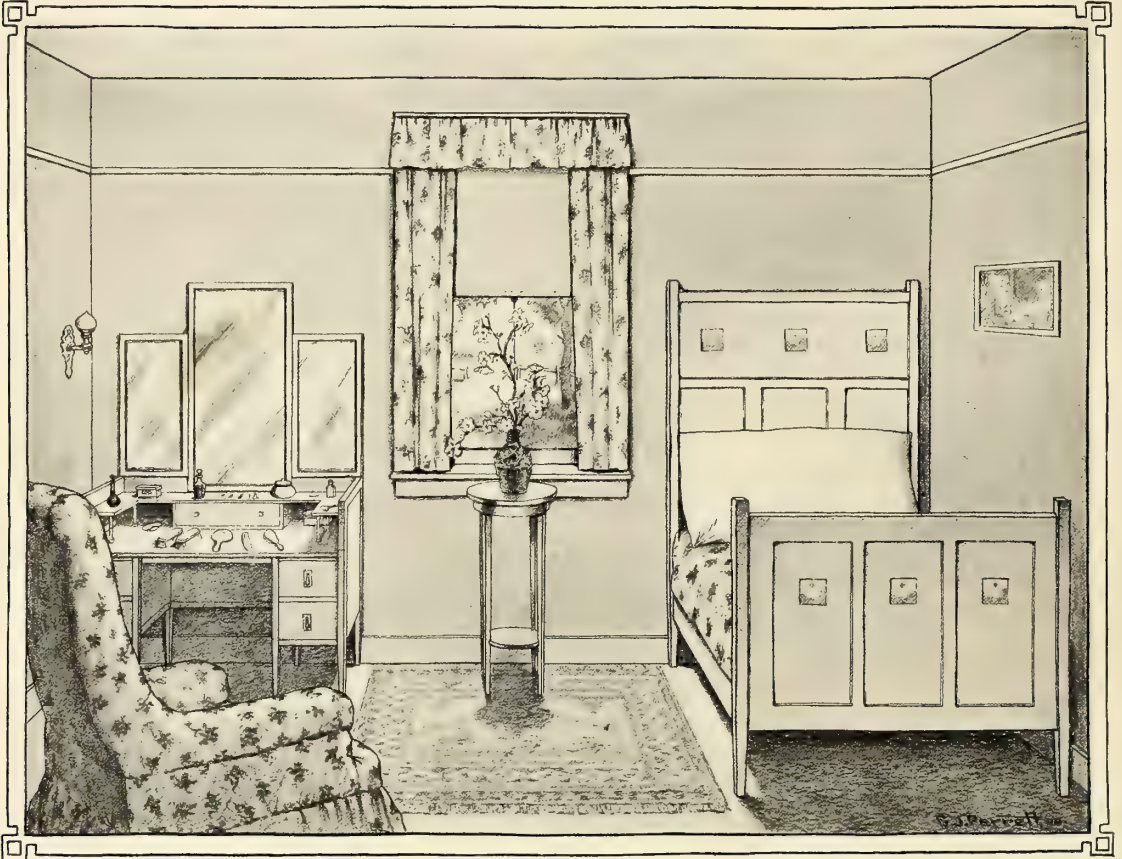
This triple division repeats the idea of the vertical divisions of the foot-board. The three mirrors are no larger than the square mirror of the average bureau, but the vertical divisions make them look higher and make them fit into the space without looking overcrowded. The aim in furnishing small rooms must be to make the necessary dimensions of the furniture adapt themselves as interestingly as possible to the space limitations. It is often the fault of the attached mirror that the bureau looks out of size. Square

glasses are more obtrusive in such cases than oblong or oval ones.

A lovely old fashion is being revived; that is, to have a low chest of drawers, with a separate looking-glass hanging against the wall. The bureau, like every other piece of furniture, has a history. This history helps us to understand its meaning and beauty, and also helps us to increase its present usefulness. The bureau is an evolution from the chest, which was a most important piece of furniture in the households of three centuries ago. By and by a drawer was added below the chest, then two drawers, and then three drawers, until finally the chest itself gave way to tiers of drawers. Another development was mounting the chests on frames. It was this fashion that developed during the eighteenth century into the "high-boy" and "low-boy." The high-boy is of Dutch origin. In its earlier forms it was a chest of six drawers on six turned legs, but later it was supported by four cabriole legs in the styles that we often see at present. The low-boy was the dressing-table that was made to go with

it. These "boys," or chests, were really the ancestors of the chiffonniers and dressing-tables of to-day. The bureaux, or low chests of drawers, became fashionable in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They were made of mahogany, birch, and cherry wood, sometimes of maple and rosewood. They had various fronts, such as the straight, the block, the kettle-shaped, the serpentine, and the swell. They had various styled legs.

old six-legged high chests? The plates of the bureau handles are oval-shaped, of plain brass. Does not this shape assume an added interest when you know that it was a favorite shape of the famous cabinet-maker Heppelwhite? There seems to be a veritable sequence in handles and knobs. There are the drop-handle, the round and oval handles, handles of various curves, and the ring-handle, with a variety of plates, such as the



A GIRL'S SMALL BEDROOM.

But they all had a fine feeling for proportion and for proper ornamentation, and were the predecessors of the modern bureau.

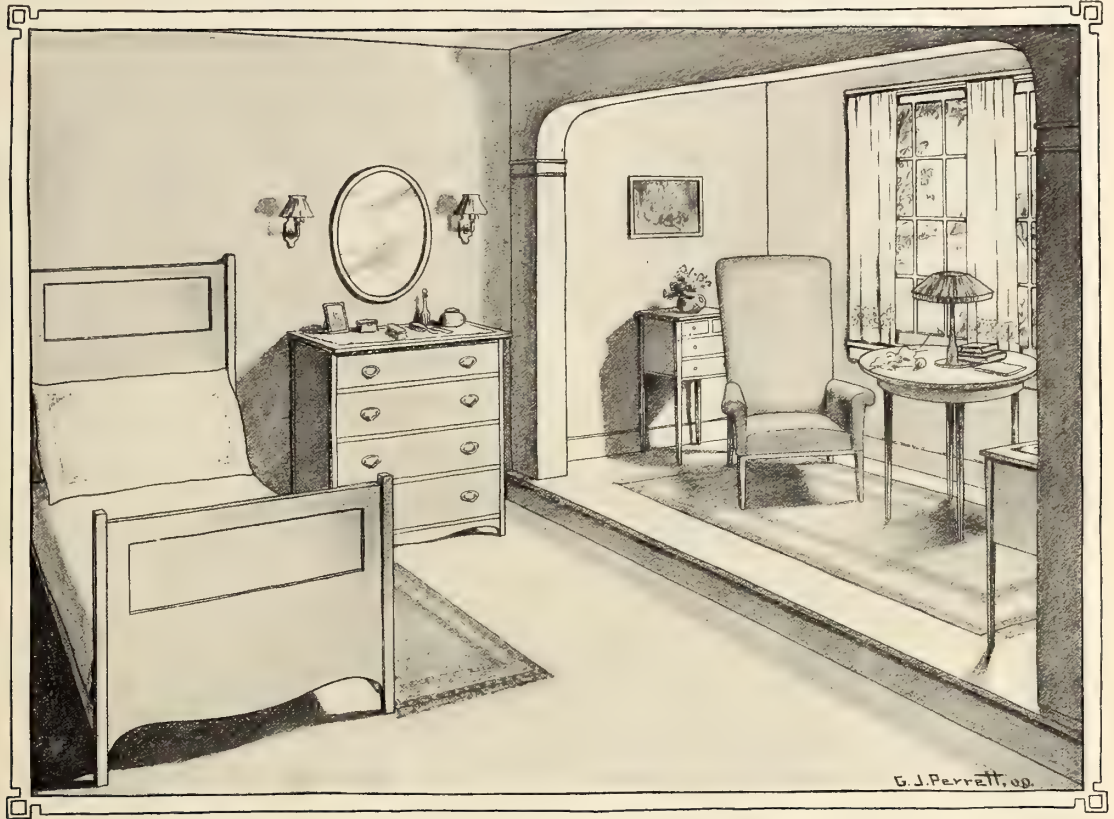
A legitimate ornamentation of bureaux are the handles and escutcheons. An interest in such details of your furniture gives you many a happy hour. It leads you imperceptibly into a world of fresh interests and enthusiasms, where much is made of the details of things because soul and feeling are put into them. The drop-handle on the dressing-table is a handle that goes well with a simple, well-made piece of furniture, but does it not make it more interesting when you know that the drop-handle was used long ago upon the

round, the diamond, the shield-shaped, plates that were cut in curves and points, and usually stamped. The brass knob was used from 1800 to 1820. Then the glass knob came into fashion, and later the wooden knob. The world of handles and knobs is not at all to be idly neglected, but a matter that it will pay you not to overlook.

The problem that is usually most interesting to a girl is that of color. In considering the color of a room, we must bear in mind that the color effect depends not only upon the wall color, but upon the color values of the woodwork and furnishings and their relation to the wall color. For instance, in the girl's bedroom with the alcove,

the furniture, the rugs, the curtains, the upholstery of the easy-chair, and even the silk of the lamp and bracket shades will have no incon-

arts, and for it to do that, we must all cultivate a finer feeling for design in needlework. Embroidery should not attempt pictorial representa-



A GIRL'S ROOM WITH ALCOVE.

siderable part in the color scheme. Let us choose a deep blue wall and consider some of the color schemes that can be worked out. Blue makes an excellent background for bird's-eye maple furniture and brings out all its satiny fairness. With it, deep, rich red rugs give warmth. If mahogany furniture is used with the blue, the woodwork can be white enameled, and the picture-frames and mirrors will look well in gold. The rugs can be blue and rose, or blue, terra-cotta, and cream. Silver-gray maple or painted gray looks well with many shades of blue. In this case the woodwork and the furniture ought to match. The bedspread and hangings can be gray linen with an embroidered design of green, lavender, blue, and pale pink. They can also be of blue with touches of burnt orange and pale green. There is much beautiful new embroidery that a girl can pattern from. It is natural to love embroidery. It is a graceful diversion, a prime accomplishment for leisure hours. But it ought to be more than that. It ought to regain its lost position as one of the

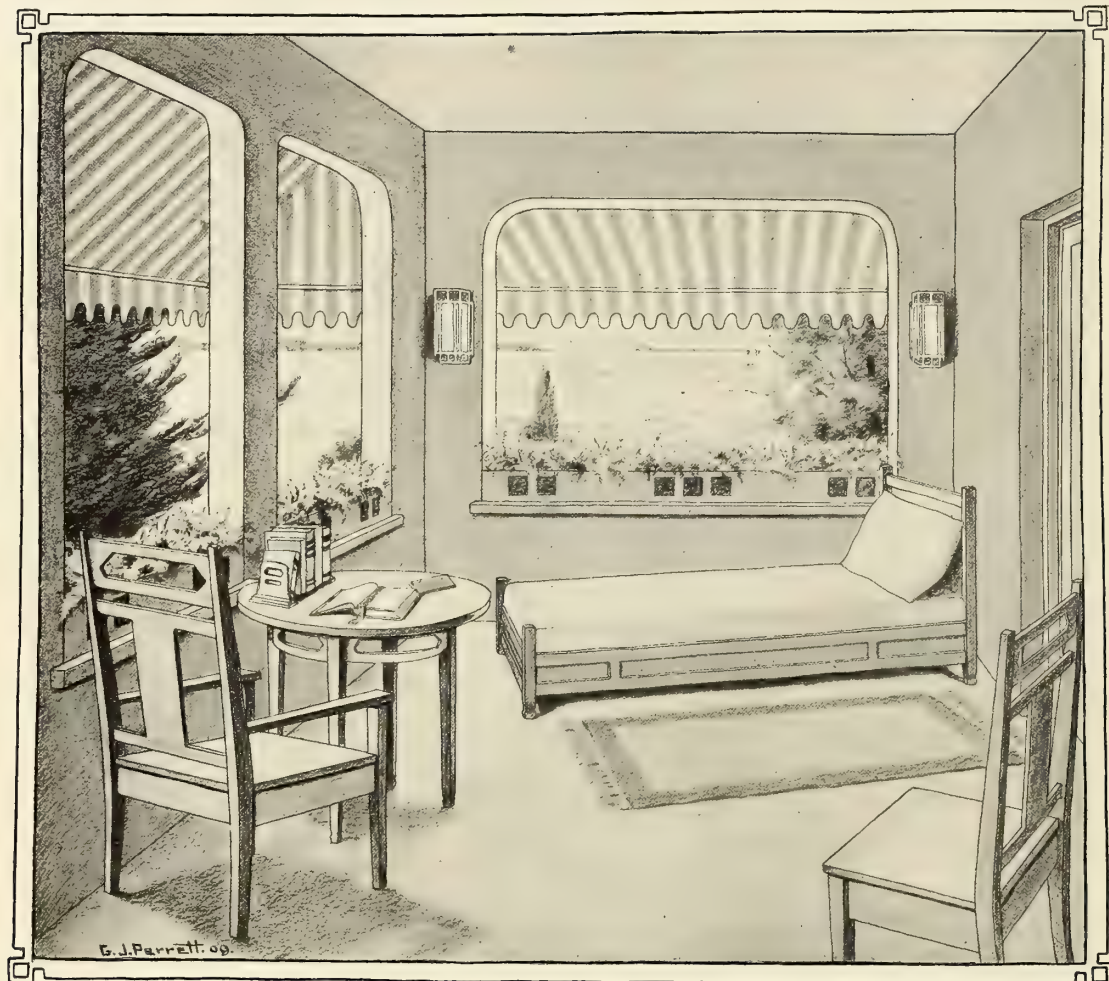
tion as it so often does. The object of a strawberry pattern on a curtain, for instance, should not be to show luscious strawberries with the full light of the sun upon them and with each tiny seed showing. It should be to enrich the surface of the curtain material with the forms and color of the berries. Needlework should not aim to be naturalistic, but decorative. It is wonderful how effective a simple outline stitch can be if the design and color are good. A maximum of merit in this direction and a minimum of actual work in the execution are a good combination for the needlework in a girl's room.

It is curious how seldom we see a color scheme of green and blue for a room. With deep blue on the walls, and white woodwork, the furniture can be a waxed moss-green, and the pattern on the blue bedspread and curtains can be a decorative border of pink brier-roses worked in appliqué with a pink stitch and stems of gray-green. Another combination of green and blue is to have a gray-green wall, with furniture a satiny grass-

green, the curtains and bedspread a purplish blue, and the rugs a mixture of greens, blues, and grays.

The boy's sleeping-porch has a natural color scheme of green and blue—the deep green of the pines and the blue of the sky. On a sleeping-

In building a sleeping-porch it is well to have a solid railing about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high for protection. An inclosed porch with movable sashes is a guard against the winter winds. A good temporary protection against a driving rain is a taut piece of



A BOY'S SLEEPING-PORCH.

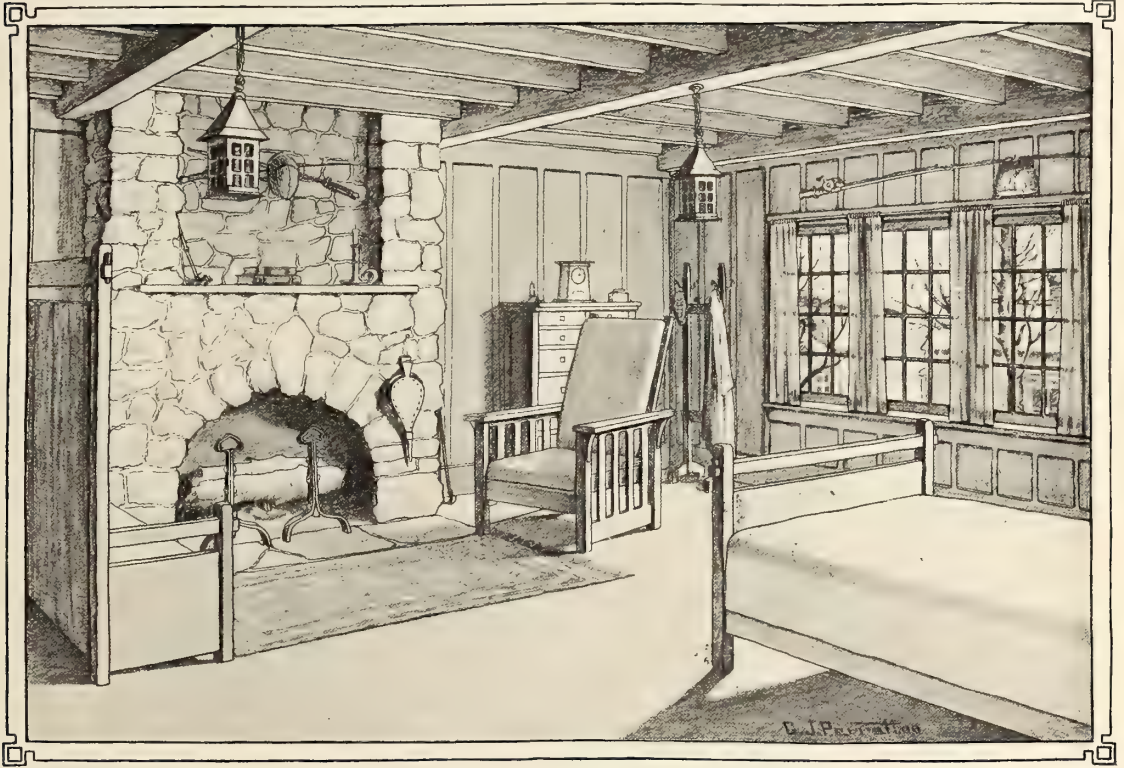
porch such natural schemes come in for a deal of attention and give definite color suggestions. The stucco is the gray of the sand. The awnings are a green and gray stripe. The fern-boxes have inlays of green tiles. The furniture is a green-stained pine. The furnishings of a porch should accord with the general color scheme of the exterior. For a house with white clapboards and green shutters, the furniture looks well in green paint in the old slat-back fashions. For a brick house with white trim, there can be white-painted furniture. Wicker offers its natural self and a great variety of stains for porch use.

canvas fastened with rings to porch hooks. In the illustration a low couch bed has been designed, a frame with posts and panel sides to hold the springs and mattress, with a low head-board for the pillow. A porch bed should be low in order that the wind cannot beat in below. The more it resembles a couch in appearance, the more habitable the porch will be in the daytime and the more inconspicuous.

The problem in furnishing a boy's bedroom with mission furniture is to make everything in keeping. This furniture in its aim strikes an important note, a note of simplicity, of sound

forms, straight lines, and good workmanship. Exposed beams and girders, walls with broad boards, copper lamps and field-stone fireplaces, homespun bedspreads, all are in accord with this spirit. So this illustration shows mission furniture amid such surroundings, but this furniture can adapt itself to smaller rooms, if only the fundamental principles of proportion are borne in mind. The dimensions must be carefully considered in order that they may not be too heavy and too large for the size of the room. A great Morris chair like the one in the illustration be-

have good colors. A wall of rough plaster—much rougher than sand finish—is especially wholesome for a bedroom. In a new house this plaster can be colored throughout with dry mineral colors. Yellow ocher is a good color that gives a light green when used in small proportions and light buff in greater. Another good finish for rough plaster walls is flat-tone. If plaster walls are used, there can be an effective decorative treatment of wooden strips used after the manner of a wainscot or a Japanese panel division, and obtained through a nice relation between horizontal



A BOY'S BEDROOM WITH MISSION FURNITURE.

longs to a large fireplace. An arm-chair with a rush bottom is more appropriate for a small room. In the same way the large chiffonier has to be materially reduced with diminishing room dimensions. In color, mission furniture looks especially well with the softened browns and greens, with occasional buffs and deep old yellows. It does not look well with patterned wall-paper, although block-printing can often be used in hangings and coverings. Printed linens in a strong decorative pattern of one or two colors are appropriate. There is arras cloth in a natural color, linen-colored madras, canvas embroidered in a darning-stitch, India scrim with cross-stitch, pongees, and raw silks. For the walls, burlaps and buckrams

and vertical lines. For instance, a 3-inch strip at the height of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet could give the horizontal division. The vertical strips are a trifle narrower, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. They can be arranged from 1 to 2 feet apart, according to a scheme that will best adapt itself to the openings and the furniture arrangement.

With the modern heating, with the multiplication of lavatories and bath-rooms, and with roomy wardrobes, a bedroom can well absorb, besides its special functions, that of a private sitting-room or study. This gives but an added stimulus to making the bedrooms of our children attractive by making them representative of that which is most wholesome in youth.

A CASE OF FAITH

BY J. S. ELLIS

"ELLEN! Ellen!" Josie ran through the house calling. "Where are you, Ellen?"

"Coming," answered a voice from the rear of the house, and Ellen Kirby came in, carrying a scuttle of coal.

"A letter from Papa," cried Josie.

Ellen dropped the coal-hod, and took the letter from Josie's trembling hands. She tore off the envelop, and read aloud:

DEAR GIRLS: Just a line to-day. If the Texas land sells, as I think it will, you may come to New Orleans for Christmas. Uncle Brent and his family are coming from Washington, and your cousins, Alice and Henry, can stop over for the one day. They are going through to New York. Mother is very much improved and wants to see her girls. Be ready. I will wire you if the deal goes through.

Lovingly,

FATHER.

"New Orleans, Christmas!" cried Josie, springing up and snatching the letter. Hurriedly she read it through aloud again.

"It says it, it says it, it says it! Oh, Ellen!"

She seized her sister and whirled her about the room until the dishes on the sideboard clattered, and ended by banging into the hod of coal.

"Josie," panted Ellen, "let me have it again; let's sit down! Don't you remember, he says 'if?'"

"If!" sniffed Josie, folding her arms and striking a Napoleonic attitude. "Don't bring your miserable 'ifs' here to bother me. I tell you I am going to be in New Orleans on Christmas Day."

"Well, you 'll not go without me," declared Ellen. "Just think, they have been gone three months." There was a mist in her eyes as she turned hastily and, picking up the broom, began to sweep.

"Christmas is Friday," said Josie. "I'm going out now to see about the trains."

Ellen started to speak, but, as it was only another "if," she decided to leave it unsaid. Josie put on her wraps and went out into the snowy street.

Three months earlier the doctor had given it as his opinion that Mrs. Kirby must spend the winter in the South. The family, as was the custom in important matters, had at once gone into a committee of the whole to discuss ways and means.

"I can't go—we have n't the money," Mrs. Kirby, sitting in the center of the group, had declared. "I could n't go alone and I could n't leave

any of you dears." She put one hand in her husband's and with the other caught a hand of each of the girls and drew them to her.

"See," she laughed, "we all belong together. You need me to hold us together—and keep you straight."

Perhaps it was the slenderness of the hand that took hers, or it may have been one of those moments when we see most clearly; at any rate, Ellen felt a sudden determination coming over her, which was curiously at odds with the lump rising in her throat.

"Josie and I can stay here alone and take care of things," she declared in her determined way.

Josie started in dismay. "All winter?" she gasped. Then, seeing the determination on Ellen's face, she plucked up courage. "Of course we can. Why not? What would hurt us?"

"Nothing," sniffed Ellen. "We would enjoy being alone. It would be a rest."

Father Kirby leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Well," he said, "if it is going to be beneficial all around, we had better arrange to go."

So they went, and the girls worked busily all the day to keep down loneliness. Soon letters began to come from the travelers, and with each line that told of improvement in the mother's health the girls felt repaid for what they were doing. Now came the prospect of this unexpected treat.

"We will have to leave on the ten-thirty, Wednesday morning," announced Josie, coming in and shaking the snow from her cloak. "My, how it is snowing! There is only one through train a day that will make the right connections, and we don't want any stop-overs. We can't get the holiday rates until Wednesday."

"So we must go Wednesday?"

"Yes. We can't get the rates until then, and a day later would make us too late. I hired Charley Bliss to take care of the cow and chickens. He is going to begin this evening."

"But what if—" began Ellen.

"Please don't bother me with any more 'ifs!' I am going to pack my trunk." Ellen dropped her broom and ran to have a part in this delightful work.

A brief consultation brought the decision that some shirt-waists would not be in from the laundry until the next day, which was Tuesday. The girls laughed and chattered over the work, stop-

ping occasionally to pinch each other to be sure they were not dreaming, as they both exclaimed.

"It has been five years since we saw Cousin

Ellen, when do you suppose we will get that telegram—that is, 'if' we get it at all?" she added slyly.

"Oh! sometime to-morrow, before evening."



"'IF!' SNIFFED JOSIE, FOLDING HER ARMS AND STRIKING A NAPOLEONIC ATTITUDE."

Henry," said Josie, "and we never have seen Alice. I wonder what she is like? And to think of seeing Uncle Brent's folks, too!"

"I suppose you forget all about seeing Papa and Mama," teased Ellen.

"I think of them all the time," said Josie. "But

Tongues and hands were still going at a merry rate when the clock in the hall struck five slow strokes.

"Josie Kirby," laughed Ellen, "do you know what we have forgotten?"

"What on earth! What *have* we forgotten?"

"Our dinner. We are as bad as Mrs. Wiggs going to the theater."

"I can tell you something worse than that. You have forgotten that you were to play at the church, on Christmas Eve."

Ellen stopped in dismay. "My! Why did n't I remember to tell Mr. Cardle this morning? I will have to go to-night, and it is storming dreadfully."

"Still we may not go," mused Josie. "Would we want to tell everybody we were going to New Orleans for Christmas, and then not go?"

"I 'll risk it. You must go with me this evening—there and to Mrs. Cary's."

The calls were made in a blinding snow-storm that made walking difficult. In Mrs. Cary's cozy parlor they were greeted with a motherly smile.

"I am so glad—and sorry, dears," said Mrs. Cary, when Ellen told of the expected trip. "We need you, of course, and I was planning to have you here for Christmas dinner. But you could not miss such a delightful trip."

"Of course it might happen," began practical Ellen, to whom came a vision of Mrs. Cary's dinners, "it might happen that we might be prevented from going."

But Josie set this aside firmly. "I do not think there is any doubt that we will go."

The girls went to bed as soon as they reached home, for they were tired from the excitement and work. Tuesday was an equally busy day. There was sweeping to do, rents in garments to mend, the house to set in order.

"Who knows when we shall come back!" said Josie. "Papa did not say anything about that."

All day they watched for the messenger boy, and every time the wind rattled the door, or a step crunched by on the snowy sidewalk, they were sure it was he. At three o'clock the door-bell actually rang, but it was only Mr. Cardle with a message for their parents.

"They say there has been a dreadful storm," he informed them. "Wires down and trains blocked."

After the minister left the afternoon dragged. The last bit of work was finished, the final touch given to the house. Five o'clock, six, seven, and still no message. Then the long evening. At eleven, weary and anxious, they went to bed.

"Ellen," said Josie, after they had lain a long time silent, "what time would we have to send our trunks down, if—"

"The drayman will call for them at nine o'clock. I spoke to him this morning."

There was something so amazingly calm and reassuring in this reply that Josie turned over and went to sleep. She did not awaken until aroused by the sound of Ellen's voice, the next morning.

"Breakfast is all ready. It is eight o'clock. We shall have to hurry."

"Did it come?" asked Josie, springing up.

"Not yet, but it will come. Hurry and dress."

At nine o'clock the drayman called for the trunks.

"Want me to check 'em?" he asked.

"Why—I guess—" stammered Josie, to whom the question was directed.

"We will attend to that, thank you," said Ellen. "We have n't bought our tickets yet."

"Hain't?" said the friendly drayman. "Better git down there in plenty of time. Takes a good while to make out one of them long tickets."

When he had gone Josie dropped into a chair, the tears trickling down her cheeks. "Ellen," she sobbed, "I—ca-ca-n't stand this—not—to know whether we—are—or we are n't."

"Let 's put on our wraps," said Ellen, soothingly. Her own face was pale, but the lines of determination were standing out prominently.

"Where are you going?" demanded Josie.

"To New Orleans, goosey, but to the telegraph office first, to get the message as soon as it comes."

At the office an operator explained to them that many lines were down, and service had been greatly disturbed by the storm. They sat down to wait. Josie could not keep her eyes from the clock on the wall. She had never seen hands move so swiftly. Nine-thirty—nine-forty-five. At ten o'clock she whispered weakly to Ellen:

"It 's all over, sister. We can't go."

Ellen's face was white and drawn. Just then an instrument began to click sharply, and an operator stepped quickly to it.

"Here it is," he called, and wrote the message out hastily on a yellow blank.

Ellen snatched the paper and read:

All right, come. See Mr. Whitfield in the bank.

The bank was just across the street. Two excited girls dashed into a group of business men in front of the cashier's window.

"Mr. Whitfield—please," Ellen panted, "may we interrupt—a message from Papa, and we are leaving on the ten-thirty train."

It took but a few minutes for the banker to look up the matter, but those minutes were hours. Yet in a few minutes more they were actually standing at a ticket window buying tickets, were checking baggage, and stepping on a train that had just come in.

"Ellen Kirby," said Josie, squeezing her sister's hand as they settled back against the cushions, "I will never wonder again about the faith that moves mountains. I know what it is."

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



MEHITABLE ANN

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I LOVE Mehitable Ann!

Last night my sister said:
"Mehitable Ann is far from new;
I'd put her away if I were you—
Love Princess Pry instead!"

But I love Mehitable Ann!

And I *can't* love "Pry" instead,
If Mehitable's cheeks *are* pale and
white;
They lost their red that awful night
The puppy chewed her head.

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And I love Mehitable Ann—

She can't help being thin,
And there is n't a single reason why
She can't be as plump as Princess Pry
If I put more sawdust in.

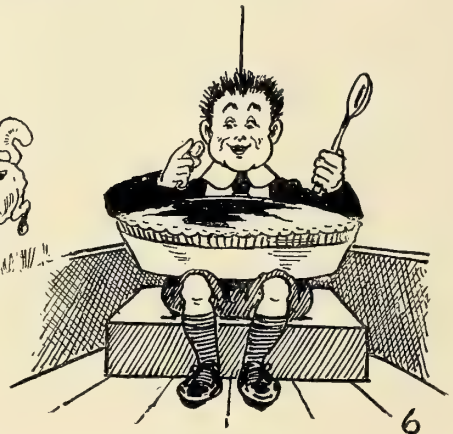
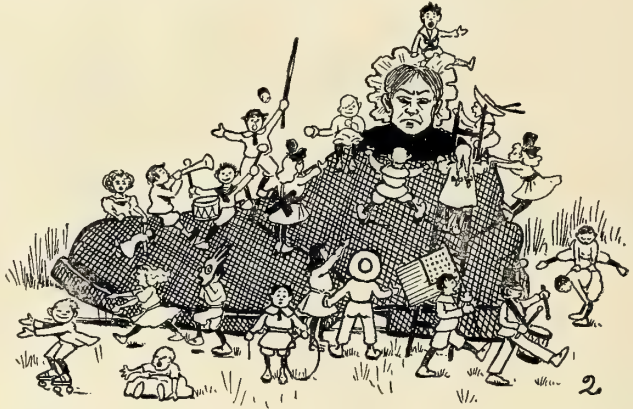
The Princess Pry is nice;

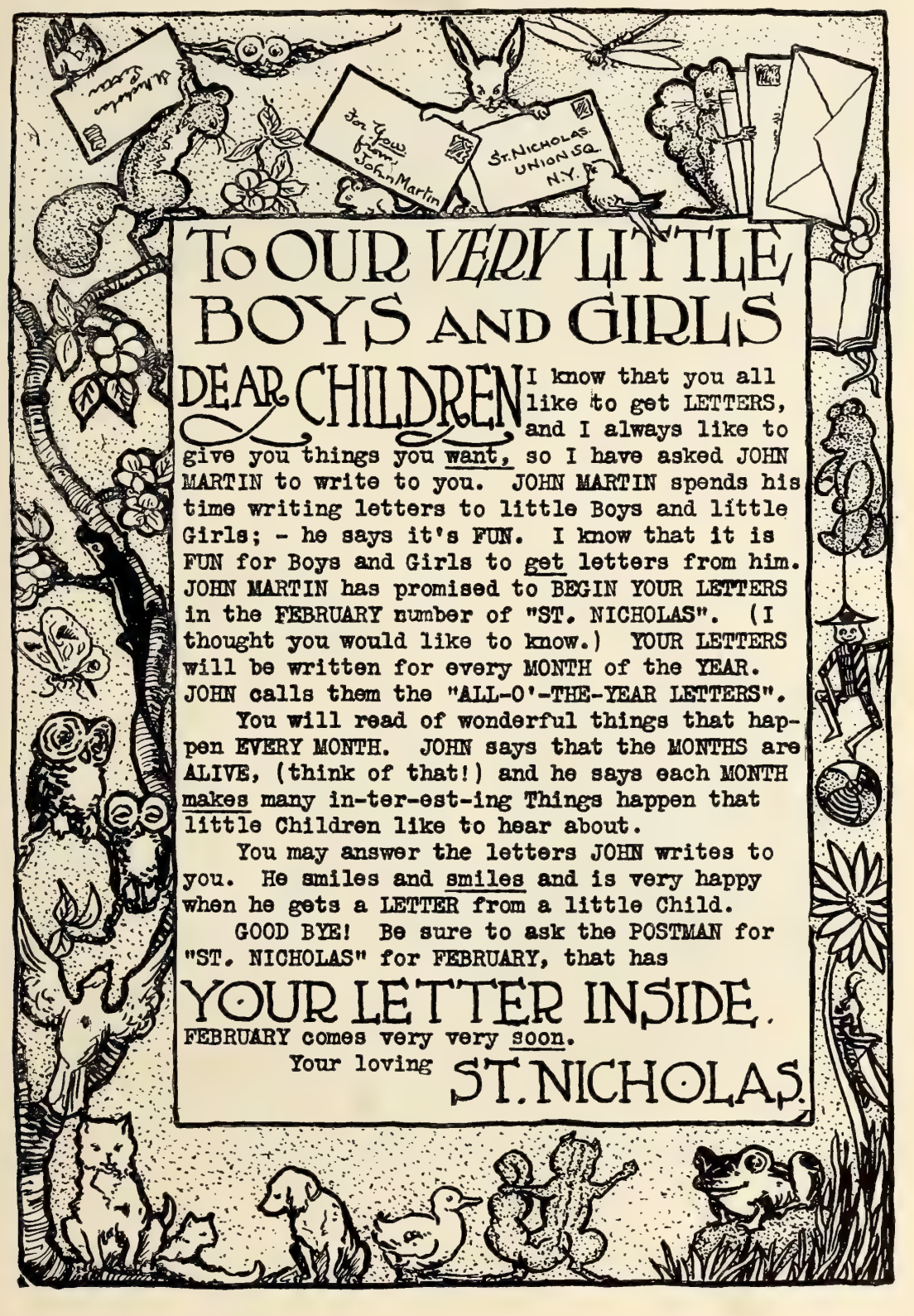
And so is teeny Nan—
She's in-de-struct-i-ble, too, you
see,—

But something away inside of me
Just *loves* Mehitable Ann!

WHO ARE THESE?

HERE ARE ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX STORY-BOOK PICTURES. ALL LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS KNOW THE SIX STORIES THAT THESE SIX PICTURES BELONG TO. TELL YOUR MAMA AND PAPA WHAT THE STORIES ARE.





TO OUR *VERY* LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS

DEAR CHILDREN

I know that you all like to get LETTERS, and I always like to give you things you want, so I have asked JOHN MARTIN to write to you. JOHN MARTIN spends his time writing letters to little Boys and little Girls; - he says it's FUN. I know that it is FUN for Boys and Girls to get letters from him. JOHN MARTIN has promised to BEGIN YOUR LETTERS in the FEBRUARY number of "ST. NICHOLAS". (I thought you would like to know.) YOUR LETTERS will be written for every MONTH of the YEAR. JOHN calls them the "ALL-O'-THE-YEAR LETTERS".

You will read of wonderful things that happen EVERY MONTH. JOHN says that the MONTHS are ALIVE, (think of that!) and he says each MONTH makes many in-ter-est-ing Things happen that little Children like to hear about.

You may answer the letters JOHN writes to you. He smiles and smiles and is very happy when he gets a LETTER from a little Child.

GOOD BYE! Be sure to ask the POSTMAN for "ST. NICHOLAS" for FEBRUARY, that has

YOUR LETTER INSIDE.

FEBRUARY comes very very soon.

Your loving **ST. NICHOLAS.**

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

Water is the most widely distributed mineral. It may be of great *power* in its gaseous (steam) form; of most direct *use* to plants and animals in its liquid form; and of greatest *beauty* of all minerals in its crystal forms (frost, ice, snow, and hail).

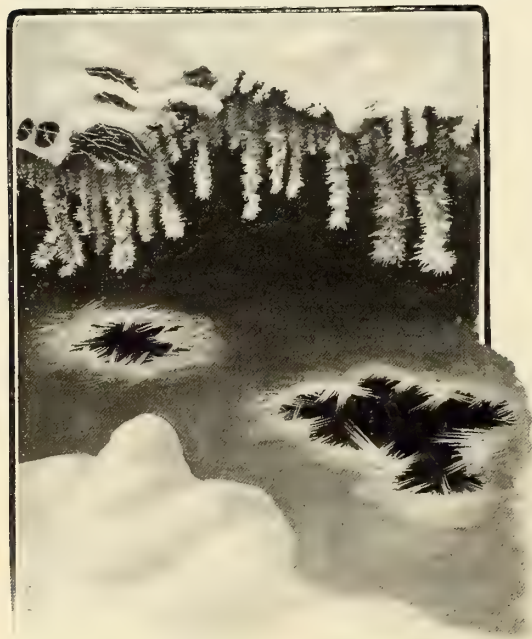
JACK FROST'S MINERAL MUSEUM

ALL nature is usually classified into three kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral. This places water among the minerals, and in character and crystallization it really is a mineral, and it is as a mineral that it is regarded.

It maintains the liquid form at the ordinary temperature before freezing, and the gaseous form at a temperature only a little higher, while with

a liquid, and a much higher to change them into a gas. The theory of the geologist, who studies the remotest history of the earth, is that all the earth's materials were at one time a gas which gradually cooled and much of it finally became solid. The extreme northern and southern parts of the earth are colder than others. In those places most of this substance we know chiefly as a liquid is a solid mineral, in the form of big fields of ice, and huge floating pieces broken from them and floating southward as icebergs. In our temperate zone we know water for most of the year as a liquid. Except in the winter it is not easy for us to accept it as a crystallized mineral. Then it is in "Jack Frost's mineral museum."

The advantage, as a means of instruction, which this great outdoor museum has over the indoor museum is in the constant changes that take place out of doors. In our cabinets, magnificent clusters of crystals and beautiful samples of isolated gems are arranged in orderly rows, but examining Jack Frost's museum is like looking into a daily turning kaleidoscope, where one never knows what beautiful combination will appear next, and where the same arrangement of gems never appears for a second time. As the artist's cultivated and educated eye examines with joy the images within the kaleidoscope, so the trained naturalist's observing eye with a like joy turns toward "all out of doors" when Jack Frost has command. He is ever turning a wonderful kaleidoscope of crystals. When we discover a form of unusual beauty, we should be careful not to destroy it before we make a photograph or a drawing, or show the jewel to our friends. It will well repay us to use a seeing eye in searching for this transient, ever-changing form of beauty. The best hunting-grounds are the grasses and the leaves, especially those bordering a tiny stream,



FROST SPEARS AROUND HOLES IN THE ICE, AND FRINGES ON DRIED GRASSES ON THE BROOK BANK.

most members of the mineral kingdom a very high temperature is required to convert them into

spring, or marsh, where the air contains much moisture, which the cold congeals and attaches in beautiful forms to the smaller bits of vegetation.

We find spears, stars, castles, and indeed may discover almost anything that our fancy may desire, as we examine the margin of brooks, uneven openings in the ice, and the overhanging banks, for Jack Frost often places his best gems in the most secluded and unlikely places.

The effect of the frost is best seen in the early morning, especially on a day that is only moderately cold, or that produces the peculiar chilly sensation that we commonly refer to as frosty. Then a soft, blue mist often merges plant and tree and shrub in a mysterious haze, where, fairy-like, the somber old earth of the day before is changed; all things have become more beautiful; but unless our attention has been especially called to the matter, we are apt to look only at the conspicuous things, and only carelessly at the twigs and the grasses that border the pathway. A little examination of a single grass-blade will reveal the beauty possessed by the frost-crystals. Most of us occasionally observe some particularly striking form; a few examine things more in detail, especially when looking for objects to photograph or to draw; but Mr. Wilson A. Bentley of Jericho, Vermont, has for many years thoroughly examined everything in his vicinity for these beautiful frost forms. The drawings accompanying this article were nearly all from photographs kindly lent by him. It is impossible to record all the

holes in the ground, on grass-blades, leaves, spider-webs—in fact, practically on all things



THE DAINTY FROST DECORATIONS OF A SPIDER-WEB ON A BOARD FENCE.

whether without or within the home or even the barn, where at times he decorates the hay.

Certain conditions influence the formation of certain styles. As a rule, the great majority of the frost-crystals that form over wide areas in any one night are roughly of the same general type. When the night is warm, and dewdrops form previously to the frost-crystals, the latter are generally of the columnar or needle-like type. When the night is cold, and the frost-crystals



A VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL FROST FORMATIONS ON GRASSES AND LEAVES.

fanciful forms that the frost king, as he passes by, tosses on the fence-rails, boards, stones, in

form quickly, some other type prevails. It seems that certain conditions tend to produce nearly the

same types of frost-crystal, but the field of study is too vast and has been too slightly investigated to be thoroughly understood. We do not know



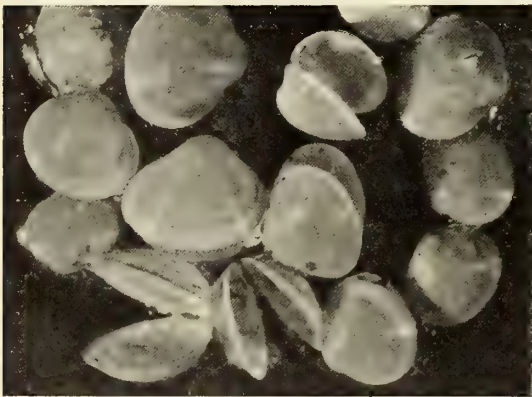
BEAUTIFUL FORMATIONS OF MOSS-LIKE CRYSTALS.

why certain forms follow certain conditions, nor what these conditions are.

TINY, "ROUND," FRESH-WATER CLAMS

THE little, "round," fresh-water clams, familiar to most young folks who have explored pools and small streams, are pictured in the enlarged photograph herewith. These clams are from the size of a pinhead to about a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Professor Frank C. Baker tells us that these little mollusks have the big name of *Sphaerium*



FRESH-WATER CLAMS MAGNIFIED FROM THREE TO FOUR TIMES THEIR ACTUAL SIZE.

occidentale. They may frequently be found in small depressions in the woods which are wet for

only a small part of the year. On account of this fact their struggle for existence must be very severe.

They may easily be observed by placing them on sand in water at the bottom of a plain, thin glass tumbler.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF AN EXPLOSION OF COAL-GAS

THE house shown in the photograph was a small two-storied building in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

It is supposed that frost caused a break in the gas-pipe and allowed the gas to escape into the cellar. A boy went down the cellar steps and at the foot of them struck a match. A blinding flash and loud explosion followed. The kitchen floor was rent, the walls of the house were pushed outward, and the inside of the building was wrecked almost completely. The boy's clothes



THE HOUSE THAT WAS CURIOUSLY WRECKED BY A GAS EXPLOSION.

were set on fire, but he was rescued and sent to a hospital. The tenant of the house and a younger boy escaped into the street. The explosion set fire to the house, but the flames were extinguished quickly.

The main force of the explosion was in an upward direction. The carpets were ripped, the furniture demolished, and almost everything on the ground floor destroyed; yet the dishes contained in a small pantry were not even disturbed. The photograph was made by Mr. August Zagel of Fort Wayne, Indiana. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE ANT AS A SAWDUST-MAKER

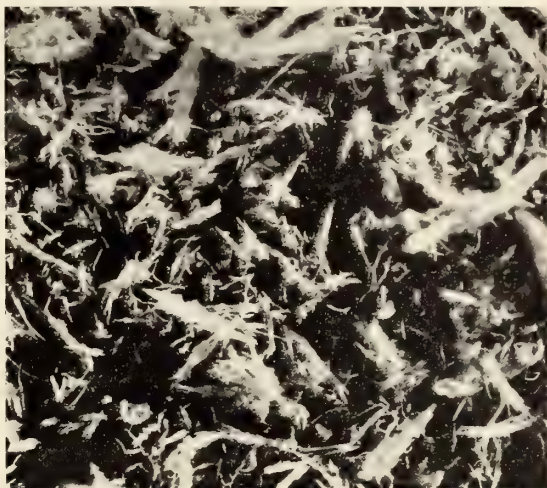
RECENTLY while going through the woods with a nature class, we were attracted and astonished by what seemed to be rapidly falling sawdust in the base of a hollow tree. There was almost a continuous shower made by ants within the tree. We watched these tiny bits of falling wood for half an hour, and there was hardly a moment during which there were not several pieces in the air. The work was ceaseless and was evidently done by a large number of "wood-cutter ants," probably the



A PILE OF SAWDUST-LIKE BITS OF WOOD CUT BY ANTS WITHIN A HOLLOW TREE.

black ants known as carpenter-ants. I say probably, because in that immediate vicinity I had recently gathered, for some ant-cages, several specimens of these big insects. Their homes were plentiful in the region. The cavity in the tree was about ten inches in width at the opening and about two and a half feet in depth. A pile of sawdust filled about one third of the entire cavity and was a little more than a foot in height. There was probably more than a peck in the heap, although I did not disturb it except to take off a small bottleful as a specimen to be photographed.

A black card was smeared with mucilage, some of these bits sprinkled on it, and the loose parti-



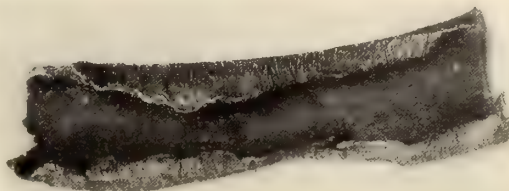
ENLARGED VIEW OF THE ANT-CUTTINGS OF WOOD.

cles shaken off. The accompanying is a photomicrograph of these small adherent grains.

RATS GNAW LEAD WATER-PIPES

RATS cause mischief enough on shore, but do even more damage on shipboard, where they destroy portions of the cargo and annoy the crew exceedingly in many ways.

The British ship *Bann* came into Puget Sound lately with the crew in the last stages of thirst, owing to a shortage of drinking-water. This unfortunate condition had been brought about by rats gnawing through a section of lead pipe leading from a large water-tank, thus allowing about



THE LEAD PIPE GNAWED BY RATS.

five hundred gallons of the precious fluid to run to waste.

How the rats knew there was water in the pipe is a mystery. Numerous instances on record go to show, however, that rats will, if driven by thirst, gnaw into water-conductors in their efforts to obtain relief.

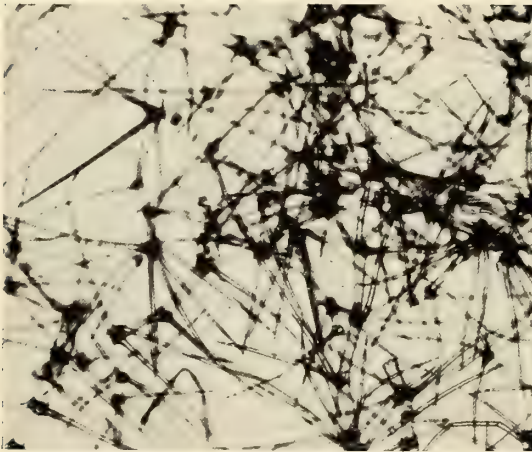
J. G. McCURDY.



"THE SIMPLE MICROSCOPE SHOWED THE 'WOOLLY' GROWTH DISTINCTLY.

MULLEIN LEAVES FOR THE COMPLEXION

"If you rub mullein leaves on your cheeks it will make them rosy," I was informed by some young country girls, and I saw the "beautifying" advice put into practice. Then, bringing the tip of a leaf under a pocket microscope, I discovered,



THE BRANCHING OF THE SPEAR-LIKE MULLEIN HAIRS.

and explained to the class, how the "rosiness" is produced.

Even the unaided eye showed that the leaves are correctly described by the botany as "densely

woolly all over with branched hairs," and the simple microscope showed the "woolly" growth distinctly. A microscope of higher power revealed more effectively the branching of the hairs and their twig-like construction. In rubbing them on the tender and sensitive surface of the cheeks, the action is spear-like—they irritate the skin and thus induce a slight inflammation, which brings the blood to the surface, and produces the rosi-ness.

Any of you can easily test this, but I hope that you will devote more time to the microscopical examination than to the somewhat disagreeable application to the skin. The increased beauty(?) is not worth the discomfort of the application.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

THE accompanying photograph shows three Pennsylvania veterans of the Civil War, not long ago



FROM FIVE FEET TO SIX FEET NINE.

inmates of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Erie, Pennsylvania. The tallest is six feet nine and one half inches high, and the shortest measures only five feet from the ground to the crown of his head. The third is of ordinary height.

SHORT STILTS AS FOOT-PROTECTORS

THE illustration shows a device in use many years ago as a protection for the feet when the weather



THE QUAIN, SHORT, FOOT STILTS.

was stormy or the paths were muddy—long before rubber overshoes were thought of and long before india-rubber was discovered.

While these short stilts may have served the purpose, what a scraping, clapping noise they must have made, even in the days when there were no brick or stone sidewalks! Then, too, think of the mud that such overshoes could carry into the house!

THE SACRED CLAM-SHELL OF THE CHINESE

THIS clam-shell (a fresh-water bivalve belonging to the great group of shells known as Naiades)



THE CLAM-SHELL WITH IMAGES OF BUDDHA.

comes from China, and offers a good example of the cleverness of the priests there. Tiny images of Buddha are inserted in the shell of the living animal, which is then left undisturbed for a year. At the end of that time the clam has covered the little figures with its pearl-

like secretion, so that the images then have the appearance of having grown in the beautiful mother-of-pearl in a natural manner.

The Chinese regard these wonderful shells as very sacred, and pray to them, believing Buddha to dwell in them. If by any chance, however, a Christian looks upon one of these holy talismans, its charm is supposed to be lost at once, and it is of no further value to the owner. The picture was taken by Mr. A. C. Warner of Pacific Grove, California.

LUCIA SHEPARDSON.

THE RIVER THAT WAS FOUND AND LOST

It all depends upon the way one looks at it. Some name it "The River that Was Found"; others, "The River that Was Lost"; but I observe that all visitors refer to it by one or the other of the

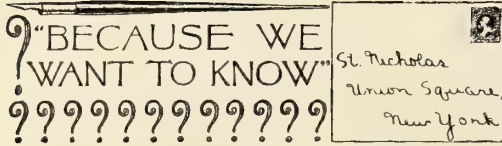


WHERE THE LITTLE RIVER CAME TO THE SURFACE.

two names, mostly as "lost," probably because that is the name on the sign that directs the visitor to follow the path through the ravine, for about a quarter of a mile, north of the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

Out of a cavern the little "river" gurgles and bubbles, sometimes even with a tinkling sound. It flows clear and cool for a few feet, and then vanishes under the ledge. There is no other trace of the stream in all the surrounding territory. It has no sphinx-like silence as one propounds questions as to its origin and its purpose, but seems almost to laugh, "I 'll never tell," when it is asked, "Whence are you coming and whither are you going?"

It seems to be an underground river that has come to the surface for a glimpse of daylight.



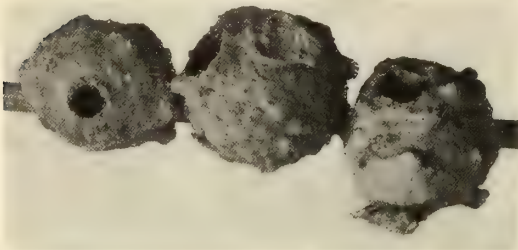
THE INSECT POTTERY-MAKERS

SOUND BEACH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day, while walking through a meadow in Sound Beach, Connecticut, I found this interesting specimen which I now send to you.

Yours truly,

VIRGINIA LITTANER.



THE POTTERY MADE BY WASPS.

The wasp nests were made by a species commonly known as mason- or potter-wasps, belonging to the family *Eumenidæ*. The members of this family make their nests of clay or mud worked up with saliva. The wasps are solitary; that is, they do not live in colonies like many other species of *Hymenoptera*, like the yellow-jackets, hornets, etc. The nest you sent resembles a vase, and it is said that these nests served as models for early Indian pottery.—WILLIAM BEUTENMULLER.

A KITTEN TUMBLES OVER WITH A BELT ON

FITCHBURG, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day while playing with my kitten, I fastened a patent-leather belt around him just for fun. It was n't very tight, for I was able easily to slip my finger in between the belt and the kitten. But the moment the kitten began to walk he tumbled over. Every little while he would get up, but only to tumble over again.

We have had several cats and kittens since then, and all of them do the same thing when I put a belt around them.

I do hope I will find out why they do this in the "Because We Want to Know" pages.

Your interested reader,

BARBARA CUSHING.

Your kitten is annoyed, and tries, by dropping down on the floor or by tumbling over, to crawl or roll out of the disturbing strap. Some people have taught cats to become accustomed to a light harness. If put on lightly, this is not painful; but in the first efforts of teaching the cat there are always the expressions of objections that you describe. Lambs also dislike such a strap.

MORNING-GLORIES THAT DID NOT BLOOM IN THE MORNING

GALATEA, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why this is? Yesterday morning my morning-glories did not bloom, but in the afternoon they came out in full bloom. It was a warm morning.

Your reader,

MARGARET HANEY.

Our experience with morning-glories not opening is that on dull mornings they frequently are very slow to open, but are apt to come out in the full sunshine. Humidity also frequently has something to do with it, so far as we have been able to observe.—C. J.

SOME PECULIAR RED STONES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am inclosing some peculiar red stones that I found inside of some rocks. I would be very much obliged if you would tell me what they are.

Your interested reader,

OLIVER JONES.

These rudely rounded and dented pebbles are garnets, the same material from which in Ceylon the loveliest, richest pigeon-blood gems are obtained. Garnet is common throughout the Eastern United States in the crystalline rocks. Enormous ones are found in Salida, Colorado, and very pretty, deep-colored ones are taken from the ant-hills in the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico. These mineral pebbles are sometimes beautifully crystallized, and some of the most perfect forms of crystals are displayed in this widely distrib-



THE PECULIAR RED STONES.

uted mineral. They have been formed at a high temperature. Some of these distorted pebbles you have found show crystal faces. There are many sorts of garnets, and many different colors; among the most beautiful are a rosy-pink garnet

from North Carolina and the beautiful green stones from Siberia. Garnet is hard and sometimes used in the form of sand to make emery-paper.—L. P. GRATACAP.

ANTS THAT WRECK HOUSES

FORT MCKINLEY, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Never having seen in this department anything about white ants, I thought your readers might be interested in hearing about the havoc that they are causing in this post.

One of the inclosed photographs gives a good idea of the officers' houses, and the other was made of some ant-eaten

Some of the houses were found to be in such a rickety condition that an expert is out here now, examining all the



AN OFFICER'S HOUSE.

houses, opening and destroying all the nests, and spraying poison in all the ant-eaten parts of the houses.

It is most interesting to watch the destruction process, especially that of the nests. Sometimes they are at least twenty-five yards from the house, and have two or more tunnels through which the ants travel to and from the house.

They do not eat the hard native woods, much preferring the softer American woods of which these houses are made.

The wood sent herewith is from one of the uprights of our house, which has had to be rebuilt. We have been out of it for nearly three months, and the quartermaster does not expect to have it finished before the middle of



ENLARGED VIEW OF THE WHITE ANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES, SHOWING THE STRONG HEADS AND "JAWS" FOR WOOD CUTTING.

wood taken from one of the condemned buildings. The posts, from the outside, appear perfectly solid, but after boring into them for about an inch, the wood suddenly gives way, and they are found to be almost hollow.

Each ant resembles a grain of rice turned an old ivory color; that is, the "laborers" do; but the "soldiers" are a brick red.

The laborers work from the ground up, closely guarded from their enemies by the soldiers, the red and black ants. These latter live mostly on the eggs of the white ants, and sometimes huge armies of them come traveling across the porch, carrying these white particles.

The interior of the nests greatly resembles a large honeycomb in which the eggs are kept. They are laid by the queen. She has a cell to herself, and is well guarded continually.



A PART OF AN ANT-EATEN POST.

next month. Nearly every upright and joist in the entire house was eaten.

Hoping this information may be of interest, believe me always

Your sincere friend and enthusiastic reader,

GLADYS BOWEN (age 16).



ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



Of all the subjects given out for this month's competition, the Prose one, "A Party," proved to be by far the most popular. Indeed, not for many months has the response been so large or so hearty. Doubtless every League member, if not every St. NICHOLAS reader, has, from babyhood on, had

yearly, or even oftener, a party of some kind. It may have been only a family celebration, or a visit to a concert or the theater, or an outing to some interesting city or historic place. Whether it was a party of one or two, or a large gathering of one's friends, it was an occasion when the one celebrating or being honored was given, for the time being, the *first* place, to be waited on, planned for, and, in general, made happy by loving parents, relatives, and friends. At these parties everything is done that will make the boy or girl feel that he or she is of some importance in the little world of young folks, even if parents in their larger wisdom may not think it best *always* to let their sons and daughters follow their own inclinations without their elders' oversight or advice, without which the wisest of young folk would, indeed, be very much at sea.

Not the least of the joys of giving a party or of having

a party given for you is the opportunity it offers for sharing the day's pleasures with others. How happy you are made by including among your guests one or two or three classmates or school acquaintances whom your own little group have thoughtlessly omitted from *their* outings, because, maybe, they are shy, or not strong, or even because their small means compel them to dress plainly! Happy the girl or boy who has not suffered the pangs of being "left out," though often thoughtlessly, by reason of some such oversight as this! And happy those young folk who, amid the plannings and preparations for their own party, are unselfish enough to think of the neglected boy or girl of refinement and character whom they only slightly know, but who, from no fault of his or her own, is slow to make friends and so is always "left out"! Their little hearts are very tender, and if you have more than they in money, or, better yet, in friends, can you think of a greater happiness than that of sharing with them the good times of your party? And you may often find that the friendship of those tender hearts will turn out to be among your most precious possessions, through all your youth and even after. This month's contributions tell of many kinds of parties. Let us hope that in few or none of them were the boy or girl hosts deprived of the joy we have mentioned.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 131

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Gayrite Garner** (age 13), Topeka, Kans.; **Annabel Remnitz** (age 14), St. Louis, Mo.; **Bessie A. Chown** (age 16), Kingston, Canada.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Agnes Lee Bryant** (age 17), Springfield, Mass.; **Mary Williams Stacy** (age 13), Los Angeles, Cal.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Marion C. Walker** (age 17), Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Silver badges, **Mary Ruddy Clifford** (age 16), Clarksburg, W. Va.; **Genevieve K. Hamlin** (age 14), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **F. Reeves Rutledge** (age 15), Asheville, N. C.; **Ruth K. Benton** (age 16), Providence, R. I.; **Margery H. Boody** (age 12), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Marie A. Duffy** (age 15), Flatbush, N. Y.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **Robert B. Allan** (age 14), Stavelly, Alberta.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Susan Adger Williams** (age 15), Charleston, S. C.; **Philip W. Stone** (age 15), Cornwall, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Dorothy K. Marsh** (age 15), New York City; **Katharine Wenzel** (age 12), Terre Haute, Ind.



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY F. REEVES RUTLEDGE,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY RUTH K. BENTON,
AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A PARTY

BY GAYRITE GARNER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

A PARTY! How many happy times come rushing to my mind at the mention of that small word, but I shall try to describe a very pretty and merry valentine-party which may interest some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers.

The guests were greeted by the hostess, who looked like a living valentine in her white dress covered with red hearts, while a tiny tot, "Cupid," ushered them through the large hall, decorated to represent "Lovers' Lane."

Upon entering the parlor each guest was given a half of a heart upon which was written part of a verse. The matching of these hearts, by the boys and girls, caused much merriment and also gave them their partners for the evening.

Then a large red heart was brought in and each one given a chance to pierce it with "Cupid's" bow and arrow, after which the one coming closest to the mark received a small silver heart with the date and year upon it.

After the fish-pond, where they caught candy hearts, they were shown to the dining-room, which was decorated with hearts, valentines, and cupids, and lighted with red candles. In the center of the table was a large heart from under which ran red ribbons to each place-card. After the dainty and appropriate refreshments, the heart was removed, and each one found a very pretty valentine fastened to his or her ribbon.

Now came the most fun of all! — the fortune-telling by what was called the magic heart. This was made of light wood, with a small pencil inserted in the point, while in the center of the other end was fastened a small revolving wheel, which allowed the pencil to move in all directions. The one having his or her fortune told must place the tips of the fingers on the heart. Then this most wonderful heart was supposed to write the initial of the future wife or husband. This proved to be the crowning event of the evening, and it was a late hour before the last good night was said.

THE NEW YEAR

BY AGNES LEE BRYANT (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

'T WAS New Year's Eve beside the sea,
The moon's bright path was on the deep,
That lay majestic in its sleep,
And peace stole over me.

The waves made hillocks in the path
That, undulating, rose and fell,
Yet o'er each hill there was a dell;
Each mount its valley hath.

And at the end of it there seemed
To be a veil of calm, soft light
That fell upon the ships in sight,
While tranquil waters gleamed.

A PARTY

BY ANNABEL REMNITZ (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

A PARTY which I enjoy more than any other, and which comes around every year and lasts a whole day, is the family gathering every Thanksgiving Day out in the country in Illinois, at Grandfather's old farm-house.

When I awoke last Thanksgiving morning, I found to my joy that it had snowed! That meant so much pleasure added to the day, and I jumped out of bed with a bound. An hour later we were all in a street-car headed for the Union Station. We got there just in the nick of time, and

all tumbled into the train, which was filled with a jolly crowd evidently all preparing to enjoy the day as we were.

A ride of about two hours brought us to the little station. There, just as we had expected, was Grandfather, with the big comfortable sleigh, to drive us to the house. How different the familiar country looked! It was hardly three months ago since we had been there, but everything was



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT." BY MARION C. WALKER,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

so changed. Everything seemed so barren, and the birds' nests, which in the summer had been so hard to find, were now easily seen hanging forlorn on the empty boughs. The creek had a layer of ice on it and invited skating rather than wading.

Then we arrived at the house, where, at the open door, Grandmother stood to welcome us. After the joyful greetings were over, we all gathered around the big open fire, exchanging news of important family happenings and taking turns in petting and admiring the youngest grandchild.

After a short time we went out for a tramp in the woods and a tussle and a tumble in the snow, and then came back, entirely ready to do justice to the turkey, cranberries, and Grandmother's delicious pumpkin-pies.

The afternoon was spent playing games and having generally lots of fun, and all too soon it grew dark, telling us that the evening train would soon come to take us home.

THE NEW YEAR

BY MARY WILLIAMS STACY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

PALISSY toiled when hope had fled,
 'Mid poverty and scoffing's sting;
 But yet to all he, smiling, said:
 "See what a new year, friends, will bring."

Long years ago his deathless fame
 Was known in countries far and near;
 Yet more than this, his honored name
 Has taught great men to persevere.

So when your patience is nigh dead,
 And hope and faith away you'd fling,
 Remember what a hero said,
 And "see what a new year will bring."

But wait not for December last;
 Begin new years with every morn;
 Each evening bury all your past;
 For heroes both are made and born!

A SURPRISE TOBOGGANING-PARTY

BY BESSIE A. CHOWN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ONE January Friday evening after finishing my tea I went up-stairs and began preparing lessons for Monday. I had hardly begun when I heard a commotion at the door, and then knocking. I rushed down-stairs to see what the noise

was, but just as I reached the door in trooped a crowd of merry boys and girls carrying mysterious parcels or twinkling lanterns. I did n't know what to make of this, but from their laughing remarks gathered that they had come to surprise me and to spend the evening tobogganing.

I did n't take long to get into my tobogganing-suit, and soon I was down-stairs with the rest and as anxious and excited as they to be off.

Every year we have a toboggan-slide built at the top of our driveway beside our home, which is on the top of a hill. We had given parties on the slide, but had never been surprised, and what fun surprises are!

The boys ran down and put the lanterns on the poles fixed for them. How pretty the moon, the lanterns, and the electric lights

all looked shining on the snow! We soon had a toboggan on the slide and ready for the first exciting ride. Then one to get ready! Two to be steady! Three to . . . Go! A wild rush of air, we close our eyes, then open them to find ourselves rushing down the slide. Soon we reach the bottom, then that long climb up, only to repeat.

All evening we enjoyed these exciting rides. If we got cold, we had only to go in and sit by the blazing logs in the old-fashioned fireplace. About ten o'clock we came in

and found that Mother had opened the mysterious parcels and had their contents daintily spread out on the big table, and by the time we were satisfied there was n't much left but empty plates.

We talked and laughed by the fire for a few minutes longer, and then the merry crowd trooped away, even merrier than when they arrived, after what was to me the most enjoyable kind of party.



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY MARGERY H. BOODY,
 AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

A PARTY

(A True Story)

BY PHOEBE SCHREIBER LAMBE (AGE 15)

ABOUT ten years ago, a gentleman who lives in Ottawa gave a party for his grandchildren. The guests were small and were playing the games all children know, "London Bridge is falling down," "Little Sally Waters," and others that I need not name, as all ST. NICHOLAS readers must remember the games they played when they were of that age.



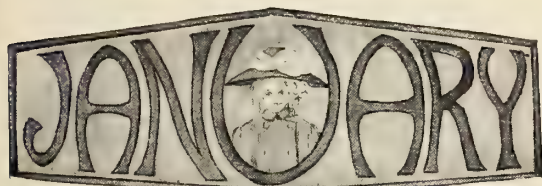
"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT." BY MARY RUDDY CLIFFORD,
 AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

One little girl was very shy and spent the first part of the evening sitting on her host's knee. He was very fond of children and was talking to the child, without, however, getting many responses. Suddenly she lifted her head



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT."
 BY HELEN B. WALCOTT, AGE 15.

and, looking at him, said timidly: "When is the party going to begin?" "Well, children, I really think we had better go in to tea, now," said he, laughing and rising, "for this little girl seems to consider *that* the only part of the party that is worth anything."



"A JANUARY HEADING." BY BODIL HORNEMANN, AGE 16.

A NEW YEAR DREAM

BY MARIAN STABLER (AGE 14)

I DREAMED a curious dream last night.
Methought the New Year stood
Beside my bed, and spoke, albeit
I knew not that it could.

It took me by the hand, and sped
Out in the cold and dark;
I wished most heartily for light—
For even one star's small spark.

We flew for many miles, methought,
Saw many fearsome sights
Such as we laugh about by day,
Shudder about o' nights.



"BADGERS." BY ROBERT ALLAN,
AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS "C,"
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

We heard poor children
cry for bread,
We saw men foully
slain.
My flesh 'gan creep to
see the dead
Rise up and walk
again.

We heard the fine folk
talk and laugh,
Wearing their souls
away;
We wandered 'mid the
prison walls
Till nigh the break of
day.

And then the New Year stopped and turned.
I oped my lips and spoke:
"I here resolve—" I felt a bump,
And on the floor I woke.

MY PARTY

BY DOROTHY H. DE WITT (AGE 11)

A PARTY! How grand it did sound! It was the 27th of June when my mother told me that I might have a birthday party on the 1st of July. Three days was a long time to wait, but I wrote the invitations that night, and three days later twenty guests arrived.

It was a bright, clear afternoon when, at two o'clock, the ten boys and ten girls reached my home. And what a number of presents they did bring to me! There were

hair-ribbons, handkerchiefs, fans, bottles of cologne, and boxes filled with delicious candies of all kinds.

We played a few games out on the lawn, and then a table was brought out. The maid followed with paper napkins, ice-cream, cake, lemonade, and some fruit. The paper napkins were decorated with flags to honor the glorious Fourth. We all sat down on the soft green grass while the maid helped us to the tempting dainties. After we had finished our refreshments we played more games. In one game a sheet was brought out, and on it was pinned a picture of a boy who had a small flag in his buttonhole. We were all blindfolded and given a little flag which we tried to pin in the boy's buttonhole. My best friend, Anna, won the prize. It was a box, shaped like a pistol, filled with candy. We played other games until six o'clock. Then all the children went home with their souvenirs—cardboard fire-crackers filled with candy.

That evening, as I kissed my mother good night, she asked if I had had a pleasant time, and I said: "Yes, Mother, but it was all over so soon!"



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT."
BY CLEO DAMIANAKES,
AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE NEW YEAR

BY ELSA B. CARLTON CLARK (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

The snowy landscape stretches far in silent, sunless
gloom,
The dark clouds hide the morning star, and in the
distance loom.
The trembling earth awaits the dawn, though yet there
shines no ray,
But, when the morn at last shall come, it will be New
Year's Day.



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY LAVINIA K. SHERMAN, AGE 15.

The dim horizon lighter grows, the sun's bright rays
appear,
And, see! there rises from the mist the Spirit of the
Year!

She cometh, veiled in dawn's soft gray; her face is wondrous fair;
Like Hope illuming Mystery, flows out her golden hair.

She speaketh, and mankind, in awe to hear her words,
draws near,
While waking Nature, silent too, inclines a reverent ear:
"Children of men, ye hail me queen on this bright New
Year's Day;
Oh, may my reign a blessing be, before I pass away!

"Ye all must one year older grow before my reign is o'er,
So, may ye wiser, nobler be than in the time before!
To some life's door is opening wide, and all is fair and
new;
May Time be youth's unfailing guide to all things good
and true.

"Through aged honor's latest days may I be blessed too!
The old shall come in kindly peace nearer to Heaven's
blue;
And all the dreamer's best desires Time's work shall
soon fulfil,
To some shall I bring happiness, and leave some hoping
still.

"And all who mourn relief shall find; to some I must
bring care,
But those who seek their blessings out shall find them
everywhere."
The sun dispels the mists of morn, men watch her dis-
appear,
But in their hearts she liveth yet, this Spirit of the Year.

A PARTY

BY AMABEL SMALLWOOD (AGE 13)

I LIKE parties very much, especially those given out of doors.

Once I went to a bathing-party. I was in the West Indies then. The beach was about three miles from our house. Some of us drove, and the rest rode, or went by boat across the harbor to the bath-houses.

We had such fun. As soon as we got on our bathing-suits we had tea, then we bathed. It was lovely, wading or swimming about in deep water, and splashing water at each other.

When we were dressed we raced along the sands till we were tired.

Some of us tried to push a heavy old log

from the sand into the water, pretending that we were launching a *Dreadnought*. Of course we failed, but then we stood on it and let the water wash up over our feet.

Tired of that, some of us climbed an almond-tree, and dropped from a branch into the sand below, or walked farther along the beach where it became stonier, looking for the shells, pretty pebbles, and seaweed, which are always to be found on every beach. Some West Indian shells are very beautiful. My favorite was a tiny, round light green one, like an emerald.

Then we picked up all the old cocoanuts we could find and threw them into the water for the various dogs to fetch in. If they were successful we rewarded them with bits of cake.



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT." BY LYDIA GARDNER, AGE 14.



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY MARIE A. DUFFY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY ALICE WAUGENHEIM, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"VERY UNLIKE WINTER." BY MARION J. ROOS, AGE 11.

Then we had a row home over the smooth water of the harbor, with a view of a tropical sunset through the entrance.

When we got to the wharf I found my pony waiting, and I rode home, having had a delightful afternoon.

I always think that is an ideal way to give a party.

A PARTY

BY ELIZABETH GRIER ATHERTON (AGE 17)

In the summer of 1908 Mother and Father were staying in London with the T——'s, who are cousins of the Prime Minister. Consequently, one day they received an invitation to take luncheon at No. 10 Downing Street, the official home of the British government.

Mother and Father were told that the luncheon was to be simple and informal, but, on the morning of the exciting day, my sister, while shopping on Regent Street with Miss T——, gathered that the affair was "not so *very* informal, you know." Realizing that Father had no Prince Albert suit with him, my sister left Miss T—— and sped in a taxicab back to Kensington. Here she met Father, and the latter looked at his watch, leaped into the waiting taxi, and drove swiftly away, to return presently clothed for the luncheon.

A little later two quiet Americans walked up the steps of the dark stone house, passed rows of bowing flunkies, and entered the reception-room. Here their names were announced, and a single guest, the Bishop of London, rose to greet them. Soon, however, more guests arrived, and soon the company was gathered. Besides the Premier there were Mrs. Asquith, Miss Asquith, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, as well as Mr. Herbert Asquith. Then, too, there were Mr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Lord Crewe, who is prominent in the House of Lords; and Mr. John Peas, who is the government whip. Lord Knollys was there, and also a Lady Mary something or other, and the two Americans were Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and Mr. John Pierpont Morgan.

I have asked Mother and Father what they had for their "party," but they cannot remember; but I am sure they will never forget that luncheon in the great dark paneled dining-room in London.

THE NEW YEAR

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 8)

THE "New Year Babe" is always hailed with shouts of greatest joy,
Though no one seems to really know if it's a girl or boy.
Good "Mother Earth" opes wide her arms and takes the
Baby in,
While big and little people help to raise an awful din.

And just as soon as "New Year Babe" has made its grand
début,
Then all the folks make big resolves and say what they
will do,
Before this Baby Year has grown quite old and worn with
time,
When it must leave us while the bells for a new year will
chime.

But all resolves are very hard to always keep in mind,
And somehow they get broken and the pieces we can't find;
So that when Baby New Year grows all hoary with old
age,
We're glad to turn a fresh new leaf and close our last
year's page.

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THE NEW YEAR

BY ADELA F. FITTS (AGE 14)

AH, here he comes, the wee New Year,
Across the winter's snow;
He does not fear the cold and frost,
Though stormy winds may blow.

His name is nineteen 'leven;
We are glad to see him here,
For we're sure that he will bring us
New joys, fresh hope, and cheer.



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT," BY GENEVIEVE K. HAMLIN,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Old Father Time has turned the leaf,
A new page is begun;
We miss dear nineteen hundred ten,
But know *his* work is done.

So let us greet the glad New Year,
With joy in every heart;
Each "Live to Learn and Learn to Live,"
And thus fulfil our part.

LEAGUE LETTERS

COLLEGE POINT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After four years of League membership, I shall have to say "Good-by," for I have reached the age of eighteen.

During the time I have belonged to the League I have never received more than honorable mention, until the very last time that I could write. So I want to express my pleasure and thanks to you for printing my little article on "A New Feature I Should Like to See in the ST. NICHOLAS." Although I had always been at least on the second Roll of Honor, and quite a number of times on the first, I began to be rather discouraged. So you can imagine my surprise and joy at finding my contribution in print, when I picked up my copy of ST. NICHOLAS for September.

I have tried to be a faithful member, and have always contributed to the League when I could. In spite of the fact that I have won neither the gold nor the silver badge, I feel that I have gained a great many things from the League. One of the greatest things gained has been an ability to love and appreciate good poetry, which ability I have acquired from reading the contributions to the League.

Thanking you again for your help and encouragement, and wishing you great prosperity in the future, I remain,

Your interested reader,
H. DOROTHY MACPHERSON (age 18).

W. ROCHDALE, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you very much indeed for the gold badge. It came before I was up this morning, and I had to be awakened to sign for it. I think it is even prettier than the silver badge, and I shall wear it with sinful pride of heart.

While I am writing to you I am afraid I must wish you good-by, for on the sixteenth of this month I shall be eighteen; I cannot say how sorry I am to have to leave off writing for the League, especially as I have never given myself a chance for a cash prize. This month's contribution must be my last, and then

Up must go my hair,
And down must fall my tears;
For then I shall begin to see
I'm getting on in years!

Your sad and glad reader,

ROSAMOND PARKINSON.



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT." BY HAROLD L. VAN DOREN, AGE 15.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just one more trial for your honors, and then adieu. To-morrow I enter that dread age which shuts the gate of your competition. I wish I could thank you for the inspirations and anticipations you have given me along with that long ago silver badge. It is good to know that there is a harbor for poor little firstling attempts beside the musty recesses of one's own desk or that of some scornful editor of a grown-up magazine. And sincerely I say that though the little rhyme I am sending you does not go beyond the eyes of your much-enduring editor, it has done its mission in the pleasure of its writer.

LAURA MOENCH.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Katharine H. Seligman	Elsie Louise Lustig	Stella Green
Katharine Hall	Gladys K. Williams	Margaret A. McIntosh
Dorothy D. Lovatt	Margaret E. Beakes	Theresa Leshner
	Frances Adair Labaw	Katherine Ames
	Ida F. Parfitt	Beatrice B. Smith

Harriet Burnside Foster
Hannah Ruley
Marion McSurely
Estelle Spivey
Katharine Clement
William B. Young
Adelina Longaker
Esther C. Brown
Susie W. McGowan
Agnes Davidson
Eleanor Baldwin
Elizabeth C. Walton
Janet Sheppard
Marjorie Seligman
Robert Lewis Wiel

PROSE, 2

Dinah Moskowitz
Beulah Naylor
Marie Fisher
Edith Maurer
Dorothy Buell
Grace McAllister King
Esther W. Thomson
Josephine Manno
Dorothy Klein Ross
Mary B. Reeves
Suzanne E. Garrett
Mary Swift Rupert
Rosamond Ritchie
Fanny Ruley
Velona B. Pilcher
Mary Anna Zoercher
Ruth Elizabeth
Thompson
Margaret Lindabury
Joyce Maple
May Wilson
Alice Southworth
Mary Flaherty
Mildred A. Riley
Allen Gardner
Christabell Elizabeth
Guy
Nathaniel Howard
Virginia D.
Muhlenberg
Rebecca Hubbard
Wilder
Marie F. Maurer
Dora A. Iddings
Dorothy Mabel
Carlock
Katharine W. Ball
Jane Douglass
Crawford
Katharine Putnam
Lucile D. Conkling
Louise Guernsey
Dorothy Du Val Frey
Mildred Roberts
Ruth Chandler
Florence L. Smith
Helen Kohn
Ethel Myriam
Feuerlicht
Dorothy Marsden
Kathleen C. Brough
Margaret Olds
Katherine Dodge
Claire H. Roesch
Doris Rosalind
Wilder
Ida May Syfrist
Catherine Norris
Mary Woodruff
Narka Nelson
Ruth Conway
Flora Davidson
Helen Hayes
Helen A. Brandt
Helen Barton
Catherine Haydon
Jones
Mamie Urie
Marie Melzer
Alice E. Cox

VERSE, 1

Caroline C. Roe
Elizabeth Page
James
Bruce T. Simonds

Cora degli Antinozi
Hattie A. Tuckerman
Eleanor Johnson
Cameron Turner
Thérèse H.
McDonnell
Rosa Donnd Parkinson
Lois Donovan
Nora Culhane
Anna B. Stearns
Ruth Starr
Clara E. Putnam
Annette G. Merritt
Edith Ballinger Price
Emina Carry
Clarice French
Helen Clift
Glenora A. Brewer
Doris F. Halman
Eleanor Maria Sickels
Irene E. Esch
Anne P. Haxall
Gertrude Ragle
Erna Ball
Alice M. Rogers
Miriam Spitz

VERSE, 2

Dorothy Heirromimus
Jeannette Felheimer
Elinore Marie Brown
Anna Critchell
Rimington
Florence M. Cothran
Onald Brackney
Alberta Burton
Adelaide King
Alice Phelps Rider
Marie Louise Kellogg
Marguerite M.
Murray
Adeline S. Paul
M. D. Thayer
Frances Hardy
Elsie Brink
Marian Bettman
Helen J. Gross
Calista P. Eliot
Marjorie H. Gibbons
Gertrude E. McGee
Emelia Cavagione
Dorothy Ward
Ruth B. Hoag
Agnes Gray
Rowena Lamy
Dorothy Ward
Chester E. Floyd
Theresa R. Robbins
Maurice Duffy
Banny Stewart
McLean
Dorothy Dunn
Isidore B. Levine
Madeleine Dillay
Lillie G. Menary
Adelaide Fairbank
Merle Gertrude
Nichols
Elinor W. Roberson

DRAWINGS, 1

Muriel G. Read
Elise R. Russell
Constance Wilcox
Herbert Hosford
Louise F.
Dantzebecher
Leon Giellerup
John W. Collins, Jr.
Vera J. Leighton
Helen Amy Seymour
Gladys Mead
Marjorie W. Cotton
Harry J. Burden
Lily King Westervelt
Margaret Osborne
Dorothy Hughes
Lois McCain
Frederick Percy
Sinclair
Elizabeth Woolley
Bertha Tilton
Dorothy Mae Hopkins
Ruth Koch

Marjorie E. Coast
Dorothy Hope Smith
Margaret E. Knight
Katherine Wright
Frances L. Gonyer
Adelaide Nichols
Helen Houghton Ames
Jeanette Reid
Adolph B. Cohen
Catharine F. Playle
Simon Mendelsohn
Dora Guy
Beryl H. Margetson

DRAWINGS, 2

Noreta Netz
Marjorie Williams
Kathleen Culhane
Dorothea Talbert
Warren Bailey
Nora Belle Cowey
Bessie Simons
Elizabeth Loewenstein
Laura Lyon Ward
Grace Bristed
Margaret V. C. Ogden
Jeanette Shrum
Helen M. Miller
Elizabeth Harding
Dorothy Louise
Macready
Alison M. Kingsbury
Adrianna Bayer
Amy C. Love
Hattie Meyers
Marion Hanne
Edith M. Reynaud
Marjorie M. Frink
N. Vanaman
Mary Iona Cook
B. Vaughan Abbott
Selma F. Snyder
Effie M. Knapp
Margaret S. Pitt
Ruth M. Garrigues
Clara T.
DeBardeleben
Walter Halvosa
Emma Katherine
Anderson
Mary A. Clark
Ethel Van Liew
Edith Manwell
Louise Henry DeWolf
Margery Howard
Geneva A. Twells
Mary Vance
Ramona Marie
Jencks
Adele Franklin
Margaret Cranran
Velma Dorothy
Hooper
Elizabeth E. Sherman
Helen Finlay Dun
Harry Till
Beryl Morse
Josephine
Witherspoon
Bessie Esersky
Winifred Irvine
Margaret F. Foster
Julia M. Herget
Arnulf Ueland
Marie Farmer
Winifred Miles
Eleanor Babcock
Helen M. Tallman
Bessie P. Heller
Isabel B. Huston
Helena Stevens
Mary Shannon
Webster
Charlotta Henbeck
Emily Kedleston
Frank Paulus
Helen F. Morgan
Christine Baker
Maude Dudley
Minna Hyman
Besser
Katharine C.
Balderston
Mary Horne
Kenneth Robinson

Raymond Humphreys
Dorothy Greene
Ethel King
Malcolm Gorman
Marie A. Van Pelt
Alfred Linnhauser
Bernice Bowen
Martha Zeiger
Helen B. Chrystal
Gustrine Key Milner

Harriette B. Boothe
Hazel Pike
Frances Brewer
Annie H. Sherman
Frederick A. Brooks
William E. Johnson, Jr.
Nan Ruth Alexander
Olive Greensfelder
George Brandreth
Learkin
C. Rothwell Ditman
Charlotte Pettengill
Sarah Selden Wright
Dorothy M. Hardy
Alexander Scott
Arthur Blue
Joe Jaroszynska
Ruth Barclay
Dorothy Bishop
Charles Ingalls Morton

Phebe Poole
Eloise Koch
Arabelle T. Thomas
Bessie C. Jennings
Ernest A. Williams
John S. Jenkins, Jr.
J. M. Haymon, Jr.
Lewis S. Combes
Dorothy E. Bayles
Mary Comstock
George H. Lewis
Fred J. Deesen
Billy Payne
Pauline B. Flach
Lois E. Butler
Helen Marie O'Brien
Josephine Ranlet
Mary Smith
Morton S. Whitehill
Kathryn Potter
Leo Camacho
Irene Alice Knight
Margaret Munsell
Julia Brice
Munro J. Horre
Walter J. Baëza
Helen T. Nesbitt
Margaret F. Wilson
Agnes Margareta
Hayne
Leona S. Frank
Mary A. Wilcox
Elizabeth Adsit
Mary B. Tuttle
Dorothy Stabler
Ella E. Lang
Henry W. Ruhl
Helen Tait
Jean M. Webster
Bessie R. Callon
Annet Pritchardt
Olive Adams

NO AGE. Muriel Avery, Shirlee Swallow, Helen Carvalho, Rose Schwartz, Florence A. Pfremmer, Mary McKittrick, Helen A. Moulton, Edith M. E. Reynaud, Carol H. Woodward, Marian A. Hunter.

COLOR. Louise Richard.

WRONG SUBJECT. Marjory S. Ordway.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Robert A. Aubin.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Anna Laura Porter.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Charlotte Stimson Kissel.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 135

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 135 will close **January 10** (for foreign members **January 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Kindness."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "What Experience In My Life Has Been of the Greatest Help to Me."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Scamper."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Sunny Side," or "A Portrait," or a Head- ing or Tail-piece for **May**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

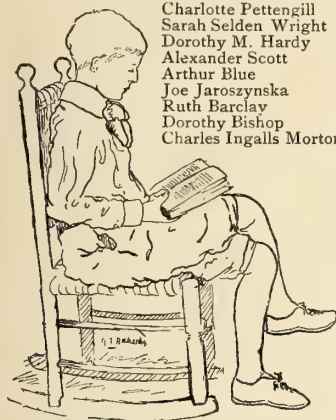
RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"MY FAVORITE AMUSEMENT."

BY GRACE T. RICHARDS, AGE 12.

Charles Hippchen
Virginia Stuart Brown
Coninne Finsterwald
Jennie A. Wilson
Melville P. Cummin
Jeannette P. Parritt
Edna Davidson
Mary Frances
Thatcher
Ethel Burton
Helen Adele Mann
Helen M. Baker
Barbara Wellington
Henry Courtenay Fenn
N. D. Hagan
Joseph O'Brien
Marie Hall Wilson
Dorothy Helen Allen
John McCrady
Barnwell
Charlotte J. Tougas
Phyllis Mary Horton
Frances Hale Burt
Guiliana Antinori
Rosella M.
Hartmann
Gizella R. Weiss

Constance Hoffman
Thomas H. Howard
Mary F. Wales
Helen Lowe
Paul A. Yapple
Ruth Thayer
Hamilton Fish
Armstrong
Wilfred B. Utter
Herschel V. Johnson
Katherine Herrick
Donna V. Jones
Adelaide S. Titcomb
Clarence Holloway
Alice Haven
Helen M. Mack
Paula Pagelow
Irene S. Earl

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Gladys Cole
James Watson
Gautenbein
Virginia Brown
Josephine L. Livingood
Anne J. Smith
Robert Gray
Lesley I. Thomas
Tilly Jaroszynska
Margaret Peabody
Alice G. McKernon
Emma P. Williams
Frances Hitchcock
Edith Brooks
Elliott Goldmark
Cornelia Mann

PUZZLES, 1

Elizabeth B. Gifford
J. Roland Smith
Helen A. Ross
Carl A. Giese
Florence Dawson
Philip Sherman
Frances Crosby
Hamlet
Patty Stockton
Mary Green Mack
Bruce M. Thomson
Catharine C. Fries
Helen Briggs
James W. Dobbin
Elsie De Witt
Helen Mannassan
Marian Cameron
Alice I. Moore
Eva M. Willingham
Marjorie E. Laird
Eugene Scott

PUZZLES, 2

Dorothy Louise Dalby
Walter Weiskopf
Margaret P. Spaulding
Elsie Stuart
Oliver Dimock Wells
Muriel Butcher
Logan C. Ramsey
Katherine Nickerson
Mary Jaquelin Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Lydia M. Scott
Marion R. Gardner
Henry H. Blodgett
Helen Dudley
Edwin J. Davis
Frances H. Jackson
Violet W. Hoff

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition.

NOT INDORSED. Ethel May Tatum, Katherine Sickels, Katie Smith, Marjorie Eastlake, Edna Hartley, Beatrice C. Mellott, Zoe Dunnivant, Jane Hunt, Elizabeth Broughton, Lucile Luttwell, Alice Wilkins, Harriet M. Carey, Cecelia Künstle, Eleanor Parker, N. Vanaman.

LATE. Emma Peabody, Catherine M. Christian, Elizabeth Wight, Mary Bishoff, May L. Peck, Clare Fritz Towle, Lois A. Kelly, Miriam Howell, Mary M. Elliott.

NO ADDRESS OR INCOMPLETE. Paula Leichter, Samuel Lazinsky, Arthur Poulin, Jr., Edith Brodeck, Ruth Agnew, Lillian Freeman, Arthur C. W. Gosling, Elizabeth Muller, Suzanne Bringier.

BOOKS and READING for Young Folk



By
Hildegarde Hawthorne

"THE BLUE BIRD"

At the New Theatre in New York, early this season, a play was given called "The Blue Bird," written by Maurice Maeterlinck, a Belgian author who has long been famous for his essays, his other plays, and his "Life of the Bee." This life was not only a wonderful study of the amazing little insect in question; it sought also to discover and to explain something in regard to the great laws of the universe and the mystery of all life, including our own; to show a few of the links in that marvelous chain that binds everything together, as well as the beauty and the strangeness of what seem but common things until we look more closely into them.

So perfectly did Maeterlinck succeed, in that book, in revealing the workings of nature both in her known and her unknown methods—for as we study nature we are constantly wandering on the border of the unknown—that this "Life of the Bee" is almost a complete summing up of what we do and do not know of the laws that keep our world and many another in their living state.

In this new work of his, "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck again returns to the mysteries of nature, and shows how we, who are all but children, go wandering, surrounded by secrets we do not guess, and powers for good and evil which we do not even see, seeking our happiness, that constantly eludes us, that changes in our very grasp, but that is yet always near us, always just ahead. Without the fluttering wings of the Blue Bird to inspire our efforts, we would never undertake the wonderful journey, never measure our strength against that of nature, never make her serve us and help us, as we do; and though we may hold the bird itself for no more than a moment, what of that? We know it exists.

"The Blue Bird" is an exquisite fairy play, telling the adventures of a wood-cutter's two children, Tytyl and Mytyl, in search of the Blue Bird that the fairy Berylune wants for the little

sick girl. This journey takes a whole year and leads to many marvelous places; to be sure, the children's parents try to tell them that only one night has passed, and that they have been dreaming. But the little boy and girl know better. They have been so far and seen so many things. But the Blue Bird they were looking for, *that* they did not catch; they certainly caught many birds that looked blue enough, but these turned black or died in their hands before they had carried them far. And just then Tytyl looks into the cage where he keeps his own bird; the bird the little sick girl next door, the neighbor's child, loves and wants, but which Tytyl will not give her. He means to give it to her now, however. And behold, the bird is blue. "Why, that 's the Blue Bird we were looking for," cries Tytyl. "We went so far, and he was here all the time! Oh, but it 's wonderful!" As soon as the little girl has him, she is well—and that is wonderful too. While the children are rejoicing over this, the bird struggles out of their hands and flies away. "Never mind," says Tytyl, comforting the little girl. "Don't cry. I will catch him again."

THE BEGINNING

BUT I want to tell you a little more about the adventures the two children had.

It all began after bedtime, as a fairy story should. Daddy Tyl and Mummy Tyl have gone down-stairs, taking the candle with them and leaving the youngsters tucked up in bed; all the same, they are not asleep. No indeed! For it is Christmas Eve, and across the way the rich children are giving a party—with music and cakes and presents, a glittering tree, dancing and frolic. Tytyl and Mytyl jump up and go to look out of the window. What fun it is! They are poor and cannot have any Christmas themselves; but that does not prevent them from being very excited over the one opposite. And when the music plays, they begin to dance and laugh, and pretend that

they are eating the most delicious things—"Oh, how lovely, how lovely, how lovely it is!" Tytyl shouts with delight.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door, and in walks the fairy Berylune. She looks like Neighbor Berlingote. But when Tytyl tells her so, she is very much annoyed. For Neighbor Berlingote is old and ugly, and the fairy, so she says, is beautiful, if the children could only see it. Nobody has eyes that see, now that the fairies are dead, she cries. There is wonderful beauty in everything. Everything has a soul, everything is alive; but the people are stupid and blind.

Then the fairy pulls out a little green cap with a great diamond in the cockade and puts it on Tytyl's head. All he has to do is to turn the diamond a little, and he can see the souls of things—the soul of wine or pepper or bread.

"Can one see the soul of sugar too?" asks Mytyl.

So Tytyl turns the diamond, and the most wonderful things begin to happen. The old fairy changes to a beautiful princess. The walls of the cottage gleam like precious stones. The face of the clock winks, the door in its front opens, and out come the Hours, lovely maidens, who dance charmingly to the sound of soft music. Bread jumps out of his pan, a burly big chap. Milk breaks her jug and comes forward, all in white and very gentle. Sugar is a tall, mawkish, sticky sort of a fellow, with sticks of candy for fingers that grow again as soon as he breaks them off for the children. The dog and the cat, who are curled up by the fire, utter a cry, disappear, and in their places stand two little men, one with the face of a bulldog, one with that of a tom-cat. The dog rushes forward, perfectly wild with joy at being able to talk at last, nearly upsetting every one, kissing Tytyl and Mytyl, panting and shouting and teasing the cat, who moves slowly and with dignity, stopping to comb his hair and wash his hands before he goes up to Mytyl. Then there is Fire, a wild, dangerous fellow, and Water, a shimmering girl with flowing robes. Last, the lamp falls down and smashes. And up rises Light, a maiden of the most exquisite beauty and radiance, with whom the children fall in love at once.

At last the fairy tells Tytyl to turn the diamond and send the souls of the things back into silence. But in his excitement he turns it too quickly, and the souls have n't time to get back. There is the wildest confusion, all of them hurrying about in desperation. What is to be done now?

There is nothing for it but to accompany the children in their search for the Blue Bird, which

the fairy must have. Only, all the souls will have to die at the end of the journey. Tylo, the dog, and Light do not mind; they would rather be with the children and able to talk and live, even if they must die later. All the rest are quite frantic with fright and despair. But that can't be helped, so they all make ready to go. The fairy asks how the children prefer to go; and they say by way of the door. But she does n't like that at all, and insists they shall leave by the window. So out they slip; and the little room is left in darkness and quietness. And then Daddy and Mummy look in, thinking they have heard something, shading the candle with their hands.

"They are asleep—I can hear them breathing," says Mummy. But really the children are gone.

THE LAND OF MEMORY

STRANGE indeed are the places the children and their companions visit in their search for the Blue Bird. There is, for instance, the Land of Memory. Tytyl and Mytyl come to it alone. At first everything is hidden in a thick mist. But gradually this clears away and under arching tree-boughs stands a pretty peasant cottage covered with climbing vines. On a bench by the door sit Tytyl's grandparents, sound asleep. As the children look on, however, they waken and begin to talk, saying they are sure their darlings are coming to see them. For they are not dead. They are simply asleep, waiting for a thought from those who are still in the world to awaken them. Whenever the living think of the dead, it is just as though they visited them. There they are, and how happy it makes the dear old grandparents! And the little brothers and sisters too; and Kiki, the dog, and the blackbird in his cage over the door.

Every one laughs and talks gaily, and Granny gives them a lovely supper. Then Tytyl sees that the bird is blue. He begs for it, and is allowed to put it in his own cage. It is time to go, for Light is expecting the children. They say good-by, and promise to come back often, and kiss every one. As they leave, the mists fall once more, and it grows darker and darker. And the bird is no longer blue. He has turned black.

So the search must be continued.

THE KINGDOM OF NIGHT

Now, Tylette, the cat, is not really a friend of the children's. He is very nice to them when it pays. But, since he must die at the end of the journey, he wants to prolong it as long as possible; so he is always trying to prevent them from finding the bird, and he is quite willing that the children

should be killed if that will keep him safe. The dog, however, loves the children better than anything, and is always guarding them from any danger. Tylette has warned Night that the children are coming to her palace, and that she must frighten them away. For if they get the Blue Bird they will know all her secrets, and then none of the Elements or the Animals or the Things will be safe from man any longer. And Night promises to do her best.

But Tytyl is a brave boy and insists on looking into all Night's hidden caves, where she keeps the Wars and the Sicknesses and the Mysteries and the stars and glow-worms. At last he unlocks the great gates behind the throne, although Night warns him the result will be terrible. Open swing the doors at the touch of the key; and behold, the most wonderful garden, a dream garden shining with ineffable light, that seems to extend as far as thought can go, where stars and jewels flash, and that is filled with blue birds flying from moonbeam to moonbeam, fairy-like birds gracefully hovering and fluttering everywhere, so many

that they seem to be the very atmosphere itself of the garden.

Oh, how glad the children are! They and Tylo, the dog, catch handfuls of the azure birds and run off, wild with joy, to Light. But alas and alas! All the birds have died. Poor Tytyl bursts into tears. But Light comforts him.

"Do not cry, dear child," she says. "You did not catch the one that is able to live in broad daylight—we shall find him elsewhere."

But Night and the Cat rejoice that the true bird was perched on a moonbeam so high that the children did not see him.

THE ENDING

I MUST leave you to read the play for yourselves, and to follow Tytyl and Mytyl on the rest of their adventures—to the Forest, where there is a battle; to the Kingdom of the Future and that of the Past. Only I am sure of one thing: that you will have caught the Blue Bird yourselves at least while you are reading the play, or while you see it, if you go to the theater where it is playing.

CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY ELLEN MANLY

JINGLE of the sleigh-bells,
Baby feet astir,
Scarlet of the holly,
Green of pine and fir,
Gleam of gilt and silver
Where the candles glow,
Little trees a-glitter,
Branches bending low!

Jingle of the sleigh-bells,
Starlight on the snow,
Stockings by the fireside
Swinging to and fro,
Restless heads a-dreaming,
Loving faces near,
Now, as all the children know,
Christmas-time is here!



K.M. BROWN 1909

The snow is fun in winter time,
And when its deep you'll find

The sport that's really best of all
Is hitching on behind.



The New Candy — and the New Year

Delicious Almonds and Peters'
Milk Chocolate combined.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 109.

Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prizes awarded in March number.

The Advertising Editor wants a circular of about 200 words in length to be sent to advertisers. It must tell just what ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is, its history, its aim, its influence, and its readers.

He wants you to write it for him, and will give prizes for the best ones.

This is different from every competition given you before.

Remember that there are a great many people who do not know ST. NICHOLAS, and this circular is meant to inform them.

The hardest task will be to arrange all your facts in this limited space so that they will be easily read, and will be interesting.

Your family can help you. There is no age limit. Here are the list of prizes and the general rules:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (109).

3. Submit answers by January 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 109, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 107.

Subject "The Pure Food Law." This is by far the most serious competition ever held by ST. NICHOLAS. It is difficult to get started in collecting information on it. After that, however, it is even harder to compress the knowledge gained into the limits of a five hundred word paper. The Judges congratulate the prize-winners on their ability to do this very well.

The first prize-winner wrote an admirable paper—one which the Judges are proud of—as showing what ST. NICHOLAS readers can do when they are interested. Thank you all.

Here are the names of the Prize Essayists:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Rachel Davis, age 16, Rhode Island.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Bertha A. Mann, age 24, New York.

Cassius M. Clay, Jr., age 15, Kentucky.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

B. Gordon Vessey, — North Dakota.

Milton Stone, age 17, Massachusetts.

Frank McD. Sleeper, age 16, Massachusetts.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Alice D. Wilkinson, age 15, Massachusetts.

Marion E. deB. Keever, age 14, New York.

Esther W. Thomson, age 18, British Columbia.

Kenneth M. White, age 17, Ohio.

Benjamin Hall, age 27, no address.

Marie Brown, age 12, New York.

Arthur Tate, age 15, New York.

Amy Weare, age 16, New Hampshire.

Lillian E. Coler, age 17, Ohio.

Benjamin Attwood, age 15, New York.

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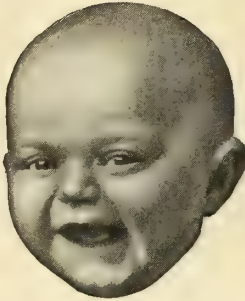
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A NEW BOOK

MOST of our advertisers will soon have on sale a new book on stamp-collecting, written by a well-known philatelic author. Its design is to present to the general public the more popular side of the pastime, and to open the eyes of all to the entertainment to be derived from it; also, to call attention to the educational value of a collection of the world's postage-stamps. It is the intention of the author to present all of the topics in a way that shall appeal especially to the children and yet prove interesting to the grown-ups as well. It is a misfortune that more parents do not realize the broadening influence of a stamp collection, not only on educational lines, but upon character molding as well. Not only can such a collection be of great help to the well and strong child, but to the invalid, child or adult, it can be made the source of infinite diversion and amusement. It is hoped that this new book, "The Wonder-Land of Stamps," will help to broaden the public knowledge as to the possibilities of our favorite pursuit. The book will be freely illustrated with several hundred cuts. Following are the titles of some of the chapters, which will indicate somewhat the scope of the book: "Tiny Locomotive Mail Carriers," "Ships that Pass through the Mail," "The Songless Aviary," "Thumb-nail Maps," "Bits of Paper worth Fortunes," "Christmas and the Cross," etc.

NEWFOUNDLAND

THIS colony has favored us with a new issue, commemorative of the settlement of the island. The set consists of eleven stamps from one to fifteen cents. This latter value bears the portrait of King George V, and Newfoundland therefore is the first to honor the new sovereign. The set as a whole is rather pretty, although the workmanship is not good, and all of the stamps seem to show evidence of great haste in preparation. Keen-eyed stamp collectors at once noticed that the six-cent stamp showed an error, and a very common one at that. Sir Francis Bacon, who was the moving spirit in the scheme of colonization, and whose portrait adorns the stamp, is called "Lord Bacon." The title "Lord Bacon" is a misnomer. He never was "Lord" Bacon, and at the time was only Sir Francis Bacon. When later he was raised to the peerage, he became Baron Verulam, and later still Viscount St. Albans.

Throughout the series the word "colonization" is spelled with an "s," and on the six-cent stamp this letter "s" is so poorly drawn that it resembles an inverted "z." There is much speculation as to whether a new stamp will be issued, correcting the error.

STAMPS FOR SAVING

DAME RUMOR hath it that the Post-Office Department of the United States will shortly be ready to put into operation the new postal bank system. A new postal two-cent stamp for official correspondence has already been mentioned. The law says that a special stamp of the denomination of ten cents shall be issued to represent "savings." This stamp is not to be used for postal purposes. The new system provides that a card can be purchased at the Post-office for ten cents, and when nine of these stamps have been pasted on it, the sum of one dollar will be represented. This card can then be exchanged for a "certificate," with one dollar punched out or recorded upon the same. When-

ever ten dollars have been recorded upon this temporary certificate it can be presented at the Post-office, and a "final certificate" for ten dollars will be issued in its place. Final certificates will be issued in amounts of ten, twenty, and fifty dollars only.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE query reaches us, "How may a novice distinguish between the second and fourth stamps of the 1863 issue of the Confederate States?" The numbers given doubtless refer to the Scott's Album spaces. The catalogue numbers of the stamps in question are 210 and 211. In the first or original die the ornate foliate ornaments at all four corners of the stamp project beyond the main body of the stamp; while in the later plate all these spaces are filled with shading, giving the corners a more rounded appearance. In the lower right-hand corner, between the lower side scrolls and the upper bottom one, are four diagonal blue lines. In the original die these lines are of nearly equal thickness, while in the other die the outer line is double the width of either of the other three, especially at the bottom where it joins the lower scroll. The two winged figures on the commemorative 1898 issue of Portugal represent very different personages. The seated figure on the 25 reis represents the Muse of History seated before the terrestrial globe, and writing in the book upon her knee the glories of the Da Gama discoveries. The standing figure on the 75 reis represents Adamastor, the fabled Spirit of the Cape. You will recall that the object of Columbus and all early navigators was to find a passage by sea to the Indies. When in 1486 the adventurous Portuguese, Captain Bartholomew Diaz, feeling his way down along the west coast of Africa, discovered the Cape at the southern end, he named it Cabo Tormentoso, or Cape of Storms. King Juan II renamed it Cape of Good Hope, because he felt hopeful that around this point lay the much sought for route to India. The poet Camoens, whose portrait appears with that of Da Gama at the top of the 50 reis stamp, wrote the "Lusiad" in 1569. In this he describes Adamastor as a hideous phantom, "erect, his hair uprose of withered red, his lips were black, his teeth blue and disjointed, his beard haggard, his face scarred by lightning, while his eyes shot livid fire and his voice roared." He asked "why they dared to trespass there and brave his rage," and boasted that "the yearly toll of shipwrecked men would make them regret their foolhardiness." The artist hardly depicts the same individual; but perhaps he thought that Adamastor, Guardian Angel of the Cape of Good Hope, was different from Adamastor, familiar fiend of Cabo Tormentoso. To discover the water-mark, it would be well to get from any one of our advertisers a "water-mark detector" or "benzine cup." This is a small glass cup, the bottom of which is painted black. Fill the cup about one third of benzine and immerse the stamp, face downward, when the water-mark will appear. The benzine will not dissolve the gum upon an unused stamp, nor injure the color at all. For perforations, get a "perforation gage." Such a gage, usually with a useful millimeter scale, can be obtained from any advertiser for a few cents. It usually shows a cut of every size of perforation from seven to sixteen. The unit of measurement is the number of holes or cuts per twenty millimeters.

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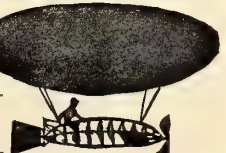
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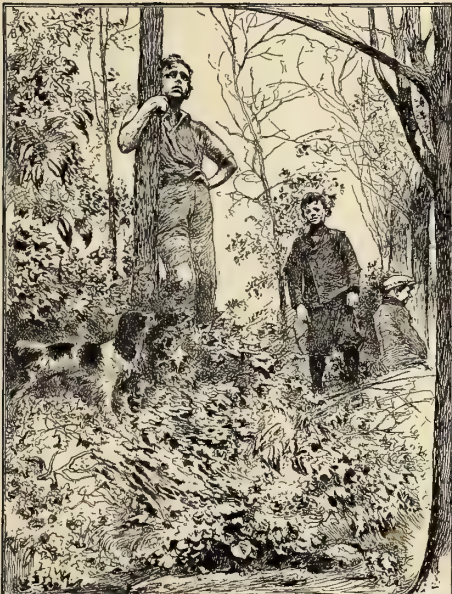


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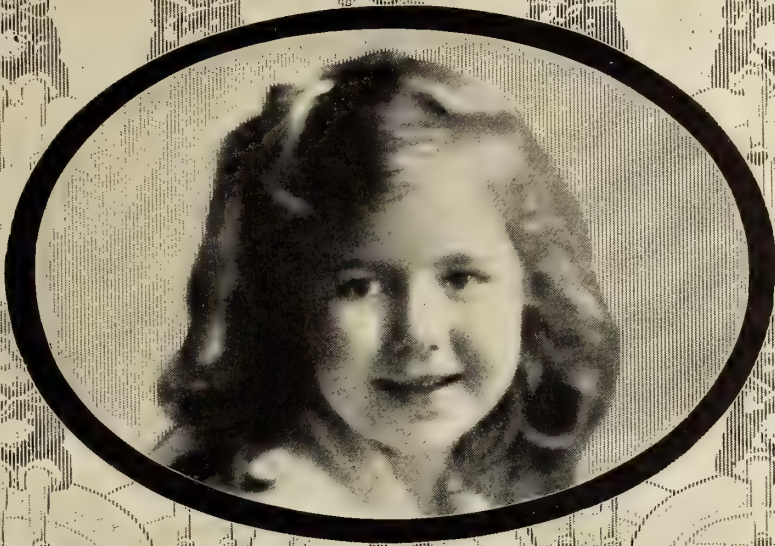


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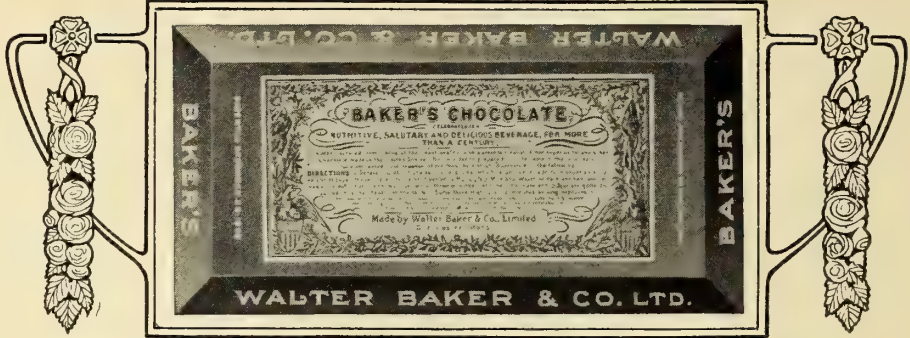
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WHEN THE RUFF WAS WORN.

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY W. J. SCOTT.

ST. NICHOLAS

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I. A ROYAL FAMILY

DOWN the grand staircase, tripping lightly, with her finger on her rosy lips, her curls flying, the tail of her satin gown over her arm, came "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," of the royal house of Tudor, closely followed by her attendants.

The day was young, and "Brother Hal" was asleep, so Mary felt care-free as she danced across the polished floor and out through the great door of the palace. The garden was drenched with the morning dew, but the little satin shoes plunged recklessly through the dampness, in and out among the flower-beds of the king's garden, plucking here and there as fancy craved, with no thought of consequences. There were few who dared to pluck the king's flowers, but Henry VIII, with his testy temper, had a genuine affection for his youngest sister, and was only "Brother Hal" to this madcap princess. He was "bluff King Hal" in those early days, living peacefully enough with

his good wife Catharine and their little daughter Mary, and the court would have been a dull place indeed had not the king's sister played her pranks and kept them all astir.

Only a girl she was—twelve or thirteen at the most—with all the freshness of the springtime in her blood; but they dressed her like a woman, for she was tall and well built, having beauty, too, and a sharp and ready wit. This morning she led her companions a wild chase from terrace to terrace, in among the flower-beds, gay with yellow and white narcissus and deep-hued pansies, sweet with violets and jasmine.

"Pluck them, pluck them!" she cried to the others, and while they still held back, she stamped her little foot, and the hot blood of the Tudors flamed in her cheeks. "Mary Tudor commands!" she said, with an imperious wave of her hand.

"But—your Highness—the king—" began a timid damsel.

"Out upon you, Jane! Come hither, gentle-

men; stand round and hide the timid wench from view while she does my bidding. Tush! child, the king will not miss them, but should he do so and call you to account, why then, forsooth, *I* command you to take them!" She flung her head with royal scorn, showing the bare rounded throat from which the soft ruff fell back.

"On, on, my lords and ladies, to the tennis-court!" she cried, and these children—they were nothing more—followed their daring young leader to the king's beautiful courts. Tennis was the popular game of the day; indeed, there are few games played with a ball which can boast of such antiquity, but it was a game for kings alone, or for those very high in rank, so we can imagine Mistress Mary, her gown tucked up, her eyes sparkling, her curls flying, her strong, lithe young figure darting swallow-like after the ball, her racket poised to send it back across the net.

This first girl who wore a ruff was very like other girls of her age. Our grandmothers perhaps would have called her "forward and pert," but poor little Mary had no mother to check the wild spirits and curb the very strong will.

A few years later, in the train which had accompanied Mary to France, where she married the French king, were Sir Thomas Boleyn and his little daughter Anne. This small maid, barely more than a child, had become such a favorite at the French court that she did not return to England with the young Queen Mary when the old king died. She grew to be a most bewitching little creature, full of grace and joyousness, but fond of admiration and power above all else. She received enough compliments and flattery to have turned her silly head, so it was high time her father brought her home to their country-seat, whence an occasional visit to London Town was a rare and wondrous dissipation. A letter which she wrote to her sister during one of these visits shows her to have been, at heart, a very simple girl. It reads:

DEAR MARY: I have been in town almost a month, yet I cannot say I have found anything in London extremely agreeable. We rise so late in the morning—seldom before six o'clock—and sit up so late at night, being scarcely in bed before ten, that I am quite sick of it, and were it not for the abundance of fine things I am every day getting, I should be impatient of returning into the country.

After describing some of the "fine things" bought by her "indulgent Mother," she adds:

And I am to have a pair of new stuff shoes for my Lord of Norfolk's ball, which will be three shillings. Pray take care of the poultry during my absence. Poor things! I always fed them myself; and if Margery has knitted me the crimson worsted mittens, I should be glad if they were sent up the first opportunity.

In truth, there was plain living for the children of that day; breakfast at six and bedtime at ten were considered fashionable hours even for the "grown-ups." Practical little maids these were, with their poultry-yards and their dairies, counting the pennies much more carefully than the girls of to-day, in spite of the routs and balls and gorgeousness of the court; and crimson worsted mittens were a great comfort in cold, bleak London.

History does not record whether Anne Boleyn wore a ruff before her marriage to the king, but she chanced to be the mother of the lady who wore the biggest ever made. For, by Elizabeth's time, they had become quite the fashion both with men and women, and young and old.

II. LIFE AT HOME

To the girls of to-day, whose lives are governed by kindness, whose homes are to them the centers of happiness, the lives of the maidens of the Middle Ages must seem very dreary. Parents had an idea that sternness was the only rule by which to bring up children, and if they failed in that they were not doing their duty. Even big boys and girls stood silent and uncovered in their fathers' presence, and girls knelt humbly on a cushion until their mothers had left the room. The instant children offended their parents, they were punished with stripes and blows.

But, of course, in fair England there must have been some happy youngsters whose fathers and mothers were not always thinking of their faults. On the banks of the Thames, in beautiful Chelsea, about a hundred yards from the waterside, stood a fine English homestead, built after the fashion of the times, with overhanging porches and bay-windows, jutting casements and gables, and furnished with all the comforts to be obtained. Here lived the finest statesman and most noble gentleman of King Henry's reign, Sir Thomas More, with his wife and children. There were three fair young daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily, a son John, a stepdaughter also named Margaret, and an adopted daughter—another Margaret still. Margaret More was always called Meg, her stepsister Daisy, and Margaret Giggs, the adopted daughter, was distinguished by the name of Mercy.

They all grew up in this lovely country home and worked and played and studied happily enough. The More girls read and wrote Latin quite as easily as English, and cultivated their minds as well as their healthy young bodies, for they were out in the open all the time they were not at their books or helping in the house, and their wise father took care that they did not be-

come over-learned little prigs. In spite of Plato and Socrates, they could enjoy a pull on the river, a supper by moonlight, an evening in the hay-field, full of pleasant talk and laughter and harmless jests. They were fond of animals of all kinds; dormice, owls, and hares were some of their pets, which they tamed and trained to do all sorts of tricks.



"IN THE DAYS OF 'GOOD QUEEN BESS.'"

In the house there was much work for each little maid. They rose even before that famous bird, the lark, and though their stepmother was generally very good to them, she set them hard tasks. On one occasion something went wrong with the churning, the butter would not come, and the household was quite upset. Good Dame Alice flew around distracted, and Gillian, the cook, declared the cream was bewitched. Every misfortune in those days was laid to witchery, not only among the common people, but among many of the higher class; but Dame Alice More knew better. The churn was filled with good cream which could not be wasted, so she sent for

the four older girls and bade them take turns at the churning till the butter came, if they sat up all night for it. Other girls might have complained, for it was late already, but they went to work with a will and beguiled the time by singing "Chevy Chase" and other frolicsome tunes, but still the butter would not come. At length Mercy suggested that they chant the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, which they did in Latin, and presently they heard the buttermilk separating and splashing in earnest. It was near midnight and they were almost asleep before the butter came, but Gillian was convinced that their Latin broke the spell.

The little maids went to court with their mother, Dame Alice, who was resplendent in crimson gown and coif, the girls in satin petticoats puffed high in panniers over their slender waists. Tight-laced corsets were then fashionable; over these, the square-cut bodices, with the upstanding ruffs of lace richly embroidered in gold and silver; sometimes little caps upon their heads, but oftener their curls escaped and lay in ringlets on their white necks. We have seen them, or at least girls like them, in pictures which good Master Holbein has left behind him.

The king made merry at his court, and many games were played to pass the time. Dancing was much indulged in, the young ones joining in the stately measures, while the older ones sat apart, playing cards, or chess, or "tables," which we know better by the name of backgammon.

Meanwhile the ruff began to increase in size, and after King Henry's death it became a general article of dress. Little King Edward VI drew around him many small lords and ladies, for even while Edward was still a boy, his uncle, the Lord Protector, was hunting for a Queen of England, and many a tiny lass in all her bravery came to court to make her bow and pass muster there. Among his favorite playmates were his cousin Lady Jane Grey, and his big sister Elizabeth; his elder sister Mary was too old and grave to be much of a companion.

The burly, wicked King Henry had done one good thing—he taught his subjects the use of learning. The very smallest girl of any rank at all could read and write good English, and, better still, good Latin, with often wide knowledge

of Greek. Most famous among the girl scholars was Lady Jane Grey. She was a granddaughter of our madcap Princess Mary, and so closely connected with the throne of England that a marriage with the young king seemed a wise and proper thing. Henry VIII had another grandniece, little Queen Mary of Scotland, granddaughter of his older sister Margaret, who would

down to her toes, carried a framework on which she hung her garments; she wore long, straight, tight corsets, stiff with whalebone, and when the corsets were laced up, and the framework hung from her waist, my little lady then put on her farthingale. This was a round petticoat made of canvas or cloth stiffened with whalebone and covered with taffeta or some other good material, so broad just below the waist that its circumference was greater than round the bottom of the skirt, something like those severe ladies in a toy Noah's ark, only bigger. The slim girlish figures looked pinched and narrow, between the wide hips, the puffed sleeves, and the standing-out ruffs.

Though modest at first, these ruffs became a most imposing structure. Of course they were made for people who had long necks, like Elizabeth and Henry III of France, and Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, another long-necked lady; and as girls became "grown-ups" and even "married dames" when they were scarce in their teens, of course they must needs follow the fashion in the matter of ruffs. Well, they grew and grew, those ruffs, but only the higher class could afford to wear them, for starch had not yet been heard of, and one or two wearings made them hang limp about the neck. King Henry of France, who was tall and thin, with a very long neck, wore a ruff one third of a yard deep, containing about eighteen or nineteen yards of linen. Indeed, in the French court, the lords and ladies could scarcely move their heads and found it extremely difficult to eat and drink.

Many of these ruffs were made with four or five rows of lace, the last row appearing above the top of the head, and each supported by threads of wire. The ruffs put an end to flowing hair. It was piled high on the head and in many cases worn in short tight curls; ladies used false hair in great quantities and changed the color whenever they pleased. Elizabeth is said to have had many wigs of various colors. Strings of precious stones were twined in the hair, making quite a pretty head-dress. So popular did wigs become that there was scarcely enough hair to supply them, and the small maid with long locks never went out alone, for fear some unscrupulous person might cut them off and sell them.

English people did not wear their ruffs quite so wide, a quarter of a yard being the limit, and pretty young girls took care to set them well back from the neck, to show their white throats. The queen's ruff was extraordinarily high and stiff. But even the well-to-do did not like to see their pretty ruffs hang limp, and thanks to the wit of a certain clever woman, the remedy was found.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(Reprinted from an early volume of ST. NICHOLAS.)

also have made a fair Queen of England. Both these girls were great students and rivaled their cousin Elizabeth in cleverness and learning. Mary never saw her English cousins, but doubtless Jane and Elizabeth must have been closely associated, for Elizabeth's tutor, Roger Ascham, knew the small Jane quite well and often praised her learning. And Elizabeth, during her childhood, was at best but a poor, unnoticed princess, neglected at court and in many instances severely treated. History may not make mention of so slight a thing as an interchange of girlish confidences, but it is pleasant to picture these girls with the ruffs wandering in the old gardens or pacing a long avenue shaded by great trees.

But the ruffs were growing fuller and taller. The girls could not put their heads together and whisper secrets; they could not even sit close together, for the fashions were putting them far apart, behind a mere masquerade of dress.

III. LIFE AT COURT

WHEN Elizabeth was queen, things had come to a pretty pass. The real girl, from her slim waist

In the year 1564, Mrs. Dinghen, the wife of Elizabeth's Dutch coachman, brought over to England the art of starching. Imagine the delight of the courtiers when ruffs were taught to "stand alone," and possibly the poor little girls rejoiced more than all, for they were not continually having their ruffs "pinched up" whenever they came near the ruthless hands of their elders. Mrs. Dinghen soon became court starcher and established a fine business. All the great ladies in London sent their crumpled ruffs to be "done up," and the good woman starched them white or yellow to order. Many came to her as pupils, and honest Mrs. Dinghen bade fair to become a very rich person.

Besides the starch, wires were often used to stiffen the larger ruffs. These wires, covered with gold or silver thread, came round the neck as a sort of support, for the mass of linen was very heavy. Many of the ruffs, too, were worked with silk embroidery and tinsel threads.

IV. DAYS OF SPLENDOR

IN the days of "Good Queen Bess" court life took on a splendor that it had not known for years. Elizabeth loved magnificence, and the lords and ladies of her court dressed and lived with a sumptuousness never before heard of. The girls who wore ruffs were in many instances among the queen's ladies-in-waiting, for, being the "Virgin Queen," she had many maids about her, and kept up a vigorous correspondence with her "dear cousins" this or that, at home or abroad, for Elizabeth was a clever letter-writer. Her dear cousin Mary, Queen of Scots, was perhaps the "dearest cousin" of all; indeed, many and most affectionate were the letters exchanged between the two queens who hated each other with such deadly hatred.

These girls who wore ruffs began to have more comfort in their living, more pleasures in their daily intercourse. Their homes were very beautiful, but articles of furniture in those days were very rude and defective. Down-stairs, in the halls and banqueting-rooms, one came across fine tapestries, richly carved woodwork, massive tables, besides much fine plate and gilding; but above-stairs my lady's chamber was simple and severe—a cupboard or two to accommodate the stiff gowns, a jointed stool, a steel mirror, a ewer and basin for her toilet, a plain table for her books, perhaps an embroidery-frame, and a stiff high-backed chair. The bed alone was luxurious; it was canopied and festooned like a throne, of softest down, with fine blankets, linen sheets, and a coverlet embroidered with the arms of the owner, and over all were beautiful silk hangings.

A girl! had a great deal to do in those days. She could always play upon either the lute or the viol. She commenced her morning—usually in the gray dawn—with prayer; then a hearty breakfast of meat and ale; next there was embroidery to do, after which she visited the dairy and the pastry-cook; later she worked in her garden; then a visit to her bees, or to see if the hemp was coming up, or to inspect the cows, or to feed her poultry in the farm-yard. At court the maids-in-



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

waiting avoided idleness by using their needles, reading the Bible or history, or by writing; they also studied music when off duty.

Shuttlecock was a great favorite among girls, for there were spacious halls in which to play, and tennis became more common. Blindman's-buff, or hoodman-blind, as it was then called, was popular among girls and boys, and a dozen other games which are played and enjoyed by the children of to-day. But most they loved the open. Every little maid of any degree could mount a horse, some could even join the hunt, and many of the rollicking songs of the times caught their childish fancy.

There were festivals, too—Christmas with its mummeries, May-day with its pole and dances, Shrove Tuesday, and all the others. There were fairs held on the village green, and many pageants to delight the eye, for Elizabeth journeyed

from place to place with splendor and ceremony, and little country girls, dressed in their best, stood in the highroads to curtsy as she passed.

Away in her quiet country home, small Amy Robsart heard with wonder of the doings of the court; the far-off splendor caught her girlish fancy. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father, Sir Hugh, petted and spoiled her, denying her nothing it was in his power to give. She was a beautiful little creature, and she longed to get out of her tiny corner of the world. She could not have been more than fifteen when the gorgeous, glittering Leicester found out who she was, and wooed and won her.

The little countess, as we all know, lived the rest of her short life at Cumnor Hall, very near the earl's great castle of Kenilworth, the scene of the most wonderful feasting and pageantry ever displayed in England. Dear little Amy! so trusting and childlike, yet so womanly withal. Did ever a fairer maiden wear a ruff? Even Elizabeth was moved by the quiet grace of her, and my Lord of Leicester got the cold shoulder when the news of her death broke up their revels at the castle.

But of all the girls who wore ruffs, there was none sweeter and fairer than Mary, Queen of Scotland. She was the tiniest wisp of a baby when her father left her queen of this cold, bleak country. On her nurse's knee she gazed with round eyes on the peers of the realm who knelt in homage before her. She was only nine months old when she was crowned in Stirling church; she was taken from her cradle, wrapped in royal robes, and carried by her lord keepers and officers of state to the ceremony, and because poor Baby cried for her nurse, it was considered an ill omen. From the moment of her birth her great-uncle, Henry VIII of England, tried to kidnap her, for, besides being Queen of the Scots, she was along the line of succession to the throne of England, and there is no telling what the old monster would have done to her had she fallen into his clutches. But her faithful lord keepers kept guard, and the baby was allowed to see but one noble at a time, and no visitor could enter Stirling Castle—which was her first home—with more than two servants in his train.

When she was about four, they sent her for greater safety to the priory on the Isle of Inchmahom, in the beautiful Lake of Menteith, famous for its Spanish chestnut-trees. They formed a merry party in the grim old priory. The little queen was allowed to have with her her four young namesakes and playmates, Mary Beton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming—the queen's Maries, as they were called.

What happy times they had, those five, along the shores of the lake, the little queen in Highland costume, her golden hair bound with a rose-colored snood, her tartan scarf fastened with a golden agraffe engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. She was French on her mother's side and closely related to the reigning house. When she was six, a charming, gracious little princess, it was arranged that she should marry her cousin, the Dauphin of France, as soon as both children were old enough, and it was decided that she should go to France to complete her education, which was far advanced for a child of her age. She compared favorably with all the girls of her day in her love of learning.

There was no happier, merrier, sweeter, more lovable little girl; she excelled in the dance; she inherited from both parents a love of music and great delight in poetry; she was fond of sport and astonished every one by her skill in handling her falcon. Nothing pleased Mary more than the preparations for a mighty chase. What a brilliant portrait of a girl she makes, and how we love to look at it and to think about it!

With the passing of "Good Queen Bess" much magnificence vanished from the court; but the ruff stayed on, not so deep nor so full, but a most important part of the dress for all that, and much more comfortable. Master Will Shakspeare wore it, and his daughter, pretty Judith, the belle of Stratford, the daintiest maid in all Warwickshire, wore it, too, with her Sunday kirtle. She was a merry little lass, and one of our English novelists has painted a fair picture of her as she walked in the quaint old town "along by the church and over the foot-bridge spanning the Avon, and so into the meadows lying adjacent to the stream." She picked wild flowers as she went along, and hummed to herself the quaint old songs that she had caught from her father's books or from the glees she had heard at odd times. The maids of that day were fond of singing, and Mistress Judith's sweet voice trilled out along the banks of the Avon:

Come blow thy horn, hunter!
Come blow thy horn, hunter!
Come blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

echoing from hill to hill. And again:

For a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year.

Judith herself was like the springtime, radiant, fresh, and young, and it was no uncommon sight to see Shakspeare, with his grave face and quiet eyes, deep in converse with this favorite child of his,



By permission, from a cartoon print by Braun & Co.

A LITTLE PRINCESS IN HER COURT DRESS.

AFTER A PORTRAIT BY MOREELSE.

as they wandered along the winding course of the river.

Pretty Judith may not have had the learning of her predecessors who wore ruffs, but she was happier, no doubt, in her simple life, with her friend and gossip, modest Prue, reading together her father's plays, and building their own romances, girl-fashion, by their own firesides.

King James I brought much learning to the court, and already love of adventure had lured some daring mariners to the New World. Sir Walter Raleigh, the Cabots, Captain John Smith,

child of the woods, this little Indian princess, with her lithe brown figure, her bare arms and feet, her dress of deerskin, her graceful neck wound about with the glass beads the white settlers had given her—a strange, innocent child of such a wily old chief as Powhatan, always ready to help her white friends in their need. We all know the story of how she saved Captain John Smith from a fearful death, and how ever afterward she was watchful to see that no harm came to her friend and his people. Many times she came through the woods to warn them of danger, and when they were nearly starving, she brought them food day after day; in truth, this little brown maid of the forest and stream loved the big blond captain whose life she saved so many times.

Old Powhatan proved so treacherous after Captain Smith sailed away to England that the colonists decided if they captured Pocahontas and held her as hostage, they might make terms with the crafty old warrior. The girl quite willingly went with them to Jamestown, where, little by little, she fell into English ways. She discarded the deerskin dress, the gaudy beads and dangling ornaments of her tribe, for the sober costume of an English maid, even to the white ruff which topped the high bodice; and when John Rolfe had made her his wife, behold little Pocahontas in brave attire, in ruff and high hat and all the fancies of the times, sailing away to that dim old England of which she had heard so much, and making her bow to the king and queen with all the haughtiness of a foreign princess!



POCAHONTAS WITH HER HIGH HAT AND RUFF.

and many others had planted their first American colonies, and out on the virgin grass the practical dames of Holland, France, and England stretched their starched ruffs to bleach and dry, for, deary me! one must be fashionable, if there were only the home people and the wondering savages to see!

Little Pocahontas now rises before us, true

THE old, old times have gone. On that American soil a great nation has sprung up, and the girls with the ruffs have vanished with Queen Elizabeth and the rest. Girls of the same age to-day are blither, younger, and happier—no cares of the household, no distasteful duties, no stern parents to fret their daily life. Margery and Joan and Elizabeth of that time may have rustled proudly in their silks and stiff brocades; but Polly and Katharine of to-day, in simple muslins and white aprons, have no cause to envy their bygone sisters with the ruffs.



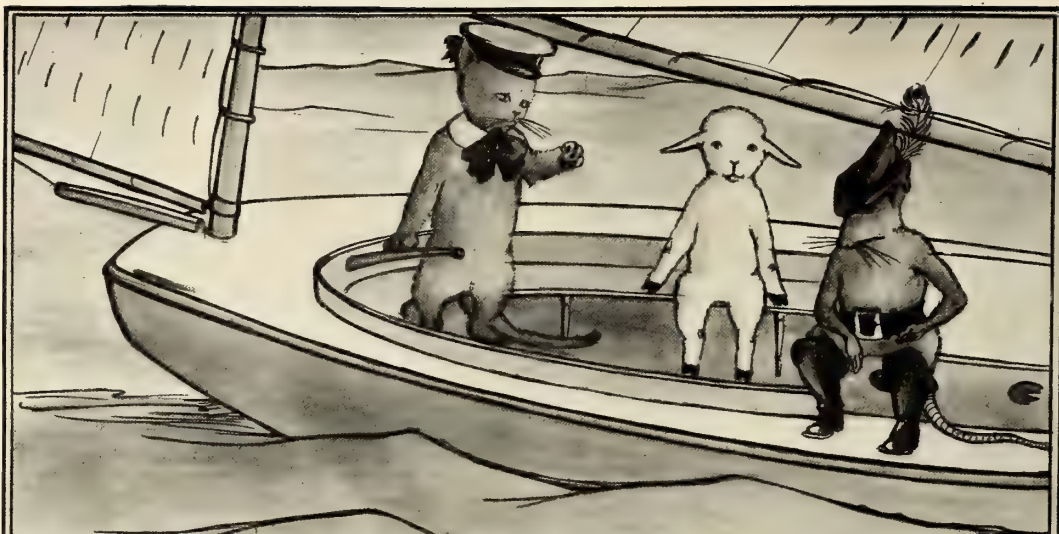
The Cautious Cat

by D.K.Stevens

A Cautious Cat
And a Reckless Rat
Went to sea with an Innocent Lamb;
They sailed in a yawl
With nothing at all
To eat but a Sugar-cured Ham.
The wind blew high
In a sky-blue sky,
At a rate they had never foreseen,
The wind blew low,
And the wind also
Blew a little bit in between—
Just a little bit in between.



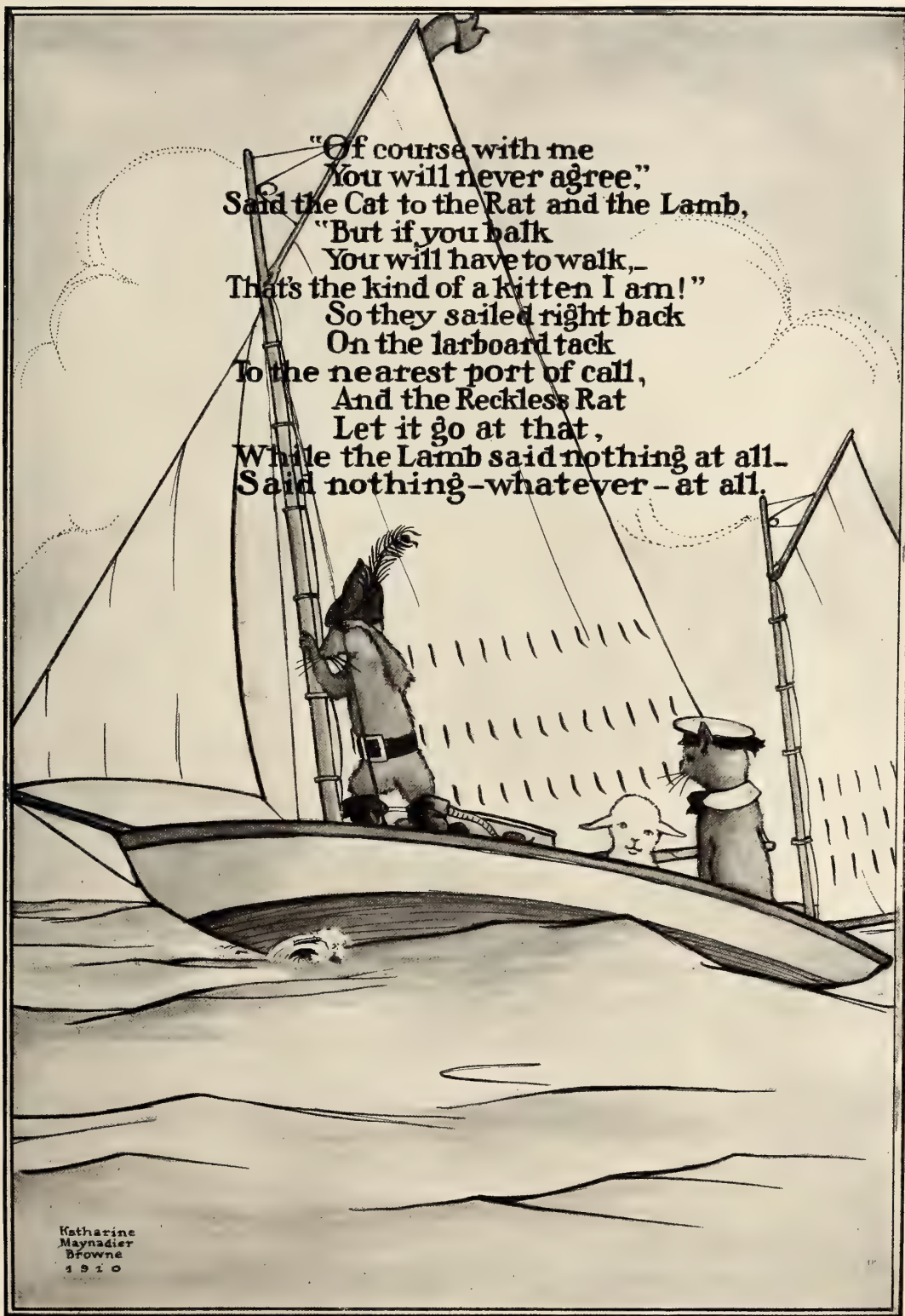
Katharine
Maynadier
Brown
1910



Said the Cautious Cat
 To the Reckless Rat,
 Likewise to the Innocent Lamb:
 "We'll tack this smack
 And sail right back
 To send a Mar-coni-o-gram.
 For the winds might blow
 Both high and low
 And I wouldn't care a Lima Bean,
 But I never can sail
 When the ocean gale
 Blows a little bit in between—
 Just a little bit in between.

Katharine
 Maynadier
 Browne
 1910

"Of course with me
You will never agree."
Said the Cat to the Rat and the Lamb,
"But if you balk
You will have to walk,—
That's the kind of a kitten I am!"
So they sailed right back
On the larboard tack
To the nearest port of call,
And the Reckless Rat
Let it go at that,
While the Lamb said nothing at all—
Said nothing—whatever—at all.



THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER III

THE BATTLE WITH THE SNOW

It was no easy matter to find a dead log in the blinding snow. But here fortune favored the boys. Wenham soon announced his success with an excited shout. Harden instantly returned.

"I'll hack into this," he said. "You hunt around for birch-bark."

The log was covered with snow and ice and at the first blow seemed as hard as granite. But Harden's hatchet was sharp, and he soon succeeded in cutting a V-shaped notch to the dry heart. He enlarged this until he was able to gather up a double handful of splinters and a little pile of comparatively dry kindling. In the meanwhile Wenham had returned with a handful of birch-bark. With his foot Harden scraped the snow from a little spot at the base of the old tree, hacked to the bare frozen ground, and, stripping the inner layers from the birch-bark, placed them on the ground. On top of this he piled his splinters, then his kindling, and finally a light covering of dead twigs. Harden had his father to thank for having matches in his pockets. Mr. Harden had insisted that the boys should never step over the threshold of the cabin without making sure that their water-proof match-safes were full and in their pockets. It was no very difficult matter, then, to start a blaze, but it was a decidedly serious problem to secure wood enough to keep the fire burning until morning. As soon as the twigs were fairly started, Harden turned his attention to this.

"Get the stuff farthest from the fire first, Bob," he ordered. "We can see by the blaze to pick up what's right around here."

Keeping side by side this time, they pushed into the woods as deep as they could see the fire behind them. There was no lack of dead timber, and filling their arms, they returned again and again to the flames, arranging the fuel around the blaze near enough to dry off the ice coating without allowing the wood to catch fire. Sparks were leaping high now and opening up an ever widening circle of light in the wall of sullen darkness. This inspired in them fresh energy, but just as Wenham thought their task about done, Harden gave a new order. "Now for some bigger stuff," he said. "We need something we can put in the fire and shove along as the end burns off. That will give us a chance for a little rest."

The larger logs were neither so easy to find nor to handle, but both the boys kept at the task until they had dragged back a half-dozen of good size. It was exhausting work and, furthermore, whetted their appetites to a point where they were faint.

"I wish it was as easy to find grub as wood," groaned Bob. He had stopped to huddle over the flames a moment and warm his numbed fingers. His spectacles were wet with snow and his cheeks chafed. Taken all in all, he was a pitiable-looking object. And yet neither by look nor voice did he demand pity. He groaned over his hunger half in fun. He was frankly a great deal more uncomfortable than Phil, who was more or less used to such hardships, but he accepted his lot with equal fortitude, even though he made no attempt to conceal his discomforts.

"Don't mean to say you're hungry?" inquired Harden, with good-natured sarcasm.

"Hungry!" exclaimed Wenham, glancing up. "Are n't you?"

"I've been hungry all my life," Harden answered, "but you—why, it used to take half the faculty to make you eat enough to keep alive."

"It would take them all now to keep me away from a dried-up biscuit," mused Wenham, aloud.

"The best way to forget your hunger is to work," said Harden. "We have n't more than just begun."

"What else is there to do?" cried Wenham, aghast.

"Make a lean-to for one thing, unless you want to get buried; and a bed, for another, unless you want to sleep in the snow."

"You don't expect to sleep, do you?" asked Wenham.

"Surely. We want to be in shape to start early to-morrow," Harden reminded him. "Now that you're all warmed up—"

"Who's warmed up? I'm frozen clear to my bones."

"Cut a few fir boughs, then, and *get* warm. I'll put up the framework while you're at it."

Wenham forced his stiff fingers around the hatchet handle and stumbled off to the nearest tree. In a few minutes Harden heard him at work. He listened a second to make sure the hatchet strokes had strength back of them, and then, with a face more anxious than he had allowed his comrade to see, set himself about his own task. He searched the trees near the fire



WENHAM SLEEPS UNDER THE LEAN-TO WHILE HARDEN KEEPS WATCH AT THE FIRE.

until he found two crotched hard-wood saplings. He cut these down, trimmed them, and then, cutting a hole in the frozen ground deep enough to hold them upright, planted them about man-high. Across these, through the crotches, he placed a third pole, and from this, slanting back to the ground, three more. The opening faced the fire.

By the time this was done Wenham had returned with an armful of the springy green boughs. It was a good hour's work to cover the top of the shack and bank up the sides, but the exercise served both to keep them warm and help them forget the gnawing in their stomachs, which was becoming more and more insistent. After this there still remained more branches to be cut for the bed: Wenham's hands were blistered, his arms heavy, but, under the inspiration of Harden's grim silence, he neither stopped nor complained. They covered the snow beneath the shelter fully two feet deep. And the hut thus formed served the double purpose of keeping off the snow and retaining the heat reflected from the fire.

"Pretty good job, eh, Bob?" exclaimed Harden, as he stood off and surveyed his work.

Wenham, squatting on the log by the fire, rested his chin in his hands and gazed moodily into the embers.

"Bacon, hot potatoes, and biscuits," he muttered wistfully.

Harden thumped his chum's back with a smart whack.

"See here, old man," he advised, "we must n't think about what we have n't got. We have n't steam heat, nor running water, nor a flower-garden, nor electric lights. Do you think this is a hotel?"

"Flapjacks and maple syrup," went on Wenham, abstractedly.

"Forget it!" cried Harden, swallowing hard.

Wenham raised his head.

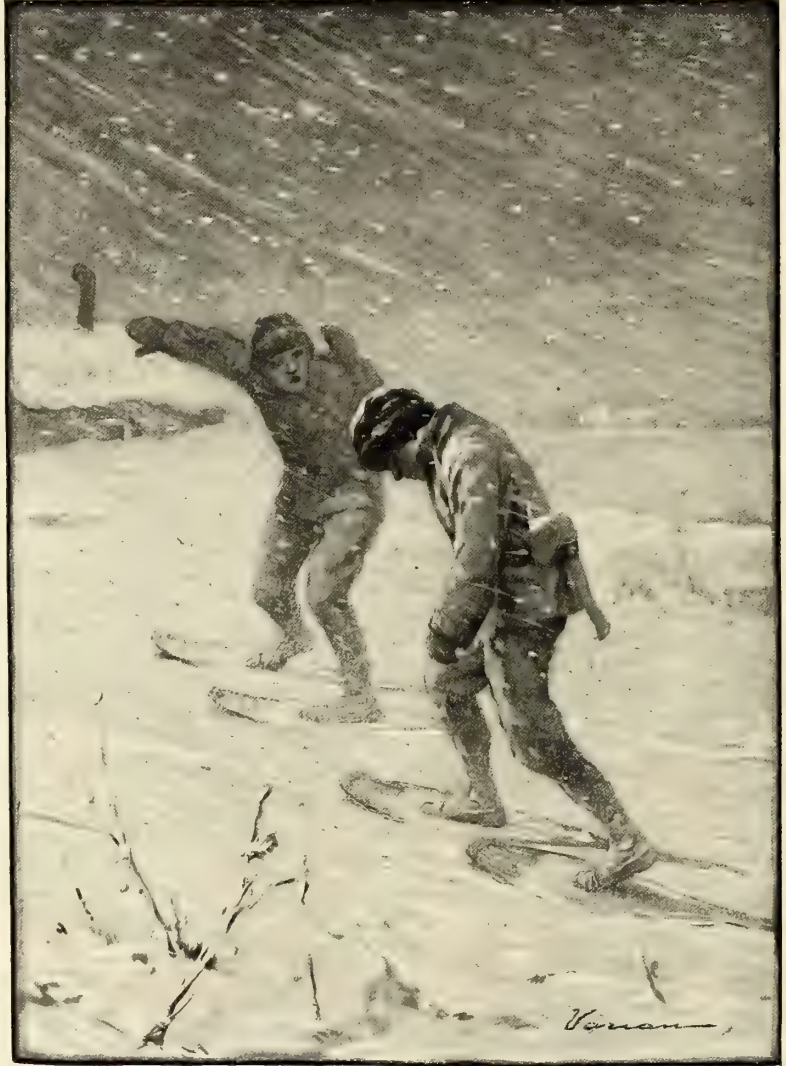
"I would n't care if the biscuits were as hard as

bullets," he confessed, "just so that I had something to eat."

"We 're better off now than Dad," mused Harden, soberly. "He 's probably tearing himself all to pieces hunting for us."

Wenham straightened up.

"That 's so," he said. "I did n't think of that.



"HE SHOUTED BACK TO WENHAM: 'HOME, BOB!'"

We 'll surely get back in the morning, Phil; don't you think we 'll get back then?"

"We must, Bob. That 's all there is about it."

"If it would only stop snowing—oh, if it only would!"

"Snow or no snow, we 'll start at daybreak and find the camp. Now you turn in. You 're more tired than I am. I 'll keep the fire going."

"Turn in yourself. You 've worked harder than I have."

"In with you," insisted Harden. "If I get sleepy I 'll call you."

"Honest?"

"Honest. I 'll call you anyhow. You ought to get up in a couple of hours, or you 'll be stiff."

"But—"

"Don't argue. This is n't a debating contest. You are n't in training, and you 've got the stiffest walk of your life ahead of you."

Harden smiled.

"If the doctor could see us now," he laughed, "he 'd think we were following his orders all right. 'Keep out in the open and walk!'"

"And eat," added Wenham. "He advised us to eat. We are n't doing that."

"Go to sleep," advised Harden, "and maybe you 'll get a square meal in your dreams."

Wenham reluctantly crawled in under the lean-to, which was already covered with a blanket of snow, and soon, in spite of every discomfort, fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion. Harden piled on more wood, and, sitting hunched up on the log, anxiously watched the falling snow. He knew that there was not one chance in a thousand that it would stop before morning. It had been fair for a week, and now the flakes fell on the slant of an east wind. This meant a lost trail before the first light would allow them to start.

The outlook from the other end was just as ominous. If his father reached camp before dark, he would be able to gather from their tracks only the first direction they had taken; if, as was more than likely, he did not get back until late, the even white surface of the lake would be as dumb as the Sphinx by morning. As good a woodsman as his father could, under these circumstances, only guess, and a guess here was worth no more than on the open sea. The two men might hunt for a week before stumbling on the fresh trail he and Wenham would make when they started again, and this, in turn, would be wiped out before the following night. If his father, without wasting time, went at once for a searching party, it would take at least two days to bring them back here. And even twenty men, over so wide a territory as this, could trust only to pure chance for a clue. In the meanwhile, if he kept Wenham moving, as was the only safe course, he might get farther and farther away from the rescue party each day. Their position was a serious one, and Harden realized it.

Before his eyes the restless flames made weird shadows which danced silently and wildly, like ghostly Indians, among the trees. And ever, as softly and relentlessly as a prowling mountain

wildcat, the snow crept in upon them. Harden had never thought of the flakes before except as kittens, gentle and pretty, to be played with; now, though they remained gentle and pretty, they were cornering him here as mercilessly as though they were hungry jaguars.

The night seemed a week long, but it was not long enough to exhaust the falling snow. Harden roused Wenham three times from his lethargy before dawn, and dragging him out, chased him in a circle about the fire until he was well limbered up. To Wenham it was like a nightmare. When at length the light did steal in among the trees, they both felt as sore as though they had gone through a hard foot-ball game. This was a new experience for Wenham.

Before they started, Harden again showed generalship of a kind that would have pleased his father. Out of birch-bark he fashioned a rough pail, such as his father often made for scooping water out of springs when on their summer tramping tours. Filling this with snow, he fastened it on the end of a stick with his wet handkerchief and held it over the hot embers until the snow melted and the water finally became hot. The liquid prevented the bark from burning, and the result was a hot drink which, though having a decidedly smoky flavor, both warmed them and allayed their biting hunger. By the time each had had a generous drink of this brew, which Wenham dubbed "birch tea," it was light enough to start. Without wasting another moment, Harden gave the order to strap on the snow-shoes. Then he made a wide circle of the fire in an attempt to pick up last night's trail. In five minutes he realized that the worst had happened—the trail was buried.

Not only this, but both boys had lost all sense of direction. The clouds shut out the sun; the snow blotted out the tracks. North, east, south, and west were the same to them. Last night they had been simply delayed; this morning they were lost. They both realized this at the same moment. Their eyes met. "Bob," said Harden, quietly, "this looks bad, but we are n't dead yet."

Wenham peered beneath the trees in a final attempt to recognize some landmark—a tree or stump or rock they had passed on the night before—but it was in vain. Then he looked to Harden for orders. Phil pressed his lips together.

"It's the thought of Dad that's worrying me," he said. "*Your* father does n't know anything about this. I suppose Dad will do the worrying for him too." He threw back his shoulders.

"Well," he said, with a return of his old briskness, "we must get out of here before another night, that's all. There's just one hope: all land

slopes to water. If we have n't crossed a ridge we ought to get back to the lake by following the first down grade. If we *have* crossed a ridge—

"Well?" broke in Wenham.

"There 's a long walk ahead of us," he answered abruptly.

"But if we keep going straight on, we 'll come out somewhere," suggested Wenham.

"Perhaps. But we might keep going in a circle or we might strike north. There 's five hundred miles of this to the north."

He tightened his belt. "Take up yours a notch," he advised; "it stops the gnawing." Wenham obeyed.

"Now," concluded Harden, "we 'll take a wide circle and look for a slope. It 's up to us to keep on going anyhow. Feel all right?"

"Yes," answered Wenham.

"You 're doing finely, Bob. There was n't a man on last year's foot-ball squad who showed more nerve."

Wenham raised his blue eyes a moment. Then he said quietly: "Lead on, Phil."

It did n't make much difference which way they started, but Harden, for luck, tossed up a notched stick, and taking his direction from where it fell, turned his back on the smoldering fire and shoved straight ahead. For a mile he pushed on without turning, and then swung slowly to the left. He followed a broad curve for the matter of another mile, and then stopped. It was hard to realize they were not in the very spot from which they had started. They had climbed a succession of knolls only to find others just like them in front.

Harden waited only long enough for Wenham to catch up, and then moved on again. There must be no stopping. So for another two hours he kept up the steady, grinding pace. The snow fell more heavily than ever, and, added to this, a stiff wind was now driving the flakes into their eyes. Still they stumbled on for another hour. Harden resolved to keep it up until he heard a protest from Wenham, but whenever he looked back he saw the bent figure plodding sturdily on. He found that he himself was beginning to trip rather frequently, and that he was shortening the intervals between the brief rests. At the end of another hour he had fallen prostrate at least a half-dozen times. Still the shadowy figure of his chum doggedly followed less than a hundred yards in the rear. He was amazed at the latter's stamina, for he himself, with legs as hard as nails, was feeling the heavy strain. At the end of another half-hour he was forced to stop. Leaning against a tree, he watched Wenham come on, his head bowed against the snow, his glasses coated like window-panes after a frost. The lat-

ter did n't see him and was going by with the automatic movement of a machine, when Harden stopped him.

"Sit down a minute, Bob," he called. "I guess we 'd better have another hot drink."

Without a word and without looking up, Wenham sat down as suddenly as though some one had struck him a sharp blow back of the knees. Harden had broken the tension. He knew what that meant—the boy was going on his nerve alone.

Without daring to sit down himself, for fear he would get stiff, Harden managed to kindle another small fire. He made another birch-bark pail and brewed more of his birch tea. The hot drink revived them both.

"Bob," he exclaimed, as he felt warmed up a little, 'I don't see how you do it. The doctor certainly made a mistake in you; you could tire out half the foot-ball squad."

Wenham shook his head.

"Not for the sport of the thing," he answered. "I 'm doing this for Dad."

"What do you mean?"

"I pick out a tree a long way ahead and say to myself, 'Dad is there waiting for me.' That helps me reach that point, and then I pick out another."

"And I," confessed Harden, "have been playing I had the ball to carry through a broken field. Every time I fall, I imagine I 'm tackled. It helps to go on."

As he rose to his stiff legs, he smiled a little.

"That 's a good idea about your dad," he said. "I guess I 'll have my dad in the grand stand this time. I can carry a whole team on my back when he 's looking on."

He turned briskly to Wenham.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"All ready," answered Wenham, quickly.

The first one hundred yards brought home to them with new force the strain they had put upon their legs. They could hardly make them work at all. Once limbered up, however, Harden led the way for almost two hours before stopping. Then, after another rest and a hot drink, they struggled on two hours more.

Harden had long since forgotten his original scheme of making a wide circle; he had even ceased to keep a sharp watch for the slope. His mind was fixed on just one thing: the necessity of keeping in motion. At any cost he must always take one step more, then another, then another. If he fell, he must not lie still and sleep, as his weary limbs and numbed senses urged him to do, but he must struggle up, shake the snow from his wrists, and stumble on another step. He was now a mere walking machine. All he knew was that

suddenly he found himself upon the brow of a hill, looking down a precipitous descent, with the white flakes swirling over the tree-tops below.

He could scarcely believe his eyes at first. But he did n't wait to look twice. As though fearing this were some mirage which might escape him, he threw himself down the sloping sides, slipping, falling, sliding. It was like the last few yards of a hundred-yard dash, though the distance was much longer. With his neck, wrists, mouth, and nose full of snow, he reached the bottom. Here he found another stretch of level ground. His heart sank, but as he caught sight of the stubby undergrowth and alders bordering water, his spirits rose again. He swept aside the whipping branches, not with his arms, but by bucking them with his body. So, breathless, dazed, smarting, he found himself, after one last frantic plunge, upon a white surface unobstructed by anything but the wind and snow. It was the lake! He could n't see its boundaries. The shoreline itself was lost a half-dozen paces away. He threw himself flat upon his back and waited for Wenham. The latter staggered up and again moved on past his chum without pausing. Harden scrambled to his feet and shouted:

"Don't stop, Bob. We're almost home now."

Hugging the shore, Harden shoved ahead. The fringe of trees passed very slowly. It was a monotonous dead panorama of shadowy outlines half seen through a blinding gray mist. There seemed no end to it. But there was.

To the left appeared a patch of white sloping back a few yards from the shore. Harden, seeing it, did not dare remove his eyes from it again. It was, without doubt, a clearing. Nearer and nearer he crawled until he saw where the opening met the forest again. In the rear of this he made out a spot of brown. In a few seconds this took on the angular form of a cabin. He shouted back to Wenham: "Home, Bob!"

The latter was staggering. He was so blind he could no longer see the tree ahead where his dad waited. But he was not yet quite deaf. The cry revived him. Harden took his arm. Side by side, with bowed heads, they staggered up the incline. No one came out to meet them. That was strange, but still side by side they threw themselves against the closed door. It did not open. With his throat aching, Harden pounded fiercely with his closed fist. There was no response.

He shouted huskily: "Dad! Dad!"

Then he lifted his head and saw that the windows were boarded. He staggered a few feet to the right and saw on one side a roughly built piazza piled high with snow. *Their* cabin had no piazza. He turned a haggard face to Wenham.

"Bob! Bob!" he gasped, "this is n't our camp!" Wenham slumped to the ground.

CHAPTER IV

A RESPITE

WHEN Harden bent over his prostrate comrade and saw that he was unconscious, he was dazed for a moment. He realized the need of quick action, but his brain refused to think. His impulse was just to lie down there beside Wenham and sleep, no matter what the result might be. But that meant giving up the fight, and every instinct cultivated on the athletic field rebelled at that. Instead, he straightened up and struck himself several hard blows on the cheek. The sting roused him. With a supreme effort he pulled himself together. He realized that this was just the sort of crisis upon which is staked all the effort which has gone before. What does the steady plowing down the field amount to if the final plunge upon the one-yard line is unsuccessful?

The thing to do was to get into the house. Then he must light a fire and drag in Wenham. He faced the door in front of him. It was of stout wood and fastened by a huge padlock. It was useless to attack this. The windows in front were out of reach. He made his way to the piazza and saw that the floor here gave him access to a window. It was boarded like the others, but he hacked and pried in a sort of sleepy desperation until he had uncovered it. Then he plunged his hatchet through the glass just above the catch, and, shoving up the window, rolled in. He landed on all fours, but struggled up.

He found himself in a large room which was cold and damp as though it had been long closed. At one end he made out a fireplace, and staggering toward it, found that it contained a fire ready to be lighted. He touched a match to the dry kindling, and in an instant the flames were roaring up the chimney. The room at once leaped into life. He pushed through a door to the left of the chimney into what was evidently the kitchen. A door fastened on the inside led out of this. He unlocked it and pulled it open. It led outdoors. Circling the cabin, he seized Wenham by the shoulders and managed to tug him back over the snow and through the kitchen to a place in front of the fire. Ten minutes ago he would have found the task impossible, but now, under shelter again, nothing seemed impossible. He removed Wenham's jacket, took off his mittens, and slapped him briskly from his numbed hands to his ears. Under this treatment, Wenham began to revive. He had only fainted. As his eyes flickered open, he stared contentedly at the fire.

"Glory!" exclaimed Harden, "you gave me a scare."

"Back!" murmured Wenham. "Back home!"

Harden caught his breath. Wenham blinked about the room.

"Where 's Mr. Harden?" he demanded.

"I wish I knew."

"Wha—what 's the trouble? Is n't this our camp?"

"It is n't the one we left yesterday," answered Harden.

Wenham closed his eyes again. "Then," he groaned, "then there is n't anything to eat."

Harden braced up.

"It 's sleep we need now, Bob. I 'm all in."

"Sleep?" muttered Wenham. "Sleep 's no good. Sleep 's no—"

He did n't finish. Harden stumbled to his side, thinking he had fainted again, but, with a sigh of relief, he saw that this time Wenham had only fallen asleep. So drowsy himself that he was hardly aware what he was doing, he removed the wet clothes from the sleeping boy, and then, half carrying him, tumbled him into one of the bunks and covered him with blankets. Then, heaping the fire high with wood, he managed to get out of his own clothes and into the other bunk.

It was daylight when Harden awoke. He was stiff, the room was cold, and he heard the snow still swishing against the windows. It lay two feet high on the floor beneath the window he had broken. Wenham was snoring. Wrapping a blanket around his bare shoulders, Harden jumped out, rekindled the fire, and hurried back. He was so hungry that he ached—so hungry that the mere thought of food made him faint. But as he saw Wenham lying there so helplessly, a new fear took possession of him which made him forget even his hunger.

Last night he had been too tired to think and had jumped at the hope, without any reason at all, that this was another camp on the same lake. But now, as he recalled the thorough exploration they had made of their own lake during the four days they had been in camp, he realized that this was improbable. He would surely have noticed so conspicuous an object as another camp. A wide clearing lay before it, and it was not a hundred yards back from the shore. Then, too, in giving them their landmarks the guide would not have failed to speak of this cabin. Harden knew that this whole region was dotted with lakes all of about the same size. Within a radius of a hundred miles there were fully thirty of them, separated by hills of varying heights. He remembered now old Peter Cooley's warning: "If you cross a hill, boys, you 're lost. These ponds are

as much alike as peas in a pod until ye get intimate with 'em, as ye might say." In that first reckless dash after the moose, he could have crossed a mountain without realizing it. As for yesterday, he remembered scarcely anything of the last five hours except the heartbreaking strain of them. It was even impossible for him to judge how far they had gone, but they had walked steadily from dawn to dark and in this time might easily have covered twenty miles. If their course had been fairly straight, then, this put them a long distance out of range of a searching party of two. Taking into account the fact that the searchers had absolutely no clue as to their direction, this was equal to a barrier of forty miles.

The new situation, then, which Harden confronted frankly was that, though they had found shelter, they were farther than ever from the probability of finding their own camp. For one thing was certain: it would be foolhardy to venture from their present vantage-point. Here they must remain and fight it out. It must be a waiting game. There would always be the possibility of some one stumbling on them here by accident. At any rate, if they could hold on until spring, they would be safe, for the owners of this camp would then doubtless return, and if not, the woods were sure to be full of other camping parties. But spring was a long way off. It meant that they must hold on here five and possibly six months. It certainly would be a simple enough matter to keep warm, and so one danger was eliminated, but the question of food was a much more serious problem. They had neither guns nor fishing equipment, and so were cut out of the two chief sources of food-supply in the woods. This left the chance of trapping something. Harden knew something about box-traps and snares, though his father approved of neither. In such an emergency as this, however, the knowledge was valuable.

Harden's lips came together as he realized the great duty devolving upon him. As he thought of his own waiting family—the father, the mother, and Frances—as he thought of that other father in New York, he grew steady rather than unsteady. So long as an ounce of strength remained in him, he would fight. The stuff that had been tried out on the foot-ball field, the quality that had made him pitch that last game when he was so dizzy he could hardly see the plate, would now be put to a sterner test.

Harden sprang from bed. The first thing to do was to make an inventory of what resources they had at hand here in this camp. The law of the woods gave him the right to use whatever he might find. As he was dressing, Wenham awoke.

"What are you doing?" he asked sleepily.

"I 'm going to make a hot drink for one thing," answered Harden. "You 'd better get up."

"I 've had all the birch tea I can swallow," objected Wenham.

"We 'll make it in a dipper this time for a change. I saw one in the kitchen."

"Kitchen!" exclaimed Wenham, half tumbling out of bed. "Then there *is* something to eat."

"You 'll be hungrier than you are now if there is n't."

"I could n't be. But I *think* I can stick it out for a few hours until we get back to Peter Cooley."

Harden met Wenham's blue eyes squarely.

"Bob," he said quietly, "we 'll be lucky if we see Peter in six months."

"Wha—what 's that?"

"Did you ever notice a camp like this anywhere on the shores of our own lake?"

Wenham thought a moment.

"Why, no, Phil," he answered.

"Then," said Harden, "this is probably some other lake."

"Which one?"

"I can't tell. It might be north, south, east, or west. It might be five miles away or twenty."

"Then," said Wenham, as the meaning of this began to dawn upon him, "then we 're lost for keeps this time!"

"Lost for keeps?" put in Harden, quickly. "Not by a good deal. We 're just stuck. We won't be lost for keeps. But we surely got over a ridge somehow."

"Can't we go back the way we came?"

"Want to risk another day like yesterday—with maybe no such luck as this at the end?"

"But what *are* we going to do?"

"Stay here—as long as we can."

"But my father—your father—"

"I guess they 'd rather see us in six months alive than—not alive," Harden answered.

"You mean we 'll have to stay here until spring?"

"We 'll be mighty lucky if we can, Bob. Of course there 's one chance in a thousand that Dad may find us before then. You bet he 'll have half the State out hunting. But it 's like hunting for a needle in a haystack. You can figure it out for yourself: we 've left no tracks to give them a clue as to which direction we took, and we 've walked perhaps twenty miles. Twenty miles in every direction from camp through a tangle of

trees and underbrush—how long do you think it will take them to cover it?"

For a moment Wenham stared blankly at his room-mate. With none of the past experience in the woods which Harden had, this appeared to him an even more serious situation. It seemed absolutely hopeless. It was like a sentence of death. But it did n't frighten him. That look came into his blue eyes which used to astonish his classmates as sometimes they saw it at those tense moments when they were half expecting him to break down into tears. It was a look of quiet, steady resolution which somehow carried more weight than the angry flash of a man fighting mad.

"Phil," he said, "we 've got to plug hard to get through this, have n't we?"

"We 've got to hit the line for all there is in us, Bob," answered Harden, soberly.

"Well, we will!"

"Yes, we will!"

"For the folks back home!"

"They always make a fellow fight better—the folks back home," nodded Phil.

As they finished dressing, Harden roughly outlined his plan of campaign.

"After all," he said, "it 's just a question of grub. Perhaps we can trap some rabbits; perhaps, if we find any fish-hooks here, we can catch a few fish. And we might possibly find some canned stuff hidden in the kitchen—something 'filling' if not very appetizing."

"Then let 's look right off. I 'll make you captain of this team, Phil."

"It 's better to be just partners, Bob. We don't need a captain. Now let 's see if there is n't a pencil around here. There are two things we ought to do to have things shipshape: keep a log, putting down every day just what we do, and make a list of everything we use. We 've a right to take whatever we find, but we ought to keep account of it and pay back the owners when we get out."

"You 're right, Phil. I 'll do that part of it."

"You 're better at figures than I am," agreed Harden. Wenham's eyes brightened.

"Maybe your father can use the log in his book," he suggested.

"Fine!"

"I wish he was lost here with us."

"Then we would n't be lost. Dad could find his way out of here in the dark. He knows his compass points; we don't—as yet."

(To be continued.)

The Tale of Magician Munn Ghee

By Frederick
Moxon

I

MAGICIAN MUNN GHEE, of Bonngoozlebolee, had magic and mystery down to a "T":

At "charm"-ing and "spell"-ing there 's really no telling
How "charming" he was, nor how well he could "spell."

The floor of his cave with gold bricks he could pave by waving his wand
with a silvery wave.

By words clearly uttered, not stumblingly stuttered,
Rich jewels (of speech) from his lips freely fell.

His table, spread thrice with a cloth, would entice a "spread" all complete
from hot soup to cold ice;

And merely by tapping the wall, or just rapping,
Queer gnomes with queer names filled his wants in a trice.

From which you will see in a min-

u-t-e what wonderful power had Magician Munn Ghee.

II

Magician Munn Ghee for his five-o'clock tea was fond of a
gooseberry-jam jamboree;

His thumbs he would crackle, and soon, with a cackle,
And honking replies to his wireless-ogram,

Wild geese downward flew to his door, and the stew of their
squeezing and crushing to get into view,

Their hissing and whirring and jarring and stirring
Resulted, of course, in creating a jam.



For something to drink, his two winkers he 'd blink in snappy succe-
sion, and,—what do you think?

A lemon, bright yellow, ripe, juicy, and mellow,
Became a sweet beverage, deliciously pink.

Now never could we such smart caterers be, but such wonders were
jokes to Magician Munn Ghee.

III

Magician Munn Ghee, when inclined for a spree, his funny-bone tickled,
and, prancing with glee,

A rollicking merry-go-round in a hurry

Would whirl him away on a cycle of joy;

Each horse he would ride in its turn, then astride of three at
a time in equestrian pride,

(As advertised gaily by Barnum and Bailey,)

He shouted "Giddap," like a frolicsome boy.

When wearied of these, just by sneezing a sneeze the
pond in midsummer at once he could freeze;



IV

P. S.— So you see
Magician Munn Ghee
Had, as you will agree,
Good reasons
for feeling
P-R-O-U-D!



Then gliding and curving and
gracefully swerving,

With ease and success he made
S's and E's;

While X, Y, and Z,
the stiff angu-
lar three, were
flourished in
loops by Magi-
cian Munn
Ghee.

Betty and Eunice

and their Guests

By Hannah Bryant



"I WISH I did know what to do about it, Mother! It really bothers me. Can't you help me?"

Mrs. Walton looked into the perplexed eyes of her fifteen-year-old daughter with a smile which showed that mother and daughter had reached the stage of being "real chums," as she answered:

"What is the trouble now, little girl?"

"Well, it's something that is a trouble, although I have the feeling that I ought n't to let it be one! It's just this: I don't quite know whether to invite Eunice Barrows to my luncheon for Helen and Doris Williston next week, or not."

The smile lingered in Mrs. Walton's eyes, but her lips were quite serious as she asked:

"Why does that puzzle you, dear? Eunice always seemed to me a very lovable girl."

"Oh, she is, Momsie! She's a perfect dear, and I think that is one reason why I hesitate. I know that sounds queer, but what I mean is that I like her so much, it would hurt me if the Williston girls did n't like her too. You've never met them yet, Mother, and so you may not quite understand, but their life is so very, very different from hers, that they think of things differently. I don't mean that they would n't be sweet and perfectly lovely, but you know Eunice's clothes are so plain, and she's never been away from that little mountain farm; and the Williston girls have been everywhere and have perfectly lovely things, and I'm afraid that they would (without meaning it, you know) think Eunice queer and make her appear shy and awkward, and that would hurt me. I love her dearly, and used to see so much of her before I went away to school; and since I met the Willistons there, and they

were so good to me, I've wanted them to visit here so much, and now this horrid bother has come up to spoil it all!"

"You are only meeting for the first time a problem every hostess has to face, Betty dear. But I'll just give you this suggestion: It is n't time to send out the invitations yet, and suppose you wait a few days, and things may untangle themselves. They sometimes do. The other girls are to be those we spoke of yesterday?"

"Yes, Mother dear, only Sarah Seymour will probably be at her grandmother's in Boston, but Eleanor Norton is to have her cousin from Washington visiting her, so the number will be the same. Oh, and I've just had a letter from Helen Williston. May I read it to you? She says:

"Please thank your mother for her lovely invitation, which Doris and I accept most gladly. Father and Mother are very glad to have us go to you now, for Father has been called to Boston in consultation, so that their plan of going from the mountains to New York by auto has to be changed, and they will leave Ferris and the car with us for a day or two, if we can get a lodging for him in the village, and then we can take you for some lovely spins, and see your beautiful country before Father needs Ferris to meet him at Springfield.

"Won't that be lovely, Mother? Ferris is their chauffeur, and such an interesting character. He was a farm boy years ago, and went to a Manual Training School, and then became a locomotive engineer. He was in a railroad wreck once, but saved his train, only his back was so hurt he could n't stand the strain of long runs afterward. So because he loved horses and had been brought up with them, and because he needed to do something to support his wife and little children, he became coachman for Dr. Williston; and when autos came in, he knew so much about mechanics that he makes a splendid chauffeur, and Mrs. Williston says he's so trusty that it's like having one of the family with the girls. That is why she is

willing to let them use the car while she and Dr. Williston go off to Boston," and Betty chatted on, all thought of the perplexing problem put aside.

Two days later the Williston girls arrived, and Mrs. Walton was quite as much charmed with them as Betty wished her to be. A comfortable lodging had been secured for Ferris in the village, and many a lovely spin did the three girls and Mrs. Walton have over the fine roads, in the beautiful touring-car, which also proved itself no mean hill-climber. Places which had seemed too far away for Betty to take her guests to were easily accessible by this modern magic carpet, and Betty felt more as if she were the one entertained than the entertainer.

Late one afternoon, after an especially lovely outing, they were homeward bound, moving smoothly along, but not too swiftly to notice their surroundings. On the left stretched broad meadows; on the right, standing quite far back from the road, stood a picturesque farm-house, with gay flowers blooming beside the door. Back of the house stood a stately pine-tree, whose branches shaded its low, sloping roof; and above it towered a high mountain, whose shadow already wrapped the little house in twilight, though the beautiful lights of a gorgeous sunset flooded the more open country. A beautiful collie rushed out from the house, and tearing madly down the path, put his paws up on the gate and barked as loudly at the passing auto as he had barked at carriages in the days of his puppyhood. A slender, graceful girl in a pink gown stood in the doorway, calling the dog back with a clear, ringing whistle; then, as she recognized Betty in the auto, she waved her hand in friendly greeting.

"What a pretty girl! Do you know her, Betty? Who is she?" Doris questioned; but Helen, with a dreamy look in her eyes, looked backward as the car glided on, and murmured:

"Cannot you see it all, girls, how it must have looked in olden times?—A lonely little farm-house; a young girl standing in its doorway; above, the dark mountain, with keen, unfriendly eyes peering out from behind its crags; then, in the depth of the night, the Indian war-whoop, the house in flames, and in the morning all gone—the flowers blackened about the door, her home a smoking ruin, her father and mother killed, and the girl herself on the dreary way to Canada—"

"Ugh! Helen, do stop! You give me cold shivers all down my spine," Doris objected; but even while she was speaking, there was a loud report like a pistol, and with a sudden jarring motion the car came to a stop.

"Tire burst, Ferris?" asked practical Doris as the chauffeur sprang out for an inspection.

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"Yes, Miss Doris," he answered, in a muffled voice, wriggling himself under the body of the machine. "And more trouble than that, too. Something seems to be wrong under here."

"Here comes one of the natives now," laughed Helen, recalled from her tragic vision of long



"A SLENDER, GRACEFUL GIRL IN A PINK GOWN
STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

ago, as a man came running toward them from a near-by harvest-field.

"Eunice's father!" thought Betty, with an inward groan, "and in his working-clothes!" But Helen's quick eye noted the easy grace with which he greeted Mrs. Walton, and the courtly air with which he acknowledged his introduction to the

Willistons, before he turned for a conference with Ferris.

The conference lasted but a moment or two. Then Mr. Barrows said:

"This promises to be a somewhat lengthy affair. The best thing that you and the girls can do, Mrs. Walton, is to go up to the house with me. Mrs. Barrows and Eunice will make you welcome, and the visit will give us all great pleasure." Mrs. Walton gladly accepted his invitation, and they all started for the house.

The dusk of the early autumn evening had fallen rapidly, and cheery lamplight was glimmering from the windows, and a flood of radiance shone out on the porch as Eunice opened the door at the sound of their footsteps. She and her mother welcomed them cordially. Their wraps were left on an old-fashioned settle in the narrow entry, and they entered a room on the right, where the leaping light of a fire on the hearth added to its coziness. The room was long and low, with heavy dark beams overhead, from one of which hung the swinging lamp whose rays had shone across their path, and whose dome was of Tiffany glass. It was in keeping with the rest of the room, however, which was filled with many quaint and lovely things, as Betty noticed with surprise; for, to tell the truth, her chief remembrances of the place were of frolics in the hay-mow of the barn, and of candy-pulls in the kitchen four years ago, before she went away to school. Now, with her wider knowledge of things, she saw at a glance that this room held many things that would be treasures anywhere.

The room was used as living-room and dining-room, and the mahogany table which stood under the big lamp was stretched as if by magic to ample dimensions for the unexpected guests. Betty helped Mrs. Barrows to set it with china which would have roused a collector's envy, taken from a quaint old corner cupboard. Practical Doris was quickly enveloped in a huge white apron, and followed Eunice to the kitchen. Soon their merry laughter was heard, and tantalizing smells of coffee and freshly baked gingerbread floated in to those beside the fire.

Mrs. Walton was seated in a large, old-fashioned chair, gazing into the flames leaping up the chimney, smiling slightly to herself as she thought how Betty's "tangle" was untangling itself. Helen Williston was looking at a book of local history which she had picked up from a small table, and Mr. Barrows, standing near, at the corner of the mantel, was watching with delight the eager interest in her face.

"'From Horace McChesney!'" she read aloud, as she found an inscription upon the title-page.

"Oh, is that Judge McChesney? Do you know him? He is a great friend of Father's."

"He and I were room-mates at college," Mr. Barrows answered quietly. "He brought the book to Eunice the last time he was here."

"Then you must have been at college when my father was!" Helen exclaimed.

"We were classmates, and saw a good deal of each other in college," Mr. Barrows replied, in his low, even tones, "though Dick Williston has gone a good deal further in the world since than I have. It is a great pleasure to have his daughters as our guests this evening."

"Oh, I know!" Helen exclaimed, in her impulsive way. "You are the Mr. Barrows who had that fine article on 'Indian Relics' in the 'Review' last month. Father called my attention to it, and said the author was a classmate of his. I am so interested in all Indian things now," she added shyly, "because I am trying for a prize given by the History Club for the best essay on early colonial life; and some day," she added softly, "when I am older and have studied more, I hope to be able to write a little bit of real history."

Mr. Barrows gave her a sympathetic smile, though he only said:

"You have come to a good place to take notes, then; for this is Indian country all about you. Indeed, this very house, or rather its site, was the scene of an Indian attack. The cellar is the same, and this old chimney was the heart of the old house, as it is of this one. Some say that the beams in this room were in the other house, but of that I am not sure."

Others besides Helen were listening with interest to Mr. Barrows's story of the house, for supper had been brought in, and, as they gathered around the table, a little hush fell upon the merry company, while Mr. Barrows gave thanks for the blessings and the safety of the present as contrasted with the hardships and the dangers which their ancestors had endured; and each one realized as never before the terror of those days when the peace of the home was so often destroyed without a moment's warning.

Then laughter and talk went on around the supper-table, which was "loaded," as New England chroniclers say, "with good things." There were "quick biscuits," and hot gingerbread, in whose making Doris claimed a share; cold sliced chicken, and cold boiled ham with a suspicion of cloves in its brown and sugary crust; baked apples whose fellows still hung in the orchard back of the house, and to crown them, and to blend with the fragrant coffee, quantities of rich yellow cream, "real *pan* cream," Betty enthusiastically declared, "not the cityfied 'creamery' kind."

They lingered long at the table, and were scarcely ready to rise from it when Ferris came to the door to say that the car was in order again, and that they could start at any time.

Many regrets were expressed on both sides as the pleasant party broke up. It was like the parting of old friends and Mrs. Barrows seconded Eunice's earnest "Oh, *do* come again!" by saying:

may dream dreams of Indian attacks in our old-fashioned guest-room! And if she jumps up sud-



"THEY GLADLY ACCEPTED HIS INVITATION, AND STARTED FOR THE HOUSE."

"Yes, indeed, cannot you all come out for two or three days when your visit at Mrs. Walton's is over? We 'll have a house-party, and Helen

denly and strikes her head on the edge of the dormer, she 'll think that an Indian is tomahawking her in reality," she added, with a laugh.

Late that night, when the girls had talked it all over in the Waltons' pretty guest-room, and Betty had finally bidden Helen and Doris good night, she slipped into her mother's room for a little chat and a good-night kiss.

"Only think, Mother, what a dreadful mistake it would have been if I had left Eunice out of the luncheon! And to think that I thought them just plain people! Mr. Barrows is quite famous, Helen tells me, and he has been asked to read a paper at a large convention

abroad next summer, and Eunice and her mother are going with him. And the girls think Eunice is perfectly lovely! They just love her already!"



TALES OF THE WISE KING

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

So many quaint traditions and marvelous stories gather around the names of the great men of the past, that nearly every people has two national heroes—one the real man of whom we read in history, the other a legendary hero of fairy stories and folk-tales. Thus historians tell of a real British Prince Arthur, of whom they know but little; but the people, who loved the memory of the gallant prince for his patriotism, magnified their hero into the legendary King Arthur and told the wonderful tales of him and his Knights of the Round Table. Likewise there was a real Emperor Charlemagne, a very great man indeed, but the legendary King Charlemagne, with his tremendous wars and his paladins of France—Roland, Oliver, and Ogier the Dane—is at least equally famous through the brave old romances.

So the fabled wizard-king Suleiman ben Daoud, of whom these fantastic tales are written, is by no means to be thought of as the real King Solomon, the son of David, whose true history many of you know. The simple Arabs of the desert, hearing of the glory, the wisdom, and the piety of the great King of Judah, and the splendor of the Temple that he builded, imagined a ruler of far wider sway, gifted with magical powers, to whom they gave a like name; and the legends they wove of this wonder-king have been told all through the East for centuries and now belong to the literature of the world.

THESE are the tales of Suleiman the Glorious, Suleiman ben Daoud, king in Asia, who, of all men, was the greatest of all kings that have ever reigned upon earth. And the reason of his greatness was this:

When the warrior-king Daoud ben Jesse, the father of Suleiman, had grown old and knew that the days that remained to him were but few, he called his son to the council-chamber and laid before him three things—a scepter, a book, and a mass of pure gold, saying, "Choose."

And Suleiman laid his hand upon the book.

Then said King Daoud: "Well hast thou chosen, my son, preferring wisdom to power or wealth; for to him who is truly wise will wealth and power be added. Glad am I also, because I foresee that, while my reign hath been a reign of war, thine shall be a reign of peace, even according to thy name,"—for "Suleiman" means "The

Peaceful." And many wise counsels King Daoud gave his son.

At last came the time when King Daoud was gone and King Suleiman sat upon the throne. Now it was the custom of the young king to go much into the quiet places to ponder many hard matters; and one morning, while thus walking alone, he came unto a place where the hills met the sea; and there, leaning against a rock, he fell into a deep slumber.

Then it seemed to him that the air was full of voices and that there stood before him a great spirit with many-colored wings, who placed upon his finger a golden ring the bezel of which was a five-pointed star engraved in strange characters, and the voice of the spirit seemed to say: "This ring shall give thee power over the spirits of earth and air, and the jinns both good and evil, with understanding of the whispering of the waves



"HE CALLED HIS SON TO THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER AND SAID, 'CHOOSE!'"

and of the trees, and the voices of the rocks and the hills, together with much other knowledge that may never be set down in books."

Then appeared eight more spirits, one of whom gave him a bright diamond, saying: "We are the spirits of the eight winds; and while thou wearst this stone the winds shall obey thee."

Then appeared a great lion bounding along the rocks, and he dropped from his jaws at the feet of Suleiman a blood-red ruby, roaring: "This ruby shall give thee dominion over all beasts that go upon four feet, and knowledge of their speech."

Then appeared a huge serpent crawling along the sands, and in its teeth was an amethyst that it gave to the king, saying: "This stone shall give thee dominion over all things that creep and crawl upon the earth and within it, and wisdom to interpret all that they say."

Then appeared an enormous whale rising out of the sea; and it cast before Suleiman a beryl, saying: "This stone shall give thee dominion over the fishes and all other things that are in the waters, with understanding of the language that is theirs."

And last appeared a noble eagle flying, and in its beak was a deep blue sapphire that it dropped into the lap of the king, saying: "This stone shall give thee dominion over all the fowls of the air, and skill to speak with them, each in his own tongue."

Then Suleiman awoke, and the ring was upon his finger, and in the five points of the golden star were set the five wondrous jewels.

Thus did King Suleiman gain the Ring of Power.

THE WORM SHAMIR

Now King Daoud had laid it upon Suleiman, his son, that he should build a great temple; and for the building of that temple King Suleiman gathered together huge stones and beams of wood and much gold and silver from afar. Also did he assemble vast armies of builders; but it is told that the workers were not men, but jinns, whom the king held at his command through the virtue of his wonderful ring.

But when all was ready for the building, King Suleiman fell into a great perplexity, for no tools of iron might be used in the work, and he knew not how to do without them. Yet why no tools of iron might be used are diverse tales: Some say that so was it decreed by King Daoud for the greater glory and sacredness of the Temple. Others hold that the jinns feared iron and might not work therewith. While yet others declare that the jinns indeed began to fashion the wood with axes, adzes, and saws, and to hew and cleave

the stones with chisels and mallets, but that the noise of the strong strokes of iron upon wood and stone was so great that all men were deafened, and that therefore was the king forced to find other means for the building.

So the king sought out the wise man Eldad, the dweller in caves, who was one hundred and nineteen years old, yet whose face was as unwrinkled as that of a child; and to Eldad he spake of his need.

And Eldad said: "O King, on the eve of the sixth day of the creation fourteen wonders were fashioned; and of these one was the worm Shamir, that is no bigger than a grain of barley, yet is stronger than the strongest rock, for by mere touch will it cleave, split, or pierce whatsoever it is set upon."

"And where may the Shamir be found?" asked the king.

"That," replied Eldad, "is a secret known to the great jinn Sakhar, who will not impart it to thee with good will. Proud and mighty is Sakhar, and his manner of living is this: for thirty days he moves his broad wings in flight deep into the sky and over all the lands of earth; but once a month he descends upon the peak of a lofty mountain in the desert land of Hidjr. For the peak of that mountain is hollow, and in the hollow is a basin of adamant that in the course of the month is filled, drop by drop, with the purest of water from a tiny runnel. Out of this basin alone will Sakhar drink, and he keeps it ever sealed under his own seal so that he may know that the water is pure. To the mountain-peak comes the great jinn when his month of roving is ended, and, having scanned the seal to make sure that nothing has defiled the spring, he removes the cover, slakes his thirst, again seals the fountain with his seal, sleeps for one brief hour, and once more ascends into the sky."

Then Suleiman called to him the young captain whom he trusted, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiadah, and bade him take captive the great jinn Sakhar.

With ten picked men did Benaiah travel many days into the land of Hidjr until he came to the mountain whereof Eldad had spoken. Alone he climbed the lofty peak to the place of the sealed spring. The seal he touched not, but into the mountain-wall behind the seal he drilled a small hole, through which he poured into the pool a strong sleeping-potion. Then, calling to him his men, they hid together in a little cave among the rocks.

At last the sky was darkened with the shadow of mighty wings, and the great jinn Sakhar descended upon the peak. Even as the wise cave-dweller had said, he scanned the seal, and, finding

that no one had touched it, removed the cover of the fountain and drank the pool dry. But the potion that Benaiah had poured therein made him drowsy, and, stretching his huge limbs along the rocks, he slept heavily.

Then forth came Benaiah with his men, and they loaded the jinn with heavy chains. And Sakhar awoke. And such was his strength that, though the chains were thick as columns, he

south of the Great Desert, upon a high cliff with straight walls so smooth that not even a spider may crawl upon them."

Then the king again sent forth Benaiah, to seek the nest of the fowl Awza. And Benaiah, taking with him his ten chosen men and a pair of mated pigeons, journeyed across the Great Desert until at last he came to the smooth cliff with the straight, high walls whereof the jinn had spoken.



"THERE, LEANING AGAINST A ROCK, HE FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER."

would have burst them like straws had they not been stamped with the seal of the Ring of Power.

So was Sakhar led in chains before Suleiman.

Then said the king: "Sakhar, deliver to me the worm Shamir."

And the great jinn replied: "O King, that I cannot do, for the Shamir is not in my keeping, but has been intrusted by the Spirit of Ocean unto the fowl Awza, who has hidden it within an unknown island far in the west. And the fowl Awza no man may come nigh; for she is swift as the swallow and fierce as the eagle, with claws of steel and eyes of flame, and she makes her nest

Now Benaiah sent his men to the other side of the cliff with one of the pigeons, while he, tying a light cord to the foot of the other, set it free. And the bird flew over the cliff to its mate on the farther side, dragging the cord behind it. So, by means of the light cord was a stronger cord trailed over the height, and by means of the strong cord a thick rope, and by means of the thick rope did Benaiah, in full armor, ascend to the place upon which the fowl Awza had built her nest.

And the fowl Awza was away seeking food for her fledglings that were within the nest; and over

the fledglings, but in no wise harming them, did Benaiah fasten a heavy, flat piece of rock-crystal, and hid himself.

Now came the fowl Awza back to her nest; but while she could see her young through the crystal, she could not move it away to feed them. So, with a shrill cry, she flew swiftly into the west, whence returning she brought the worm Shamir. The worm she laid upon the crystal, which at once fell apart in two pieces.

Forth from his hiding-place sprang Benaiah and seized the worm. Fiercely did the fowl Awza attack him; but his strong armor held him safe, and, beating off the bird, he slid down the rope to his men.

Thus did Benaiah ben Jehoiadah gain the wonderful worm Shamir, by means of which King Suleiman cleft and shaped the stone and wood for the building of the Temple.

SULEIMAN AND SAKHAR

Now it is told of Sakhar that during the search for the Shamir the great jinn was kept in chains, kneading clay and mortar for the Temple with his feet. But when Benaiah had returned with the rock-splitting worm, Suleiman ordered that Sakhar should be brought before him.

As armed men led the jinn through the streets, they passed a soothsayer standing upon a mound foretelling what was to come; and Sakhar laughed. And yet again as they went, a man was heard calling to a boot-maker, "Ho, cobbler! Make me a pair of boots so strong that they will last seven years!" And again Sakhar laughed. So they led the jinn before the king, whom they told what had chanced upon the way.

Then said Suleiman: "Sakhar, tell me the reason of thy laughter."

And the jinn replied: "O King, I laughed because he that pretended to foretell the future did not even know that the very mound upon which he stood held a rich treasure. And again I

laughed because he that desired his boots made to last seven years knew not that he would himself pass away before the waning of this moon. Now have I done thy will. Set me free."

So the king bade them strike off the heavy chains, and the jinn, spreading his broad wings, laughed yet louder than before.

Then said the king: "Sakhar, tell me again the meaning of thy laughing."

Answered him the jinn: "I laugh because the wisest king in all the world, having in his power



"THE FOWL MAKES HER NEST UPON A HIGH CLIFF WITH STRAIGHT WALLS."

his bitterest foe, hath set him free!" So he flew away.

Now when Suleiman ben Daoud had received the Ring of Power, he was told that he should keep it ever upon his finger. But one day, being weary of the cares of his wide reign, the ring seemed most irksome to wear, wherefore he gave it to his vizir Asaph, saying: "I go to the woods and the fields for a little rest and merriment. Hold thou my power safe until I return."

Then went Suleiman the king to a secret valley, deep, broad, and green, where the wooded hills upon all sides shut out the world of men. And there he called unto the beasts and the birds, each of them in its own tongue, and bade them dance for his pleasure.

So came the elephants dancing heavily; and the mountain goats dancing lightly; and the lions and the leopards with leaps and bounds, looping their long tails; and the wolves, the bears, the hares, the great foxes and the little foxes, jumping and frisking; and the camels gamboling in the quaintest, queerest fashion of all.

Also came the birds: the ostriches rocking from one foot to the other; the bustards, the moor-hens, the lapwings or pewits, the hoopoes, the quail, and the sparrows; likewise came the partridge, who, it is said, having clumsy, ugly feet, borrowed the peacock's light, graceful feet to dance with, and would afterward not return them; wherefore to this day the peacock wears the clumsy, ugly feet that were those of the partridge.

Gaily laughed the king at the strange sport; and so rejoiced was his heart that he lingered in the valley until evening had fallen, and then went he again to his city. But as he would enter the palace-gate the guard said to him: "Who art thou?"

And he replied: "I am Suleiman, thy king."

Then from all sides came the cry: "Impostor! Madman! Suleiman the king is even now upon his throne!" And with many blows and jeers his people drove him forth from the walls of his own city and far into the desert.

For thus had it befallen: while the king watched the dance of the beasts and the birds, the great jinn Sakhar, putting on the shape of Suleiman, came to the vizir Asaph, saying: "Give me again my power."

And Asaph, believing that he saw the face and heard the voice of his master, gave him the ring. So the jinn Sakhar sat upon the throne and ruled in the name of Suleiman; but the Ring of Power he cast secretly afar into the sea, for he might not endure its presence and he would not that by any chance Suleiman might regain it.

Now Suleiman wandered many days, meeting with many strange adventures, all record of which is lost, and enduring many hardships until he came to the shore of the sea. And there he labored for the fishermen, mending their nets and spreading them to dry, and for wages the fishermen gave him each day a fish of their catch, which he cooked for his food.

But at last one evening as he cut open his fish to clean it before placing it upon the coals, his

knife jarred upon the hardness of metal, he saw the gleam of pure gold, and behold! it was the Ring of Power that had been cast into the sea.

Then glad was Suleiman, and placing the ring upon his finger, he vowed never again to remove it therefrom. So he journeyed back to his own city. And as he passed within the gates, the great jinn Sakhar, feeling the might of the ring, took again his own evil shape, spread his broad wings and flew away, nevermore to be seen of man.

So Suleiman regained his throne.

THE GLORY OF SULEIMAN AND HIS PRIDE

Now marvelously Suleiman waxed in wealth and power, for throughout his realm was peace, and his ships went abroad to all the coasts of the world, bringing back to him treasure beyond counting; and greatly his people prospered.

By the power of his ring he subjected to himself all the jinns save only Sakhar, and Eblis, who may not be bound, and by their aid he built a noble palace that had floors and roofs of crystal and a courtyard where played a fountain of liquid brass.

Also he caused to be made for himself a throne of sandalwood, gold, and precious stones, and the canopy thereof was a rainbow. Seven steps had the wonder-throne, and each step was guarded by a pair of animals in gold—two lions, two elephants, two tigers, two bears, two serpents, two antelopes, and two eagles; nor might any save Suleiman alone ascend the steps to the throne, for that the golden animals would rend in pieces the usurper.

Each day Suleiman gave food to a multitude, and the tables that were spread with his bounty covered a space of four square miles. And the jinns sat at tables of brass upon benches of brass and were served by jinns. And the poor sat at tables of wood upon stools of wood and were waited upon by servants. And the princes sat at tables of silver upon chairs of silver and were served by nobles. But the wise and pious sat at tables of gold upon thrones of gold and were served by Suleiman himself—wherefrom it may well be judged that the wise and pious were not over-many.

But Suleiman grew proud of his wealth and his bounty, and boasted that he would feed all the animals in the world. Hearing of the king's boast, the wise Eldad, the dweller in caves, laughed greatly and sent word to Suleiman first to feed, for one day, all the creatures of the sea alone.

So Suleiman commanded the jinns to load a hundred thousand camels and a hundred thousand

mules with corn and to drive them down to the shore; and when they had done so, Suleiman stood upon the shore and cried aloud: "Come, ye dwellers in the waters, eat and be satisfied!" So he cast corn upon the waves, and the fishes rose and ate thereof.

But at last from the depths came a prodigious whale that, lifting a head like a mountain, opened a mouth like an abyss. Sack after sack of corn was poured down the throat of the creature till all was gone, yet still the whale cried: "Feed me, Suleiman ben Daoud, feed me! Never before have I suffered from hunger as on this day!"

"Alas!" replied Suleiman, "feed thee I cannot, for there is no more food. O thou great one, are there many of thy race within the sea?"

"Of my race," replied the monster, "there are a thousand kinds, and of them all I am but the smallest."

Even as he spoke the sea churned white for many leagues, and up lifted the head of Leviathan, the vast sea-snake, that might easily have swallowed seven thousand such whales.

So Suleiman bowed his head and went away sore ashamed; and never thereafter did foolish pride gain entrance into his heart.

SULEIMAN'S JOURNEYING

WHEN Suleiman ben Daoud would travel, he sat upon his throne in the middle of a carpet sixty miles square that the jinns had woven of green silk and pure gold, and that moved swiftly wherever he wished, buoyed by the eight winds; for, so says the Koran, "the winds were subject to Suleiman and ran gently whither he directed." And round about him stood four princes—the vizir Asaph ben Berechiah, that was prince of men; Ramurat, that was prince of jinns; the lion, that was prince of beasts; and the eagle, that was prince of birds. Behind him ranged his armies and his chariots of war; but ever before him flew the host of the jinns, for Suleiman put so little faith in these that he drank only from goblets of crystal so that his eye might never leave them. And above the king flew ever a great multitude of birds, making a canopy of their wings so as to shield him from the rays of the sun.

Once, while thus journeying over land and sea, Suleiman cast down his gaze and saw, in a desert valley beneath, a great swarm of white ants; and he heard the Queen of the White Ants cry out: "To your homes, O my people!" and instantly all disappeared within the earth save the queen alone.

Then, at Suleiman's bidding, the carpet descended; and he called the Queen of the Ants to him and lifted her up, saying: "Wherefore didst thou bid thy people haste to their homes?"

Replied the Queen of the Ants: "So did I, lest, beholding thy power, they might too greatly glorify one who is but a man."

"Yea, sister," replied Suleiman, with a smile, "mere man am I; yet who of created things upon this earth is greater than this mere man?"

"That am even I," said the Ant Queen.

"And how, great queen?" laughed the king.

Then said the Ant Queen: "I am greater than thou; for thy throne is a throne of gold, but my throne is the hand of Suleiman. Moreover, great as thou art, it is I and mine that shall cause thy fall."

Then said Suleiman, gravely: "Even so may it be, perchance, little sister." For he had learned to scorn no thing, however small; and setting her gently down, he bade her go in peace.

Now again as he journeyed a hot sun-ray pierced the canopy of bird wings and fell upon his face; whereby Suleiman knew that one of the birds was false to its trust, and bade the eagle that stood by his throne find the deserter.

The eagle flew high in the air and learned that the missing bird was the pewit, whom Suleiman greatly valued because her eyes were so clear that she could see through the earth and discover hidden springs of water. So the eagle flew abroad and found the pewit returning from the south, and he pounced upon her and clutched her in his talons.

"Mercy!" cried the pewit.

"Nay," said the eagle, "we will see what mercy Suleiman the king will show thee!"

Then piped the pewit: "He that hath no mercy shall not find mercy himself!" And this is ever the meaning of the cry of the pewit.

So the eagle brought the bird before the king, who spake to her sternly, saying: "Wherefore didst thou desert thy post?"

Him answered the pewit: "There was within me a great longing for but one morning's free flight, and I was even returning when this thine eagle seized me. Moreover, I have brought great tidings that will more than atone for my fault."

"Say on," commanded Suleiman the king.

Said the pewit: "As I flew southward I met a hoopoe that told me of a noble land from which he had but then come—the land of Sabea. Much he told me of the glory of that land and of the beauty and worth of its ruler, the Queen Balkis, who is the greatest of queens upon earth. For she was the daughter of the vizir of that land, and by her wisdom and clear wit did she put down the cruel tyrant who oppressed the people, and for this was she set upon the throne, where right worthily hath she ruled."

Much Suleiman questioned the pewit concerning

Sabea and its queen, and likewise did he question the hoopoe, whom he caused to be summoned, and naught heard he save good report. So did he write a letter to Balkis the queen, saying:

Suleiman ben Daoud, greatest and wisest of earthly kings, seeking alone the welfare of the nations, bids thee yield thy kingdom to him that it may be made strong, and furthermore commands thee, as the fairest and noblest of women, to become his queen.

This letter he sealed with the Ring of Power, and, giving it to the pewit, bade her carry it faithfully to Queen Balkis and to mark well all that the queen and her councilors might say and do.

SULEIMAN AND BALKIS

FAITHFULLY the pewit carried the letter of Suleiman ben Daoud to Queen Balkis upon her throne in the land of Sabea. And when the queen had read the letter she spake much concerning its message with her councilors, to whom at the last she said:

"Now if this Suleiman ben Daoud is all that he says, it is well; but if otherwise, it is ill; for none will I wed but the king who is in truth the greatest and the wisest. Therefore go ye before him as an embassy bearing the richest gifts that may be; and if he receives ye scornfully and haughtily, then he is weak and arrogant; but if he receives ye with all courtesy, then is he strong. And if he accepts your gifts as tribute in place of that which he hath demanded, then is he even as are the other kings of the earth; but if, graciously, he declines all gifts and will have but that which he hath sought, then ye may know that he is great indeed.

"Moreover, take with ye five hundred young boys and five hundred young girls dressed alike and intermingled, saying naught thereof, and perchance he may have the wit to distinguish and separate the boys from the girls. Also give to him this jeweled casket containing three gifts from me, and let him do with them the things that are required in the writing therewith. Thus shall ye test his wisdom."

All this did the pewit report to Suleiman. And in due time came the ambassadors of Balkis, walking over a carpet seven leagues in length, through the host of princes, nobles, jinns, and soldiers even to the throne of Suleiman ben Daoud. And the king received them right graciously, yet courteously he declined their proffered tribute. Then he bade that water be brought in silver ewers so that the thousand children might wash therein. And the girls washed their arms to the shoulders, but the boys washed to the wrists only. Also he caused nuts and

sweetmeats to be thrown to them; and the boys caught the dainties eagerly with their hands; but the girls spread their skirts to catch them. Thus did the king distinguish and separate the children.

Then did the ambassadors present to the king the jeweled casket containing the three gifts of Balkis and the letter therewith.

Now the first gift was a large pearl which, so read the letter, the king should bore through without breaking, for up to that time was the art of drilling pearls unknown. And this feat King Suleiman easily performed by the aid of the worm Shamir.

The second gift was a ruby pierced with a very crooked hole with many turns and twistings, through which hole the king was required to pass the finest of threads. And the king called to him the silkworm, that crawled through the crooked hole, drawing also a silken thread of its own spinning. And in reward the king gave the silkworm the mulberry-tree forever; and this is the reason that the silkworm feeds ever on the leaves of the mulberry.

The third and last gift was a crystal goblet which the king was required to fill with water that had neither fallen from the sky nor gushed from the earth. Now Suleiman turned to the five hundred young girls, and gently he spake to them of their homes in Sabea so far away; and the young girls were filled with longing for their homes and wept. And Suleiman caught their tears in the crystal goblet, and thus filled it with water that was neither from the earth nor from the sky.

These things did the ambassadors report to the queen upon their return; and the queen herself set forth to meet the wise king, attended by her twelve thousand generals and all the armies that they commanded. And the queen came before the wonder-throne, bearing in one hand a wreath of true flowers and in the other a wreath of waxen flowers, but so like were the wreaths that no eye might distinguish the true from the false; and Queen Balkis asked King Suleiman which wreath he would choose.

Now, while the king pondered, there came a flock of bees, that passed by the wreath that was in the left hand of the queen, but settled upon that which was within her right hand. And Suleiman said: "I choose the wreath that is in thy right hand; the true is ever better than the false."

Then Suleiman bade the queen be seated upon a throne at his right hand; and the throne was her own, for the king had caused a jinn to bring it secretly from the land of Sabea; and Suleiman asked the queen if she knew what throne it was; and Balkis answered: "If it is that which it was,

it is mine." And greatly pleased was Suleiman with her answer.

So King Suleiman won his queen, Balkis of Sabea; and long and happily they reigned together.

Yet further is it told that Suleiman called before him the hoopoe and the pewit and bade them choose their own rewards for the service they had done him. And the hoopoe said: "Give me a golden crown to wear." And though Suleiman counseled otherwise, the hoopoe would have naught else. But he, was so hunted by men for the sake of his golden crown that at length he besought Suleiman to take it away; and the king, in pity, did so, giving the bird instead the crest of cinnamon feathers that unto this day he wears. But the pewit said: "Keep me ever, by thee." And greatly was the pewit honored and cherished.

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

At length King Suleiman grew very old; and his only wish was that he might not die before the great Temple might be wholly completed; for no other than himself might hold the jinns to their work.

Now Suleiman knew also the voices of the trees.

One day the king beheld in his garden a strange tree; and he asked: "What service is thine?"

And the tree replied: "I serve for the completing of the Temple."

Then did Suleiman cut down that tree, and of it he fashioned a strong staff upon which it became his wont to lean, watching the jinns at work. And often thus did he stand motionless, many hours and many days together, for none dared to disturb him; and it was believed that the spirits of earth and air, over whom he held sway, nourished him, unseen.

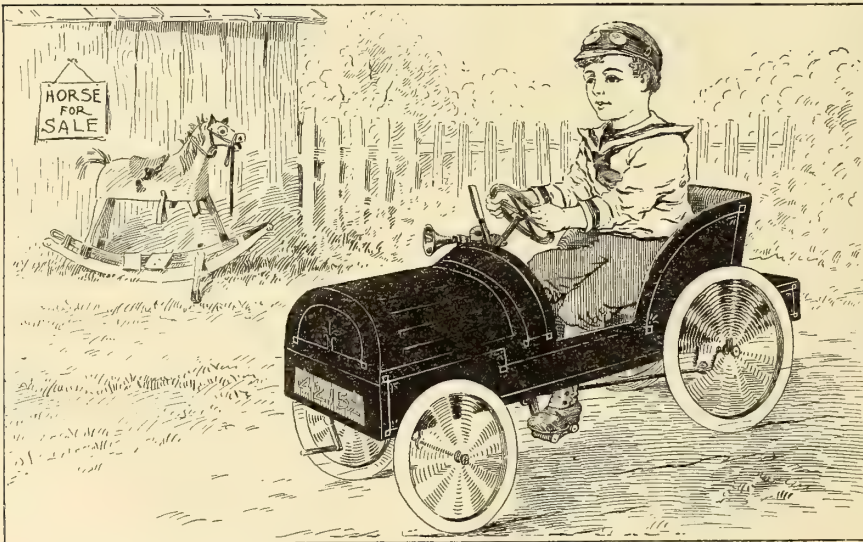
Thus at the last, leaning upon his staff, he died. But the jinns knew not that he was dead, while motionless he stood, and they dared not cease from their task while thus the master whom they feared seemed still to watch them.

Now came the Queen of the White Ants, who many years before had prophesied that she would cause the downfall of the king; and with her came many of her people. And all the ants began to gnaw the staff from within.

And at the close of the year, when the grand Temple, now finished, stood glowing in the sunset, the stout staff crumbled into dust, and the form of the great Suleiman, wisest of kings, fell to earth.

Then did the legion of jinns, knowing that their master was no more, fly far away. And Ramurat, prince of jinns, took the Ring of Power and cast it again into the deepest sea.

Thus did Suleiman ben Daoud complete the building of the Temple,



THE HORSELESS AGE.

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER VII

HOMESICKNESS AND GINGERBREAD

THAT afternoon Cal experienced his first touch of homesickness. School began at half-past one and lasted until three-thirty. For Cal the last half-hour was spent in the gymnasium, where he was introduced to dumb-bells and chest-weights, and taught to lie on his back on a mattress and perform a number of interesting and picturesque—and, at first, extremely difficult—exercises. Cal followed the others into the dressing-room after the class was dismissed and made the acquaintance of a shower-bath. He liked that so much and stayed under it so long that he was one of the last fellows to get dressed, and when he reached the Green, Ned and all the other West House boys had disappeared. They were not very far away, as it happened, having only strolled down to the athletic field below the gymnasium, but Cal did n't know that. Nor was he likely to discover it, since the gymnasium hid the field from sight. He stood around for a few minutes, hoping that some one he knew would appear, and at last crossed the road to return to West House. So far there had been no time to feel lonesome, but now that sensation began to envelop him. At the bridge he stopped and leaned over the railing and let his gaze wander around the little lake. It dawned on him suddenly that he ought not to have come to Oak Park; that he was n't like the other boys; that he could n't dress well enough, was rough and uncultivated beside them, and that they would never like him. Why, even his room-mate was ashamed of the clothes he wore! He took his elbows from the rustic railing and went on along the path.

Even Claire Parker was better fitted for these surroundings than he was. Claire had been abroad, had lived in the city, and knew a hundred little things which, not vastly important in themselves, combined to give him an ease of manner and a conversational ability that Cal was certain he sadly lacked. No one, he reflected, ever cared to talk to him. And when he was with the others, all he could do was to sit silent and listen to their chatter, and wonder more than half the time what it was about! He wished he had never come! He wished he was back in West Bayport "this minute."

The house was silent and deserted when he

reached it and slowly climbed the stairs to the Den. The bay-windows were open, and the afternoon sunlight slanted in warmly under the half-drawn shades. He tossed Ned's cap aside, dumped his new books on the table, seated himself on the window-seat, and gazed across the afternoon landscape. He felt pretty dejected. He "cal'lated" he was the only fellow in school who was n't having a jolly good time at that moment. Ned Brent knew almost everybody and did n't need him a bit. Even Claire had made friends with one or two of the younger chaps; Cal had seen him with them before afternoon school. No one wanted to know him, though; no one cared whether he was lonely and homesick! He had half a mind to pack some things in his bag and walk back to the town and take the first train toward home.

But at that moment a door opened down-stairs and an eloquent odor of cooking came up to him, an odor that brought a sudden picture of the little kitchen at home, and his mother peering anxiously into the oven. Steps sounded on the stairs, and he heard Mrs. Linn puffing her way up.

"Boys!" she called. But there was no answer. Cal heard her knock at the doors at the back of the house, and then come along the corridor. His own door was almost closed, and he hoped that she would be satisfied to leave him in peace with his sorrow if he made no reply to her knock. But she was n't. She pushed the door wide open and saw him at the window, and she guessed instantly what the trouble was.

"Why, John, you all alone?" she asked, in simulated surprise. "Are n't you feeling well?"

"Yes 'm, thank you."

"I suppose you're sort of tired after your first day here. Well, here's something that will make you feel better." She came in and set a great plate of smoking-hot gingerbread on the table. "I don't believe you ought to eat quite all that yourself, but perhaps it won't hurt you." She rolled her arms under her apron and looked across at him kindly. "I suppose your mother makes gingerbread, does n't she?"

"Yes 'm," replied Cal, looking interestedly at the pile of red-brown cake.

"Then of course you like it. What is it the boys call you? Cal, is it? Well, I shall call you Cal, too, after this. Somehow I never could seem

to resist the nicknames; they 're so much easier to remember, are n't they? Why, I just have to stop and think when I want to remember Spud's real name, or Dutch's. Now, don't let it get cold. It 's a great deal better when it 's hot. Maybe you 'd like a glass of milk with it. Would you?"

"No 'm, thanks. I—I 'm not hungry."

"Are n't hungry! Sakes alive! what sort of a boy are you? Why, of course you 're hungry, though maybe you don't know it. Here, you try that nice crusty corner piece and tell me whether it 's as good as your mother's." She held the plate out, and after a moment's hesitation Cal obeyed. Somehow, as soon as he had sunk his teeth in the gingerbread, his troubles looked much dimmer. Mrs. Linn seated herself in a chair and beamed across at him while he ate, having first thoughtfully deposited the plate beside him on the window-seat.

"You live by the ocean, don't you?" she asked. "That 's what I 'd like to do. I 'm that fond of the ocean! I was at Old Orchard Beach for three weeks this summer, and it was just heavenly. Seems as though I could just sit on the sand all day long and look at the waves and be perfectly happy! Is there a beach where you live, Cal?"

"Yes 'm, two fine beaches." And, once started, Cal had a lot to say about West Bayport and the surrounding coast, and Mrs. Linn let him talk to his heart's content, occasionally throwing in a question or dropping an interested, "I want to know!" And while he talked the gingerbread on the plate grew less and less. Finally Mrs. Linn declared that she must go back to the kitchen.

"I 'll leave the rest of that for Ned," she said. "But you must n't let the others know about it, or there won't be any for supper."

"No 'm. Thank you very much. It 's awfully nice gingerbread; just like Mother makes. I—I like lots of molasses in it, don't you?"

"Molasses is just the making of gingerbread," agreed Mrs. Linn. "Molasses and spices. You 've got to be particular about the spices too."

"Yes 'm, I cal'late you have." He remembered that he had observed the other boys rise when Mrs. Linn entered or left the room, and so he got up rather awkwardly from the window-seat and stood while she bustled out. It was funny, he reflected, how that gingerbread had altered the outlook. Oak Park did n't seem nearly so bad now, and he thought that perhaps, after all, he might be able to stick it out. He must n't expect to make friends the first day. And ten minutes later there was a sound of noisy footsteps on the porch, and a wild rush up the stairs, and Ned and Spud burst into the room, in a gleeful mood.

"Where did you get to?" demanded Ned, throwing his cap at Cal and subsiding on his bed. "I looked everywhere for you. Spud said he 'd seen you coming over this way, but I did n't believe him. Spud 's such a cheerful prevaricator, you know."

"You 'll believe me next time," said Spud, resignedly. "Hello! what do I smell?" He sniffed the air knowingly. "Smells like—" But Ned had already sighted the gingerbread and fallen upon it.

"Where did this come from?" he asked, with a full mouth. "Marm bring it up? No wonder you sneaked home, you foxy rascal! Spud, he 's getting on the right side of Marm already."

"My, but it 's good!" said Spud, munching hungrily. "You did n't leave much, Cal, did you?"

"I 'm sorry. I—I did n't think."

"Don't worry," laughed Ned. "If you 'd been Spud you would n't have left any."

"Huh! I 'd like to know who fed you on perfectly good marshmallows last night," said Spud, indignantly.

"Were those yours?" asked Ned, innocently. "If I 'd known that I 'd have eaten more of 'em."

"More! You could n't! You ate about half of them as it was."

"Come on," said Ned, when the last crumb had disappeared. "Let 's go down on the porch. It 's too hot up here. What time is it, anyway?" He looked at the gold watch he carried at the end of a handsome fob. "Quarter past five. Is that all? My, but I 'm hungry. I hoped it was near supper-time. I wonder if we could get Marm to let us have a few more pieces of the gingerbread, Spud?"

"We could try," beamed Spud. "Come on."

For once, though, the matron resisted their blandishments, and Ned and Spud sought the porch dejectedly.

"How did you get on to-day, Cal?" asked Ned.

"All right, I cal'late. It does n't look as if it would be very hard," he added cautiously.

"It 's awful," sighed Spud. "You simply have to wear your young life out in study. If it was n't that I do want to go to college by and by, I 'd throw up the grind and be a pirate. Did you ever see a pirate, Cal?"

"No," was the laughing reply.

"Well, I thought maybe you had. Are n't there any pirates at West Something—Bayport, is it?"

"I never saw any, but there 's a man there who was in a fight with pirates once." And Cal told about old Captain Macon, one of the town characters, who, in addition to having led a highly picturesque existence as a young man, was pos-

sessed of an equally picturesque imagination as an old one. By ones and twos the other West House fellows came wandering home and joined the group on the porch. The conversation turned on school affairs, and soon Cal was listening to a fervid discussion of the chances of the House Foot-ball Team to beat the Hall that autumn. If Sandy was to be believed, things were in a fearfully bad shape and the future held nothing but gloom. But Cal had already reached the conclusion that Sandy's position as head of the House had developed an exaggerated sense of responsibility and a pessimistic attitude toward life. Dutch, on the other hand, saw only certain victory ahead.

"The Hall has n't the ghost of a show this year," he declared emphatically. "We've got the men to do them up brown. Cal, you don't want to forget to report for practice to-morrow afternoon right after school."

"Could I try, do you think?" asked Claire, eagerly.

"Not for the House, because you're a second junior, but I dare say you can get on one of the junior teams."

"Wish they'd let us play outside teams," sighed Hoop.

"Don't they?" asked Cal, in surprise.

Hoop shook his head. "Not foot-ball. They say it's too dangerous. I don't see much difference myself. Naughton broke his silly old collar-bone last year tackling the dummy. I dare say he'd have gone through four or five outside games without getting a scratch."

"But you play other things with other schools?" asked Cal.

"Yes," answered Sandy. "Base-ball and hockey and such. I tell you I think the faculty's right about it, Hoop."

"I know you do," replied Hoop, disdainfully. "You think anything faculty does is all right."

"No, I don't, but I think they're right about foot-ball. Why, some of the big colleges have cut it out! And look at the way they've made the game over, or at least are trying-out some new plays to make it less dangerous and more interesting to watch."

"Yes," said Dutch. "Every year they change the rules, so you never know where you are. First thing we know we'll be playing foot-ball with bean-bags in the drawing-room of an evening, with ice-cream and angel-cake between halves!"

"That sounds good to me," said Ned. "That would be quite like cricket, would n't it?"

"I think faculty would like to have us play cricket instead," said The Fungus, disgustedly.

"Fellow Wests, I am opposed to paternal government!"

"Whatever that is," said Spud. "Fungus has been studying politics, fellows."

"Glad he's studying something," murmured Ned. "Speaking of study—"

"Oh, let's not," groaned Spud. "Let's speak of supper. It's 'most time for it. Come on up, Sandy, and wash your face."

"Everybody wash his face!" cried Hoop, jumping up. "Last man up-stairs gives me his preserves!"

There was a wild exodus from the porch and a frenzied rush up the stairway, followed by a stiff argument between Hoop and Dutch, the latter, who had been the last to reach the top, declaring that he had not subscribed to the terms of the contest and that if he had he could easily have beaten Hoop.

After supper—and never, Cal thought, had he been so hungry—there was almost an hour of leisure. There was a double in tennis on the court at the side of the house between Sandy and Hoop, and Ned and The Fungus; and the others watched from the porch. At eight o'clock study hour began and lasted until nine. Cal spread his books out on his side of the table, and Ned closed the door. It was a rule that during study hour doors must be closed and no visiting allowed. Then Ned drew his chair up to his side of the table, fixed the drop-light with mathematical precision in the center of the left end of the green cloth, and—took up a story-book. Cal viewed him in surprise.

"Are n't you going to study?" he asked.

"No. What's the use? I looked the lessons over this afternoon. Besides, no one is really expected to know much the second day. Do you want a good book? Ever read this?"

Cal had n't, but he resisted the temptation to examine the enticing picture which Ned held forth for his inspection. "I cal'late I'd better study this French a little. I never had much luck with French."

"Nor I," said Ned, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's a foolish language and ought n't to be encouraged." He leaned his elbows on the table-top and was soon absorbed in his book. Cal studied religiously until Sandy put his head out of his door and cried:

"Time up, fellows!"

Then followed a jolly hour before bedtime. Cal and Ned went to the Ice-Chest, where Sandy and Spud dwelt, and the rest of the House joined them there. The evening ended in a grand "rough-house" up and down the corridor, in and out of the rooms, and Cal, wielding a feather pillow

in the thick of the fight, quite forgot that he had ever been either lonesome or homesick.

CHAPTER VIII

NED LAYS DOWN THE LAW

FOOT-BALL had heretofore remained outside Cal Boland's philosophy. There had been games now and then at home, but for the most part the high-school team had journeyed to other towns to play its contests, and Cal had never watched more than two or three in his life. His conception of the game was very vague when he reported at the lower end of the athletic field for practice the next afternoon. As he owned no foot-ball clothes, he merely laid aside coat and cap and rolled his shirt-sleeves up. Ned viewed Cal's costume with misgiving, but he made no comment as they went together down to the gridiron.

As Oak Park played no contests with outside foot-ball teams, all the interest concentrated on the inter-dormitory games. West and East Houses combined forces against the Hall, with whom they played a series of three games for the school championship and the possession of what was known as the Silver Shield. This was an oak shield bearing a smaller shield of silver surrounded by a design of oak leaves and acorns—the school emblem—and the inscription: "Oak Park School Foot-ball Trophy." Each year the shield was inscribed with the names of the winning players and became the temporary property of Hall or House, as the case might be. For two years running the Silver Shield had graced the parlor of the Hall, and the Houses were resolved that this fall it must come down. As East House accommodated only fourteen boys and West House but eight, while the Hall held thirty-eight, at first glance the chances seemed to favor the Hall from the start. But the discrepancy was not as great as would appear, for the Hall held most of the younger boys, members of the second junior class, who were not allowed to take part in the big games, but were permitted to play among themselves. So that, actually, the Hall's supply of foot-ball material was usually not much larger than that of the combined Houses.

The House Team was captained this year by Frank Brooks, an East House lad of seventeen, who was usually known by the title of Brooksie. The Hall's captain was Pete Grow, house leader at the Hall and one of the best-liked fellows in school. There were two separate gridirons on the athletic field, and it was an unwritten law that during athletic activities no Hall man should approach the House gridiron, and vice versa. The House used the lower field, and it was on

that that Cal began his initiation into the mysteries of foot-ball. I can't say that he displayed any especial aptitude for the game or was very enthusiastic about it. He did as he was told to do to the best of his ability and perspired freely for the cause, but Frank Brooks did n't single him out for commendation that day. On the way back to West House after they had had their showers, Cal gave expression to his misgiving.

"It seems to me, Ned," he remarked, "that foot-ball playing 's pretty hard work. I always thought, to hear about it, that it was fun."

"Why, it is fun!"

"Oh," murmured Cal, "is it?"

"Of course it is, after you get to know it."

"Well, I did n't see much fun in it to-day. Dropping on a wabby leather ball that 's never where you think it is, and running across the field after it with the thermometer at—whatever it is at,—is n't my idea of having a real good time, Ned."

"That 's because you have n't got into it, yet," said Ned, encouragingly.

"I cal'late I never will. I did n't seem to have much luck to-day."

"Oh, you did well enough for a beginner," answered Ned. "Most fellows have a pretty hard time at first. You never played before, did you?"

"No, and I guess I 've had enough already. I cal—guess I 'll let the rest of you have the fun."

"Oh, you can't back out," exclaimed Ned.

"Why not?" asked Cal, in surprise.

"Because we need you; we need every fellow we 've got, and more too. Why, if "Clara" Parker was n't a second junior, we 'd have him at work!"

"But there is n't any use in my trying for the team," said Cal. "I 'd never get into it."

"You can't tell. We 're going to be in a hard way for men this year. You 'd better stick it out, Cal. Besides, the fellows would n't like it if you should give it up."

"They would n't? Well, I don't see as it 's any one's business but mine. If I 'd rather not—"

"You have n't anything to say about it," declared Ned, firmly. "As long as the House needs you, it 's your duty to come out. Of course you 're new yet and don't understand the way we feel about such things here. You see, Cal, it 's the school first and then your own particular house; see? After that you can do as you like."

"Oh!" Cal thought that over a moment, and then chuckled. "I see. After I do what the school wants me to do, then I do what the House wants me to do, and then, if there 's any time left, I do as I please. That 's it, ain't it?"

"Sure pop!" answered Ned, smiling gravely, "and it 's a good thing to remember, old man."

"But suppose my mother did n't want me to play foot-ball; and I 'm not sure that she does; then what?"

"Oh, if she wrote to Horace, he 'd tell Brooksie, and Brooksie would let you off," answered Ned, carelessly. "But I would n't try that game," he

like that on the team? I cal'late I 'd make a fine official scorer."

"You 'll make a fine spectacle of yourself if you don't stop talking," said Ned, with a laugh. "Do you play tennis? I 'll try you a set before supper if no one has the court."

"I don't know how. Besides, I could n't play after what I 've been through back there. Why, I 'm all lame and bruised up!"

Ned slapped him on the back.

"Oh, you 'll get used to it," he laughed, "and just love it, old man! You wait and see."

"Love it nothing!" said Cal, disgustedly. "I cal'late I 'll have to keep on, but I 'm plumb sure I 'm never going to get to love it! Besides," he continued, as they sat down on the steps of West House, "I don't see any sense in it! I thought foot-ball was play, but you fellows go at it as if it was a matter of life and death."

"Because we want to beat the Hall this year and get the shield away from them. You wait until later and you 'll be just as crazy as any of us. Things get pretty well heated up along toward November. If we win a game and Hall wins a game, why, you won't be able to eat or sleep for two days before the play-off!"

"I won't?" grunted Cal. "Huh, you just watch me!"

"You 'll have to get a foot-ball suit," said Ned, thoughtfully. "They don't cost much, though. You can get one that 's good enough for about four dollars."

"That settles it," said Cal, with a satisfied sigh. "That

added meaningly, "because the other fellows would think you 'd put your mother up to it."

"It seems, then, as if I 've just got to go ahead and be a martyr," sighed Cal, with a rueful shake of the head. "Look here, Ned, ain't there any nice quiet position I could fill without having to bump my breath out and skin my shins all up? How about official scorer? Is n't there something

lets me out. I have n't got four dollars for foot-ball clothes."

"Now, look here," exclaimed Ned, sternly. "You 're rooming with me, Cal Boland, and I 've got to look after you. And you 've got to do as I say, and you might as well understand that right now. You 'll go down to the village tomorrow before morning school and get a pair of



"NED VIEWED CAL'S COSTUME WITH MISGIVING, BUT HE MADE NO COMMENT."

canvas breeches and a jacket. You ought to have shoes, too, but I think I've got a pair up-stairs that 'll fit you all right."

"But I can't afford it!" objected Cal.

"You've got to afford it," answered Ned, sternly. "What's four dollars?"

"It's more'n I've got to throw away on foot-ball things," Cal replied, with a shake of his head. "I cal'late it don't seem much to you, but four dollars looks big to me, Ned. Besides," he added after a moment, "I've been thinking about a suit. I cal—I believe you're right about my clothes being pretty bad. I've been looking around, and I see that the fellows here pay a lot of attention to what they wear. Some of 'em seem to wear their best clothes all the time! Well, I was thinking I'd write home and see what my mother thought about my getting a new suit. You see, Ned, I don't want you to be ashamed to have me room with you."

"Oh, rubbish! Of course I'm not ashamed. But I do think you ought to have another suit, a sort of knock-about suit you could wear every day, you know."

"Yes. Well, if I get that I surely can't go buying any foot-ball clothes."

"Now wait, Cal. There's a place in the town where you can get a mighty good-looking suit for about twelve dollars. Of course it is n't a wonder, but it will do well enough. Twelve dollars is pretty cheap, is n't it?"

"Y-yes, I cal'late it is," replied Cal, doubtfully. "That's about what I paid for these." He looked thoughtfully at his gray flannels. "And I've worn 'em two summers."

"They're very nice," said Ned, hurriedly. "But I would n't get light gray if I were you, Cal. You see, you're sort of light yourself, and darkish things would look better on you."

"They show the dirt, though."

"Not if they're kind of rough and mixy," said Ned. "If you could get a suit for twelve, you could easily afford to buy the foot-ball togs, could n't you?" But Cal looked thoughtful.

"I was cal'ating to spend about twelve altogether," he replied. "Then you said I ought to have a cap and a belt and some neckties; though seems to me I'd better wear what neckties I've got; I've got a whole lot of 'em—about six or seven, I guess."

"Never mind those things, now," said Ned. "As for the cap, why, you might just as well wear that one you've got on as buy a new one. It fits all right, and I don't need it. And the belt the same way. It is n't a very good one, but it will do well enough. And you can buy a couple of ties any old time. Look here, Cal, if you're hard up

just now, there's a fellow in town who will trust you if you want him to. Of course he will charge you a little bit more for what you get, and you must n't say anything about it to any one, because it's against the rules to get things on credit."

"I would n't do that," said Cal. "Besides, I've got as much now as I will have all winter. More, I guess," he added ruefully. "I suppose I could n't play foot-ball in what I've got? There's an old pair of trousers up-stairs—"

But Ned shook his head firmly.

"Could n't be done. You can't work in tight things, and they won't stand the strain. No, you've got to have togs, Cal."

"Have, eh?" Cal looked disappointed. "Well, all right. I wish I did n't, though. You see, I thought I'd get Mother to send me ten dollars. Then I've got pretty near three dollars left after my trip. And that ought to be enough, if I just got the suit, you know. But if I've got to have foot-ball things—" he stopped and shook his head puzzledly.

"Can't you get her to send you fifteen dollars instead of ten?" asked Ned.

"Yes, but I ought n't to spend that much on clothes." He put his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out an old red leather wallet and found two one-dollar bills folded away in a recess. "Thought maybe I might be mistaken," he said. "I thought maybe there might be another one there." Then he counted the silver in his trousers pocket. "Eighty-five cents," he mused. "That is n't much, is it?"

"No," replied Ned, frowning. "But," he added, with a laugh, "you've got eighty-five cents more than the law allows."

"How's that?"

"The rules allow us to have only two dollars' spending-money," replied Ned, carelessly. "We're supposed to hand the rest over to Marm, and she doles it out to us. But no one pays any attention to that. I've got about eight dollars up-stairs in my collar-box."

Cal's eyes got big. "Are n't you afraid of losing it?"

"No; why? How could I lose it? It's in my bureau drawer."

"I would n't want to have that much lying around, though," Cal said. "I'd be mighty nervous about it."

"I tell you what," said Ned. "I'll lend you a couple of dollars so that you can get your foot-ball togs in the morning. You can pay me back later, when you get your money from home."

"I would n't like to do that," said Cal. "If I write to-night I think maybe I'd get the money by the day after to-morrow, or next day anyhow."

"Oh, there 's no use in waiting all that time. Besides, you need the things right away; you can't play in ordinary clothes. You let me lend you two dollars, and then you kite down-town in the morning; I 'll go along if you like."

"All right," answered Cal, reluctantly. "I 'm

in the stair-closet or back of the door, or—some-where around."

"You don't say?" inquired Ned, sarcastically. "You 're sure it is n't in the trunk-room or under the refrigerator or in your pocket? You 'd better come in and look for it yourself."

"No, honest, Ned, it 's right there somewhere. If you can't find it, bring The Fungus's."

"Yes, do and you 'll get punched," said The Fungus, grimly, as he seated himself in the hammock. "Say, fellows, has any one glanced over the apple crop this fall?" Spud's gaze followed The Fungus's over the white-washed picket fence that marked the boundary of school territory at the left of the cottage. There was a hedge of lilac bushes on the other side of the fence which hid the next-door domain from the porch. But Cal knew what was beyond, for from the bay-window of the Den he could look over the hedge and through the trees at the old-fashioned white farm-house with its green shutters and its columned porch.

"Who lives over there?" he asked.

"The Old Maids," replied Spud. "There are two of them. Their name is Curtis. They 're tartars, too. They 've got a dandy apple orchard back of the house, and they 're very, very careful with the fruit thereof."

"It does n't do them much good, though," said Ned, returning with the two rackets. "We usually get all we want."

The Fungus chuckled.

"Rather! And we ought to be seeing how those nice big red apples are coming on. They 're usually ready for us about the first of October, are n't they, Ned?"

"Yes, indeed-y." He lowered his voice. "We might drop over to-night and investigate. What do you say?"

"Good scheme! I could artistically gobble a



"LOOK; HERE 'S A PLACE WHERE THERE 'S A PICKET OFF!"

much obliged to you. And I cal'late you 'd better come along and show me where to go. I would n't want to get into any high-price place."

"All right," laughed Ned. "I 'll look after you, old man. Here come Spud and The Fungus. Hello, Spud! Want to play a set?"

"I 'm with you," answered Spud. "Going in for your racket? Bring mine out, will you? It 's

couple of those pippins! I wonder if they 've nailed up the gate again."

"Sure! We 'll have to climb, I think."

"Well, we 'd better stroll along and find a good place to get over. Last year I tore my bestest trousers on a picket. Come on, Cal; you and I 'll look things over while those chaps try to play tennis."

"What is it you 're going to do?" asked Cal, as he followed The Fungus around the corner of the house and across the grass toward the fence and hedge.

"Why, find a place where we can get over the fence easily and not get tangled up in the hedge. We all take pillow-cases over and fill them with apples, you know. Only, you want to be sure that you can get over the fence again in a hurry, because the Old Maids are painfully suspicious of us West Housers. One year the hired man caught two fellows and locked them up in the shed and telephoned Horace. And they got the mischief; very nearly expelled, they were. If you get caught over there now it means suspension, at least."

"It 's rather dangerous, then, is n't it?" asked Cal.

"Sure! That 's what makes it such good sport," replied The Fungus, carelessly. "Look; here 's a place where there 's a picket off. If we can get the next one off— There it is! We can crawl through there easy as pie. It 's only a little way to the orchard. If you peek through the lilacs you can see the trees. My, look at those apples! There 's a million billion bushels of them! See the tree down toward the brook, the one with the red, red apples on it? That 's the best in the orchard. I say, there is n't any moon to-night, is there?"

"Why, yes, but it does n't come up until pretty late."

"That 's all right, then. I wish those lilacs were n't so thick right here," he said. "But maybe we can squirm through. Hello! what was that?"

"What?" asked Cal.

"I thought I saw something in there, something white. And listen!" He peered into the shadow of hedge and trees. "Did n't you think you heard something?"

But Cal shook his head.

"Maybe I just imagined it," said The Fungus. "Now let 's fix this place in our minds, Cal. If we walk diagonally across from the wood-shed toward the big chestnut-tree, we 'll get it all right, won't we? That 's easy. Don't forget to bring your pillow-case to-night. We 'll come over here about half-past ten, all ready for the fray."

"I—I don't believe I will," said Cal. "I would n't want to get suspended, you see." The Fungus viewed him amazedly.

"Who would?"

"Well, you said if we got caught—"

"If! But we 're not going to get caught. That 's the difference. Oh, you 'll come all right. If you don't, you 'll be awfully sorry when you see the apples we bring back. They 're perfect corks! Those big red ones—" But words failed him, and he contented himself with smacking his lips and looking unutterable bliss.

"Do the women live there all by themselves?" asked Cal, as they turned to the tennis-court.

"Yes, with some servants. There 's a big truck-garden beyond the orchard, and another house where the hired man lives. They 've got about fifteen acres there, I think. They 're awfully rich, the Old Maids are. They own about half of the clock-factory back of the town, by the river. You 'd think they 'd be more generous with their apples, would n't you?"

"Maybe they 'd give us some if we went and asked," replied Cal, innocently.

"Huh! Who wants apples that are given to you?"

Sandy, Dutch, Hoop, and Claire were watching the tennis when the two conspirators returned to the front of the cottage, and The Fungus at once announced the gleeful news of a raid on the orchard "at half-past ten by the old town clock." Sandy, as became his years of discretion—he was sixteen—looked doubtful, but the rest were so heartily in favor of the adventure that he was forced to give his sanction in order to save his dignity and authority.

"It 's risky, though," he declared, with a frown. "We 'll have to be mighty quiet. If the Old Maids hear us, they 'll tell Horace, sure."

"What of it?" Hoop ridiculed. "They can't see who it is."

"The trouble is that we 're under suspicion," said Sandy. "Suppose they name us and Horace asks us? Then what?"

There was an uncomfortable silence, and every one seemed to prefer to watch the tennis rather than face the question. At last The Fungus said:

"You can't fib about it, you know. Especially to Horace. He—he expects you to tell the truth, and the only right thing is to do it anyhow."

"Game and set!" panted Ned. "There is n't time for any more. Spud, I 'll try you again tomorrow, though, Mr. Goodplayer."

"What was it?" asked Dutch.

"Seven—five," said Spud. "My, but I 'm warm! What time is it?"

"Supper-time; there 's the bell," answered Ned.

(To be continued.)



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"MISCHIEF."

BY FRED MORGAN.



MOTHERHOOD.

FROM A STATUETTE BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH.

"THE BLUE BIRD" FOR "HAPPINESS"

BY LAWRENCE SOUTHERLAND

A DISTINGUISHED Belgian writer, named Maurice Maeterlinck, is the author of a play which, to all who can see clearly, is a most beautiful pantomime. To some it is full of wisdom, but there are none who fail to understand how wonderful a fairy-tale it is. Maeterlinck has imagined happiness to be a Blue Bird winging its way through this vast world of ours; men and women and children seek it, and though they wander far afield, meeting with various adventures, they soon learn, on returning home, that this elusive Blue Bird, as variable as the sunshine, is close at hand and within the reach of all.

What would you do if you were asked suddenly to go forth and find this happiness which is on the wing? Where would you turn, how would you proceed, who would accompany you? Maeterlinck has strange ways of telling a story; his eyes not only see things as they are, but picture what things are within themselves. This is not more wonderful in the fairy world than the Invisible Cap or the Seven-Leagued Boots which we never question but believe in as a fairy fact. Nor is it more marvelous that Bread or Water or Fire or Sugar or Milk should have a soul than that a princess should be transformed into a witch, or that a prince should be concealed beneath the outward form of a wild animal. We people who dwell on earth are blind sometimes, because we do not use our imaginations.

You remember probably that Peter Pan asked a question: "Do you believe in fairies?" Upon your answer depended the flickering life of Tinker Bell. Maeterlinck also asks a question through his little boy hero: "If any of you should find the Blue Bird, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us? . . . We need him for our happiness later on." It is every one's duty, therefore, to answer these questions of Peter Pan and Tytyl, each in his own way, and herein you shall find how Maeterlinck, with a child heart as well as in a philosopher's manner, tells of Mytyl's and Tytyl's search for this Blue Bird of Happiness.

It was Christmas Eve in the wood-cutter's cottage; the room in which his two children were sleeping was dimly aglow in the light of dying embers. A faint red touched the Clock, the Cupboard, the Bread-pan, a Dog, and a Cat—in fact, not an object in the place but was burnished by the flame. Daddy and Mummy had just closed the door, when Tytyl and Mytyl, waking, rose and rushed to the window. Brightness flooded

the street from a house opposite, where some rich children were giving a party. From where Mytyl and Tytyl stood a glimpse of everything might be had: a Christmas tree, musicians, candles, cakes, romping boys and girls—everything, in fact, to add to jollity and Yule-tide pleasure.

To the wood-cutter's son and daughter this was fairy-land indeed; they were poor, but what mattered, so long as they might look and see and make believe! It was truly exciting, so much so that a knock at the door quite disturbed Mytyl and Tytyl, who quieted down just in time to see the latch lifted, and an old woman, much like the witches in Grimm's Tales, enter. Now, after she came nearer and nearer, one could judge that she was a fairy, even though her back was bent and her nose and chin almost met. The whole of Maeterlinck's play is centered upon the first thing that the fairy Berylune asked of the two children: "Have you the grass here that sings or the bird that is blue?"

This was a great surprise to Mytyl and Tytyl. They saw before them an ugly old woman with wisps of gray hair—a veritable hag, who somehow reminded them of a neighbor of theirs. But fairy Berylune insisted that she was beautiful, and complained that the world-folk were blind, else they would see the bird that is blue. "Come," she said, "we must away in search of this bird and of the grass that sings! Out we go, either through the chimney, the ceiling, or the window."

Mytyl and Tytyl were rather curious, and though they hesitated, the fairy insisted, and no one may gainsay a fairy, especially when a little green cap and a marvelous stone upon it are given one to help in the hunt for this Blue Bird of Happiness. The remarkable fact about the stone was: turn it one way and you might behold the past; turn it in the opposite direction and the future was shown you.

Into their clothes Mytyl and Tytyl were hurried, talking all the while, and learning more about the magic of the little green cap. By the time they were completely dressed they were convinced by fairy Berylune that the power of the diamond opened all eyes so wide that they might see the very souls of things. The children were eager for trying the magic of this wonderful cap, and they thought that there was no time like the present for doing so. Then a curious thing happened after Tytyl turned the diamond:

The whole cottage suddenly lit up with gleams

and sparkles upon the walls and ceiling, and all around them was rich in beauty. The clock door swung open, and twelve Hours glided forth, dancing merrily and gracefully to faint music. Bewildered though Mytyl and Tytyl appeared to be, nothing escaped their notice. Out from the bread-pan leaped the bulky form of Bread, accompanied by his smaller loaves; forth from the fire flared the dazzling red form of Fire himself. The Cat and Dog, natural-born enemies, as all of us know who have read our Kipling, jumped up and began talking, the Dog hugging Tytyl and calling him "little master."

This might seem wonder enough, but still the changes continued. From the water-spout escaped the soul of Water; from the sugar-loaf arose the tall, insipidly sweet form of Sugar; and the limpid, white spirit of Milk came forth from a jug. Then out there stepped from the very heart of the table lamp an exquisite maiden; she was incomparably beautiful, her mission being, as the soul of Light, to brighten the paths of the world that lay in darkness. Such was the manner in which the green cap's diamond worked; such were the marvels confronting the gaze of Mytyl and Tytyl.

Suddenly some one was heard approaching, and then what terror spread among the souls of things! Back flew the Hours into the clock, while every other figure tried to reach his accustomed place—Milk glided to the jug, Fire to the hearth, Bread to the bowl, and so on. But it was too late! The fairy Bérylune had cried to Tytyl, "Turn the diamond," and he had done so. The room was changed back to its original semi-darkness, but Cat and Dog, Fire and Water, Milk and Sugar, Bread and Light, reached their places too late.

"There is nothing left for you to do," said fairy Bérylune, "but accompany these children in their search for the Blue Bird. Here, Bread, you carry the cage, and now let us be off!"

Such a queer procession it was that tripped across the room and out through the window that opened to let them pass—Water, wrangling with Fire in her efforts to put him out; Cat, sly and treacherous, snarling and spitting at Dog, the faithful friend of man; Milk, all filmy and white; Bread, fat and ponderous, a blustering coward, who was to take pretty excellent care that he was safe in whatever adventures befell his traveling-companions.

No sooner had the window closed behind them than Mummy and Daddy Tyl came in to see if all was safe; for in their dreams they had thought some noise was being made. Yonder in the corner were the beds of Tytyl and Mytyl; they were quiet, the two little dears, so still that their breath-

ing might almost be heard. Thus thought Daddy and Mummy, as they crept silently back to their rooms, closing the door gently behind them.

Have you ever heard of such queer company as Mytyl and Tytyl had on their journey? Nothing surprised them now; along the road they passed forests of Christmas trees, alight with myriad candles, and though the snow lay thick upon the ground, their hearts were warm within. Fairy Bérylune hurried them to her Palace—a place that seemed to the eye a veritable home of shadowy soap-bubbles passing through green light, and touching a long flight of marble steps leading to the inner rooms. Here all were bidden to dress themselves for the journey which stretched before them. Cat was highly pleased with the costume of Puss-in-Boots; Dog, even though sneered at by his natural enemy, donned the livery of one of Cinderella's coachmen; Bread, huge in his bulk, clad himself in Bluebeard's finest robes. The others were not so richly dressed, even though Tytyl's blue coat and red breeches suggested Hop o' my Thumb, and Mytyl wore Gretel's frock and Cinderella's slippers.

Thus prepared, what were best to do? Always one must be careful in going on a long journey to determine who are to be relied on. Remember that fairy Bérylune had given Tytyl a green cap in which there was a telltale diamond—one to reveal secrets which THINGS might not want to have known. Would not such power make Tytyl disliked just a little? Cat certainly should be watched, for, according to his kind, he is always treacherous; Sugar is perfectly willing to break off his sweet barley fingers for Mytyl, but he is *too* "sweet" for any firmness of character; Light will be true, even though she is despised by Night, to whose palace Tytyl will be obliged to go in his search for the Blue Bird; Dog will ever be faithful, as all dogs are to all men, whom they serve with unquestioned faith. Is it not true, as Kipling sings:

Pussy will rub my knees with her head,
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to bed,
Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning light;
So I know it is only pretend;
But *Binkie* he snores at my feet all night,
And he is my Firstest Friend!

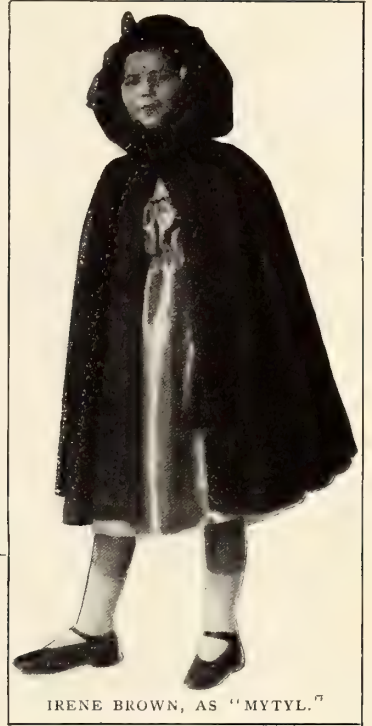
Where is that Blue Bird which we all want for our happiness? Maybe Mytyl's and Tytyl's grandparents carried it with them when they died. That is the first visit they must pay, said fairy Bérylune. How little we people on earth know of the great truth which these small travelers are now to learn—the great truth that if we but think



GLADYS HULETTE, AS
"TYLTYL."

kindly of those who are gone from us, they live in our memories and are happy in our thought. Mytyl and Tyltyl hasten to this Land of Memory through a mist of cloud that lifts only to show to them Grandfather and Grandmother asleep, with smiles upon their faces, since some one was thinking of them at the time with love in his heart.

What a visit that was when Mytyl and Tyltyl were discovered! Nothing ever grows older in the Land of Memory. Granddaddy and Granny were the same as when they left earth, and the brothers and sisters who had died were just as they used to be, even to the bump on Pauline's nose. In their pleasure, Mytyl and Tyltyl did not forget their mission, even though there



IRENE BROWN, AS "MYTYL."



ROBERT E. HOMANS, AS
"BREAD."



LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, AS THE
FAIRY "BÉRYLUNE."



ELEANOR MORETTI, AS
"NIGHT."



JACOB WENDELL, JR., AS "DOG."

CECIL YAPP, AS "CAT."

PEDRO DE CORDOBA, AS "FIRE."

was delight in Granny's remarks about how tall they had grown; even though the supper given them was good.

Amid all this rollicking joy, Tytyl suddenly

So when he and Mytyl left, much to the regret of those whom the earth-folk call dead, they carried with them the blackbird, which in their simple, childish delight they considered blue.



"THE DANCE OF THE HOURS."

sighted a blackbird in a cage near by—a bird which looked blue. All a-tingle, he begged of his granddaddy and granny to be given this treasure.

But now, have you not guessed what the Blue Bird really means? Once more on the road to rejoin Light, whom they have been told to fol-



ENTRANCE-HALL IN THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE.

low, these children—a little downcast over having to leave those they love, a little lonely in the misty wood—find that the bird, after all, is only black. "Beauty," says the poet, "is in the eye of the beholder." Perhaps, at the close of their journey, Mytyl and Tytyl will find the bird nearer home than they had ever dreamed.

But now there was no thought of home; only one object lay before them—to capture the Blue Bird for Happiness. There are some people on earth who are never happy. To them, as the old adage declares, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Says one, if there were no more wars, the world would be happy; says another, if there were no more sickness, the world would be happy; says still another, if we did not live in darkness, we would always dwell in sunshine. Mytyl and Tytyl, as we have said, were obliged to visit the Palace of Night; there maybe, in the unknown, the Blue Bird might be hidden. But though our small hero searched behind sealed doors which opened when he unlocked them, and though he captured many flying doves which seemed to be blue, happiness once more slipped from him, for the Blue Bird only dwells in light.

These children were sent to many grim places,

so grim that we could hardly blame them if they did not have gladsome hearts. But they were cheerful little souls, and they felt safe in the gentle hands of

Light. Besides which, they were curious, because all the strange wonders they saw interested them beyond measure. And where there is interest, there is no time to be frightened. They journeyed to the kingdom of the future, where children were waiting to be born; but happiness, to be of the right kind, should al-



ways exist in the present, even though it should increase on the morrow. Bread, Water, Sugar, and Milk could not understand this; after all, they were only the souls of THINGS, and so, wherever they went, they remained alert and

ready to make their escape. Glad indeed they were at last to bid good-by to Mytyl and Tytyl when the search was at an end!

Journey as far as you will, so these children learned, the Blue Bird does not live in strange places; it is not even proper to keep it in a cage. When Mytyl and Tytyl woke up and found themselves in their warm beds—for of course it was only a dream—they were so very happy that on looking at their own bird in its cage by the window, lo, it was a beautiful blue in color! And I am sure that any bird happening to pass at that moment would have been blue also, if such is the color of happiness.

Tytyl gave his bird away to a little sick girl living near him; this gift made her so cheerful that she came to thank him, bringing her precious burden with her. And while they were talking together, the Blue Bird flew away. Was this a dreadful thing to happen? Not at all. Children are happy in their own way, which is difficult for some grown folks to understand, and happiness

does not depend upon owning things, but upon giving.

Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" is a regular fairy-tale; the older people may try to get some other meaning out of it, but the story is as I have told it. Of course our hero and heroine met with other strange happenings on their way, but in none of them did they find the true secret of happiness. The play is a splendid pantomime—it is full of bright color and of sweet thoughts. In fact, one has to like it because it is beautiful. Now that you have heard, maybe you will smile when you next bite a lump of sugar, or drink a glass of water, or take a bowl of milk. Mytyl and Tytyl felt odd for a long while after this adventure, and whenever they talked about the curious journey, Daddy and Mummy smiled, though they did not really know. Peter Pan believed in fairies, and he who believes in fairies never grows up. The Blue Bird stands for Happiness, and he who believes in the Blue Bird need look no farther than his heart.



FAIRY BÉRYLUNE TO MYTYL AND TYTYL: "THAT'S THE BIG DIAMOND THAT MAKES PEOPLE SEE."

TONKO

BY PAUL SUTER



I COULD not have been more than ten when the bear came to Treford. It was a warm, breezy, delightful day with a scent of fresh grass and growing trees in the air—the sort of day when one likes to be out of doors—and it seemed as if all the wandering Italians in the neighborhood had taken advantage of it to come to town. One of them—a smiling organ-grinder with a monkey in a gay suit of clothes—had

posted himself on the square in front of the town hall. The monkey went dancing and capering about and collecting pennies from the passers-by while we youngsters looked on in rapture. But he lost his audience in a moment when Tonko and his master appeared on the other side of the square.

"Tonko" was a huge brown bear with short bandy legs, which seemed ridiculously small for such a giant. He had a leather strap around his neck from which hung a long chain; and his master, a swarthy Italian with great earrings in his ears, led him by means of a cord fastened to a ring in his nose. Another monkey, though without a colored suit, sat chattering at the Italian's feet, but we paid little heed to him, for Tonko and his master had no sooner come to a halt than they began dancing together just as two human beings might have done. I had always been taught that a bear's hug meant death, or broken ribs, at least, but Tonko clasped his master around the waist as gently and lovingly as you please, and they waltzed around and around, while we clapped and cheered. Then Tonko shook hands, first with the Italian, afterward with a few of the bravest among our throng, and finally with us all. We had learned by that time how good-tempered he was.

"He natto hurt you," said the Italian, with his sunny smile. "He nice-a bear. He carry you, too. Watch him."

Just at that moment the bear was near me,

walking on his hind legs, and I was trying hard not to make myself out a coward, by running; and now he suddenly reached over, and picked me up in his "arms." My, how I yelled! He put me down again in a minute, and appeared sorry for my fright; and, for my part, when I saw him pick up other boys in the crowd, one by one, and carry them, while they laughed in delight, I was ashamed of having cried.

Of course, Tonko's master passed the hat; and then came his disappointment. For, although we were willing enough to look on, we had very few pennies to give him, and the grown-up folk were not half so liberal as they might have been. The poor Italian looked downcast, I thought. It was really not right that he should go away with almost nothing, after having given such a fine performance. I ran home to get a dime from my mother, and returned with it as quickly as possible, but the performers were gone. They had taken the road out of the village, and probably by that time were well on their way.

My father and Frank, my older brother, had been working in the fields, so they had not seen Tonko; and that evening I went over the whole performance for their benefit. I shook hands with them, as he had done with me; danced around, holding an imaginary Italian by the waist, and even made believe pick Frank up and walk off with him.

While we were talking, a knock came at the back door. It was not exactly a knock, either, but more like the sound of something soft being battered against the panels.

"Who can that be, I wonder?" my mother said, rather puzzled at the queerness of the summons; and my father went to answer it.

He had no sooner unlocked the door than it burst open; something big and black forced its way inside, and there was Tonko, the bear!

Frank and I looked at him just once, then darted for the sitting-room, with my mother not far behind us. As for my father, he stood his ground a moment; but when the bear pushed farther against him, he, too, followed us without delay, slamming the door after him.

When we were all safe in the sitting-room, the humor of it forced itself upon us. Was there ever such a situation? A bear in our kitchen!

"I suppose by this time he's licking out the pans," said my mother, between tears and laughter.

"We 'll have to get him out of there," my father returned seriously. "He may knock the stove over."

"I 'm not going in," declared Frank. "Probably he 's broken away from his master, and he 'll be out for blood."

The way he said this made us all laugh, though the words were not especially funny; and my father took courage to open the door, just a little, to look for the intruder.

The bear was in plain sight. We could all see him, by craning our necks a little. He sat in the corner of the kitchen, on his haunches, gnawing a ham-bone which had been left on the table after supper. His face wore a curious expression of satisfaction mingled with dismay, as if he enjoyed the ham-bone, but was not quite sure whether it was big enough to make a full meal on.

"He 's hungry, that 's all. I don't think he 's savage," my mother suggested. "I 've half a mind to go in and give him something to eat."

"You had better remain here, my dear," said Father. "I 'll go in and lead him out."

Before we could protest, he was in the kitchen. He walked straight up to the bear, just as I had seen the Italian do, and took him by one paw. The big brute rose as obediently as a child, whimpering a little bit, but offering no resistance, and, before we quite realized what was up, my father had him out.

And now we began to reproach ourselves. Where would the poor beast go? He was certainly hungry, yet he had gone out like a lamb. Our consciences smote us the more when we heard him prowling around the house, moaning from time to time, like a big, disconsolate dog. At last my kind-hearted mother could keep silent no longer.

"I think it 's a shame!" she declared. "The poor thing 's as good-natured as can be. He might have killed us all, if he had wanted to, yet he did n't even overturn the table. I 'm going to the pantry and bring him something good to eat."

But my father, now quite entering into the spirit of the adventure, said:

"I 'll do better than that! I 'll put him into the empty stall in the stable, and give him some green corn to eat. In the morning his master will thank us for not driving him away."

Neither Frank nor I stirred out of the house until we heard our father's voice, telling us that the bear was safely imprisoned. Then we ran to



"THE MONKEY WENT DANCING AND CAPERING ABOUT AND COLLECTING PENNIES FROM THE PASSERS-BY."

the stable and watched him eat, by the light of a lantern. He must have been ravenous. I had never seen an animal so hungry. And yet he held the ears in his paws, like a big, clumsy man, and Father said, in a joking way, that he had very good table manners, too, for a big bear.

The next morning we looked for his master, but no master came; and that was the beginning of a week as delightful as any two boys ever had. We found out, before the first day was over, that Tonko was as willing to do tricks for us as for the Italian. He shook hands with us; danced us around, when we ventured into his stall; and, finally, when we took courage to let him out, he showed no desire to run away. On the contrary, he seemed wonderfully fond of us, and when either Frank or I approached he would put out first one paw and then the other, for us to shake.

The second day after his arrival, my brother conceived a really brilliant idea. Why should n't we exhibit Tonko in the barn, as the Italian had done on the town square, and charge an admission price?

"You may do it," said my father, "if you save up all the money to be given to his master, in case he returns. I fancy the poor man is none too rich."

We agreed to this readily; and the great show was started. Frank painted a sign on the barn, and soon we were doing a rushing business. It was August, and school would not open for another month, so I was able to stay with Tonko when Frank worked in the fields. At the end of the week we had about two dollars. I felt proud, and often tried to imagine how the Italian would look when he came back and found the bear had been earning money for him.

On Monday, Tonko had been with us just a week, and he seemed like an old friend whom we had known all our lives. Before going to bed that evening, I wanted to say good night to him; so I stole away to the barn. On the way there, I caught a glimpse of a man coming out. He must have seen me, too, for at that moment he began to run, and disappeared up the dark driveway. My first thought was of tramps. Suppose Tonko had been stolen! But no; he was lying down in his stall, and on my entrance he stood up, rubbed his great head against my hand, and whined. I patted him on the head, and opened the stall door to go back, but, just then, a queer noise came to my ears from the loft above. It sounded like the snapping of twigs or the crackling of dead leaves, when one walks on them in the woods.

I was not afraid of the dark. Few country boys are. I crept up the ladder and looked around. Nothing was to be seen; only blackness everywhere. Yet the strange sound continued. So I felt my way boldly to the other side of a big pile of hay, and was just rounding it when a smell as of burning hay and wood came to my nostrils. The next moment a puff of smoke struck me full in the face. The barn was on fire!

For an instant my mind stood still. Then I raced frantically for the ladder. As I climbed down, with the air growing thicker each second, my brain grasped at the two things to be done: Tonko must be let out, and I must call my father.

The bear roared with excitement when I pushed open his stall door and loosened the snap fastening from the manger ring. At the same moment came a crash which shook the old barn from end to end. The big outside door had blown shut. I ran toward it with serious forebodings. The wooden bar on the other side would be fallen into place, of course, but there was a cord which we used to pull it up from within. I felt for this. The hole through which it had passed was easy to find, but the cord had fallen out.

I rushed frantically to the only other door, but it was locked and my brother had the key. It was a side door leading to the stalls, and we had been afraid that some one might sneak through it, unseen from the house, and lure Tonko away.

Hastening back to the big door, I groped desperately up and down it for some crevice through which the bar could be lifted. There were cracks enough, but none in the right place. Then I tried to shout, but the smoke filled my lungs in a breath and left me speechless. At last I sank to the floor in despair. We were trapped.

Suddenly there was a rush past me, and a crash. I jumped up with new hope. The great bear had thrown his weight against the door. He rushed it again, and the old bar snapped; once more, and, groaning, the door swung open. Tonko's strength had saved us both!

I remember little of what happened afterward on that terrible night, but I must have lost no time in spreading the alarm, for, although help was rather long in coming, it arrived soon enough to save most of the barn.

Not many days after the fire, a tired, despondent figure came to our farm, and asked for my father. It was the Italian. He had been laid up in the hospital from an accident, and had just got out again. He had heard that Tonko was safe with us, though it seemed too good to be true.

I was inconsolable at the thought of losing my playmate. "Father," I pleaded, "can't we buy him? We ought to after what he did that night."

But my father shook his head.

"I'm afraid he's not for sale. If he was, we'd buy him quickly enough. You see, lad, he's more than a bear to the Italian: he's a dear comrade."

When we opened the door of the wagon shed, I understood. The bear uttered a roar, so loud that it startled us all. In a twinkling he was out



TONKO AND HIS MASTER.

of the shed, at the feet of his master. The Italian cried for joy. He threw his arms around the great, shaggy neck, and presently they "joined hands," and began to dance.

That was their sign of parting. Though we begged the Italian to stay at least one night, he shook his head. Tonko and he were wanderers, he said; they must go on. Even the little fund

we had got together, now greatly increased by my father, did not change his mind. So we walked together, a sorrowful procession, to the road; there I embraced my good dumb friend, in boyish fashion, and said good-by. We watched them till they came to a bend in the path. Tonko turned then, and looked back at me. I waved my hand, sadly, until he was out of sight.

A BAD SPELL

BY MRS. CLARA J. DENTON

SAID Lucy: "Now meet me at eight;
Don't forget, and make us both leight."
SAID Keight: "Yes, I'll come sure as feight."

SAID Lucy: "'T is quite cold enough,
I think, to be using my mough,
The wind blows so cold on the blough."

BUT soon did this poor maiden sigh,
She caught a bad cold in her igh,
And she thought she surely must digh.

NOW you who have laughed at my rhyme,
And think my poor spelling a chryme,
Just learn how to spell while you 've thyme.

A TRUE STORY OF TWO CLEVER LITTLE SQUIRRELS

BY CLARA H. DODGE

There are two little squirrels that live in a tree
That's as close to our house as a tree could well be.

AND it is about these two little squirrels that I am going to tell you a story.

For several years these two little squirrels have seemed to live in an old oak-tree that stands close to our house, and all day long, both winter and summer, they could be seen frolicking up and down the tree and out on the farthest and most slender branches, racing after each other in high glee. But when night came on they disappeared from sight, and we could find no hole or hiding-place on or around the tree where they could sleep, and not until last winter did we discover where they lodged.

When we had an old wood-pile removed from the back yard one morning, these cunning little squirrels were unexpectedly awakened from their slumbers in a hole of an old log; and when they jumped out, what do you think we found in their little sleeping-room? Why, a big pile of chestnuts, enough to last all winter, and every one

stolen from the little balcony outside of my bedroom window, where I had spread them out to dry when they were brought in wet one day. How do I know that they took my chestnuts? Well, I will tell you.

One night I heard a great scratching and scampering outside of my window, on the balcony, and I thought at once that those sly little squirrels were helping themselves to my chestnuts. So I softly peeped out from behind the window-curtain, and, sure enough, there the dear little robbers were, with their mouths and paws full of the nuts, having a feast first, and then taking away with them as many as they could manage to carry. I did not disturb them, and every night they repeated the same performance, and although my chestnuts began to diminish, I let them take all they wanted.

Now don't you think that they were clever little squirrels to discover those chestnuts on my balcony, and also to hide themselves away at night where no one had been able to find them for so long? I do.

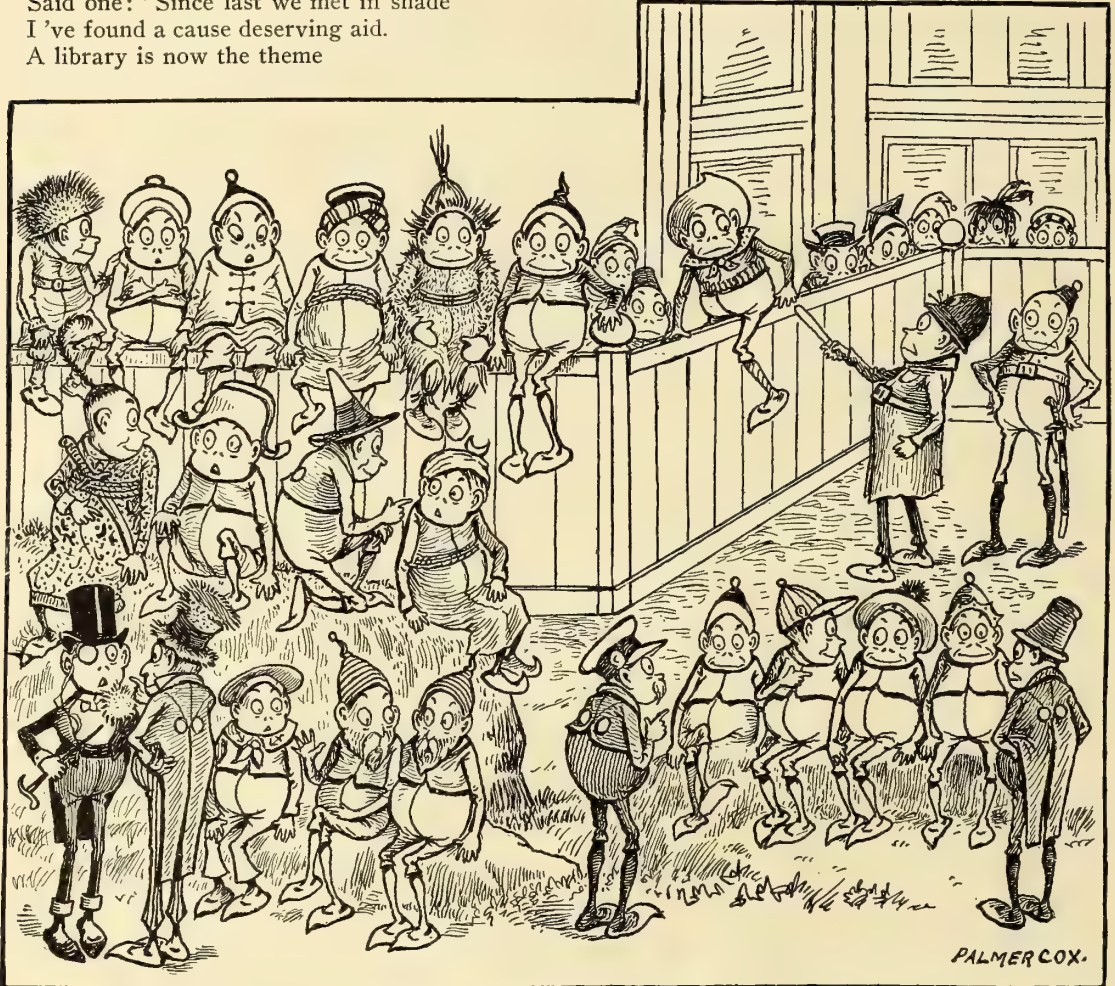
THE BROWNIES AND THE LIBRARY

BY PALMER COX

THE evening shade had settled down
And brought a quiet to the town
That comes when labor 's at an end
And home has many joys to lend,
When Brownies met, as planned before,
To call the roll, if nothing more.

Said one: "Since last we met in shade
I've found a cause deserving aid.
A library is now the theme

Or moral tracts the place provides.
If you would turn to broader things,
To tales of yore, or buried kings,
Or learn the secret of the sea,
The hidden mine, or growing tree,
You 'll have to turn your eyes elsewhere



"THE BROWNIES MET, AS PLANNED BEFORE."

Of which the people talk and dream;
And though the walls indeed are there,
The shelves and cases still are bare.
The cry for bread, without a joke,
All cry for books is apt to choke,
So little else than railway guides

Till people have more funds to spare."
Another cried: "We 're happy met.
We 'll start to-night supplies to get,
And stock the place before we pause
In ways that will some wonder cause,
That knowledge may as freely flow

As rivers to the sea below,
For ignorance will hide its head
When knowledge is through good books spread."

And once again the infant's page
Will give delight to doting age,
And pleasure will not be confined



"WE'LL STOCK THE PLACE BEFORE WE PAUSE!"

At once a stir and start were made,
And as they moved, their plans were laid
Where each should go, and each should try
To swell the bulk of their supply.
With such a will, and such a gift,
As Brownies own, they made a lift
In every quarter, ward, and part,
As one may judge who knows their art.

To narrow bounds or greatest mind."
"Some history," one cried, "we'll show;
It may be dry and sometimes slow,
But it hints how our time should steer,
Shows what to love and what to fear.
Much will be found within to give
Assistance to folk while they live,
From cruel times, of war and pain,

To our own days when peace doth reign.

Some sacred writings, too, to read
Outside of pews, all men do need,
And our collection of this kind
An honored place will surely find.
On them far more depends than when

To sow your wheat, or set your hen;
They are to man a greater boon
Than turn of tides, or filling moon;
The future is their subject still,—
That touches all, think as you will."



USEFUL BOOKS!

Said one: "Those books we'll not omit
That children love, for all are fit
To ornament a shelf or case
And well may claim a favored place;
For second childhood, as we know,
Will come in time as seasons go,

"We'll take," said one, "some pictures there,
For those who have no time to spare
To read the books and knowledge gain
By study deep, or mental strain.
Some folk in paintings can behold
More than a volume can unfold,

For love and anger, hope and dread,
Are all upon the canvas spread."
Cried one: "The globe, I do insist,
Should be installed, whate'er is
miss'd,

For still some people may be found
Who hardly know the world is
round,
But think it lies flat as the cake
Which their good mothers used to
make.

When this they see turn like a
wheel

Before the wind, some thoughts
may steal

Into their heads, where words could
ne'er

Take slightest root, though sown with care."

Some bore the tripod made to hold
The globe in place as round it rolled;
More wrestled with the globe and fell

And those with lighter burdens bound
Escaped some trials others found.
Mishaps occurred, and some broke through



COMICAL PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The globe itself before they knew;
That it was hollow did appear,
And quite unlike our own big sphere,
That 's filled with—who can say just what?—
But something that we know is hot.



" 'WE 'LL TAKE,' SAID ONE, 'SOME PICTURES THERE!'"

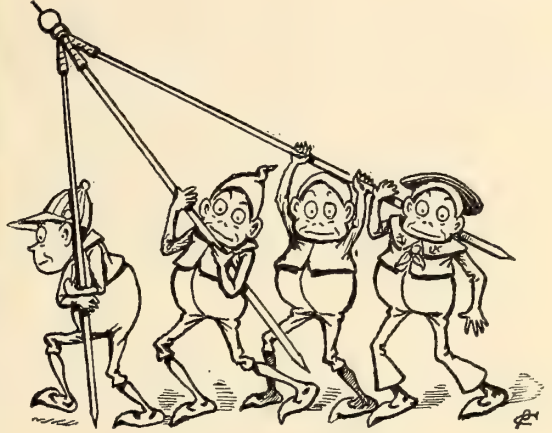
Across a task that tried them well.
And there was trouble on the road,
For quite ungainly was the load,

So work went on as midnight pass'd,
And time brought round the dawn at last,
But Brownies, with their usual art,



"CRIED ONE: 'THE GLOBE, I DO INSIST, SHOULD BE
INSTALLED!'"

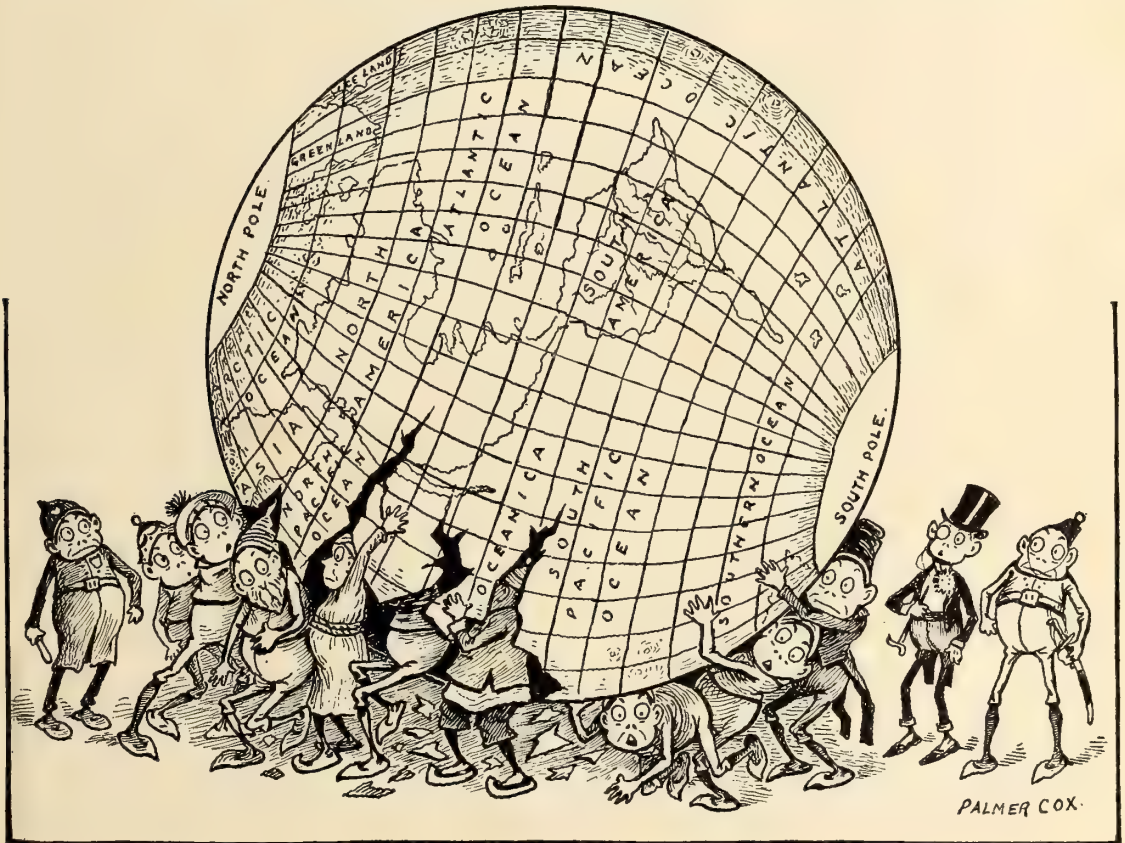
The walls with paintings bright were graced,
And it was thought that one would find
Improvement in the public mind,



"SOME BORE THE TRIPOD."

Were ready for their homeward start,
Because the books were duly placed,

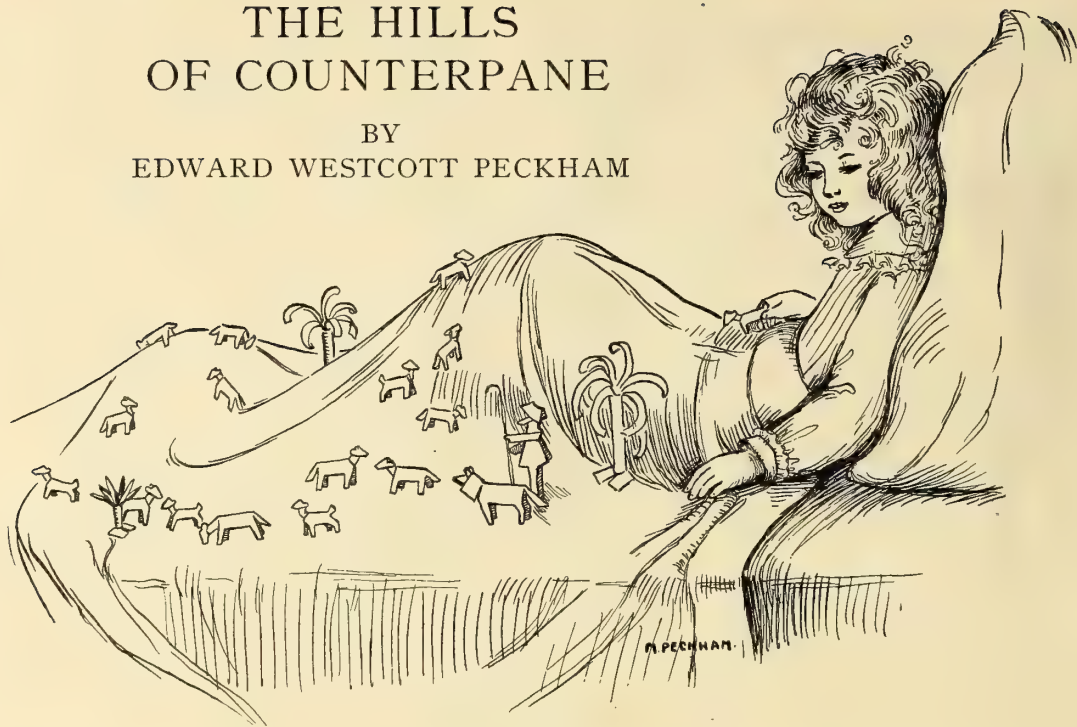
And information all should prize
Would soon make library readers wise.



PALMER COX.

THE HILLS OF COUNTERPANE

BY
EDWARD WESTCOTT PECKHAM



MARGARET AND HER FLOCKS.

HERE are two of the stories which almost told themselves to Daddy, who told them to Margaret, about the people and animals that lived among "The Hills of Counterpane." And, as he told them, Daddy took sheets of white or colored paper, and just by folding them made out of this paper all the people and animals he told about—so that the "hills" were covered with them.

I. MARGARET AND HER FLOCKS

MARGARET's flocks roamed far over the Hills of Counterpane. Had you seen the odd plants and trees that grew there, you might have thought it some far-away tropical country, but Margaret and Daddy found it very interesting.

The shepherd's name was Grump, because he was so, Margaret said. He called his dog Carlo, and if a man does not know his own dog's name, who does?

Grump and Carlo lived in a little farm-house back from the hills, with Grump's wife, Lucretia Ann. That was her name, because, at a farm where Margaret had once spent a summer, Lucretia Ann always fed the hens and chickens, and there were many of them at the little paper farm for Grump's wife to care for.

Billie Boy and Sister Polly lived in the little farm-house too, and went every day down the road to the pretty little red school-house.

Many things happened among the hills and on the little farm, but, where there are so many interesting people, things always *do* happen, and so came the thought that other Margarets and Billies and Dorothys might like to hear how Margaret and Daddy watched these little paper people on the Hills of Counterpane and made up stories about them that almost told themselves.

II. THE CIRCUS

ONE day, a long time after school closed, and the little red school-house was shut up for the summer, Billie Boy went down to the village with Uncle John, to have some new tires put on the wagon-wheels. It was a most exciting trip, but what interested Billie Boy most, after the blacksmith, his forge, and the flying sparks, was the big colored pictures which were all over the outside of the little shop and on the near-by fences. They were really the most wonderful things he had ever seen and were all about a circus that was coming to town. Billie Boy thought it must be a combination of fairy-land and all the wonder stories he had ever read. When he got home he tried to tell Sister Polly about it. He told her all he remembered, and much that he fancied. She thought as he did, that it was almost too wonderful to be true; and when he told her it was all to be seen down at the village, "afternoon and eve-

ning for one day only" the coming week, she first clapped her hands and said "Oh!" and opened her big blue eyes wider than before, if that were possible.

Then Billie Boy had the great inspiration. "We 'll go," said he. "To the circus?" asked Sister Polly. "To the circus," answered Billie Boy, and after that all Sister Polly could do was to say "Oh!" once more.

How long the days were, but at last came a bright and beautiful morning, and it was *the* day. They were both up bright and early, and all ready to start before breakfast; but they had to wait awhile for Grump and Mother Ann, who went too,

and then they all went in, and "Oh!" said Billie Boy and his eyes grew large, and "Oh!" said Sister Polly and *her* eyes grew large; for there were all the cages, and the circus, and the great white bear, and the kangaroos, and the giraffes, and the camels, and the elephants, and many more too numerous to mention. After they had tried to see them all, they went into the tent, and they all climbed way up to the top of the blue board seats, and there before them were all the rings, and the air was full of the noise of animals, and the band was playing gaily, and at the far end there were the most tantalizing curtains, through which one caught glimpses of horses and people,

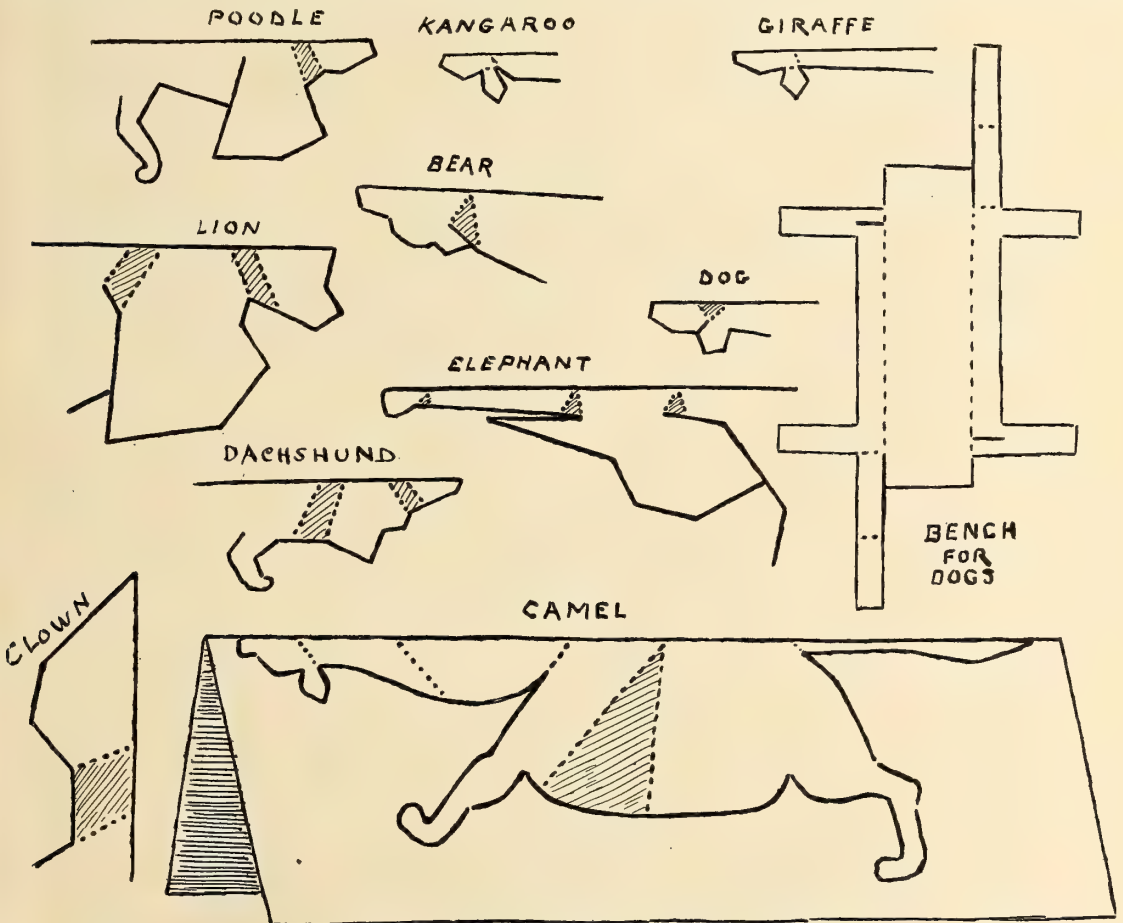


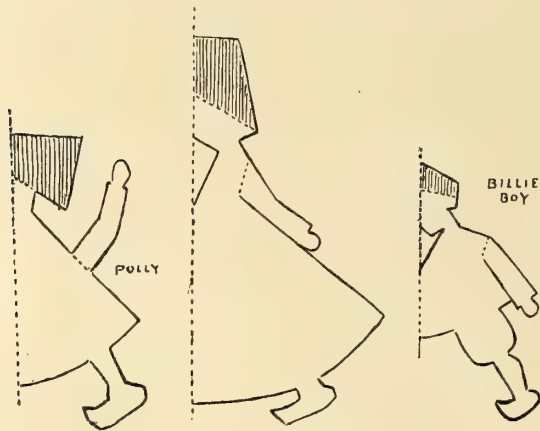
FIG. 1. PATTERNS OF ANIMAL HEADS, THE ANIMALS TO BE DRAWN COMPLETE BEFORE CUTTING, AS SHOWN IN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE CAMEL.

which was, on the whole, rather fortunate, for after they had seen the "grand street-parade," when they all came to the big tents, Billie Boy and Sister Polly were surprised to find that one had to have tickets to go in with, and no one had told them about that. Grump bought the tickets,

and so many mysterious things that it just kept you guessing every minute.

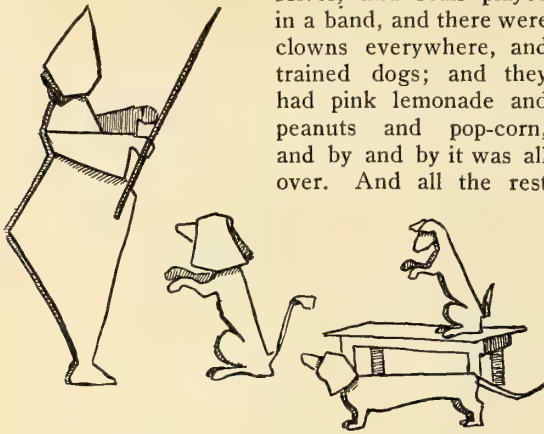
Then, after a long, long time, the band played louder and struck up the grand march, and at last the curtains opened, and the gaily caparisoned horses and all the beautiful ladies and their es-

corts came riding in stately array. Sister Polly just held tight hold of Billie Boy's hand, and they both said "Oh!" together, and they looked and looked, and they could n't look enough to see it all,



PATTERN TO BE DRAWN ON FOLDED PAPER.

for horses danced and ponies pranced and people flew through the air, and elephants marched and sat on pedestals and made pyramids of themselves, and seals played in a band, and there were clowns everywhere, and trained dogs; and they had pink lemonade and peanuts and pop-corn, and by and by it was all over. And all the rest



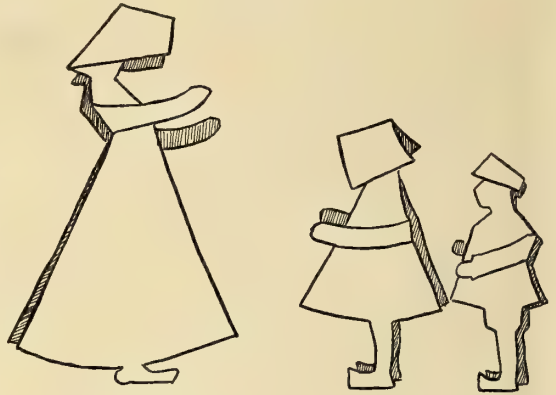
THE CLOWN AND HIS TRICK DOGS.

of the summer, they talked about it, and Billie Boy said he was going to be a clown and go with a circus when he grew up, and then Sister Polly said she was going to be one too, and that led to a discussion which is still unsettled.

THESE are two of the little stories told about the paper folk and animals of the Hills of Counterpane.

All the figures are cut from the folded edge of paper folded once. Sometimes the ears of the animals are cut from the neck, sometimes at an angle. A drooping tail folds into the body at the base, an uplifted one folds over. Where there is

a double joint in the neck, fold, for the best effect, over and under. The same with the heads. A pinch here and there, especially in the legs, which are best cut a little heavy, helps the effect.

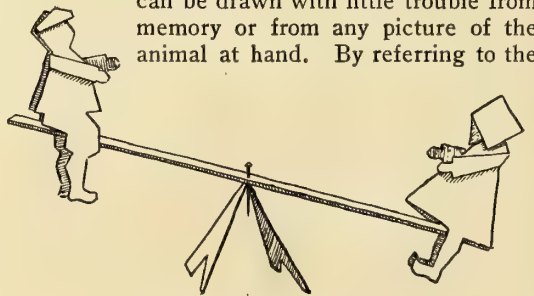


BILLIE BOY, SISTER POLLY, AND THEIR MOTHER.

To find the "center of gravity" in the people—that is, to find the position in which they will balance when standing—requires some experimenting, but all can be made to stand, and much expression can be given to them.

Trees are made by cutting an unfolded strip of paper in strips two thirds through; fold or twist the uncut third for trunk, and curl branches on a knife-blade. Leave a base. When I first learned how to make these figures, I tore them out with my fingers, but pencil and scissors are a great help. The figures on the upper half of page 353 are from a photograph of *torn* (not cut) originals.

In Fig. 1 are shown a number of patterns, mostly of *heads* of animals, and of a clown. As the head is the only part that might present any difficulty, it has not been thought necessary to give a pattern for the rest of the bodies, as these can be drawn with little trouble from memory or from any picture of the animal at hand. By referring to the



THE CHILDREN'S SEE-SAW.

pattern of the camel in Fig. 1 it will be plain how the various animals are to be made after completing the drawing of the animal desired, starting



LUCRETIA ANN, BILLIE BOY, AND SISTER POLLY. (ACTUAL FIGURES TORN OUT OF PAPER.)

with the appropriate head-pattern given. These are all cut from a once-folded piece of paper (except the bench, the *complete* pattern for which is given).

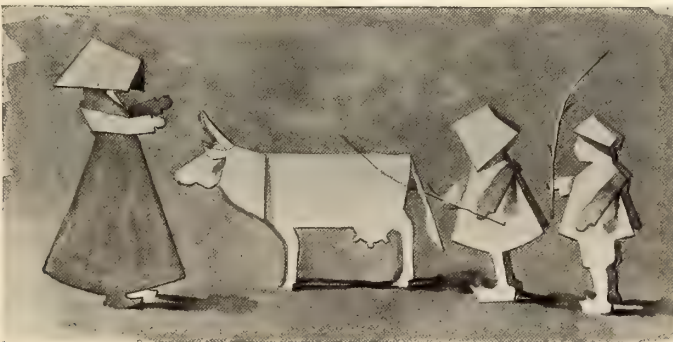
As to size, this may be just as the boy or girl prefers, and according to the size of the paper to be used. As a rule the size of the figures shown on the upper part of this page will be found most satisfactory—of course a little larger if an elephant, and smaller if a dog, etc.

The figures are symmetrical and are cut from paper folded once, the fold being the central line. In a human figure the line is in the front, in an animal it forms the back. The diagrams show half the figure. *Cut out on the lines; fold on the dots* after cutting out. The illustrations show all the

folds. Most of the bodies are simple and easily drawn; the heads are more complicated, so I have shown a number of them. The camel might prove difficult, but I have shown him entire. His fore-legs fold over the body. The bear's fore quarters fold down and over the body. The clown's head and hat are made by a double fold down to a line across the neck and up again, the same fold that makes Billie Boy's hat, only deeper.

In making new figures, experiment; fold the head and neck first, then draw the body as it comes. An unexpected pinch or twist will sometimes get an excellent effect.

Cutting the animals from different-colored papers is very effective. But remember: *cut* on the full lines and *fold* on the dotted lines.



RHYMES CONCERNING "MOTHER"



I. MOTHER'S WAY

BY CARRIE WILLIAMS

NOWADAYS girls go to cooking-school
And learn to cook just so by rule;
But all I know, I 'm glad to say,
My mother taught me day by day.

She did not need a great cook-book;
She knew how much and what it took
To make things good and sweet and light.
What Mother does is always right.

II. WHO IS IT?

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY



Who w'ites wif a pencil all over a book?
An' who gets the ink when nobody does look?
An' who gets her fingies all blacker than black?
An' who gets 'em spatted when Muvver
comes back?
An' who 's des' as *sorry* as *sorry* can be?
Muvver says—*me*.

WHOSE hair is all curly, an' eyes "baby-blue"?
Who wakes up too early 'fore night-time is fru?
Who dresses her pillow all up in the clo'es,
An' counts all her piggies when nobody knows?
An' who 's des' as *quiet* as *quiet* can be?
Muvver says—*me*.

Who goes down to dinner on Sundays at two,
All dressed in w'ite frillies, an' tied up in blue?
An' who waits for Father to cut up her meat,
When she is *so* hungry an' nuffin' to eat?
An' who 's des' as "*patient*" as "*patient*" can be?
Muvver says—*me*.

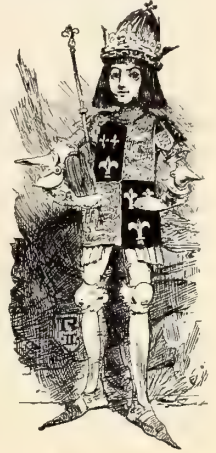
Who gets on her nightie an' says all her prayers? An' who is so spoiled 'at she *won't* go away,
An' then comes a-stealin' an' creepin' down-stairs? Even when she 's as *sleepy* as *sleepy* can be?
Who cuddles up comfy an' teases to stay? Muvver says—*me*.

III. MY DEAREST IS A LADY

BY MIRIAM S. CLARK

My dearest is a lady, she wears a gown of blue,
She sits beside the window where the yellow sun comes through;
The light is shining on her hair, and all the time she sews,
She sings a song about a knight, a dear, brave knight she knows.

My dearest is a lady—and oh, I love her well!
Full five and twenty times a day this very tale I tell;
For I 'm the knight in armor, a shield and sword I wear,
And Mother is my lady, with the light upon her hair.



IV. HOW MANY LUMPS!

How many lumps of sugar
Ought a little girl to use
To sweeten a cup of chocolate?
I can take just what I choose.

Five make it just like candy,
And four are most as good—
There 's no one to say I must n't,
Now I wonder if I should.



From the painting by H. Morisset.

By permission of the artist.

Three is what Nurse allows me,
So that would be surely right.
Uncle Jack takes two lumps always
And says it is "out of sight."

Five, four, three, two—I wonder—
Or none, just like Papa?
Well, after all, I 'll take but one
And copy my dear Mama.



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE GREAT MAGICIAN

HAVE any of you ever stopped to think how everything that has been done by man was first of all made in his mind—existed there long before it came into sight or touch? Talk about transmuting iron into gold, as was the dream of the old alchemists—and very likely no dream, but a simple reality some day—what was this, after all, compared with the transmutations the mind of man has been up to through the years? Taking thought, fancy, imagination, intangible stuff all of it, that can neither be seen nor handled, and changing it into everything we use: into towering buildings, railroads, ships; into telephones and type-writers; into shoes and tea-pots; into things marvelous and things simple; into everything, in fact, that makes the substance of our civilized life. For man, whenever and wherever he began—and of that we cannot be precise in our statements—certainly was set down in a world he has since re-created. Around him, in the air over his head, the earth under his feet, in the waters that flowed and the winds that blew, was the raw material. In his own head the great magician was to transform lumps of mineral and stone, plants and trees, and the elements of nature into a new world, a world made by himself to suit his needs and meet his desires. None of the fairy tales he has told himself exceed in wonder what Alfred Tennyson so happily described as “the fairy tales of science and the long result of time”—

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do.

It appears, indeed, as though it were impossible for man to think of anything that would not, in good time, be achieved. Even when he gives his fancy full rein and gallops off into the strangest places, plodding fact overtakes him at last, and once again makes reality out of imagining. Which is proof that thought, though you can't lay hands on it, is the first reality.

I got to thinking about this the other evening while I sat before my fire reading a book of Jules Verne's, the French writer who lived a generation ago and wrote so many stories that told of people who did things impossible then, but which have become possible, and even ordinary, since. The book I happened to be reading was his “Voyage to the Moon.” To be sure, none of us has yet attained the moon, nor are we shot out of guns on aerial journeyings.

But all the same, we do a lot of things that were quite as incredible in Verne's day, and I, for one, am in no despair about the moon, and should be much more surprised to hear that we were never going to get there than that we should arrive next year. In another story of Verne's, “Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,” a boat is constructed that will go under water, and many wonderful adventures befall its owner and crew. Nowadays submarine boats are a commonplace.

Then, there is his story of the man who went around the world in eighty days. Think how easily we can beat a record that seemed the wildest romance when the book was written. To go back to the story I was reading, if we are not as yet shot out of guns, at least Paris has the pneumatic post, where letters and small packages are sent flying through tubes to their destinations miles away. It is said that a live rabbit in a box was sent from Brussels to Paris in this manner, arriving safe and sound, and not so much as out of breath, though his journey had been accomplished in an inconceivably brief space of time.

Another of the Jules Verne stories tells of an elephant, a huge beast run by steam who tramped through the jungles, and within which lived the hero and his friends. This elephant is only a fantastic automobile.

In the old, old stories there used to be boats that sped silently through the water without sail or oars, carrying folk hither and thither as the fairy powers desired. Now our motor-boats are on every available bit of water, only we have forgotten to think of them as magic. Fancy some of the old writers who conceived of such boats long ago, but never dreamed they would be real, coming back and seeing them now. They would think themselves bewitched, sure enough. So they would be; so we all are! Living in the kingdom of that amazing magician, *the Mind of Man*. Only we have got so that we think nothing of his wonders, simply regarding him as a handy fellow who gets things done for us.

Ever since time began there have been stories of flying-machines of one sort or another. Back in Greek days there was young Icarus, who attached wings to his shoulders with wax and flew so near the sun that they were melted and dropped off, leaving him to drop down and get killed. Witches were said to ride broomsticks, and there were magic carpets, and flying horses, from Pegasus himself to the Arabian steed who wore a peg in his shoulder. But as a matter of fact, in spite of the tales, every one kept his feet firmly on the ground and only laughed at the foolish poets and story-tellers.

But to-day it is the poets and the story-tellers who can do the laughing. There are flying-machines up in the air almost all the time now, somewhere or other. And along Broadway and Fifth Avenue you can buy aviation clothes just as easily as you could get a bathing-suit. They don't resemble the peaked caps and fluttering cloaks of the broomstick-riding witches, perhaps, but they are sufficiently queer in appearance.

Another Frenchman, Robida by name, wrote a story of the future—he died quite a while ago—

in which he foretold an exciting war with America, and this story had flying-machines used by the French army. These machines were long cigar-shaped things with wings managed by machinery and controlled by the rider, who sat astride the car on a seat. Robida came quite close to facts as they are now, going into details in a really extraordinary fashion. But the best flying-machine story in the world is Rudyard Kipling's "With the Night Mail." When he wrote it, nothing definite had yet been accomplished; and now who will dare say that all he foretold in that wonderful story will not come true? If you have n't read it, I advise you to get the volume of stories in which it appears, "Actions and Reactions," although a number of the other stories may not interest you as yet. In the same book is the poem "The Four Angels," which expresses about the same idea as the one I have been trying to trap with words for you. The last verse goes this way:

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-Wall,
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the Air
and all;

And out of black disaster
He rose to be the master
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
But never reached his heart's desire.

Never yet has man caught up with that—his heart's desire! For though, when we look back on all man has done, it appears as if we had but to imagine or desire something, however strange or impossible, to have it come true at last, none the less, we are busy then with another fancy, another wish. So we keep the world moving along "the ringing grooves of change." We have by no means caught up with the Night Mail yet; but that amazing journey will be taken in the future, if we may judge what is to come by what has gone before. For not only do we realize the dizzy imaginings of the men who have preceded us, but with each new realization we move more quickly to the next, each fresh invention hurrying along scores of others.

Perhaps the most amusing part of Kipling's story is the advertising section at the end. It makes it all so modern, and stories about future events have n't managed to be modern before, though that seems a contradiction in terms. At any rate, the fight indicated between the advertisers of the dirigibles and the planes is deliciously modern, and makes the marvelous flight of the great mail-carrier seem the most natural thing in the world as you read; in fact, the only wonder is that you can't, if you choose, take one of the ships of the Trans-Asiatic Direct Liners and ring the world around the fiftieth meridian at "an honest seventy knots." One quite agrees with

Tim in the story in expecting to be able to hold the Sun, even on the equator, level in his full stride.

The great enchantment of books of the kind I've been talking of is the realization they bring that anything the mind of man conceives may some day be actual fact. Nothing more wonderful than what has been done remains to do, for it has always been the impossible that happened. We have learned to take magic very calmly nowadays. Not so long ago people who tried to realize their ideas were burned or beheaded. You all know the story of Galileo, the Florentine astronomer who discovered that the world moved, and who was made to retract this discovery by the benighted people of his day. This he did, to save his life; but it is said that as he turned away he muttered to himself, "Nevertheless, it *does* move." He had at least the comfort of knowing he was right. Probably a few hundred years ago Edison would have had a most uncomfortable time of it; chains and dungeons would have been the least of his troubles. An immense change has, indeed, befallen us all. In the old days novelty was hated and feared, and anybody who did things in a new way or who discovered a new thing was immediately considered to be very wicked, and punished accordingly; while now we are always looking for change and are ready to believe in anything if it be but astonishing enough.

I wonder how many of you have read "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"? In that book you get a fair idea of how people used to think and act, and the contrast with our way, as shown by the Yankee, is both very funny and

very tragic. As for poor old Merlin, the king's magician, he stands precious little show beside the American and his modern science, even though the latter is a good deal handicapped by the lack of facilities in the England of Arthur's day. Certainly Merlin was n't able to do a single thing half so wonderful as the most matter-of-fact of our doings. It is a good story, and it shows plainly that the persons who have been able to imagine the most extraordinary things have invariably been the nearest right, if you'll only wait long enough. And just here I want to beg you never to think this world is a dull place. It is more marvelous than any story, full of the amazing results of the ideas of men and women who dared to think impossibilities. A story-writer or a poet is often thought to be an idle, dreaming fellow, given up to useless fancies. But if, years after he is dead, you chance to read the books he wrote and find that he was only telling what now is a part of every-day life, you begin to think him the most practical of creatures, simply working at the new creation before it had grown a body and put on its clothes and become the useful servant it now is.

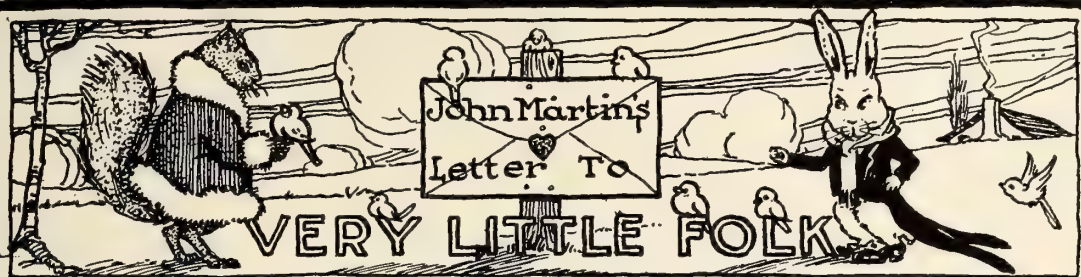
So don't be afraid of anything you may imagine. Be pretty sure it will come true some day, and remember that first of all it must be thought of, must be *imagined*. Jules Verne and other men like him are the reporters of the future, telling us facts that are in the making, murmuring the magic spell that will presently summon the huge genie of human energy and set him to work before our eyes, making impossible fancies real before we well know what he is about.

ROSYLAND: A VALENTINE

BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW



COME away to Rosyland,
To Posyland with me,
There to pick the happy thoughts
From every blossoming tree,
There to gather sunny smiles,
And laughter all the day,
And big bouquets of loving words
That will not fade away.
Be my little Valentine,
And, like the fairies, free,
Come away to Rosyland,
To Posyland, with me!



St. NICHOLAS HOUSE.

My dear Children!

I am so glad Saint NICHOLAS said I could write LETTERS to you. St. Nicholas is good; he makes us *happy*, which is just right, for this is the beginning of a *HAPPY NEW YEAR*. So, my Dears, *first* of all, I wish you a *VERY GLAD* and *O!* such a *HAPPY NEW YEAR*: I wish that, because I want you to begin the year just right.

Then I want to tell you something I have found out. I want to tell you about a *LITTLE BLUE BIRD*, whose name is 'Happy JAN'.

You Dears, may call him 'Jan', for short and because he *likes* you to call him 'Jan'.

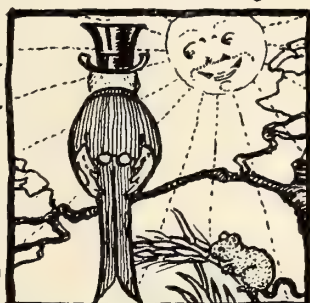
Well, Dears, Jan comes around on the very *First Day* of JAN-uary, every new *NEW Year*. Jan dresses very nicely. His *COAT*

is made of beautiful *BLUE* satin, with lovely, long, straight coat *TAILS* hanging down *behind* his nice little self. Jan's *HAT*

is very *BLACK* and very shiny, like his merry black eyes. Jan's *VEST* is cozy

and *RED*, so it keeps his little heart *Good* and warm.

Jan's tiny *BILL* and his wee





BOOTS are all polished GOLD.



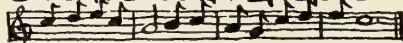
Jan polishes his bill and his boots every morning before breakfast with a little white brush, made just on purpose for brushing. O, my Dears, Jan is a very par-tic-u-lar and a very tidy little BLUE BIRD~ isn't he? When Jan comes around on the very FIRST Day of the New Year, he sings a happy little SONG; he sang the same song, years and years ago, when you were Wee-wee Babies and he sang it for you again, a very short while ago. Did you hear Jan sing~



THIS JAN-UARY SONG?

LITTLE JAN-JOLLY JAN-HAPPY JAN-UARY!

LET'S BE GOOD, LET'S BE GLAD, LET'S BE VERY MERRY.
BLACK COAT, SHINY HAT, COZY, COZY VEST,
COME/COME! EVERY ONE, DO YOUR VERY BEST.



JOLLY JAN-U-ARY.

AFTER Jan sings that song he takes off his HAT to Pussy Cat and says to her very politely~

"Pussy, you never scratch, do YOU?"

Pussy answers~ "I will try never to scratch again." And Pussy purrs sweetly. Jan then goes to Mr. Jim Dog's House.



PUSSY and JAN.

He wiggles his long coat tails for

Jim, saying~ "Jim, you never growl, or bite, or quarrel. DO you?"

Jim answers~ "Dear Mr. Jan, I will try never to do such things again."

and Jim wagged his own tail with all his might. Then Jan hops over to



JIM and JAN.

Pig Grunter's Palace. He bows a long low bow

to Mr. Pig, saying~ "Mr. Pig-gum- you never gobble, or grunt, or


put your little feet into your porridge dish, DO YOU?"

Mr Pig grunts thoughtfully.



MISTER PIG and JAN.



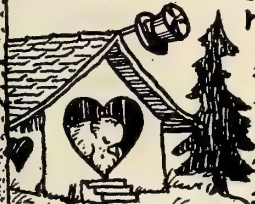
for two moments and then EXclaims— *Gobble! grunt!* Put my feet in my Porridge Dish! O, O, O! Mr. Jan, don't mention such very strange things. And Pig grunts grandly and sadly too. "Very good. I see that you are all Good"—says Jan. So away he flies singing:

GOOD LUCK, EVERYBODY DEAR,
PLEASE BE HAPPY TOO.
JOLLY JAN-UARY LEAVES

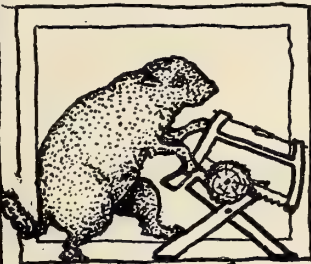



HAPPY DAYS FOR YOU!

EVERYBODY is sorry to have little Jan go away. Jan flies to his White House on Happy Hill. He falls fast asleep and dreams that we are all Good and HAPPY, which is a very dear Dream.



THERE! DEARS, is all for now about Little JAN, because I must tell you about a poor, lonely, sad little GROUND HOG, whose name was "Dud". This little Ground Hog is no relation to Pig Grunter, O, no, he is of a very different family, but still, he was called a Ground Hog. That name troubled him and made him sad and grumpy and bashful and ashamed. [Poor little Dud]. He wanted to be



loved by every one, but he did not know how to get loved, when ever he tried, he seemed to try the wrong way, which made a lump in his throat and many bump bumps in his lonely little heart  [Sad little Dud]

Another thing troubled him too; he thought he was not pretty to look at, because his NOSE went far out in front of his face and his CHIN was far behind his nose,



and his teeth were very long and yellow and "nippy". No, he was



not very pretty. When Dud was troubled he humped up his back and curled up his tail to show how brave he was. [But he wasn't very brave.] Little Dud's coat was a brown and a gray and a rusty, dusty coat and it buttoned up anywhere on him, but the coat was very tight over the place where his little lonely Heart went bump, bump. He wanted to be loved, didn't he?



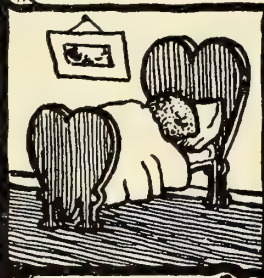
One day, about the FIRST or Second Day of FEBRUARY, he couldn't stand being lonely any longer, so he said, ~ "I'll hide away in the HEART of the EARTH". So he dug, dug, and DUG, down deep into the big, warm, Kind Heart of the Earth until he got tired and warm and Kind and sleepy.

Dud's nose was muddy and his little toes were muddy too. So he fell fast asleep in the warm Heart of the Earth. When Dud woke up he felt rested



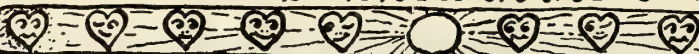
and happy and there beside him was a pretty BASKET full of rosy-red HEARTS and every Heart was smiling at little Dud.

He was surprised. He rubbed his eyes and he wiggled his muddy whiskers. Then away he



ran with the Heart Basket over his rusty, dusty little arm, for he wanted to play with the Hearts in the sun-light. Very soon he came to the door of his house.

It was a sunny day and his Shadow danced beside him. He was happy and the little rosy Hearts smiled and blinked in the sun.



SUDDENLY Dud saw RABBIT - he looked sad,
 and he saw SQUIRREL - he looked lonely,
 and he saw CHIPMUNK - he looked
 home sick, and he saw old John
MUSK RAT - he was cross, and
 he saw little Bird Brown, she
 looked frightened. Dud was
 sorry for everybody, so he said
 "What is the matter?" Then every-
 body answered sadly - No one
LOVES us. Dud smiled sweetly and
 wiggled his whiskers far up saying
 "You poor Dears! you are mistaken, for
 I love you with all my Hearts and I will
 give you something to prove it." So Dud gave



every one a rosy, smiling Heart. He tied one
 Heart around each little neck with pretty
 green ribbon. "There," said Dud, "bless your dear
 Hearts, you almost look like VALENTINES."

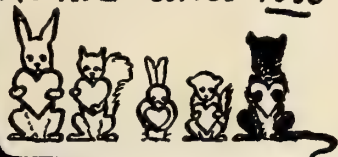
So everybody hugged their Hearts tight
 and then they all hugged little Dud [he liked
 it.] So everybody loved and was loved. The
 sun was warm. Dud was happy, so he
 bobbed away to his own back yard, CHOPPED
WOOD and as he chopped he sang

I LOVE, THEY LOVE - I AM VERY GLAD.
 CHIP-CHOP! CHIP-CHOP! NOBODY IS SAD.
 WE LOVE, YOU LOVE - THAT IS VERY GOOD.
 CHIP-CHOP! CHOP-CHIP! CHOP A LOT O' WOOD.

That's what Dud sang as he chopped
 wood and tossed it into a high pile
 in his own back yard. After that day, his
 Friends called him "WOOD CHUCK"; he liked that
 name and his heart was rosy and happy.

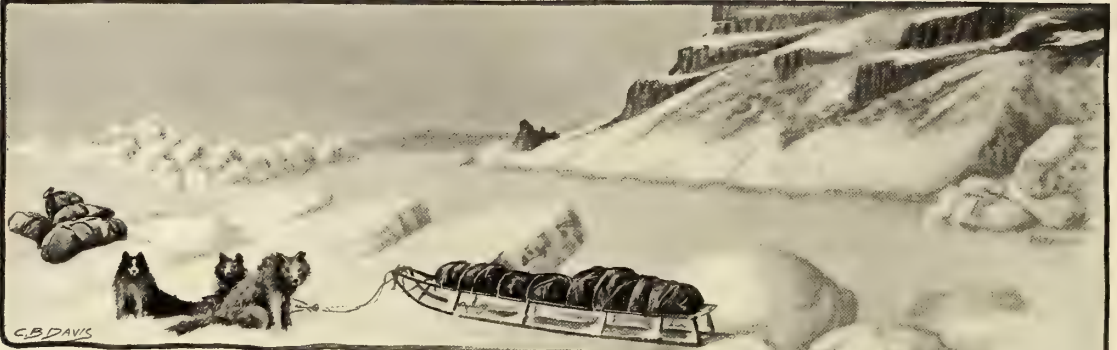
Good bye, dear Children!

I do want to write to you
again. Your loving
 John Martin



Nature and Science for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow



A BIT OF THE SCENERY WHERE THE NORTH END OF THE COMPASS-NEEDLE POINTS SOUTH.

To travel northward you must follow the south end of the needle.

THE COMPASS

THE popular idea of the compass is that it is an instrument having a freely moving needle which points to the North Pole. But the needle points to the North Pole when the compass is situated on the meridian of longitude that runs through the north magnetic pole. The real (or geographic) North Pole and the magnetic north pole are not in the same place.

The magnetic north pole, toward which the compass-needle really points, is situated in the northern part of Canada, in northern latitude $70^{\circ} 5'$ and longitude $96^{\circ} 43'$ west from Greenwich. It was first visited in 1831 by Sir James Ross. The southern magnetic pole is in a corresponding position in the Antarctic region. It was discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to be latitude $72^{\circ} 25'$ south and longitude 154° east.

These magnetic poles are not stationary. The northern one is slowly moving westward along the seventieth parallel, and in the course of three or four hundred years will probably have encircled the geographic North Pole and returned to about its present location. Of course the southern magnetic pole follows a corresponding course about the geographic South Pole.

In such cities in the United States as Omaha, Sioux City, Topeka, Galveston, etc., the compass-needle would point about in the direction of the North Star and the North Pole that Commander Peary reached. This geographic pole is about fifteen hundred miles north of the magnetic pole, toward which the needles of all compasses point.

When you get to the east or the west of the meridian that runs through these cities, the com-

pass-needle will point a little east or west of north, according to where you happen to be. You can see that if you go eastward of this meridian the needle will point a little *west* of true or geographic north, and if you go west of the meridian the needle will point a trifle *east* of north. Reference to the globe illustration on the next page, will make this plain. Say you have traveled as far eastward as New York City. A glance at the compass placed there will show about how much the needle fails to point to the true geographic north, for it is the *magnetic* pole that attracts it. If you traveled due north (along the meridian) from New York City, your needle would swerve more and more toward a westerly direction until you got to the seventieth parallel, on which the magnetic pole is located, when the needle would point due west; and if you continued north on the same meridian, the needle would point southwest; and so on. If you went north through San Francisco till you reached this parallel, the needle would point due east, as you can see from the compasses, in Fig. 2, located at these points. But suppose you left Omaha and traveled due north along the meridian of the magnetic pole, what would happen? Several surprises would await you. When the needle was exactly over the magnetic pole it would act about as a piece of straw would act and remain pointing in any direction

in which you placed it—provided, of course, there were no disturbing local magnetic influences. Now for the queerest surprise! If you wish to continue your journey northward (geographically northward) you would have to be careful not to go in the direction of the *compass's* north, for after you have passed the magnetic north pole your needle *has swung around* and points to both the magnetic north and the geographic south pole.

The next surprise would be when you reached the exact or geographic North Pole and stood on it, for at that point you would know that there could be no east or west—you would look only south, no matter which way you looked—but the compass would point to *its* north just the same, though its north would be really south, and south along only *one* meridian.

It may be interesting to know something about this queer compass of ours whose needle cuts such strange capers. What is it, how was it discovered, who discovered it, etc.?

First, the compass is an instrument for indicating how many degrees east or west of a certain chosen meridian any point may be. The name *compass* probably meant originally (as a Latin word *compassus*) a circle (such as is made by the drawing-instrument called a *pair of compasses*),

The ship's compass is composed of three parts, as follows: first, the bowl or case; second, the card; and, third, the needle. The bowl is usually a brass receptacle suspended by two concentric brass rings (shown in Fig. 3) so joined as to keep the compass horizontal, no matter what may be the position of the ship. The circular card is divided into thirty-two equal divisions, the four main ones of which are the cardinal points of north, east, south, and west. The card is balanced from a cup-shaped agate center resting on a hard-metal pointed pin. The magnetic needles, usually two or four, fastened on the under side of the card, are composed of magnetic rods formed of thin layers of steel or of bundles of steel wires. On shipboard the compass is inclosed in the top of a stand called a binnacle. In Ritchie's liquid compass the card floats on the surface of a liquid composed of alcohol and water.

Young folks may quite easily make a compass of this form. Magnetize an ordinary sewing needle by rubbing it on a simple, "horseshoe" magnet.

If a heavy needle is used, float it on a card or a slender strip of wood of the same or nearly the same length as the needle. If a light needle is used, and it is well rubbed by the fingers, or slightly oiled



FIG. 1.

In 1597 William Barlowe says regarding the compasses then in use by the East Indians:

"Instead of our compass they use a magneticall needle of sixe ynches long and longer, upon a pin in a dish of white china earth filled with water. In the bottom thereof they have two crossed lines for the foure principall windes."

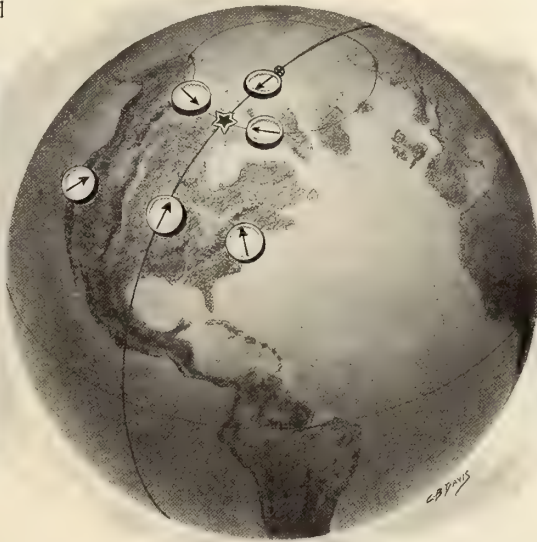


FIG. 2.

Compasses located at various points in the United States to show the variation of the needle.



FIG. 3.

A modern compass with part of the box broken away to show pins in the rings (gimbals) to keep the compass horizontal.

The principle is practically the same as in earliest compasses that were merely splinters of wood supporting magnetic needles. The disc is kept "water level" by gravitation, while the needle points to the magnetic pole.

and was given to the magnetic instrument from the fact that its needle or card will encircle, or compass, the whole plane of the horizon and indicate the whole circle of possible horizontal directions of all points on the earth's surface.

or greased, it may be carefully laid directly on the water. Though the needle is heavier than water, it will float because its weight is not sufficient (if either point is not tipped downward) to break the surface film of the water and sink.

The earliest accounts of the compass in Europe are thought to date back to the 12th century. Although the instrument was rough and crude, it was not spoken of as a new invention.

The earliest compasses were magnetized steel or iron needles fastened to a straw or splinter and floated in a bowl of water.

It is believed that an Italian, Flavio Gioja, first made and introduced the modern form of the compass into Europe about 1307.

The crude forms of the earliest compasses had only four points, leaving the intermediate points to the judgment of the pilot. These four points were to represent the directions of the prevailing winds. The Turkish compass had six points, while the early Chinese had twenty-four.

MOUNTING THE SKIN OF A HUGE HIPPOPOTAMUS

For many years "Caliph," a huge hippopotamus, has attracted much attention in the New York Zoölogical Park. A few months ago he died, and the skin was taken to the American Museum of Natural History to be mounted. The enormous size, of twelve feet six inches in length and ten feet in circumference, presented many problems. The framework and cast of plaster suggested a section in the Subway. It was, of course, not really so large, but was actually large enough for four men to work within it at one time. In the illustration the clay-sculptured form is partly covered with plaster to obtain the mold. The form was made in sections and afterward assembled. One of the most difficult parts of the work was to arrange the deep folds and wrinkles in a lifelike manner.

The skin when first removed from the animal



THE PLASTER CAST AND SUPPORTING FRAMEWORK.

weighed twelve hundred pounds, and in places was from six to eight inches thick. Six men working for several days shaved it down and otherwise prepared it for the cast. The area of the skin was one hundred square feet.

A CURIOUS CREATURE OF THE SEA

AMONG the most remarkable marine creatures are the *Trachypteridæ* or deal-fishes, which are similar to the oar-fish, also a very singular creature,



A MARINE FISH WITH A VERY PECULIAR HEAD.

This is known as a deal fish. This specimen was caught in Monterey Bay, and is now in the museum at the Leland Stanford Junior University.

but of smaller size and commoner occurrence. The deal-fish is held sacred by the Indians, who call it "king of the salmon"; hence naturalists gave it the sounding name *Trachypterus rex-salmonorum*. It is from three to four feet in length and has a thin body, which would be transparent were it not covered with a white pigment that makes it look like burnished silver; on the white surface are one or two blotches.

The head is somewhat like that of the oar-fish, to which it is closely related. Both have small teeth and cannot bite, even if they wished to do so; but they do not, for they are quite inoffensive creatures. On the head of the deal-fish is a large, streamer-like fin, and at the end of the tail, instead of the ordinary caudal fin, is a long, slim fin that projects up at right angles to the backbone. No other fish has this peculiarity.

The deal-fish swims in the open sea close to the surface; it does not often come near the shore, though it is occasionally blown in by storms. It has been found two or three times in Puget Sound and occasionally in California. A good specimen was secured off the Farallones in 1895 by a fisherman named Knox, who sent it to the museum at the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, California. This specimen is perfect in all parts, which, as they are fragile creatures, is a rare thing. Another specimen, which is shown in the photograph above, was caught in Monterey Bay in 1907 and also sent to Leland Stanford Junior University.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE WINDMILL OYSTERS

For the first few days in the early stages of the oyster's life, it is a free swimmer, afterward settling down and attaching itself to any solid object that may be convenient. For this reason the professional oysterman puts large quantities of small stones on the oyster-beds for the use of the young "spat."

Sometimes the oysters attach themselves so as to produce rather fantastic effects; for example, on an iron hoop of which we published a picture on page 79 of "Nature and Science" for November, 1909, where they formed a wreath suggestive of a wreath of flowers.

Occasionally they adhere so profusely that they give the supporting object a remarkable ap-



THE "WINDMILL" GROUP OF OYSTERS.

pearance; for example, an old boot or the oysterman's iron digger. Sometimes they attach themselves to one another, as in the accompanying illustration, in which it will be noticed that all the oysters are curved in the same way, and have grown so close together that they resemble a windmill.

We are indebted for this specimen to Mr. B. F. Palmer of Sound Beach, Conn.

A BABY SEAL FED FROM A MILK-BOTTLE

WHEN emptying a salmon-trap last summer, the fishermen found a baby hair-seal among the finny occupants of the big inclosure. What to do with the little fellow was a puzzle to the fishermen, as he was too young to eat solid food, and bade fair to die of starvation in their hands. Although nearly dead of starvation, Joe would not touch



FEEDING THE BABY SEAL.

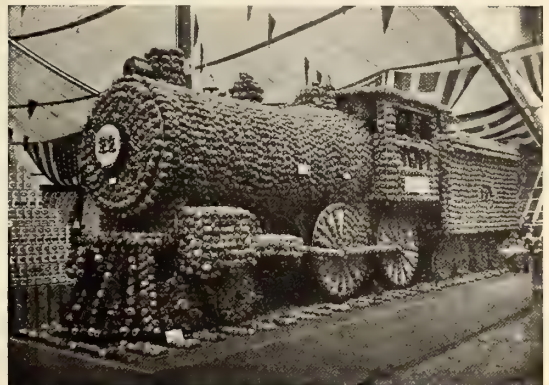
fish or other solid food; but when a nursing-bottle filled with fresh milk was thrust into his mouth, he never let go until he had drunk every drop. Thereafter three times a day, or more frequently, he was given milk diet.

J. G. McCURDY.

A LOCOMOTIVE MADE OF APPLES

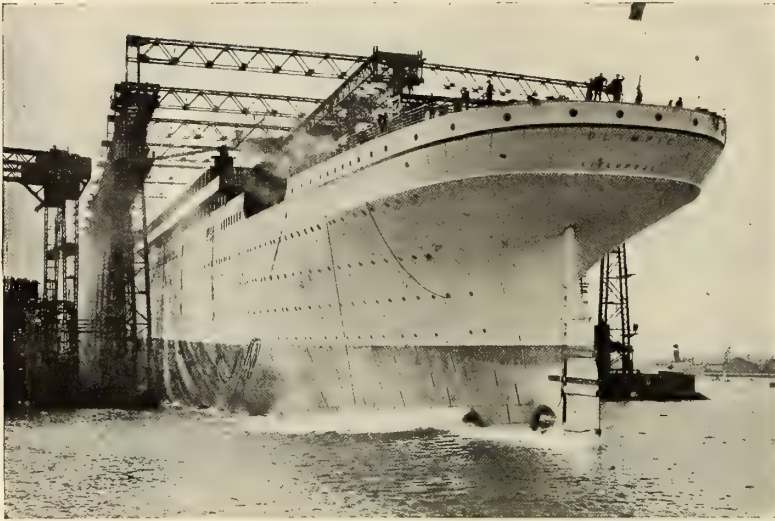
At a horticultural fair in Sebastopol, California, one of the most interesting exhibits was an apple locomotive on an apple track on apple ties. It required several thousand apples to make this unique design.

The framework was twenty-six feet long and six feet high, and the engine was complete at least as to its outward appearance. The driving-wheels were operated by a concealed electric



"AN APPLE LOCOMOTIVE."

motor. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph kindly sent to St. NICHOLAS by the Superintendent of Schools at Sebastopol.



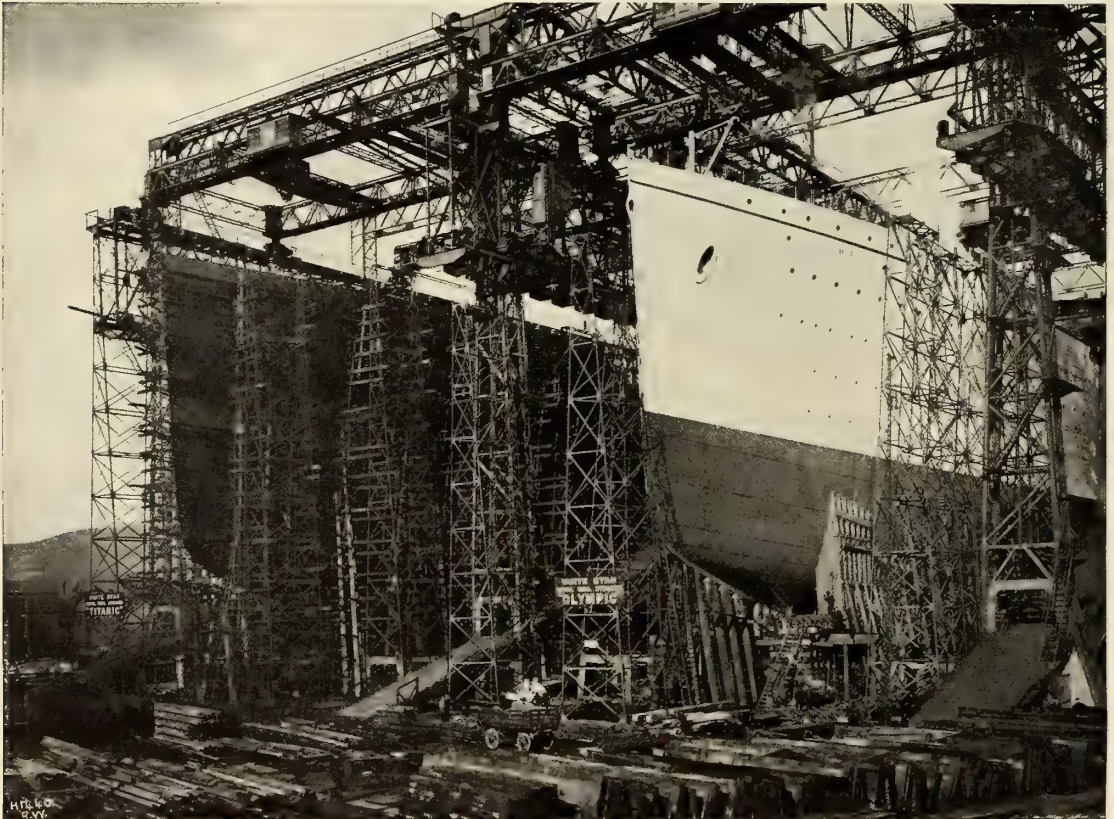
THE STERN OF THE "OLYMPIC," SHOWING THE RUDDER.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST STEAMER

THE White Star liner *Olympic*, christened by the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, was launched at Belfast on the 20th of

October. No other boat ever launched has attracted so much public attention, not only because she is the largest vessel that has ever been built, but because her machinery is of a type considerably different from that of previous steamers. Though her launching weight of twenty-seven thousand tons, the heaviest weight ever transferred by man from land to water, gave rise to greater anxiety than is usual in such an operation, all plans worked to perfection, and she glided into the water as gracefully as would a small launch.

The boat contains many radical improvements, and provides for twenty-five hundred passengers, while the crew will number eight hundred and sixty. Her engines are of forty-five thousand horse-power, and are of



THE TWIN STEAMERS "OLYMPIC" AND "TITANIC," IN THEIR CRADLES OF STEEL AT BELFAST.

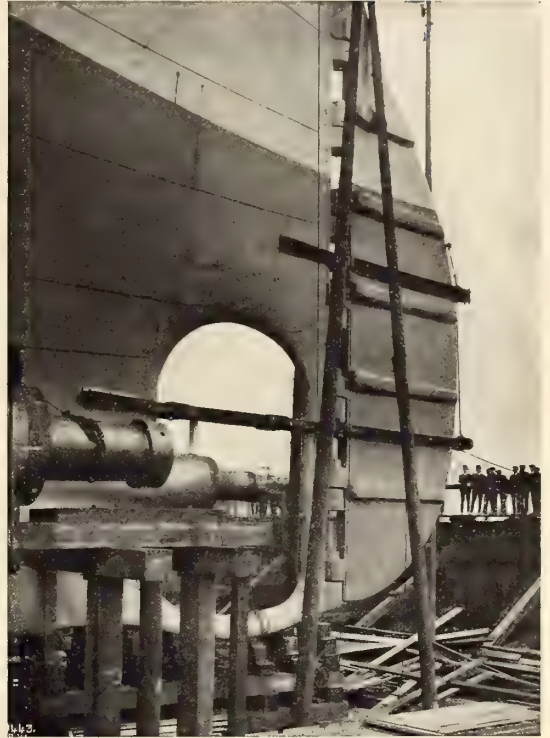
two kinds, known to engineers as the reciprocating and the turbine.

This huge *Olympic* in general appearance resembles the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*, previously mentioned in "Nature and Science." Next summer she will enter the New York-Plymouth-Cherbourg-and-Southampton mail service, and will be followed by her sister vessel, the *Titanic*, in the fall.

It may help us to realize the *Olympic's* great length of eight hundred and eighty-two and one half feet if we compare it to the Metropolitan Tower in New York, above which, if set up on end, she would extend one hundred and eighty-two feet. She is twice as long as the height of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and equals in length the total drop of the famous Bridal Veil Fall in the Yosemite Valley. If she and her sister ship, the *Titanic*, were placed end to end under Brooklyn Bridge, they would completely block East River and extend one hundred feet over each shore. It is also interesting to note that the length of this immense ship is four times the height of Bunker Hill Monument.

Since the advent of the *Great Eastern* in 1858 no steamer has created such general interest as the *Olympic*, not only on account of her surpassing size, but also because of the immense forward steps thus marked in other lines of marine accomplishment, the outcome of many centuries of conflict with the sea.

In both the *Olympic* and the *Titanic* three million steel rivets, weighing in all 1200 tons,



A NEAR VIEW OF THE RUDDER.

Because of the enormous size of the ships, the accommodations, both as regards the several public apartments, including tennis-courts, sun-parlors, swimming-pools, etc., and the passenger state-



THE "OLYMPIC" AFTER THE LAUNCHING.

have been employed to bind the massive steel plates, insuring the greatest stability; and the rudder of each vessel weighs 100 tons, yet will be moved by electricity almost as lightly as a feather.

rooms will be exceptionally spacious, while the beauty and luxury of the appointments will surpass anything heretofore attempted in any country of the world in the field of marine transportation.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

CURIOUS GROWTHS OF WALNUTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Nature and Science" about an English walnut I found? It (the shell) is divided up into three equal parts. Please tell me whether it came from some good cause or just some "freak of nature." I have never seen one like it before.

I enjoy your magazine very much.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH L. GAVIT.



THE THREE-CHAMBERED WALNUT.

Photographed in a mirror to show the end and the side in one illustration.

The three-chambered English walnut is a freak in a way, but a freak which occurs so commonly that on the Pacific slope in South America there are localities in which certain trees of the species produce three-chambered nuts only. Some of the trees in Chile produce four-chambered nuts, although these trees represent simply varieties of the same species, *Juglans regia*, which originally came from Persia. In the collection of edible nuts of the world at Cornell University there are specimens of the three- and four-celled "English walnuts." The freak depends upon a peculiar formation of the flower, but why this should occur we do not know, nor can we say why it occurs commonly in some parts of the world, but rarely over most of the range of this widely introduced walnut.—R. T. M.

DEAFNESS OF BLUE-EYED WHITE CATS

CLINTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are all white cats deaf? I have one and mine is deaf. I have been told that all white cats are deaf. Is it true?

Your faithful reader,
TOM BROWN RUDD (age 11).

All white cats are not deaf, but *most* blue-eyed white cats are. It has never been discovered why the blue-eyed cats should have the tendency to deafness, but it is a fact, while there has never been a case known of a yellow-eyed or green-eyed white cat being deaf unless by accident.—JANE CATHCART.

DO ANIMALS "UNDERSTAND"?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you kindly tell us if horses, dogs, or kittens understand people when they talk to them?

Yours truly,

ASA S. BUSHNELL,
RALPH BAILEY.

It all depends upon what you mean by "understand." There are different degrees of understanding, even among ourselves. So it is with these animals—dogs, horses, and kittens. If an animal comes to the call of its name, that is positive proof of understanding in some degree. It is not proof that it understands all that you might say. However, it is quite certain that a dog soon learns to understand much more than its own name; for it will learn to go on definite errands at your bidding, and instantly catches the meaning of your approving or disapproving words. Many horses are but little less intelligent. The dog's intelligence often rises to degrees of conscientiousness and fidelity scarcely below the best human standards.—C. O. WHITMAN.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ON AÉROPLANES

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if it is impossible for an aéroplane to have the Marconi wireless telegraphy? If so, why?

Sincerely yours,
ROSEMARY COOPER.

With reference to the equipment of an aéroplane with Marconi apparatus, we are pleased to say that this has already been accomplished with entire success, the experiment taking place in



THE AIRSHIP "AMERICA" AS SEEN FROM ABOARD THE "TRENT."

Photographed by Chas. H. Huesgen.

England, however.—MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA.

A recent and dramatic proof that wireless apparatus can be successfully used on an airship is the case of Mr. Walter Wellman's airship "America," in which he attempted to cross the

Atlantic and was helplessly driven South. By means solely of Marconi wireless apparatus Wellman got into communication with the steamer *Trent* in the neighborhood of the Bermudas, and, by the most marvelous good fortune, combined with skill, the entire crew was safely taken off and brought to New York by the *Trent*. Had it not been for the wireless, the airship's crew would certainly have perished.

Wireless apparatus has also been installed upon naval submarine vessels; and messages have been sent to other vessels while the hull of the submarine was entirely submerged and only the receiving and transmitting wires were out of water.

WHY THE STAR SEEMED TO RISE RAPIDLY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago my father went up into the mountains for three days. He slept out in the open directly under the stars. One night he woke up to see the morning star rising over the horizon. He was astonished to see it rising with so much greater rapidity than at a lower altitude. He was up at an elevation of about 11,000 feet.

I wonder if you could tell me in "Because We Want to Know" what causes this condition.

Your loving reader,

HARRIET H. WAGNER.

At an elevation of 11,000 feet, with clear sky, the atmosphere would be very pure and the morning star could be seen clear to the horizon. Under ordinary conditions the horizon is more or less hazy and indistinct, and stars cannot be seen till at some little distance above the horizon. In addition, very few people ever see the morning star rise (they are still in their beds), so that the unusual appearance of the morning star seen close to the horizon from such a great altitude would surely leave the impression that it is rising with greater rapidity than usual.—S. A. MITCHELL.

THE BIRDS DO NOT FEEL THE ELECTRIC CURRENT

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why birds can sit on telegraph wires and not feel a shock?

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPHINE MITCHELL (age 14).

In order to be affected by current it is necessary to complete a circuit through the body or a part of the body. In other words, by simply touching a wire carrying current, unless one was standing in a moist place, he would not be affected. If there was sufficient moisture to cause a "ground," he would receive a perceptible shock.—E. WHITMORE.

The current in an electric power or a telegraph circuit, for instance, runs from the dynamo to the wire, along the wire, through the motors or tele-

graph instruments, down to the ground, through the ground back to the dynamo (or the whole direction may be reversed). If the birds in the picture are on a bare wire of a power circuit and



THE BIRDS' SAFE RESTING-PLACE.

Photographed by Scott & Van Alena.

could reach down and touch the earth with one foot while the other foot remained on the wire, they would be shocked and possibly be killed.

MARTINS FED ENGLISH SPARROWS TO A DUCK

FALMOUTH, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Such an amusing "natural" incident took place here, that I simply had to rush right off and tell you all about it, in the hope that other readers of "Nature and Science" might enjoy it as we did.

On our cousin's farm down in Virginia there is a well-built bird-box which each year is filled with "bee-martins." This year a family of English sparrows tried to share it with them. They were too aspiring, however. One morning we saw some martins ruthlessly throwing out the baby sparrows. A half-grown duck, placidly waddling along under the bird-house at the time, must have heard the commotion and looked up, or perhaps he was chasing an elusive insect. At any rate, it happened that the first plump little sparrow fell into his bill, to be gulped hastily down! Two others followed and were swallowed with the same gusto, the small duck standing all the while with webbed feet ludicrously stretched apart, and capacious bill expectantly open! And even when it was all over that ducklet still waited "stock-still," while, of course, every one was shrieking with laughter.

It does n't rain birds every day, but is n't this a rather unusual occurrence?

An interested "Nature and Science" reader,

FANNY TOMLIN MARBURG (age 15).

This is, indeed, a most unusual occurrence!



THIS month's Prose Competition has been a very interesting one, in two features, at least. First, in the subjects chosen; second, because of the reasons given for the particular choice. It was, for instance, no great surprise to find so many contributions on "Washington" and "Lincoln," as these two statesmen and national heroes were born in February, and naturally suggested themselves as subjects. But it was a pleasure to read just *why* each contributor was moved to select his or her hero. In every case, whether with "Washington" or "Lincoln" or with any of the long line of less conspicuous characters, the choice has come from no worldly reputation for sudden or spectacular success, but from a conscientious life of work, striving—often tediously, but always hopefully, having in mind the best interests of the individual and the nation—with character, force, and wisdom to carry these ideals to their fullest fruition. All this, whether on the battle-field, in the halls of legislation, or in the encouraging, uplifting words of the poet in the quiet of his library!

It is a pleasure—and often a duty—to recall to our fellows, by spoken word or by writing, the noble and useful lives of our great and good men, as an inspiration to the coming generation of girls and boys. Among the heroes of

the very near future will be some men and women who are just your age; who, maybe, are living in your town; whom perhaps you know; who—and this is not a bit impossible—may be *you, yourself*.

So don't neglect the study of biography; read much about the noble characters of past history and of your own time, and, above all, ponder well upon the *QUALITIES* that have made them lovable and useful and forceful, and why their names are upon the lips of all thoughtful men and women. Did you ever wonder what your fathers and mothers are thinking of as they look over their glasses at you young folks about the lamp across the room, studying your lessons for the morrow? If you only knew how often the thought comes into their minds: where, with the manly and womanly character and the many opportunities they have given you, the happy home and healthy bodies—where, with all these, will you boys and girls stand twenty years from now in the estimation of your fellows—in the estimation of the world!

The Drawings this month were excellent—better, as a whole, than the Verse, which, if the truth were told, was a little below the average. Better luck—or better *work*—next time, young poets!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 132

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Helen Ross** (age 15), Northampton, Mass.; **Ralph Perry** (age 15), Hackensack, N. J. Silver badges, **Dorothy W. Lord** (age 16), Burlington, Vt.; **Mildred A. Botsford** (age 17), New York City; **Katharine De Kay** (age 17), New York City.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Agnes Gray** (age 16), Cincinnati, O.; **Cornelia Otis Skinner** (age 11), Bryn Mawr, Pa.; **Helen Garrett** (age 14), Boston, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Elizabeth E. Sherman** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.; **Gertrude Hall** (age 15), Stamford, Conn.; **Guiliana Antinori** (age 17), Florence, Italy.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Donna V. Jones** (age 17), Marcellus, Mich.

Silver badges, **Ellen Jay** (age 12), New York City; **Cecilia Brewster** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Margaret Osborne** (age 17), Bournemouth, Eng.

Silver badges, **Adelina Longaker** (age 15), East Aurora, N. Y.; **Eleanor Linton** (age 12), Ocampo, Mex.



"AN INTRODUCTION." BY ELLEN WOLFF, AGE 14.



"AN INTRODUCTION." BY ELIZABETH BLISS, AGE 10.

MY FAVORITE OF FEBRUARY'S GREAT MEN

BY HELEN ROSS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

THERE are men whom we admire simply because we know they were great men and we ought to honor them, but Washington was not one of these. I wish I could write something that would make others see Washington as I see him.

To so many this great leader was a character rather than a man. His reserve they call coldness, his quiet dignity,



"AN INTRODUCTION." BY DONNA V. JONES, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

hauteur, and his great sacrifice, leaving his home to lead the ragged, untrained Americans, seems small to them compared with the triumph, the honor of leading his country to freedom. They do not consider that, when Washington took command of the army, defeat seemed inevitable, victory almost impossible.

Washington began to serve his country when he was a very young man and never ceased until his death. Even in history, where imagination has little or no place, the whole American army, one might almost say the whole nation, seems to have taken a new stand when Washington accepted the command. He was the strength, the center of the whole Revolution.

He has been called over-cautious. His caution was always for his men; he never spared himself. And was not the victory of Trenton the result of his almost reckless daring? To any one who has studied American history the names Brandywine, Monmouth, Morristown, Princeton, and Valley Forge call to mind some event of which Washington was the mainspring. Yet with his greatness was a corresponding modesty and justice which made him unstinting in his praise of the men who had fought under him.

Then when he had won and the United States had proved itself worthy of the respect of other nations, the American people at last showed their appreciation and gratitude by making him their President.

At his death Washington was in great pain, but not a

sigh or a groan escaped him. It takes only a little imagination and love to see the brave, firm lips tightly closed, as, with that calm, steadfast courage which was one of his chief characteristics, the bravest, noblest, truest of all Americans died.

LINCOLN — MY FAVORITE OF FEBRUARY'S GREAT MEN

BY RALPH PERRY (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

LINCOLN! The very name has become a synonym for honesty, moral courage, and faithfulness. It brings before our eyes a picture of a tall, awkward man, ruggedly beautiful, his shoulders bowed as if by a heavy burden. And it was indeed a heavy burden he carried! Few men in history have borne a heavier load, or carried it more faithfully and bravely than he.

Lincoln was a man of the people — and a perfect example of his type. He grew up among poor, hard-working men, and he never rose beyond their reach. In him the slave found sympathy; the deserter, mercy; and the enemy, a chivalrous foe.



"AN INTRODUCTION." BY ELLEN JAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

He hated no man, and loved every one. When he was attacked from all quarters, when, besides the foe who was in arms, those on his own side assailed him by falsehood and misrepresentation, he did not answer even the most bitter criticism.

He was a man of principle. He showed it when he refused to defend the case of a man he knew to be guilty, and when, in spite of his usual mercy, he refused to pardon a man who had violated the laws of the nation by importing slaves. He showed it by taking the stand he did against Douglas and Davis. He showed it by his unflinching perseverance at his task.

It is useless to write of the splendid way he carried out that task. A hundred authors have written of it, a hundred more will write of it, and even then all will not be said. Enough that he completed it at last, and then, when all the danger to the Union was over, he fell by the bullet of the assassin.

Lincoln gave his life for his country as truly as any soldier on the battle-field. He fell, but he had not lived in vain. "In the death of Lincoln, the South has lost its best friend." This is his epitaph; his monument, a united country.

GRATITUDE

BY AGNES GRAY (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE blackbird trills from the cool hollow, "Come!"
 "Up, fly with us," the gold bumblebees hum,
 As slow through the blue, bright air they pass
 Round and above me, at rest on the grass.
 The joyous thrush flutes, "Oh, sing, sing with me!"
 The cardinal calls, "I will share with thee
 My dewdrop dainties. Oh, come then and drink!"
 The white heron there on the pool's green brink
 Offers a bath that a nymph might approve.
 Were I a fairy, O creatures I love,
 Soon I'd accept the pleasures ye proffer!
 Thanks from my heart and good will I offer
 To you, denizens of the free sky,
 As lazily here on the grass I lie.



"VANITY." BY AUDREY MAY COOPER, AGE 15.

A GREAT MAN

BY DOROTHY W. LORD (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THERE are men who have done great deeds and whose praises have been sung by their fellow-men. But others have done as much in their own way and died without fame. There is the courage of patience, of perseverance,

of facing every obstacle with a determination to overcome it. There are the quiet, unconscious influence and the sweet sympathy. If we would only look, we should find



"AN INTRODUCTION TO HOLLAND LIFE." BY CECILIA BREWSTER, AGE 16. (*Silver Badge*.)

these virtues around us daily; yet how often do we notice them? And are they not as great in their way and as far-reaching as generalship or statesmanship?

The man who can live up to his principles, who has the courage to tell the truth, and who does his duty, however humble it may be, is truly great.

A GREAT MAN

BY MILDRED A. BOTSFORD (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

FEBRUARY has given us many illustrious men whose names have come down to us through the dusty pages of history. Representative men of all classes they were, such as Darwin and Galileo in science, Hugo and Dickens in letters, Napoleon and Admiral Coligny in statecraft, and of course our own Washington and Lincoln. Along with these others who have won renown I want to put the two New England poets Lowell and Longfellow. They were gifted bards, both of them, but Longfellow is my especial favorite.

It is one hundred and four years on the 27th of February since this little boy who was destined to appeal to so many hearts through his songs was born in Portland, Maine. The law, however, almost robbed us of our poet, for he began that study in his father's office. How fortunate that the youth changed his mind and chose a literary career instead, for our American literature would be immeasurably poorer to-day without his contributions to it. To prove that Longfellow is entitled to his place among the famous

sons of February one needs only to count the number of visitors annually to his home in picturesque old Cambridge.

Of the man Longfellow I know very little; but the allusions hidden here and there among his verses give me an occasional glimpse into his character. It is not difficult to perceive that he was a lover of children, that in his affectionate heart was a warm place for his friends, that his reminiscences of childhood were happy, and his dreams of the future hopeful. Three of Longfellow's characteristics I admire very much. They are his humility, his simplicity, his sincerity. Yes, his sincerity! Pope could clothe a beautiful thought in pleasant-sounding words, but in his heart he did not mean them; Longfellow, on the contrary,

self-control. From his boyhood he was looked up to as a leader, for he seemed to have an inborn spirit to command. He was born in a family with money, and his mother, who was well educated, taught her son before he went away to school. He had all the advantages of the time in regard to education. After serving a short term as a surveyor, Washington's promotions in life were gained through courage, daring, perfect honesty, and fine judgment; and



"VANITY." BY MARY IONA COOK, AGE 13.

meant what he wrote. His verses are not marked by sublime eloquence, but they are beautiful, and, aside from being entertaining, nearly all of them have a lesson for us. He himself said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

WHICH OF FEBRUARY'S GREAT MEN I LIKE BEST

BY KATHARINE DE KAY (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

For some it would be hard to say which of February's two most noble men, Washington or Lincoln, they preferred, as they both have such fine qualities. For my part, I like and admire Lincoln most, as he had such an unusually lovely and loving nature.

Washington comes down to us as a just and noble commander, fearless and brave in battle, and with remarkable



"VANITY." BY MARIAN WALTER, AGE 16.

through his natural leadership he became our first President.

But how different Lincoln's life! Born in a poor, uneducated family, where unceasing toil brought only a bare support, where as soon as he could be made useful he was set to work to pay for his existence; such was the beginning of one of our greatest statesmen. What courage and perseverance it shows to fight against poverty and ignorance, and bit by bit rise higher and higher, and finally reach the top! How beautiful to do this as Lincoln did, helping all about him, loving all mankind, never letting vanity come into his life; having withal a pure and simple humility that none could help but admire. A loving, true, courageous, just, and noble spirit was embodied in Abraham Lincoln.

Therefore I like Lincoln better than the just, but *cold*, commander.

MY FAVORITE OF FEBRUARY'S GREAT MEN, AND WHY

BY NAOMI LAUCHHEIMER (AGE 9)

LINCOLN is my favorite of February's great men.

The reason is because he began life as a poor boy and had hardly any education. I have great respect for the way he strove to learn; the way he would sit by the fire and study! He also was very fond of children and received many letters from them. He had a very kind heart and was always ready to help a friend in distress. I have read several stories about his kindness, and one that I liked very

much is called "Lincoln and the Pig," which I suppose every one has read. It shows how considerate he was even in the case of a pig.

All this and more shows the good spirit of Lincoln, and that is why he is my favorite of February's great men.



"VANITY." BY HARRY E. TILL, AGE 14.

A GREAT MAN

BY VELONA B. PILCHER (AGE 16)

"A GREAT MAN," that is indeed a difficult subject to write about, for there have been many, many great men. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you whom I have chosen, for he is neither a great general nor a famous statesman, he is not a musician or an inventor; he is a simple but well-known author — Sir Walter Scott.



"AN INTRODUCTION." BY MARY PORCHER, AGE 12.

I have chosen Scott as my great man for several reasons; first, because he has given me so much pleasure. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been when cuddled up in a nice, big, comfy chair, with something good to nibble, and a Waverley Novel in my lap. Then, I admire his character. Surely one never heard a hard word against Sir Walter Scott; he was beloved by every one. Even his dogs and horses adored him, and in all his writings he

shows how fond he was of animals. But there is a darker, sadder side to this great writer's life. It is almost impossible to realize, while reading those fascinating novels, that, all the time they were being written, the author was in poverty and suffering, striving to pay off a heavy debt, using every penny made from his writings for that purpose. Oh, does it not seem cruel to think that he who wrote such beautiful things should have to do so for the sake of paltry gold, instead of for the pleasure it was going to bring to others?

Now, who would say that Sir Walter Scott was not as brave and noble as any great general? Who would say he did not give as much pleasure as any famous musician, or utter as beautiful thoughts as any well-known orator?

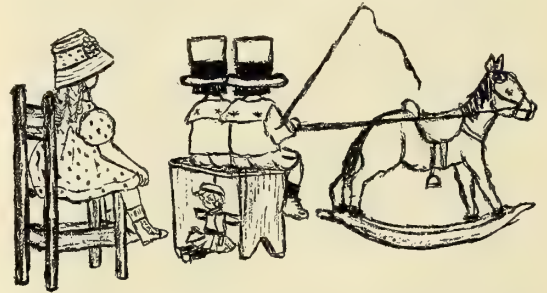
Do you wonder, then, that I, to whom he has given such pleasure and inspired such thoughts, should have chosen him as my Great Man?

A GREAT MAN

BY CLARA LOUISE JONES (AGE 13)

AMERICA is so rich in great men that it is rather hard to choose a favorite, but I think that my favorite hero is General Robert E. Lee.

It is not merely because of his great genius that I admire him, but chiefly because of his undaunted courage,



"VANITY." BY ELIZABETH F. SHERMAN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

his unquenchable spirit and gentle nature. Even when he saw that defeat was inevitable and that the cause for which he had suffered so much was sure to be lost, he never gave up; and it was not till he saw that continuation of the war would be useless that he surrendered his faithful army and swore never to bear arms against the United States again.

After this bitter crushing of all his hopes, it seems as if he would wish to draw himself away from the government against which he had fought. But not so with General Lee. He set the example for all the South by taking the oath of allegiance and doing all in his power to help his country in her time of greatest need. For these reasons I think that General Lee stands, and always will, preëminent among not only the men of the South, but also among those of our whole country.

GRATITUDE

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

HARK! heard you the oriole's whistle
As he bounded adown the blue air?
Did you see, in the blue of the thistle,
The flash of the bluer bird there?

And saw you, at morn, the great glory
Of the rose-colored dawn in the east?
And thought of the wonderful story
Of the light of the Grail at the feast?

Last night there were stars up in heaven,
And a nightingale's song rang clear,
There was odor of flowers at even;
Did you see, did you smell, did you hear?

Dear brother, the joy that we're seeing,
All beauty that lives on this earth,
Is Gratitude to the great Being
Who first to sweet nature gave birth.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

BY FRANCES N. MACKENZIE (AGE 13)

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a great deal of hatred between England and Spain.

Francis Drake was brought up "to fear God and hate a Spaniard."

When Drake was still a boy, he was apprenticed to the captain of a small trading-vessel, and when the captain died he left Drake his ship, which he used for voyages to South America. Because Drake captured many galleys, and emptied the Spanish treasure-houses of all they were worth, which was a great deal, the Spaniards called him a pirate.

All Drake's work so far had been done on the eastern coast of America, but he was determined to sail on the Pacific, so he went through the Strait of Magellan and up the western coast of America, pillaging the towns as he came to them, until his ship had all she could hold of treasure; then he made his way home by the Cape of Good Hope. He had sailed all the way around the world, a thing no Englishman had ever done before.

So far no open war had been declared between England and Spain, but many a private battle was fought, and the English people wanted war, and they got it.

The great Spanish Armada sailed to England sure of victory, but the English fleet, with Drake and Lord Howard, drove them out of their course, and many were wrecked before they reached Spain.

Drake's last treasure-hunt was fatal. So terrified were Spaniards of him that every town was prepared, or empty of treasure; and deserted, and foul winds made him take shelter behind a deadly tropical island, where many of his crew died, and he himself got the swamp-fever and died; but he had taught the English how to be masters on the sea.

GRATITUDE

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I THANK thee, gentle breeze that blows,
For all thy coolness bringing;
I thank thee, happy little bird,
For all thy cheerful singing.

I thank you, pretty flowers that grow,
For you carpet all the land;
I thank thee, smooth and sunny beach,
For thy white and shimmery sand.

But should we thank these things so fair,
For all their splendid show?
Nay! Bend our knees in gratitude
To Him that made them so.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, may become a League member. Send for badge and leaflet.

GRATITUDE TO THE LEAGUE

BY THÉRÈSE H. MC DONNELL (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

'T is time to bid a long farewell,
To meet the parting of the ways
And only live in retrospect
The happiness of childhood's days;
But on the page of memory's book
The brightest picture that I find
Is of the League days, to me dear,
That ever linger in my mind.

What pleasure did each struggle bring!
And sweet indeed the victory,
When I had reached ambition's height,
That brought my Badge of gold to me.
So just a word of gratitude
As in my heart this toast I give:
"ST. NICHOLAS League—Long may it be
To live to learn and learn to live!!!"



"VANITY." BY GERTRUDE HALL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

GRATITUDE

BY RUTH LIVINGSTON (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

LIKE amber wine poured with a hand too free
From the gray cloud cup of the solemn night,
There now pours down a wondrous golden light,
Touching the topmost bowers of ev'ry tree,
Transforming them to gold by alchemy,
Gilding the breast of Sir Lark, the Sun's knight,
Who poureth out his thanks to Him whose might
Made all this earth burst out in glory and in light.
Louder the anthem swells upon the breeze,
And light and song fill all the morning air,
As liquid sounds rise up from all the trees
And blend with the lark's hymn of thanks, so rare.
Each flute and pipe and trill, from heavenly seas,
Falls as the dewdrop, which God's message seems to bear.

GRATITUDE

BY HELEN GARRETT (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

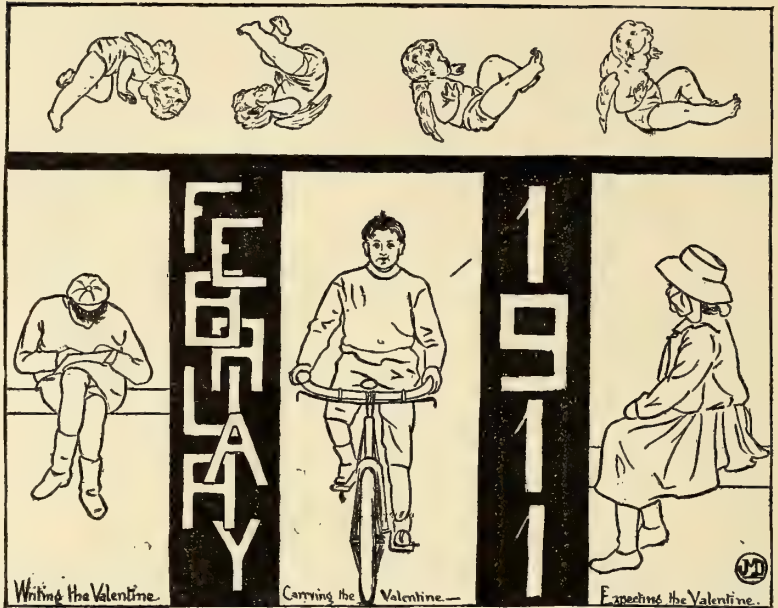
I had a little kitten;
He was black as black could be;
He received a bright pink ribbon
And a bowl of milk from me.

He had a little basket
With cushions, also pink,
And a tiny cup of water
In which he used to prink.

I fed him and I fondled him
Until he grew so fat
He resembled not a kitten,
But a fairly good-sized cat.

Then another kitten came to live
In the barn across the way;
Then my kitten (cat) left me alone,
In the other's home to stay.

Now if you call that gratitude,
I'll have to disagree,
For since that day he's lived away
And ne'er come back to me.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JEANNE M. DEMÊTRE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1
Josephine C. Reiley
Marjorie Ross Hopper

Catalina Ferrer
Jean Bettmann
Ethel Feuerlicht
Ruth Conway

Agnes Davidson
Elizabeth Jennings
Beatrice Alice Pierce
Ethel Grell

Marie Fisher
Dorothy Dawson
Helen Clark Strong
Bruce T. Simonds
Dorothy Buell
Constance Ayer
Fritz Korb
Ruth Finn
Elizabeth W. Gates
Janet McCullough

Frances K. Renney
Anna Laura Porter
Katharine Wardrope
Kathleen C. Brough

VERSE, 1

Elinor Gittleleson
Louise Kiersted
Eleanor Johnson
Annette Merritt
Doris H. Ramsey
Dorothy Stockbridge
George M. Enos
Winifred Ward
Frances Crosby
Hamlet
Marion F. Hayden
D. Claire Linton
Constance G. Wilcox
A. D. Reinheimer
Grace Olcott Rathbone
Lillie G. Menary
Eunice Eddy
Rosamond Parkinson

VERSE, 2

Susan Adger Williams
Jean Rogers
Anne Elizabeth Wilson
Margaret Monroe
Irma A. Hill
Rose Schwartz
Mazie La Shelle
Louise M. Rose
Adele L. Alfke
Sher Johnston
Laura M. Clark
Rose B. Jacobs
Alice Phelps Rider
Anna B. Stearns
Mary Powers
Ruth E. Hoag
Frank Percival
Evans
Flora Thomas
Adelaide D. Bunker
Norah Culhane

DRAWINGS, 1

Helene McEvoy
Helen Finlay Dun
Kathryn R.
MacMahan

Katharine Carpenter
Theresa J. Jones
Margaret K. Turnbull
Beryl Morse
Margaret A. Foster
Helen B. Keen
Julie C. Stohr
Ruth Streatfield
Sara F. Miel
Dorothy Whelpley
Dorothy Graves
Clement
Lydia Gardner
Rosa M. Cooke
Helen Munsell
Barry E. Thompson
Dora Guy
Dorothy Hughes

DRAWINGS, 2

Jane Speed Stein
Gladys Meldrum
Alicia B. Foster
Jennie E. Everden
Dorris E. Perkins
Kathrine M.
Van Brunt
Kathleen Culhane
Margaret Pratt
Maude H. Dudley
Marjorie Williams
Adrianna Bayer
Amy C. Love
Mildred Butler
Ellen Johnson
Sarah Bradley
Natalie Davis
Agnes I. Prizer
Jessie Samter
Roberta Tener
Fernando Faucher
Marie Sanderson
Louise Von W.
Leslie
May Elsas
Margaret V. C.
Ogden
Vernette Milne
Willard
Alice L. Jones
Frances Huster
Vianna Knowlton
Alison Ackerman
Helen Oakes



"VANITY." BY GUILIANA ANTINORI, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Winifred Sackville
Stoner
Alice Fuller
Mamie Urie
Donald C. Dorian

Charles McLaren
Vining
Nina Hansell
Isidor B. Hoffman
Marie Claire Leahy

Bessie R. Gregory
Louise Winston
Goodwin
Edith M. Sprague
Mabel Cockerille

Sally Calkins Wood
George M. Sutton
Kathleen Murphy
Ethel du Pont
Barksdale, Jr.
Doris L. Potter
Antoinette Van Liew
Marion Wood
Bullwinkle
Helen M. Tallman
Geraldine White
Margarate Brate
Mary Shannon
Webster
John C. Farrar
Douglas Q. Ellis
Elizabeth B. Leech
Julia M. Herget
Miriam T. Wilson
Helen F. Morgan
Dorothy Loomis
Margaret R. Bennett
Miriam Kreinick
Rowena Lamy
Blanche Moore
Arnulf Ueland
Katharine H.
Seligman
Harry J. Burden
Marie Maurer
Laura Hill
Isabel B. Huston
Marian Richardson
Harrison B. McCreary
Gertrude Kline
Alice Lovell
Jennie A. Wilson
Ethel Tornöe
Mary Klauder
Pauline Hopkins
Frank Paulus
Helen Knecht

Martha Zeiger
Vernet Lee
Cecilia A. L. Kelly
Margaret Wilgus
Louise Eiser
PHOTOGRAPHS, 1
Irene Cahill
Margaret F. Wilson
Dorothy I. Dickey
Marie Agassiz
Newton Pullen
Sylvia Warren
Theodore G. Smith
Stephen Wheatland
Genevieve McClure
Elizabeth Hall Yates
Harriet Watson
Alice Haven
Arthur Nethercot
PHOTOGRAPHS, 2
Marjorie Carlisle
Lois E. Butler
Emilie Hartman
Josephine Mitchell
Frank Fair
Lily A. Lewis
Dorothy Strang
Mary Bishoff
Elizabeth Adams
Elsa Vieh
Margaret Comstock
Eleanor Pollock
Lewis L. Stedman
Marjorie Dunn
Julia T. Brice
Mary Smith
Mary W. Cowling
Josephine Middleton
Helen M. Peck
Edith Sise

Dorothy Dockstader
Marion Edwards
H. B. Saltonstall

PUZZLES, 1

Eleanor Baldwin
Helen Dirks
Emile Kostal
Katharine Earle
Carter
Lois Donovan
Mildred T. MacGowan
Duane R. Everson
Edna L. Wanamaker
Samuel Brenner
Katharine M. Jarvis
Howard Einstein
Evelyn Russell
Eugene Scott
Deborah Iddings
Henry Courtenay
Fenn
Alice I. Moore
John S. Harlow, Jr.

PUZZLES, 2

Catherine H.
Livermore
Sidney Breese Dexter
Frances L. Caverhill
Willard M. Robinson
James McHenry
William Love
John A. Chapman
Foster Chapman
Isabel Hower
Marian R. Priestley
Eleanor Gould
Dorothea P. T.
Hering
Helen Bolles

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "At Full Speed."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Quiet Hour," or a Heading or Tail-piece for June.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NO AGE. Marion Hunter, Walter Frame, Virginia Lake Frazier, Pearl Oberle, Elizabeth Harding, Esther Upson, F. W. Koenig, R. M. Palmer.

LATE. Mary Katherine Pope, Dorothy Crook, Susan Frazier, Veronica Frazier, Flora Nelson, Hilda F. Gaunt, Margaret Fisher, Lois McCain, Alice Butcher, Emily Hedleston, Doris F. Halman, Alice W. Eastman.

NOT INDORSED. Rose Saffran, Carl Giese, Sylvia Curtis, Irene Hoffman, Helen Dennison, Phyllis Kennedy, Kathleen Stuart Rutter, Katherine Sickles, Samuel B. Bird.

NO ADDRESS GIVEN. Dorothy Valk, Robert Cockburn, Carrie Schuyler, Frances Wright, Winifred C. Knickerbocker.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Kathryn Manahan, Jane Morgen-thau, Anna Cavaggione.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Mary S. Hoag, Andrew Sutherland.

NOT ON SUBJECT. Norman C. Small.

WILD CREATURE TAKEN IN CAPTIVITY. Dorothy Greene.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 136

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 136 will close **February 10** (for foreign members **February 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "June."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Winter Walk," or "A Twentieth Century Adventure."



"VANITY." BY ELIZABETH M. STOCKTON, AGE 14.

name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

MEUM AND TUUM

(Mine)

and

(Thine)



BY



Margaret Johnson



THESE little twins—you know them?—
Are such a puzzling pair!
Wherever you may meet them,
'T is thus, I do declare:

"This peach is *mine*!" says Meum,
And grabs it on the spot;
"This too!" says little Tuum,
And adds it to *her* lot.

Now here they are,—behold them;
But please to note the while,
Though Meum has the peaches,
'T is Tuum wears the smile!

JINGLES

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

A JOLLY SEASON

Is N'T it a jolly season
To forget our troubles?
Cares take wing, and for some reason
Vanish like mere bubbles.

F

F (POOR old fellow!) has only one leg.
Hark! Here is coming his peg-ge-ty-peg.
Always his hat to the right of his head,
Never had any left side, it is said.
Likely he 's also quite blind, dumb, and deaf,
Poor, little, unsteady, tottering F.

HIS MOTHER'S JOY

THERE was a little boy
Who was his mother's joy,
And yet he was the terror of the neighborhood.
At times he 'd make us glad
By failing to be bad—
But then, you see, he was so *very seldom* good!

THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD

I 'M getting past half-after four,
Three quarters now I soon will be;
And then, in only three months more,
I will be five—'most grown, you see.

FASTING

"How do you do? How do you do? How do
you do to-day?"
"I 'm very well and get along in just the same old
way."
"How do you do? How do you do? Where
have you dined to-day?"
"I have not dined,—I go without, in just the same
old way!"

X, Y, AND Z

X, Y, and Z are the funniest letters,
What they all stand for I surely don't know;
So we will put them all three in together,
Letting them stand for a stiff little row.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A FEW days before the date set for this number going to press, we received a request from the *American School Peace League* asking ST. NICHOLAS to give publicity to the announcement of the *Peace Prize* contest under the auspices of the above Peace League. We quote from the printed notice.

Two sets of prizes, to be known as the Seabury Prizes, are offered for the best essays on one of the following subjects:—

1. The Opportunity and Duty of the Schools in the International Peace Movement. Open to Seniors in the Normal Schools of the United States.

2. The Significance of the Two Hague Peace Conferences. Open to Seniors in the Secondary Schools of the United States.

Three prizes of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars will be given for the three best essays in both sets.

The Judges will be seven leading educators, headed by

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford Junior University, California.

The contest will close March 1, 1911, and the conditions are as follows:

Essays must not exceed 5000 words (a length of 3000 words is suggested as desirable), and must be written, preferably in typewriting, on one side only of paper 8 x 10 inches, with a margin of at least 1¼ inches. Manuscripts not easily legible will not be considered.

The name of the writer must not appear on the essay, which should be accompanied by a letter giving the writer's name, school, and home address, and sent to Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Secretary American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than March 1, 1911. Essays should be mailed flat (not rolled).

The award of the prizes will be made at the Annual Meeting of the League in July, 1911.

Information concerning literature on the subject may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE LETTER-BOX

SAN REMO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my mother was a little girl she used to take the ST. NICHOLAS. My grandfather sends it to me from Boston, and I enjoy it very much.

I am ten years old and have now been in Italy nearly three years. In looking at my mother's old bound ST. NICHOLASES, I saw a letter from another little American girl from San Remo, June, 1886. Our windows have a very beautiful view from them. You see a cape jutting out into the sea, covered with trees and white villas glistening in amongst the foliage. You also see the ancient town climbing up a hill. But now a new town has been built.

Yours truly,
FLORENCE R. M. WILLIAMS.

BARKER, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer we started from our camp with a guide and, reaching the lake, jumped into a rowboat and were soon on our way to Mud Pond. It was very rough on the lake and the waves leaped over our boat very often. The young ladies in our party were very much frightened and thought that every moment the boat would capsize, but at last we reached the shore in safety. Large logs surrounded the shore. These we had to climb over before we reached the trees that formed a thick and deep wood. Scrambling through this wilderness, we arrived at the middle of it, where stood Mud Pond. Here we sat down to rest and to eat our lunch. We were soon startled by a faint noise in the bushes; but our fears were groundless, for there came forth in turn three beautiful deer. We sat very quietly and the deer, hearing no noise, drank daintily at the pond.

Soon after this we left for home, and I am sure no one will ever forget the pretty scene of the three deer, the pond, and the great thicket forming a background.

Your sincere reader,
EDITH NEWMAN.

INTERLAKEN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you for a birthday present.

I have a train of cars that run on tracks. I make believe that it carries the ST. NICHOLAS to different towns.

I have a parrot that can talk and laugh. I got him for my birthday.

It is good sleighing and the snow is quite deep. My brother has a dog that can sit up and speak, and can jump through your hands. His name is Trix.

The whole family reads the ST. NICHOLAS and enjoys it.

Your faithful reader,
LYLE H. VAN ARSDALE (age 11).

ALCATRAZ ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO BAY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was a very little girl my father has given me the ST. NICHOLAS, and before that my big sister always had you. We have kept every copy and had them all bound, and I have a special book-case just for them in my bedroom. Of all my books I am sure that I love my ST. NICHOLASES the best, and I care more for my books than for anything else; so you can see how highly I value them.

I live on a small island in San Francisco Bay where there are only prisoners and grown-up people, and I study at home instead of going to school, and so I have no little friends to play with. So I have made believe that the little girls who write and draw for the League are my friends. I try to imagine what they look like, and pretend that we all belong to a club, and that each month we meet and read a poem or story, or bring a drawing or photograph on some subject chosen the meeting before.

Your loving reader,
HELEN RICHARDS (age 9).

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how I have been spending some of my time lately. I suppose you remember the pictures printed in ST. NICHOLAS; "Baby's Birthday," "Time to Get Up," "Don't be Afraid," "Which May I Keep?" and "Pets" were among them. Also there were two pages given to the different stages of a college girl's life in one of the last ST. NICHOLASES. I thought how pretty they were and how nicely they would look framed. So I carefully cut them out and pasted them on red mounting paper, and they are now hanging in my room. They look lovely, especially the college girl. Her picture is at the top and then the other stages are arranged around that.

I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the com-

ing of my ST. NICHOLAS. I do not remember quite how long I have been taking it, still each one seems more interesting than the preceding one.

Your admirer,

MILDRED HICKS.

—
FORT OGDEN, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for some time, and we certainly enjoy you. I like "The League of the Signet-Ring" and the "Betty" stories best.

I have always lived up North, but we came down here for the winter. We live on our grove, which is the largest one around here.

We have two horses, two mules, a cow, two dogs, four large pheasants and eight little ones, a partridge, two quail, five rabbits, some large turkeys and quite a few little ones, chickens, guinea-fowl, and a hive of bees. We are going up North again this year.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH RUSSELL (age 14).

—
MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in the May number, on page 649, an answer to a letter asking why the moon looks larger when near the horizon. The answer is, of course, correct, and I now only write to suggest that the proof is within reach of any one by looking through a pipe or tube long enough to exclude other objects, and so not having anything in sight for comparison.

Very truly yours,

A. O. GRANGER.

—
DZWONICHA, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to write and tell you about Cracow, the former capital of Poland. We stayed there a week on our way home from Italy. We went first to see the church "Panna Marya" (of the Virgin Mary). It is a beautiful church, with a great many angels painted on the walls and ceiling, and many gold ornaments. The "Wawal," for that is its name, is a beautiful large castle; our kings used to live there. A guide took us around and told us about every room; we had to walk on planks, for it is being restored; it will take twenty years to do it. The Austrian soldiers used it as barracks and plastered all the walls and carvings and archways up; it was all very interesting. But the most interesting was the Cathedral, where many of our kings are buried. We went down into the crypt and saw their coffins; we also saw the coffin of Tadeusz Kosciuszko, and the laurel wreath which the Americans sent some years ago. One day we walked three miles out of town to his mound. It is a very big round hill, with paths leading round and round up to the top; there is a stone with his name on it at the top. All the soil was carried there with hands; there was not a wheel nor a horse used. Another day we drove to St. Stanislas church, or the "church on a rock"; we saw the altar where St. Stanislas, the bishop, was killed by the king Boleslaus II in 1079, in a fit of anger; we could see the splash of blood on the wall; it was covered over with glass. The "Sukienica" or "cloth hall" is in the center of the town; it is a market down-stairs, and up-stairs it is a museum. Both Joe and I thank you for the League buttons you so kindly sent us.

Your loving reader, TILLY JAROSZYNSKA (age 10).

—
WINCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although this is the first time I have ever written to you myself, I have always read the contents of your Letter-Box with greatest interest. What very interesting accounts of home life and foreign experiences and travels your different members have given in their letters to you from all parts of the world.

My older sister is spending the spring among the

Dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol. Every month as soon as you come, my brother sends her the League topic for photography, so that she can get a picture and can send it to you; but it takes so long for our letters to reach her that when she does get word from him it is usually too late for her to attempt anything. I am hoping that although she has as yet sent nothing, she will soon. I wish you could have seen a most charming photograph of a wayside shrine with a little child standing under it that we received from her not long ago.

I have drawn twice for your League and have written twice. My name has been put on the first Roll of Honor each time, but as yet I have managed to climb no higher. Oh, if people could only draw as they imagine, and write as they imagine, how perfectly beautiful it would be. Sometimes I am just full of lovely ideas and the rhythm of poetry, but when I try to put them into the poem itself, they just won't come out.

We have taken you in this family ever since I can remember. I often think as I look over our old numbers of you, in times long ago, how I used to listen to Helen reading to Richard from your pages. "Elinor Arden, Royalist," was one that she read, and there was another fascinating story of a little girl who went to Fairy-land. That must have been eight or nine years ago, for I have hunted for those stories time and again, in hopes of finding them and reading them over, but without success, and we have seven years back complete. They are going to be bound some day and some day our grandchildren will be reading those same dear old ST. NICHOLASES that we have all read and loved.

You have grown so to be one of the family now that I hardly know how my brother and I can ever get along without you. We both enjoy all your stories extremely and look forward to your coming with the greatest pleasure.

I wish I could tell you many other things about our home and what I do, but this is such a long letter that I really must stop now. Just now I am having my portrait painted, which is very exciting. My friends and I are getting up Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring." That is great fun, too.

Your devoted reader,

HESTER NOYES (age 14).

—
LONDON, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you only from the beginning of this year, but have enjoyed you very much indeed. I am not one of your American readers—I am Scotch, although I live in London.

Nearly every summer we go up to Scotland, it is such a beautiful country. We went up there this summer, and I went golfing with my two brothers (I can't golf well yet, as I am not quite twelve years old), and we also went boating, but only two or three times, as it was near the time to come home, and back to London.

We brought a dear little puppy home with us; he is a dear little fox-terrier and his name is "Bruce."

We have also a big collie-dog called "Reay," who is not very well just now, but he is very old—older than I am; Bruce is only three months old.

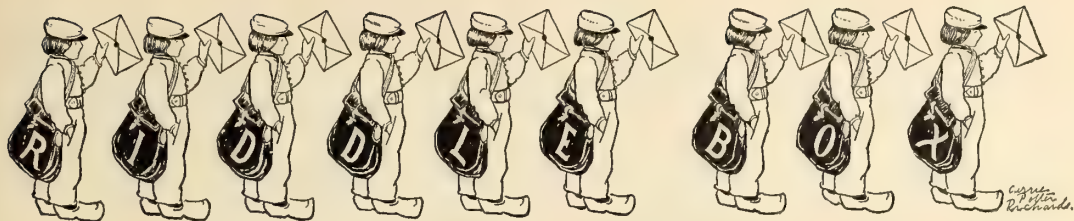
I have a little canary called "Scot." My younger brother has an old cat called "Tommy," and my elder brother has an Australian parrot which is called "Polly" or "Cocky" by turns.

I like the "Betty" stories very much, and as I am by some relations a little Irish, I can think of her as being an Irish girl too, and her own (!) country as being very near to mine.

I am very busy at school, so I am not able to write often, but to-day I am able to write.

From your affectionate reader,

LUCY ANDISON MACKAY.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. D. 2. Let. 3. Defer. 4. Tepid. 5. Rival. 6. Datum. 7. Lucid. 8. Minor. 9. Doric. 10. Ripen. 11. Cedar. 12. Nabob. 13. Rover. 14. Beset. 15. Redan. 16. Tales. 17. Never. 18. Sedan. 19. Razor. 20. Nomad. 21. Races. 22. Debar. 23. Salad. 24. Rapid. 25. Diver. 26. Decay. 27. Ravel. 28. Yells. 29. Llama. 30. Smart. 31. Arbor. 32. Token. 33. Relay. 34. Named. 35. Yearn. 36. Dream. 37. Naval. 38. Maker. 39. Level. 40. Refer. 41. Lever. 42. Rebel. 43. Repay. 44. Labor. 45. Yokes. 46. Remit. 47. Sinew. 48. Terra. 49. Wrath. 50. Atlas. 51. Habit. 52. Siren. 53. Tenor. 54. Novel. 55. Regal. 56. Laver. 57. Leper. 58. Rebus. 59. Ruler. 60. Sewer. 61. Relic. 62. Rigid. 63. Civil. 64. Dikes. 65. Lemon. 66. Sober. 67. Newel. 68. Rebut. 69. Lurid. 70. Timid. 71. Diner. 72. Demon. 73. Roses. 74. Newly. 75. Sleep. 76. Years. 77. Prior. 78. Solar. 79. Ravid. 80. Rigor. 81. Dower. 82. Reft. 83. Right. 84. Third. 85. Trail. 86. Divan. 87. Lares. 88. Nests. 89. Stand. 90. Snail. 91. Digit. 92. Light. 93. Their. 94. Tidal. 95. Rates. 96. Levee. 97. Serve. 98. Every. 99. Err. 100. Y.

COMBINATIONS AND DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Christmas; from 3 to 4, New Years. 1. Con-strain. 2. Sham-rocks. 3. Arrow-root. 4. Plain-tiff. 5. Fore-stall. 6. Tarry-town. 7. Fellow-men. 8. Sweet-meat. 9. Over-turns.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 10 from Dorothy K. Marsh—Ruth R. Gaylord—"Chums."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 10 from Frederick W. Van Horne, 6—Edna Meyle, 5—Theresa W. Neuberger, 4—John M. Stevens, 6—H. A. and H. B. Davis, 3—Alan Dudley Bush, 9—"Queenscourt," 6—Maude Morter, 4.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from P. Brooks—C. Snyder—E. Russell—D. C. Westbrook—H. D. Church—L. Morgan—R. L. Fisher—C. Dunham.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of sixty-five letters and form a quotation from a poem called "The Little Land."

My 50-37-18-7-32-62 45-25-15-34-21 40-11-65-59-3-52-21-1-28 is the author of the poem. My 53-5-55-43-40-15-26-49 46-40-57-20-35-17 is his most famous book. My 21-13-38-8-39-22-52-2 was his native country. My 29-9-58-47-4-40 was the Christian name of his father. My 35-14-59-31-6-48-41-63 is the month in which he was born. My 59-42-51-24-12-47-33 was the name of his home. It was his own 44-30-27-23-56-60, and it was his 54-14-36-19 that the 44-16-64-10-61 skies of the tropics would restore him to health.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (League Member).

BIOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When the surnames have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the subject of a famous biography.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A president of the United States. 2. A famous woman painter. 3. A president of the United States. 4. The author of "Astrophel." 5. A celebrated American essayist. 6. A president of the United States. 7. A president of the United States.

HYMEN ALPERN (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONALS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Take from my mouth the wish of happy years."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARE AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Tea. 3. Pedro. 4. Art. 5. O. II. 1. C. 2. Baa. 3. Cairo. 4. Art. 5. O. III. 1. I. 2. And. 3. Inert. 4. Dry. 5. T. IV. 1. I. 2. And. 3. India. 4. Die. 5. A. V. 1. Earth. 2. Agora. 3. Rosin. 4. Tried. 5. Handy.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, ST. NICHOLAS; finals, Pleases all. Cross-words: 1. Swamp. 2. Trial. 3. Niece. 4. India. 5. Cakes. 6. House. 7. Odors. 8. Llama. 9. Avail. 10. Steel.

CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

MYTHOLOGICAL ZIGZAG. Bellerophon. Cross-words: 1. Bacchus. 2. Perseus. 3. Leander. 4. Alcides. 5. Euterpe. 6. Ariadne. 7. Orestes. 8. Epaphus. 9. Hesione. 10. Fortuna. 11. Neptune.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Duluth; 1 to 3, Dublin; 2 to 4, Hawick; 3 to 4, Newark; 3 to 5, Nelson; 4 to 6, Kansas; 5 to 6, Naples; 7 to 6, Negroes.

also from the lower, left-hand letter to the upper, right-hand letter will each spell the surname of a president of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To intensify. 2. An almanac. 3. Money. 4. Worthy of the utmost love. 5. A city of Kansas. 6. Dead. 7. Length of time. 8. A brief statement of facts respecting some passing event.

ELEANOR LINTON.

HEXAGON

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READING downward: 1. In awning. 2. To winnow. 3. Fancy. 4. The air. 5. A constellation. 6. To wander. 7. Bound by a pledge. 8. Something more than is usual. 9. A weight. 10. In awning.

The letters represented by stars spell a name that is honored the world over.

D. W. HAND, JR. (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a State, and another row of letters, reading downward, will spell its capital.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Toys of a certain kind. 2. Solitary. 3. The back of the neck, plural. 4. To talk. 5. A joint of the body. 6. Old.

EVELYN RUSSELL (League Member).

WORD SQUARES

I. 1. THE grassy surface of land. 2. To stake. 3. To concur. 4. Tall, coarse grasses. 5. To deck.

II. 1. Fastened with strings passed through eyelet-holes. 2. To dwell. 3. Polite. 4. Decree. 5. The name of a Greek letter.

JOSEPH TROMBETTI (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA



IN this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-two letters, is a quotation from Ruskin.

COMBINATIONS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Combine an article of clothing and a color, and make dislike. Answer, hat-red.

1. Combine to depart and a preposition, and make an animal. 2. Combine to choose and a conjunction, and make one who has the right of choice. 3. Combine away from and to place, and make to balance. 4. Combine to batter and a portion, and make a defense. 5. Combine twelve dozen and a bill, and make a bird. 6. Combine part of the head and a cozy place, and make intent. 7. Combine to

peruse and upright, and make to rearrange. 8. Combine above and to revolve, and make to upset. 9. Combine a line of sewing and urgency, and make a needlewoman. 10. Combine a fraud and a hard substance and make Irish clover.

When rightly combined, the initials of the newly formed words will spell the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

MARGARET OSBORNE.

SQUARE WITH OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS

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I. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Sharpened. 2. A musical drama. 3. At no time. 4. Perpendicular. 5. Javelins.

II. UPPER DIAMOND. 1. In desert. 2. For. 3. To make a low, monotonous sound. 4. A number. 5. In desert.

III. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In desert. 2. The surname of a famous Japanese. 3. An English measure of weight. 4. A number. 5. In desert.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In desert. 2. Acquired skill. 3. Mistake. 4. A small child. 5. In desert.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In desert. 2. Dexterity. 3. A diseased condition of rye. 4. A toy. 5. In desert.

JOHN R. SCHMERTZ (Honor Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

THE words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters and the final letters will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of dessert. 2. Three brothers celebrated in Roman legend. 3. A calendar. 4. A small deer. 5. Pedigree. 6. Oriental. 7. Divisions of time.

FRANCES L. CAVERHILL (League Member).

FEBRUARY ZIGZAGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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* . . . . 0
* . 2 . 15 0
* . 3 . . 0
* . 14 4 . 16 0
* 12 5 10 . 0
* . 6 . . 0
* . 7 . . 0
* . 8 13 11 0
* . 9 . . 0
* . . . . 0

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A town in Iowa. 2. The Spanish word for "horse." 3. Vending. 4. Putting on a shoe. 5. Life at an inn. 6. To install. 7. An iron pan used for cooking breakfast cakes. 8. A thin plate, used for marking or ornamenting, in which the pattern is cut out. 9. Excessive joy. 10. To withdraw a screw.

Primal zigzag, shown by stars, the surname of a great American; final zigzag, shown by o's, another great American; from 10 to 16, a third famous American; all three were born in February. From 1 to 9, a February missive.

ADELINA LONGAKER.



Peter's—Good for Winter Sports

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 110.

Time to hand in answers is up February 10. Prizes awarded in April number.

One of the Judges suggested the other day that for February we have a kind of historical competition, inasmuch as that month has seen the birth of two great men. The idea seemed good, but how to write history and also get the element of advertising into the competition was a hard task. However, here is a competition for those of you who know the lives of those two great men.

Take any episode in the lives of either Washington or Lincoln and illustrate it by means of a picture taken from advertisements. You may make composite pictures—that is you may piece together figures or surroundings from different illustrations to make one for the purpose described. You may send in one episode, or three or four if you desire—one good one will do.

Your family can help you. There is no age limit. Here are the list of prizes and the general rules:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (110).

3. Submit answers by February 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 110, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 108

You readers of ST. NICHOLAS—old and young—you respond to the invitation of the Competition Judges, and do your work so well, and send in so many good papers that they especially thank you at this time.

The drawings in Competition No. 108 were very good, and the ideas were of the ST. NICHOLAS variety; which means that they are refreshing in their simplicity and straightforwardness. Those are two necessary ingredients in all good advertisements.

Here are the prize-winners whom the Judges felicitate:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Genevieve K. Hamlin, age 14, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Harrison B. McCreary, age 16, Connecticut.

Kathleen Murphy, age 12, California.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Park N. Darrow, age 16, New York.

Henry Herzog, age 12, New York.

Janette Bishop, age 21, Minnesota.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Clifton Furnas, age 12, Indiana.

Clara S. Perot, age 16, Pennsylvania.

Marie Maurer, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Ross Woodward, age 13, Washington.

Gordon Stewart, age 12, New York.

Douglass C. Abbott, age 11, Canada.

Annie S. Cameron, age 14, North Carolina.

William Nestor, age 18, New York.

Beryl Morse, age 15, New York.

Doris F. Halman, age 15, Massachusetts.

A Recruiting Station at Every Mail Box

These three youngsters
are joining the Sound
Teeth Legion.

At school you may have heard
of "Good Teeth—Good Health."
If not, be the first recruit in your
neighborhood—join to-day—it's
very easy. Mail us a note enclosing
4c. and asking for a trial tube of



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

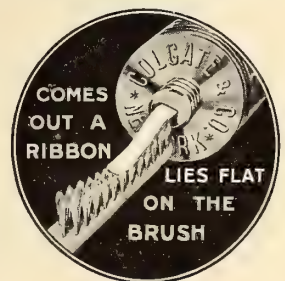
TRADE MARK

The kind of a dentifrice that makes it a treat to keep your teeth clean.
Colgate's is as pleasant as it is efficient.

If sweet or cold things make your teeth hurt even for a moment,
you should take better care of them. Begin at once by using
Colgate's—one inch, twice a day.

*Good Teeth are necessary to Good Health. Join the
Sound Teeth Legion by sending your 4c. for a trial tube.*

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap



LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE



You can buy it now from your dealer in pin sealing tubes ready for instant use; also in bottles with new patented cap. No waste—no leak—no trouble.

Demand Le Page's—Sold everywhere

Library slips with every bottle and tube

10c.

Rich Delicate Flavor

Maillard's



The
Best
Cocoa
of them
All.

**THE VALUE
OF COCOA**

is best appreciated by those who have made its use a habit. MAILLARD'S COCOA is world renowned for its superiority.

VANILLA CHOCOLATE

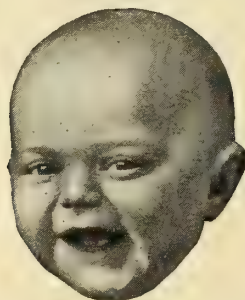
For either eating or drinking. MAILLARD'S CHOCOLATE is without an equal. Flavored with the true Vanilla bean.

At
Leading
Dealers.

Sample can free on request.

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

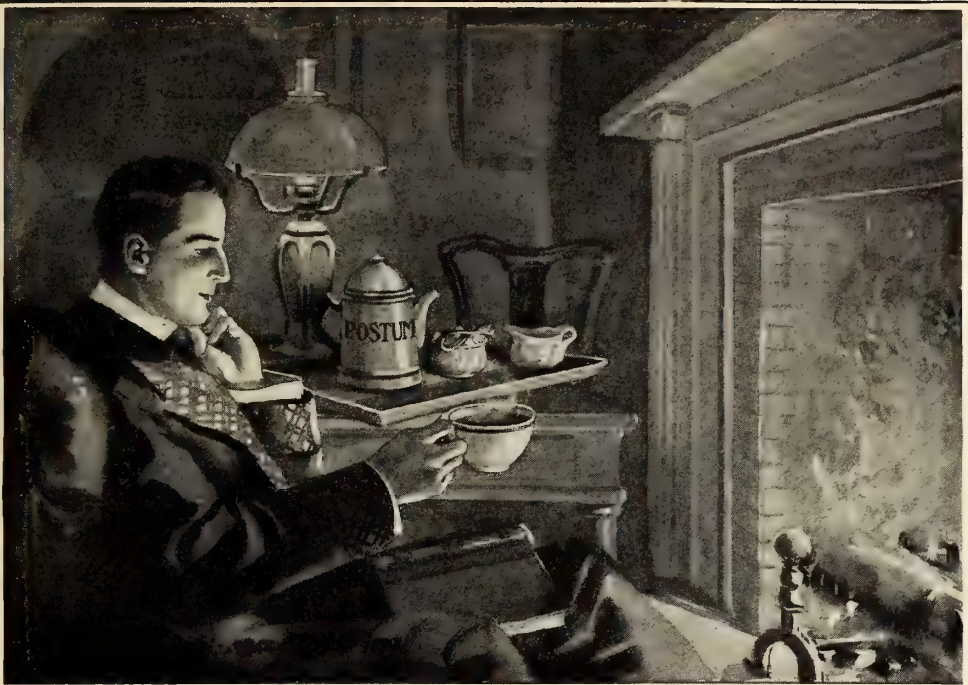
Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark



Making "Dreams" Come True

Depends largely upon clear thinking.

Coffee is one of the most subtle of all enemies of a clear mind. Not for every one—but for many.

If you value comfort and the power to "do things," suppose you change from coffee to well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

"The Standard for 60 Years"

"The Standard for 60 Years"

DONDS

EXTRACT

For over sixty years has stood highest in the estimation of many thousands of discriminating people. Its entire harmlessness, even for children, combined with its great healing properties have made it

The Most Useful Household Remedy

For cuts, sprains, bruises, burns,
boils, sore throat, catarrh, etc.

Send for descriptive booklet free.

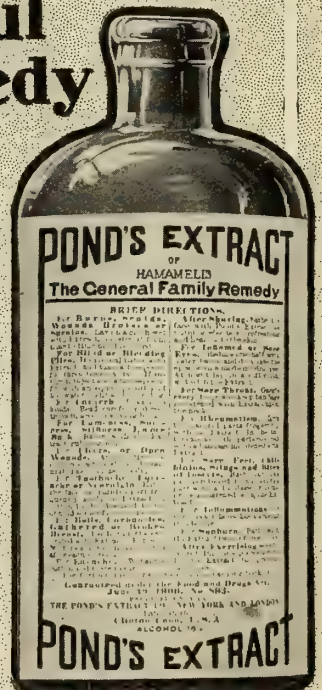
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S VANISHING CREAM

is an ideal, non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite *Jacque Rose* fragrance. "Vanishing Cream" effectively promotes that fineness of skin texture so requisite to a clear and beautiful complexion.

Free Sample on request, or send
4c in stamps for large trial tube.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.

Dept. Z 78 Hudson St. New York





The Confidential Chat

"When I think, my dear, how I used to work and worry over dessert, and over anything to be served when friends dropped in, I cannot be too thankful for Jell-O.

"If everything for the table were as easily made up as

JELL-O

there would be more time for rest and recreation for women."

Jell-O is for dessert, and there is no dessert so simple or so elaborate that it cannot be made of Jell-O.

There are seven Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Sold by all grocers, 10 cents a package.

The beautiful Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE RAREST STAMP

TO use an Irish bull, the rarest stamp is that of which no copies are in existence. Mr. Luff, in his "History of United States Stamps," speaks of several Postmasters' Stamps of which no copies are known, yet there is much evidence to show that they were actually issued.

What is generally regarded as the rarest stamp is British Guiana, catalogue number 13, one-cent red. Of this, but one copy is known to exist. This copy is owned in Paris. In 1856 the supply of four-cent stamps in the colony became exhausted, and a "provisional" was issued locally while awaiting supplies from England. Some authorities think that the one-cent stamp was an error, having been inadvertently set as "one" instead of "four" in a sheet of provisional fours, and that the error was soon observed and corrected. But as there was a one-cent stamp in use at the time, and as this could have been used in quantities of four to supply the needed four-cent rate (had it been on hand in any quantity), and moreover, as the regular one-cent stamp is rarer than the regular four-cent, why may it not reasonably be assumed that both values became exhausted, and that the provisional setting contained one or more stamps of the one-cent value inserted in the sheet of four-cent stamps? This would provide a provisional supply of both one- and four-cent stamps, the only two values at that time in use.

Whatever may have been the case, whether error or not, this one-cent stamp is certainly the rarest stamp known. As there is only one, and that one not for sale, no estimate of the price would be at all accurate. Certainly many stamps which bring very high prices are common in comparison with this. Of the high-priced two-cent Hawaiian Missionary stamp, about a dozen copies are known, and there are about the same number of the rare Mauritius. A copy of this latter stamp once sold as high as \$7000.

FIVE STARS

A CORRESPONDENT asks the meaning and significance of the queerly arranged five stars upon the stamps of Brazil, first issued in 1885 and repeated in 1890. He also wants to know if such questions are pertinent to stamp-collecting. They most assuredly are. To go out into the fields on a summer day and gather flowers is a great pleasure, but it is not botany unless we study the flowers and learn from them the lessons they have to teach. It is a certain amount of pleasure to get together a number of different kinds of stamps; but this mere collecting of stamps is not philately, or true stamp-collecting, unless we try to learn from our stamps all that they can possibly teach us. We should try to know the geographical location of each country, should try to read its history from its stamps. We can readily learn the rulers of the countries from the portraits, the coins used and the language spoken,—much also of the inhabitants, as well as the flowers, birds, animals, and picturesque natural scenery. For the benefit of the younger collectors one of our advertisers has issued a very interesting and entertaining series of stamp lessons, illustrating the methods and ways of studying stamps, and showing how much can be learned from them. These sample lessons, I believe, are to be had simply by prepaying the postage upon them. They certainly should be in great demand.

But to return to the original topic. The stars referred to represent the constellation known as the "Southern Cross," the most brilliant constellation of the southern skies. All stamps bearing the words "Brazil" or "Imperio do Brazil" were issued under the Empire; those of the Republic bear the inscription "E. U. do Brazil" (Estados Unidos do Brazil). As the 1888 issue of stamps bears the imperial inscription, and the 1890 issue that of the republic, we infer that the change in government must have taken place between these years. The Commemorative Set, issued in 1900 tells us that the exact date was November 1, 1889.

SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMPS

SEVEN varieties of these, as issued by the United States, are listed in the present Standard Catalogue. Nearly all of them are very similar in design, and as the differences are not readily recognizable, the novice is often at a loss to distinguish the different issues. The first five of them represent the typical messenger boy, running at full speed in his haste to deliver the letter which he holds in his hand. On the first issue, printed in blue, are the words "Secures immediate delivery at a special delivery office." The second, likewise printed in blue, has the reading "Secures immediate delivery at any Post-office." The difference in the wording is the difference between the two issues. The third issue is readily known, being printed in orange; but the fourth, again printed in blue, is a puzzler usually. The design is very similar, but the plate seems to have been recut, and all of the lines deepened and strengthened, so that the coloring is very much heavier. Moreover, under each of the words "ten" and "cents" a long horizontal line has been cut; this line does not appear in the previous issues and is the best distinguishing mark. The fifth series is like the preceding, but is upon paper water-marked "U. S. P. S." (United States Postal Service). Portions of these letters fall on each stamp. The sixth issue presents a new design. The messenger is now mounted upon a bicycle, and the stamp is inscribed "Series of 1902." The seventh and last issue is again new and distinctive, the design being the "hat and olive branch," printed in green.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE designs of the stamps as originally issued by the Republic of Cuba have been redrawn or re-engraved. The changes are small additions or alterations in design, and are fully described in the Standard Catalogue which is for sale by all of our advertisers. A copy of this catalogue should be in the hands of every stamp-collector. All of the original designs are on water-marked paper; all of the redrawn designs, on paper with no water-mark. Usually the colors are lighter on the re-engraved. The old water-mark on United States stamps was a large ornamental double-lined letter, while the new is a solid, plain thick "Gothic" letter. They are easily distinguished from each other. Practically all of the current issue have come to light on the so-called "blue" paper. The four, eight, and thirteen values have not yet been found; the five-cent has been reported, but only in limited numbers.

BIG STAMP ALBUM, 10 CENTS



8 by 5 1/2 inches; 546 spaces; 160 pictures; heavy covers. Bargain! Other Albums 30c. to \$55.00. Send for list and copy monthly paper, free. *Scott's Catalogue*, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c. 108 all different STAMPS, Panama, Paraguay, Turkey, etc., only 10c. 17 different *unused* Nicaragua, Cuba, Salvador, etc., 10c. Approval sheets 50 per cent. commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

We have stamps from every country in the world.

Special Want Lists filled at low prices.

Approval sheets at 50% commission. Reference required.

1911 PRICE-LIST FREE

Rhodesia 1910, with the new King and Queen of England on them, set of 5 for 30 cents.

Ask us about *Philatelic Lessons* for 1911. *Something new.*

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BARCAINS

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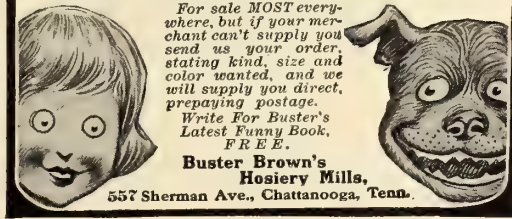
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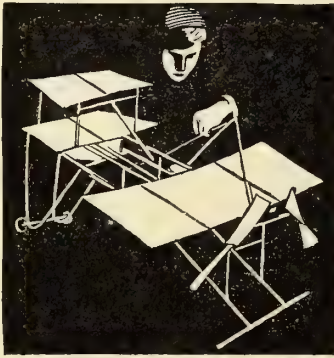
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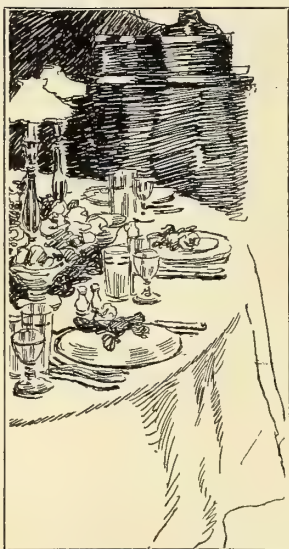
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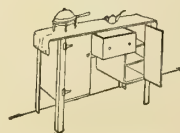
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MARCH, 1911

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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CLOSE TO THE ENEMY, AT PRINCETON.


("WASHINGTON'S TEN NARROW ESCAPES"—PAGE 407.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

MARCH, 1911

No. 5



How Memory Forgot

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

"WHAT perfectly darling old spoons!" Daphne exclaimed.

"Where did you get them, Miggles?"

"Wait a minute. Apples, bananas, almonds, celery, white grapes, and lettuce." Miggles chanted the list gravely from the end of the room. "Is that all you put in your salad?"

"Stone your grapes and just a little oil and vinegar over it. Is n't it a picture, girls?" Daphne regarded the finished product of Miggles's culinary art with respectful admiration as she balanced the salad-dish deftly on one hand. "Did you stone them surely, Miggles?"

"Surely honest," Miggles laughed, casting off her all-enveloping apron, and preparing to do the honors at her feast. "Now, then, who said spoons?"

"Daphne was handling yours in a very suspicious manner. She—"

Daphne popped a grape dexterously into the accusing mouth, and held her fingers over it while

the owner ate the grape and, taking the gentle hint, held her peace.

"Never tattle on a good pal, Molly O!" she said severely. "I never even touched the spoons, Miggles, but I just knew the minute I laid eyes on them they were a legacy or a find of some sort. You did n't have them last year."

Memory Abbott smiled at the half-circle of guests—dear, tried old college chums of two years. It did seem so good to see them all sitting on the old double corner divan while she presided at the feast spread, for convenience's sake, on a taboret and a bamboo fern-stand. Yet it was a feast, which, as Daphne had remarked, was the intention of the gathering; so the accessories and "get-bys" mattered not.

"When you can't have what you want, be satisfied with a 'get-by,'" she always advised the other girls, and Daphne's "get-bys" had passed into a proverbial institution at Gadsen Hall.

Spoons had always been a get-by during previous years. Usually each girl would bring her own, and the resulting souvenir collection was interesting and helpful. But here, at the very first feast of the new term, Miggles flaunted two dozen spoons as a personal possession—two dozen quaintly shaped, thin, old silver spoons, with a monogram engraved on their handles.

"They look like orange-spoons, don't they?"

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Lavinia Searles said, balancing one lightly. "My mother has some that came down from colonial days."

"So did these," Miggles replied promptly and happily, as she brushed back her heavy brown hair from her forehead, and handed salad and cheese straws around to her guests.

"Not really colonial?" Lavinia glanced up half incredulously. Miggles came from Nebraska, quite a distance from where her own ancestors had used their silver spoons. In fact, Lavinia had doubts about anything really colonial ever reaching Nebraska; but Miggles only laughed in her cheerful, good-natured way, that had won her friends all around Gadsen Hall from the first day she had arrived there, a breezy, warm-hearted, but rather lonesome young person from the West.

"Really, truly colonial, Vinie," she said. "Wait till I eat two straws and have five bites of salad, and I'll tell you all about them. They're mine because my name is Memory Abbott. Look at the monogram."

"M. A.," Daphne read slowly. "Why, it is yours, is n't it, Miggles?"

"Not mine, my great-grandmother's. She was Father's grandmother, Memory Abbott. And she was a real colonial dame, too, Vinie, even if she did take her honeymoon trailing over a thousand miles and more, as a pioneer bride, with an ox-team. Father told me he could remember hearing her talk about her wedding spoons over and over, but nobody ever knew what had become of them, not even she herself. That was once that Memory forgot."

Miggles smiled mischievously over the rim of her tea-cup at the girls' faces, alight with animation and interest.

"Oh, tell it, do!" begged Daphne, and the rest added their entreaties; so while the little brass tea-kettle waited to boil the water for tea, Miggles told them the story of her silver spoons.

"They had been a wedding gift from her god-mother way over in England, and Great-grandmother was so proud of them that she almost felt it was sinful, sometimes, to set so much store by silver spoons. You see, it was the only silver she had, because there were four girls older than she, and any odd pieces that her mother had were already spoken for. So when she started West with the ox-team she hid the spoons more carefully than anything else she had, and used to take them out now and then and look at them and get real comfort out of them, so Father says she told him. Can't you see her doing it, girls? I always can." Miggles leaned forward eagerly.

"So can I," rejoined Daphne, her eyes shining, her fingers outspread. "Forest primeval; un-

hitched oxen; camp-fire; smell of salt pork frying; pines murmuring; Great-grandmother sitting all by her lonelies up in the dark corner of the wagon counting her silver spoons that the moonshine glinted on, and maybe wishing she was safely back where they grow silver spoons and all they stand for."

"No, she did n't," protested Miggles, laughing at the picture, though, in spite of her earnestness. "She was glad to be a pioneer woman. Her portrait hangs in our Assembly Hall at the county-seat back home. She was n't just a silver-spoon sort of girl at all, even if she did love them. Now, listen. After they reached the settlement and had a little log-cabin built, everything went nicely. And along the next year came a baby boy, my grandfather. Then, one day in October, she was sitting outside the cabin door, knitting, with the baby asleep in its cradle, and all at once her nearest neighbor's man came riding fast through the woods on horseback. 'It's Indians, Mrs. Abbott,' he shouted to her, and he never even stopped or waited, just rode on to the next house. Great-grandfather was within hearing, and she caught up her knitting and ran to him. The man had told him to go to the stockade where the rest of the settlers were gathering, and he took his ax and musket and some provisions, and told Great-grandmother to bring the baby. But, girls, what do you suppose? She always said it was a righteous judgment on her for her vanity. She stopped for the silver spoons, and slipped them into a little old pewter tea-caddy, and buried them down in a hole under a young pine-tree. She always said she chose the pine because it was the only one near the cabin, and she felt sure she could find it again."

"Kettle's boiling, Miggles," interrupted Daphne, and the story waited while Miggles extinguished the flame and made the tea.

"Then what else happened?" begged Lavinia, eagerly, her chin supported on her palms. "I never thought about the pioneer colonial dames before. Do go on, Miggles!"

"The Indian scare soon passed over. They took another route, but when the settlers had returned to their homes, Great-grandmother could not find her spoons. The stockade was about three miles away, and the Indians had traveled by their cabin. It was all burned, all her treasures, and the little home that had taken so much time to put together, but she mourned more for the spoons than for the home even. The trees had burned for quite a distance around the house, and only a few charred trunks were left, and she forgot which one had been the pine. They dug around ever so many, and tried and tried to re-

cover the spoons, but never found them. Father says he can remember his father watching over every old stump that would be pulled up in any part of the place, to see if those spoons would n't turn up with it. And so things were until last year."

braska. "It's like this now. The house did stand back from the road like that, with a big lawn in front of it, and trees all around the sides; but last year, when I went home, I found the whole family up in arms. Some company wanted to put



"DAPHNE REGARDED THE FINISHED PRODUCT WITH RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION."

"Last year," repeated the girls, breathlessly; "only last year, Miggles? Who found them? Who was the lucky finder?"

"There is n't any log-cabin there now," Miggles answered slowly. "Wait a minute till I get a pencil and show you." She hunted for a sheet of paper, too, and a magazine for a pad, then proceeded to draw a plan of the home out in Ne-

a trolley-line through, and it would cut right across our front lawn. Therefore all the existing Abbots took arms against modern improvements, and there was trouble. Father and Ben, my oldest brother, went to the city to see the president of the company and the directors, and goodness knows whom, and Mother mourned and mourned because it would spoil her lawn, and be

a nuisance, and probably mow down either the children or the chickens, or both.

"But it did n't do a bit of good. One day there came a lot of workmen, and they simply took our front lawn to their hearts. Father and Ben were still away, which was something to be thankful for, but the children and Mother and I sat out on the porch, and were miserable as we watched them go ahead and lay out the way that trolley

hiding in the hall, with our fingers in our ears, but I saw it fall, and ran to get it, Great-grandmother Memory Abbott's pewter tea-caddy. It hardly looked a bit older, girls, than when she had hidden it there, Mother said. We took the cover off, and there were the spoons, two dozen of them, all laid one inside the other, and wrapped first in soft silver paper, and then in a piece of faded old silk. Just think how we felt, unwrap-



"'DYNAMITE DID IT!' SHE EXCLAIMED, AS SHE WAVED A SPOON IN THE AIR."

was to pass. After a while one of them waved a red flag, and the foreman came over to tell us to go into the house, because they were going to blast out a few old stumps that were in the way. And there you are." Memory looked around at the girls, and laughed, as she waved a silver spoon in the air. "Dynamite did it. When one of those old stumps flew up in the air, something went with it besides just earth. We were all

ping them, and remembering all the years since she had hidden them there!

"That 's all, children, only Mother gave them to me because," and here Miggles laughed again, "because I 'm always forgetting where I put things, and it 's a good thing for me to have these spoons near by where I can look at them often, and remember how that other Memory forgot!"

MAGIC

BY CLARA ODELL LYON

IF every little frown to-day
Should turn into a smile,

The world would be a happy place,
In just a little while.



YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

CHAPTER I

A RECKLESS PRANK

IN the dusk beyond the six-foot palings the great grand stand was rapidly filling, to a loud clamor of footfalls, and voices, and scraping of chairs. Through the near-by gate trickled a stream of military bandmen — Grenadiers, Riflemen, Highlanders, Mississauga Horse, Royal Canadians.

And gazing after the varied uniforms through the pickets, a well-grown lad of sixteen or seventeen drove his hands deep in his pockets and sighed.

"*You're broke, too, eh? Pretty poor luck, isn't it?*"

With a start he turned to find at his shoulder a dark-eyed, pleasant-faced boy of about his own age, a stranger.

"Yes, clean broke. I had the price of a 'rush' seat, and lost it," he responded half laughingly, at the same time furtively noting a soft college hat ribboned with some unfamiliar colors.

"That's hard. Well, it's about the same here. I had a couple of dollars this morning, and I thought I was Carnegie. I did n't wake up until I paid the price of a souvenir for my sister, and found I only had a nickel left. Is n't there some way of ducking in?"

"No. I tried it last year—down there by the lake—and I was nabbed in a jiffy."

"You live in Toronto, eh? This is my first time at your big fair," volunteered the other.

"That so? Yes, I live here." The Toronto boy again eyed the friendly stranger covertly; and the first agreeable impression being confirmed, he went on: "I have n't missed 'tattoo night' at the exhibition for several years. And there are fifteen bands this time, perhaps you know—three from the States."

"Yes, I— Say, what kind of soldiers— Oh, I know! They are Highlanders! I never saw them before, out of pictures!"

The first boy turned in surprise. "Why, where are you from?"

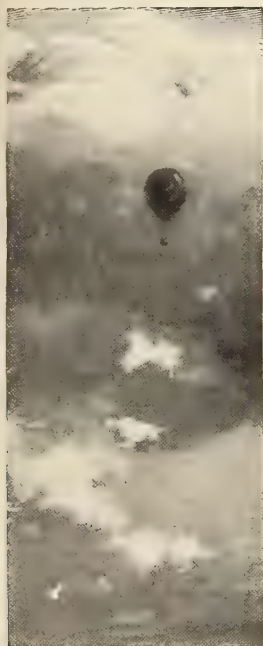
"New York," with some pride. "I ran over by boat from Buffalo for the day. I was up there with my father."

But pride of city or country was lost in the immediate enthusiasm of the young Canadian on a favorite topic. "Never saw Highlanders!" he exclaimed. "Well, you just wait till they come marching down by the grand stand, and see if you don't think they are the greatest ever—with their kilts, and sporrans, and bonnets swinging, and all their white gaiters kicking in and out like one man! Mmmm! No, sir; there's nothing like Highlanders! Not even the Dragoons! And the whole regiment is out to-night, you know, to take part in storming the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir—that scenery there. A dandy sight!"

"Well, our Seventh Regiment," began the young New Yorker loyally. Then a further party of the six-foot Highlanders swung by, followed by a group of Grenadiers and American National Guardsmen, and in a moment the glories of home were forgotten in the spectacle of the present.

"Look here," exclaimed the young Yankee, determinedly, "I'm going to get inside and see this show right, or break a leg! They were never able to keep me out of a circus-tent. There must be a hole somewhere."

"Well, I'm with you if you can find it," promptly agreed the new acquaintance. "It's



just enough to make you mad, the view you get from here. But these policemen have their eyes open!"

Stepping back, the young American viewed the line of fence spectators from the rear. The young Canadian watched him a moment, and, half smiling, was about to turn back to the fence, when the other suddenly gripped his arm.

"I've an idea! The wind is blowing east—toward the stand—is n't it?"

"The wind?"

"Look!"

The words were whispered, and following a pointing finger, the mystified Canadian lad saw, in the gathering twilight a hundred yards distant, a huge yellow, pear-like shape rising against the sky.

"You don't mean the observation balloon?"

"Sh!" The other stepped close and whispered in his ear: "Let's hook up in her—loosen the ropes for a few feet, and let the wind carry us over in front of the stand. The men who run it won't likely be there,—they're all at the show—and any one else noticing us will think we have permission. What do you say?"

The answer was a look of incredulity. "You're fooling!"

"Am I? Come and see! Yes, come on!" persuaded the young American. "It'll be all kinds of a stunt, and will give us a regular 'front box' to see the show from."

"But the police—"

"Are n't you game?"

It was a direct challenge, and the next moment the two boys were making their way toward the circular fence within which the great balloon was securely anchored for the night.

"Yes, no one in sight," announced the author of the adventurous enterprise as they reached the inclosure. "But let's stand here a minute, looking at it, to make sure. And say something out loud," he added, chuckling, and immediately setting the example. "Jiminy! It's a big thing, is n't it, Billy? (That's not your name, is it?) See all the ropes it takes to hold it down—eight or ten from up there, and four from the big hoop above the basket!"

"Yes, it's as big as a house," loudly responded the Canadian, with a suppressed laugh. "I wonder what all those sacks hanging around the sides of the basket are for? But really it *is* big, you know," he added, in a lower voice, gazing with a touch of apprehension at the great yellow globe bulging over them against the sky.

"Oh, it just seems bigger in the dusk. But, say, what *is* your name?" he suddenly demanded.

"Ryerson—Dick Ryerson. What's yours?"

"Lincoln Adams—Linc, they call me mostly. Call me that," said Lincoln, cordially. "I think we would pull together in fine shape, don't you? My best chum at Stuyvesant—Stuyvesant High, New York—his name is Dick, too. But come on and let's get busy. No one is looking."

Together they vaulted the fence, and made for the balloon.

"Those bags hanging around the car must be ballast-bags," remarked Lincoln. "Yes, that's it," he said, as they reached the large wicker basket. "There are more inside, to help hold her down. And here is a light anchor and coil of line—to use in case the balloon breaks away when it's up, I suppose. But we have n't time to look at it. Some one may discover us. How shall we go about it?"

Dick had been studying the anchor-ropes descending over their heads. "I tell you," he said, leading the way toward one of the four inner anchors. "This one with the pulley-block is the flying-rope—that they let her up and pull her down by. Suppose we untie it, first, carry a loop to the basket, and fasten it, then throw off the others?"

"Go ahead," promptly agreed Lincoln. Quickly freeing the flying-rope at the block, they backed with it hand over hand to the basket, and there secured it to one of the corner stays. A few minutes' work then freed the outer anchor-ropes, and they turned to the remaining three secured to the hoop above the car.

"Had n't we better throw off just these two, now?" suggested Lincoln, as they climbed to opposite corners of the basket in order to reach the hoop above; "and leave the one opposite the flying-rope until we have the extra ballast out? That would hold the car down steady till we were ready to go up."

"That would be safer," Dick agreed. Accordingly, when the first two inner anchor-ropes had followed the others to the ground, the boys at once dropped within the car and began pitching out the extra bags of sand.

"Wow! They're heavy!" muttered Lincoln, as he sought to lift three sacks at a time. "I guess I'll be satisfied with—"

"Hello, there! Going up?"

In a moment the two in the car had dropped flat, out of sight, and were gazing at one another in consternation.

"I thought you did n't make night trips."

"Huh! Only another boy," exclaimed Lincoln, with disgust, and rising into view, he discovered a fair-haired lad of sixteen or seventeen leaning over the fence, watching them; by no one else in the vicinity had their little escapade been observed.

"Yes, *sir!* We *are* going up," Lincoln responded, seizing another bag.

As he tossed the sack over, he paused and considered the new-comer. The latter was a fair, finely featured, good-natured-looking boy, somewhat shorter than Lincoln, and wore a jaunty blue college cap on the back of his head.

"I say," said Lincoln, in a low voice, "we're hooking away with this thing. That is, we are going up a ways, so we can see the march-past and hear the bands. The wind will blow us right over in front of the stand. Come along."

The stranger emitted an incredulous whistle.

"Why—why, it would n't be right, you know—would it?"

"Huh! Scared, eh? English," said Dick, recognizing the stranger's accent. "All right—don't!" and turned again to the ballast-bags.

As the last sack went over the side, the balloon, now held down only by the flying-rope at one corner of the basket and the remaining anchor-rope at the hoop above the other, rose several feet. "I'll throw off the anchor-rope, and you get a strangle-hold on the flying-rope, Dick," said Lincoln, swinging himself to the basket-rim.

As he balanced himself on the side of the car, Dick turned again to the boy at the fence. "Well, are n't you coming, English?" he repeated.

"No, thank you."

"Afraid, eh?" sarcastically. "All right, then. Good-by!"

So saying, he turned to Lincoln, who reached up for the anchor-rope knot.

Then came the catastrophe.

From the west puffed a gust of wind, and the basket sharply careened. On the narrow footing Lincoln's feet slipped. He caught at one of the stays, missed, and with a cry fell backward. Instinctively Dick sprang to catch him. Lincoln bore him down, he grasped at something, and caught the slip-knot holding the free end of the flying-rope. It gave, and, with a cry of terror as they fell, the two boys felt the car leap into the air.

The happenings of the next few moments were never distinctly remembered by Dick and Lincoln. They had a terror-stricken consciousness of the rising balloon being halted with a jolt, of scrambling to their feet, of a united spring for the flying-rope, and a simultaneous gasp of horror when they discovered the ground thirty feet below, and the flying-rope running free through the pulley as the balloon pitched backward and forward on the single remaining anchor, now directly beneath them.

It was at this moment that the boy at the fence suddenly realized the situation. Instantly, with

a shout of alarm, then a shrill call for help, he was over the fence, and had thrown himself on the straining anchor.

"Help, help!" he cried. "Help, help!"

"That's it! Hang on! Hang on!" cried the two above.

As in sudden mockery came a burst of band music that drowned all other sounds.

"Help, help!" they cried at the top of their lungs.

The balloon again leaped like a live thing, there was a dull crash, and anchor and boy bounded spinning into the air.

But, as the two in the basket uttered a groan of despair, the anchor swung against a post of the fence, and instantly the English lad had flung an arm about it, and was clinging desperately. With a thud the rope tightened, lifting him from his feet, his arms taut. Grimly he held on, while, momentarily forgetting to shout, the boys in the basket looked down in a mixture of fear and admiration.

Then the balloon once more careened wildly, shaking the clinging boy like a rat, and, oblivious of their own peril, the two in the car cried out: "Let go! Let go! You can't hold it!"

The balloon again tore at him.

"Let go, you idiot! Let go!" screamed Lincoln. "It'll tear your arms—"

There was another burst of wind; the car gave a leap that threw the occupants to the floor; from below came a cry; there was a whirl from the pulley-block, a swaying of the basket, a force pressing them down, a welling up of a multitude of sounds; and rising on their hands, Dick and Lincoln exchanged a look of mute despair.

They were moving skyward!

"I ought to be shot," groaned Lincoln. "It was a crazy—"

From directly beneath came a cry: "Help, up there! Help!"

At a bound they were on their feet, peering, horror-stricken, over the edge of the car.

Below them, spinning in the air like a top, his hands tightly gripping the rope just above the anchor,—beneath him a gulf that widened every instant,—was the lad who had tried so manfully to save them.

Together they sprang for the rope. "Hang on! Hang on!" they cried. "We'll pull you up!"

"Hurry," weakly came the reply. "I'm about done, and I'm in an awful funk. I dare n't open my eyes."

"We'll have you up in a jiffy," shouted Dick. Securing a hold on the anchor-rope, they braced themselves, and Lincoln cried, "Heave!"

Pulling with all their strength, they brought it

in several feet. Lincoln held it, Dick secured a new hold, and again they heaved. And a few minutes later, though it seemed hours, there was a scraping and knocking against the side of the car, and a tremulous voice exclaimed: "Steady! I'm here!" Another moment, and Dick and Lincoln had hauled the English lad over the side, and all three had collapsed in a breathless heap.

For a space not a word was spoken, the three boys staring at one another dully, and listening in a semi-conscious way to the curious medley of sounds that rose to them from now far below—bands and hurdy-gurdies at the fair, street-car gongs, the whistle of a locomotive, the barking of dogs.

It was a renewed burst of band music, subdued, yet wonderfully clear, which suddenly moved Lincoln to break the painful silence. "Oh, come on and let's look at something—and say something," he exclaimed huskily, but determinedly, starting to his feet. "We're up here now."

The others followed, and together they leaned over the side of the basket and gazed below.

Far, far down, in the twilight—beyond the futile anchor and the flying-rope—lay a great map, picked out with spots and chains of light. It was the city, and dropping farther and farther from them every moment. From Dick came a half-choked sob. His father and mother and his two sisters were down there. But with an effort he controlled himself, and remarked: "That's the exhibition back there, is n't it?"

Before Lincoln had replied, the English lad turned with a cry and gazed aloft. "The valve-cord! The valve-rope! I had n't thought of it! There must be a valve-cord—to pull on and let the gas out, so that you descend!" he explained excitedly. "Don't you see it?"

With a thrill of hope the others joined in a hurried examination of the stays and rigging. But suddenly Dick ceased in the search to exclaim disappointedly: "No! I remember now—reading in the papers—there is none! The first time the balloon went up some one pulled the cord, and nearly brought the balloon down on the run, and they took off the lower part of it."

Gloomily the three unwilling travelers fell again to gazing below. The curiously sinking and widening landscape was now fast losing definite shape, the lights of the city merging into a formless constellation of stars. Far in every direction other groups and constellations were coming into view.

The quiet, and the absolute lack of the sense of motion, was becoming intense, the now jumbled murmur of the city only making it the more acute—as though they were fixed, immovable, in

a soundless, windless void, and the earth was falling from them.

By an effort Dick broke the silence. "That ought to be Hamilton," he said, pointing to the west; "and Port Credit and Oakville in between."

"I say, are n't we moving south now? Toward the lake?" Lincoln spoke sharply, and all gazed down in new alarm.

"We are. We have struck another air-current," said the English lad. "But we may go higher, and catch another wind inland," he added hopefully. "We must have been carried in over the city when we first rose. There are all kinds of winds up here, perhaps you know."

The hope was not realized, however. Instead, they began to travel faster. And finally, in gloomy silence, they saw the unbroken black of Lake Ontario open out beneath them.

It was at this point that Lincoln suddenly recollected that they had not learned the English lad's name, nor thanked him for his plucky and unfortunate attempt to save them. Turning with characteristic impetuosity, he extended his hand. "Say, shake, you plucky little rascal! I'm glad to meet you! And I'm awfully sorry we got you into this muss—awfully!"

Promptly Dick followed suit. "So am I. And it was a fine plucky thing you did," he declared heartily. "Not many fellows would have done it."

"Oh, really, it was n't much—you know," stammered the English boy. "I just—hung on."

"Well, 'hung on' is good enough for me," Lincoln said warmly. "My name is Lincoln Adams, and Linc for short."

"Mine is Bob Colbourne."

"That's a good kind of a name. This is Dick Ryerson. Dick is a Canadian, and I'm a Yankee. And you are English, are n't you?"

"Yes. I was visiting in Toronto with my uncle. Bournley Towers, Surrey, is my home."

A quaver crept into the last words, and promptly Lincoln, whom the exchange of formalities had somewhat restored to his natural poise, interrupted with a cheerful, "Well, then, we are a fine mixed bunch of runaway orphans, are n't we? Or pirates—aërial pirates, I suppose the people who own the balloon are calling us. Anyhow, here we are for the time being."

"Unless," contributed Dick, pointing below with a determined attempt at a laugh, "unless you fellows want to try for the high diving championship. I don't."

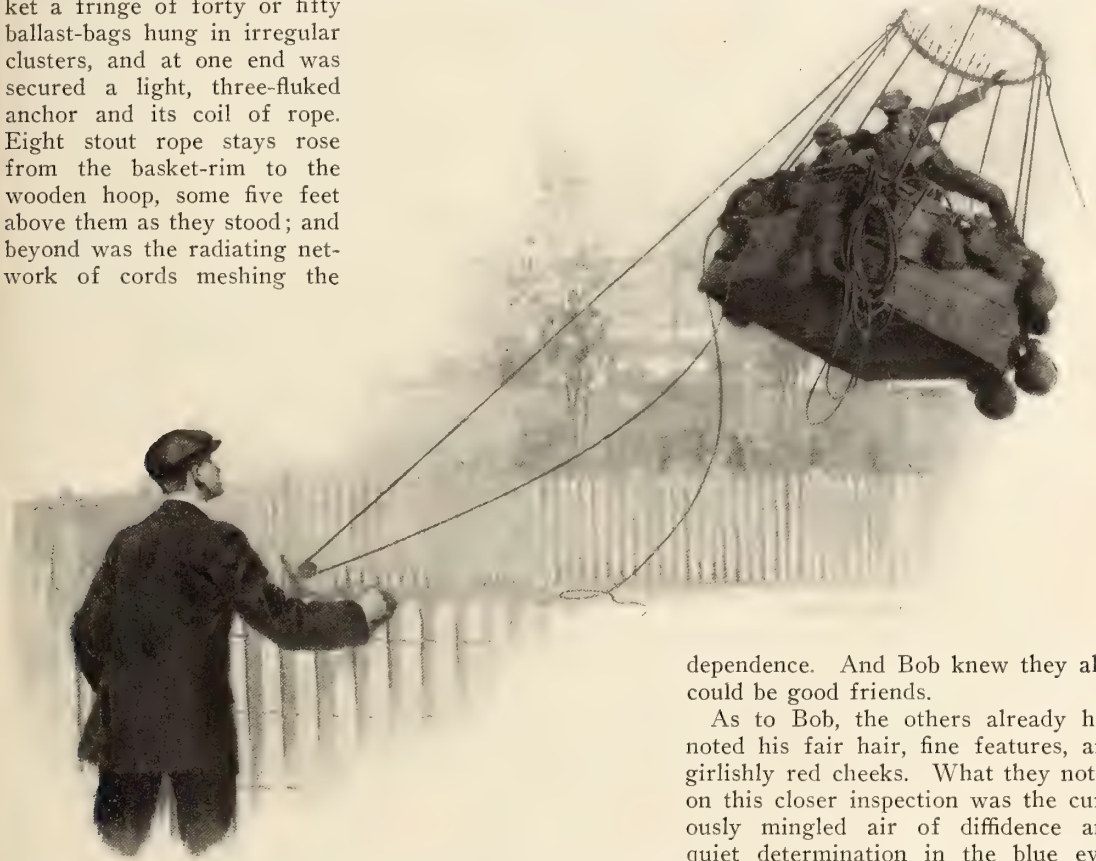
A touch of wonder at the lightness of the others' remarks passed over the English lad's face, then seriously he turned to cast his eyes about him and aloft. And in the silence that followed Lincoln and Dick also fell deliberately to

taking in the situation. For so quickly had one event followed another since the inception of the escapade that they had taken but the most hurried note of things.

What they saw in the now rapidly deepening gloom was a yellow wicker basket, canvas-lined, some five feet cube, whose walls rose almost to their armpits, and were entirely devoid of furnishing or apparatus. On the outside of the basket a fringe of forty or fifty ballast-bags hung in irregular clusters, and at one end was secured a light, three-fluked anchor and its coil of rope. Eight stout rope stays rose from the basket-rim to the wooden hoop, some five feet above them as they stood; and beyond was the radiating network of cords meshing the

boy to like or dislike on sight. And at once Bob felt he should like him.

In Dick Ryerson he saw a boy not dissimilar in type to Lincoln—of the same height, perhaps a trifle more rugged; and in the pleasant, healthily freckled face and friendly gray eyes a lurking shyness. In his carriage, however, and carelessly rumpled brown hair, and cap on one side, was the same suggestion of unconventionality and self-



"THE BALLOON PITCHED BACKWARD AND FORWARD ON THE SINGLE REMAINING ANCHOR."

great round shape of the gas-bag and securely fastening it to the basket.

From the balloon it was not unnatural that the three boys should turn a covertly more critical eye upon one another, so strangely thrown together for they knew not what misadventures.

Looking at Lincoln Adams, Bob Colbourne saw a boy five or six inches taller than himself, lithely built, with a frank, cheerful face, a pair of direct brown eyes, a nose with a jaunty suggestion of snub, a mouth sensitive, but determined; and beneath a soft hat, turned down rakishly at one side, a head of unruly dark hair. A boy somewhat new to Bob—breezy, independent, unconventional—a

dependence. And Bob knew they also could be good friends.

As to Bob, the others already had noted his fair hair, fine features, and girlishly red cheeks. What they noted on this closer inspection was the curiously mingled air of diffidence and quiet determination in the blue eyes and poise of the head, the air of quiet good breeding, and the suggestion of

strength in the well-developed shoulders and well-balanced figure. In all, a clean, straight, gentlemanly chap.

It was in frank and boyishly characteristic extension of his approval that Lincoln broke the somewhat awkward silence by suddenly pointing below and exclaiming gravely: "But what about this diving idea, Bob? Are you game?"

"Oh, but you don't really mean it, you know."

Lincoln went off into a shout of laughter, in which Dick joined, then Bob himself. And in a moment they were at ease with one another, and had set themselves to discussing the situation.

"Yes; we are heading due south," said Dick,



"HANG ON! HANG ON!" THEY CRIED. "WE'LL PULL YOU UP!"

indicating a milky way of light far below to the north. "And at pretty good speed, too."

"Why, then, I'm bound straight for home," interjected Lincoln. "Say, you fellows come right on along with me, won't you? I'll show you a real live town. But seriously," he continued, "if the wind holds, we might reach little old New York. And anyhow, we will be almost sure to come down somewhere before long in New York State. So there is really not much danger. Now, is there?"

"Why, no. I really have n't been thinking there was—since I got into the car," said Bob, with a grim half-smile. "It is a first-class balloon. Almost new, is n't it?"

"It was made specially for the exhibition, and they thought it would n't be completed in time," replied Dick. "I was at the 'Budget' office—Dad's city editor there—I was there one afternoon when he 'phoned something about it."

"Then there is little to be alarmed over. We have lots of ballast."

"How does that help?" Dick asked.

"If the balloon should begin to descend, and fall too rapidly, we would drop some, and that'd slow us up."

"You know something about balloons, then," said Lincoln, with interest.

"A little—about the ballast, and descending by pulling the valve-cord. A few things like that. I was up in a captive balloon at the Crystal Palace last summer, and read some books about them afterward."

"Good. You're the captain, then," declared Lincoln. "Dick, salute your superior—"

"Nonsense," laughed Bob. "And anyhow, it is 'pilot,' the head man in a balloon; not captain."

"Well, just how do you figure out the prospects?" Dick asked seriously.

"Do you know what kind of gas the bag is filled with?"

"It was inflated from one of the ordinary city mains."

"Then there is a very good chance of our descending during the cool spell just before dawn," declared Bob. "For illuminating gas contracts very easily, you know, just as it expands. And if this wind holds we should be well over the lake by that time."

"That means down in New York State somewhere. Good. We'll be satisfied with that," said Lincoln, cheerfully.

At this moment, as though further to cheer them, the silvery crescent of the moon broke through a bank of clouds and enveloped balloon

and basket in a soft light. Lincoln made as though turning an electric button, and was lifting his hat with a cheerfully facetious "Thanks," when Dick interrupted with a sharp "Look!"

Following his upward gaze, the others discovered a white, ghostly form creeping down about the balloon bag.

When Bob said "Clouds!" an awe-struck silence fell.

"Among the clouds! Sounds awfully high!" said Lincoln, in a subdued voice.

"But clouds get down pretty low during the night sometimes, don't they?" suggested Dick, on second thought. "And see how slowly it's coming!" he added, brightening. "You see what that means? We have almost stopped rising! It must mean that."

In a moment the good spirits of all had returned, and with interest they for the first time studied one of those mysterious heavenly travelers at close range.

"Huh! It's simply fog," said Lincoln, with some disappointment, as the gray shape settled down about them; "a patch of runaway fog."

"What did you expect?" Bob asked. "A witch and a broomstick riding on top of it?"

"I thought it would be lined with silver, anyhow," Lincoln laughed.

Following came other filmy stragglers, and soon they were in the midst of a field of vapor that partly obscured the moon and formed a rolling, billowy floor below them.

With the clouds came a slight lowering of the temperature, and in immediate hope the boys fell to watching for signs that they were descending. A few minutes the balloon did appear to be dropping; but presently, to their disappointment, it was again clearly stationary.

"It is sure to be much colder in the morning, though," Bob declared confidently, "and then we'll drop."

"Will we have to keep a watch all night?" Dick asked.

"It would be safest. But, I say! I believe it would be a good thing to pull up that ground-anchor, take it off the short rope, and put it on the end of the flying-rope," Bob suggested. "That would help us to land safely; and the anchor striking would warn us when we were near the ground."

The boys at once set about doing this; and finally it was accomplished, although the raising and lowering of the long flying-rope proved a task they had not suspected. Then making themselves comfortable on the basket floor, they prepared for the long wait till morning.



From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, of the painting by Eastman Johnson.
YOUNG ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING A BORROWED BOOK BY THE FIRELIGHT.

“IF I HAD THIS OR THAT—”

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a lad
And lived in a hut in the wood,
No books, no lamp, no time he had,
And yet, it is understood,
He trudged many miles to borrow a book.
The light of the flickering fire he took
And studied whenever he could.
And none of his friends ever heard him say,
In a self-excusing and hopeless way:
“If I *had* this or that, I would.”

When Joan of Arc was a little maid,
Untutored, gentle, good,
And France was conquered and dismayed
By England's masterhood,
She had no wealth nor armament;
Alone, with her faith, the little maid went

And freed her land as she could.
And nobody ever heard her say,
In a listless, longing, empty way:
"If I *had* this or that, I would."

When young James Watt sat by the fire
And watched the burning wood,
He saw the kettle's lid mount higher,
Observed and understood;
He had no need of a laboratory
To plan the great steam-engine's glory;
He used his eyes as he could.
And *he* never once was heard to say,
In a shiftless, thriftless, futile way:
"If I *had* this or that, I would."

If now you will read your histories o'er
(As I earnestly think you should),
The fact will impress you more and more
In the lives of the great and good,
That they were those who never held back
For circumstance or material lack,—
But arose and did what they could.
And never a one was heard to say,
In the weak, surrendering, doubting way:
"If I *had* this or that, I would."



From the painting by H. Scherrer.

JOAN OF ARC.



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From an engraving by James Scott after the painting by Marcus Stone.

"WATT DISCOVERING THE CONDENSATION OF STEAM."



"HARD WORK."



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Painted by Allanson Bull.

"TIRED OUT."



HOW MANY MOONS?

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

How many moons are in the night?

It 's hard to tell.

When we stand close together, so,

We see the one all children know,

And in the sky and in the air

There 's not another anywhere.

But when I ran around the house,

And little brother, like a mouse,

Kept watch, he said this *never moved!*

And so, you see, two moons are proved,

Because I 'm sure as sure can be

That one moon went around with me!

Then I stayed here and let him run;

He 's little an' he 's full of fun—

And off he went, but gazing so,

Of course, he stumped his little toe;

And while I kissed his little scars,

He gasped: "No moon—but *lots o' stars!*"

We tried once more, then, pretty soon,

Each followed by a sep'rate moon,

But when we got back here together,

One must have slipped behind the other,

For, right above us, just as plain,

There was the same old moon again!

How many moons are in the night?

It 's hard to tell.

Did this one stay and send two others,

One after me and little brother's?

Or did it watch its chance to run

While not a soul was looking on?

I asked the moon last night, and *think*

I saw the old man in it *wink!*

But did he wink because he stays?

Or just to show his tricky ways?

How many moons are in the night?

Will some one tell?



"IN MY NEW BONNET, WHO WOULD EVER TAKE ME FOR A GOOSE?"

A LUCKY MAN



BY TUDOR JENKS

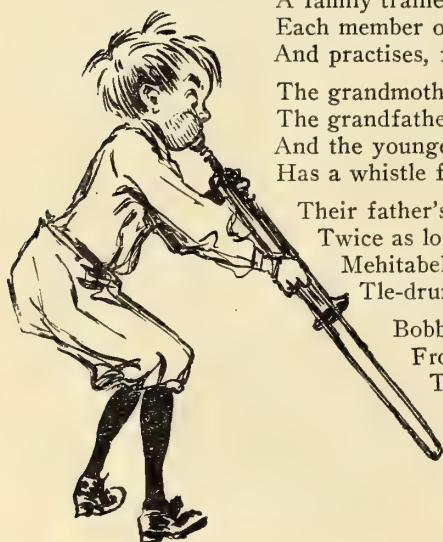
I AM living next door to the Peterkin-Grays,
A family trained in most musical ways,
Each member of which on some instrument plays,
And practises, full-tilt, on all working-days.

The grandmother picks on an old-fashioned lute;
The grandfather blows through a loud German flute;
And the youngest of all, the baby so "cute,"
Has a whistle from which she squeaks out a small toot.

Their father's own choice is a shrill clarinet,
Twice as loud as his eldest son's big flageolet;
Mehitabel Ann, strange to say, loves the ket-
Tle-drum, though she's far from proficiency yet.

Bobby, the second son, pumps the trombone,
From which he extracts a lugubrious tone
That is something between a wild shriek and a groan,
But it soon dies away in the mournfullest moan.

Milly's the singer, and worst of them all;
Her voice is a yell that ends in a bawl.
The cats for a mile will answer the call
And hasten to join in a general squall.



I learn this from neighbors, for blocks all around;
 I could not live here, just next door, I 'll be bound—
 Where racket and discord and uproar are found—
If I were not so deaf that I can't hear a sound!



So I find them amusing—the Peterkin-Grays,
 And I love to look on as each one of them plays;
 Though they blow and they pound and they move in odd ways,
 I still can enjoy my own calm, quiet days.



WASHINGTON'S TEN NARROW ESCAPES

BY H. A. OGDEN

IN speaking of Washington's first journey to the French forts on the Ohio, Edward Everett, the great orator, said: "He seemed to spring at once into public life, considerate, wary, and fearless; and that Providence, which destined him for other and higher duties, manifestly extended a protecting shield over his beloved head." As one reads the many different accounts of the strenuous life of our great national hero, this remark comes to mind again, for during his active youth on the frontier and leadership during the years of the Revolutionary War, he was never even wounded. That he was in dire peril many times, was brave at times even to rashness, are well-known facts. Taking these occasions in their order of occurrence, his earliest actual escape from death was in his twenty-first year, or in January, 1753, when he was a major in the Colonial forces of Virginia.

I. A TREACHEROUS GUIDE

AFTER a hard journey over the mountains to the French fort where Pittsburgh now is, he started



"HE SUDDENLY TURNED AND FIRED AT THE YOUNG MAJOR."

on foot to return to Virginia, with but one companion, Christopher Gist. They were shortly joined by an Indian guide, who proved to be on

the side of the French, for, finding they were determined to go straight ahead and not be lured out of their way, he suddenly turned and fired his musket directly at the young major. Luckily the shot missed Washington. He and Gist disarmed their treacherous guide, and, although Gist wanted to despatch him then and there, at nightfall they allowed him to go free, and hastened on their journey.

II. A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

ON this same expedition another peril awaited the young officer, for, the very next day, while crossing the Allegheny on a raft, which it had



THROWN FROM THE RAFT INTO THE RIVER.

taken them all day to construct with their one poor hatchet, the ice in the river so jammed their frail support that Washington was thrown overboard. As he said in his journal, "I was thrown with such violence against the pole that it jerked me over into ten feet of water." Catching hold of one of the raft logs, he was fortunately saved. The freezing-cold night was spent in intense suffering on a near-by island, Mr. Gist having both hands and feet frozen. As the ice was firm, they were able to cross to the mainland in the morning,

and before night they reached a safe shelter in a trading-house on the Monongahela.

III. AN UNFOUGHT DUEL

It is narrated that on one occasion in his early manhood Washington came very near the settlement of a dispute, so common in those days, by



A MANLY APOLOGY.

fighting a duel. But as he was the one who should have issued the challenge, he had the still greater courage to apologize and admit that he was in the wrong. It was in the town of Alexandria, where the young Virginia colonel was quartered with his troops, that an election dispute occurred, and, in the heat of the party excitement, Washington told a Mr. Payne that he lied. That gentleman at once replied with a blow that knocked the young colonel down. Word having reached the barracks that their beloved commander had been killed, his soldiers rushed to the city to avenge him. He met them, however, quieted them, and they returned to their quarters. Mr. Payne, on receiving a note from Washington the next morning asking him to call at his lodgings, supposed it was, of course, to give the colonel opportunity to demand "satisfaction" for the blow he had received the day before. Imagine his surprise when, instead of finding pistols or swords ready for a duel, Washington greeted him with outstretched hand, saying, "I believe I was wrong yesterday. You have already had

some satisfaction, and, if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand; let us be friends!"

IV. PROTECTED BY THE INDIANS' "GREAT SPIRIT"

OF all of Washington's escapes perhaps the most marvelous (indeed, none more wonderful is told in history) was when he was acting as an aide of General Braddock, and that officer was defeated and his army put to rout at the Monongahela River, July 9, 1755. The story has often been told how the over-confident British general, heedless of all advice, with his two regiments of regulars and a few provincials, marched directly into the ambush laid for them by the French and their Indian allies. Hemmed in on every side by foes they could not see, the close ranks of the regulars were almost annihilated. Every officer except Washington was either killed or wounded. Brad-



IN BRADDOCK'S FIGHT.

dock, vainly trying to keep his men in line, was wounded mortally. The whole duty of giving the general's orders had fallen upon Washington early in the engagement, and he rode everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Four bullets passed through his uniform, and two horses were killed under him, but, to the wonderment of all, he was unhurt. An Indian chief singled him out and shot at him many times and ordered his warriors to fire at him also, but, finding that their bullets took no effect, concluded that he was under the

protection of Manitou, the Great Spirit, and finally stopped firing at him. Washington afterward wrote home, saying, "Death was leveling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected."

Out of this disastrous defeat, Washington saved all that was not lost. His conduct became known

several conspiracies against his life, and one of these he happily frustrated himself.

Upon overhearing in the enemy's camp a plot to poison the American commander-in-chief by the hand of one of his body-guard, a young woman quickly related to a friend of the patriot cause what she had learned. This friend, a man named Francis, hastened to headquarters at Rich-



WASHINGTON AND THE POACHER.

throughout the colonies, and for immediate reward he was made commander-in-chief of all the military forces of Virginia, and given a present of three hundred pounds in money.

V. THREATENED BY A POACHER

As an example of Washington's fearlessness, Sparks, the historian, tells of an occasion when Washington was aroused to quick action upon discovering a poacher on his grounds. Hearing the discharge of a gun, he mounted his horse, and, riding in the direction of the sound, soon found the intruder, who quickly jumped into his canoe and paddled out into the river. Washington rode instantly into the water in spite of the poacher's threatening him with his fowling-piece; and seizing the boat, he drew it to the shore, disarmed the poacher, and gave him a sound thrashing then and there.

VI. A FRUSTRATED PLOT

In the early days of our Revolutionary War, when the patriot army commanded by General Washington was stationed in New York, there were

mond Hill and imparted the story to Washington. Being thanked for his timely warning, he was cautioned to return home and keep the matter secret, as it might endanger his life if it became known.

Sending for one of the guard, of proved fidelity, a strict watch was ordered to be kept when dinner was being prepared the next day. This was done, and one of his own guards, who had all been picked men and were thought to be trusted, was seen to steal in and sprinkle a powder over the pease as they were cooking, and then, with a hurried departure, rejoin his comrades.

When assembled at the table for dinner, with Generals Gates and Wooster on either side, Washington solemnly said: "Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments," and then ordered his body-guard to enter the room. As they lined up at one end of the apartment, Washington, putting a spoonful of pease on his plate, looked sternly at the culprit and said: "Shall I eat of this vegetable?" Turning pale and showing great agitation, the wretched man said faintly: "I—don't—know." "Shall I eat of these?" Washington again asked, and then

the traitor started forward as if to prevent him, and so confessed himself the guilty man.

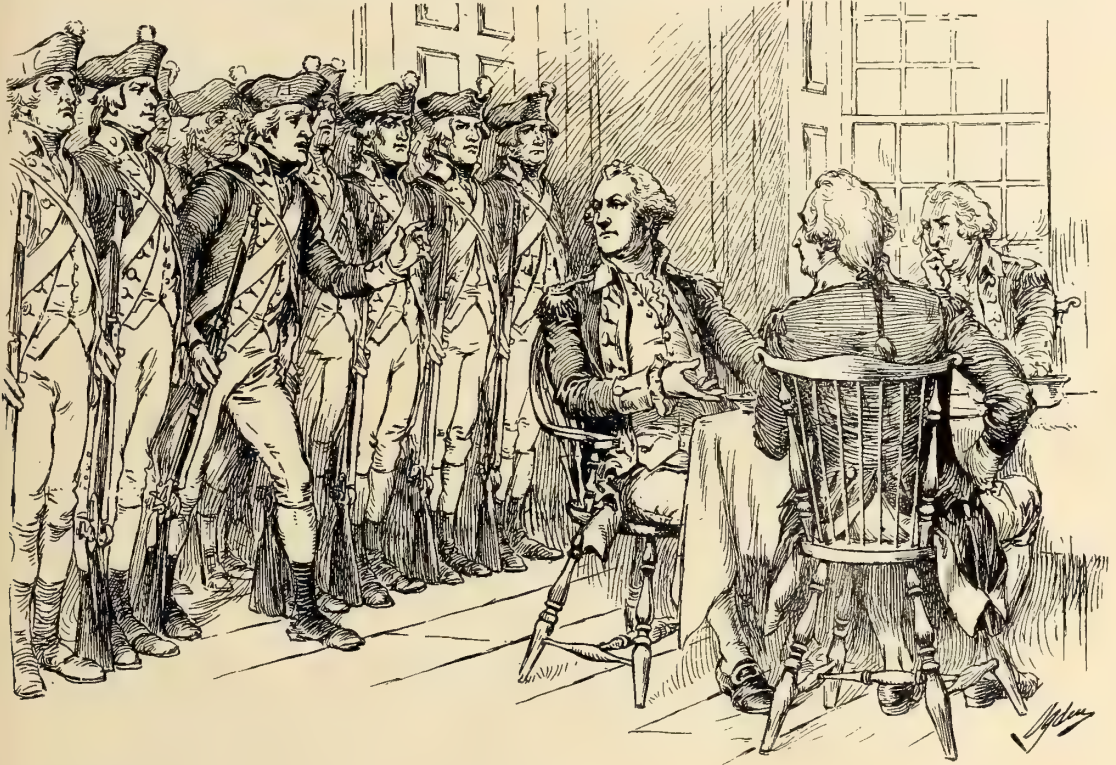
VII. IN PERIL AT KIP'S BAY

AFTER the memorable retreat from Brooklyn, the American army had been quartered in various parts of the city of New York, mostly along the banks of the East and Harlem rivers. At length on Sunday, the 15th of September, the British decided to advance and, crossing the river from Newtown Creek, landed at Kip's Bay, now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. The Ameri-

he doubtless would have been captured, had not one of his aides, seeing the danger, seized his horse's bridle and forcibly hurried him back.

VIII. CLOSE TO THE ENEMY AT PRINCETON

THE march to Princeton on the night of the 2d of January, 1777, had been a hard but swift one through the woods and over frozen roads, and it was shortly after dawn when the redcoats came in sight. They had just started their march to join Cornwallis at Trenton, which was what Washington meant to prevent. Pushing his



"SHALL I EAT OF THIS VEGETABLE?"

cans had thrown up light intrenchments, but when the enemy's ships started a furious cannonade, in order that their troops might land, they were abandoned, and the patriot militia made a speedy retreat.

The sound of the firing reached Washington some miles away, and galloping furiously with his aides, he soon reached the flying troops. Try as he would, he could not turn them back, and at length his indignation was so great that, snapping his pistols, and flinging his hat on the ground in anger, he exclaimed: "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" Turning in wrath and disgust toward the approaching enemy,

troops rapidly forward, they were soon actively engaged, and the fighting became hot. In order to inspire his men, Washington rode directly in front to within thirty yards of the enemy. For some time he was in the thickest of the battle, waving his hat and calling on his men to keep their ground. As one historian says: "The presence and bearing of Washington were the inspiration of the courage of his troops."

Between two fires, it seemed that escape from death was impossible, and his principal aide, Colonel Fitzgerald, so feared to see him fall that he dropped his horse's reins and drew his hat down over his face with a shudder of dread.

In a letter written a few days later about the battle, one of the American officers said: "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is, the little care he takes of himself in any action. His personal bravery and the desire he has of animating his troops by example make him fearless of danger. This occasions us much uneasiness. But Heaven, which has hitherto been his shield, I hope will continue to guard so valuable a life!"

IX. THE TREACHEROUS HOST

AMONG the many anecdotes told of Washington is one of how he escaped capture at the hands of

picion, so he decided to arrive at least an hour earlier than the appointed time. The host suggested a walk on the piazza, and by his nervousness soon made it evident to his guest that something was wrong. Washington brought the conversation around to the subject of traitors, and he wondered at the lack of principle that would cause native-born Americans to join the enemy for a little glittering gold. His fixed look, as he made these remarks, made the traitor quail; but now the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and up rode a company of dragoons in scarlet coats.

"What cavalry are these?" exclaimed Washington. "What does this mean?"

"A party of British light horse sent for my protection," answered his host.

"British horse—to protect you while I am your guest,—what does this mean, sir?"

The troops, now dismounting, came toward the piazza, and the old man, getting close to his guest, said: "General, you are my prisoner!"

"I believe not," said Washington, "but, sir, I know that you are mine! Arrest this traitor, officer!"

Not knowing what to make of this turn of affairs, the hypocrite looked from Washington to the troopers, and then saw that they were American cavalymen whom Washington had disguised in British uniforms, and who arrived promptly at a quarter before two, in order to protect their general and aid him to test the truth or falseness of his host.

Being conducted, a prisoner, to the camp, the false friend

afterward confessed that he had been bribed to deliver Washington to a squadron of the enemy at two o'clock on the day when the American commander was his visitor.

X. A GENEROUS ENEMY

A BRITISH officer, Major Ferguson, of the "43d Foot," tells of an incident in which Washington had a narrow escape just before the battle of Brandywine. It seems that, when on advance duty with his men, two mounted officers on the American side approached very near the British line to reconnoiter. One wore a very high cocked



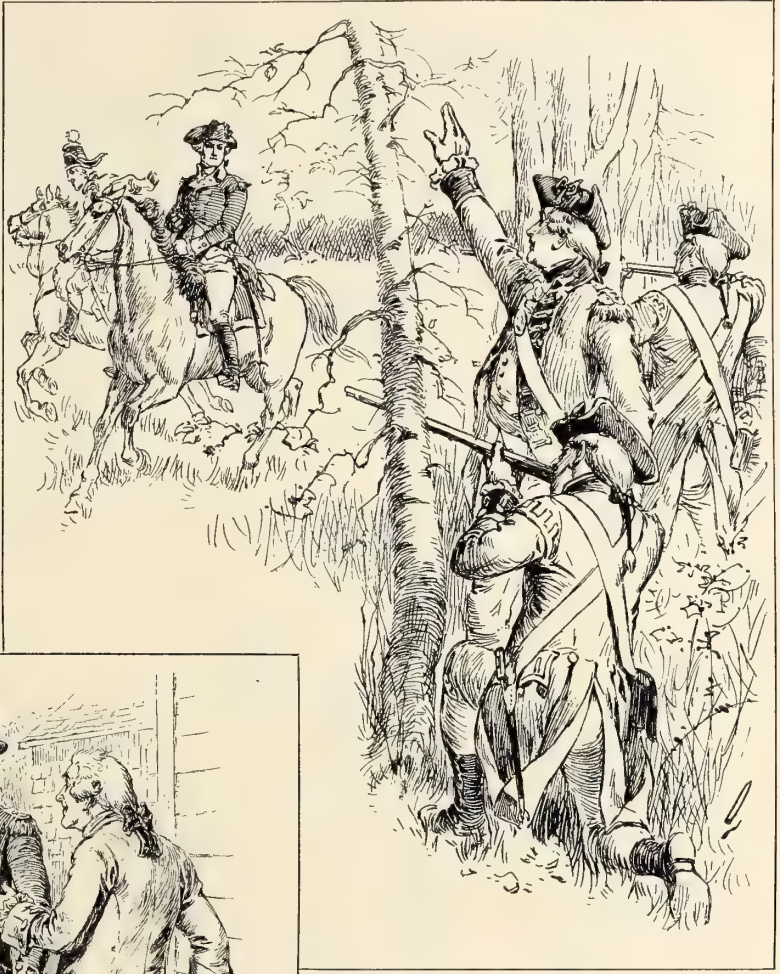
AT KIP'S BAY. "ONE OF HIS AIDES SEIZED HIS HORSE'S BRIDLE."

a treacherous host, whom he afterward pardoned at the earnest pleading of the culprit's family.

The American army was encamped near West Point, when one day their commander was invited to visit a near-by mansion and dine with an old gentleman at precisely two o'clock. Having been accustomed to visit the family, he had at first trusted this old man, but whispers got about questioning his fidelity to the patriot cause, which at last Washington resolved to put to a test. The host had been insistent as to the hour for dinner and intimated that a guard would not be necessary. This somewhat aroused Washington's sus-

hat; the other was in French hussar uniform. Ferguson ordered three good marksmen to creep near and fire at them, but, as he says, "the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order." As they came closer, the major advanced from the woods and called upon them to stop; they then slowly cantered off. He goes on to say that "by quick firing we could have killed them easily, but, as it was not pleasant to fire at their backs, I let it alone."

Being told the next day by a wounded captured American officer that it was General Washington, attended by a French hussar officer only, who had been so near his line, Ferguson magnani-



MAJOR FERGUSON SPARES WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

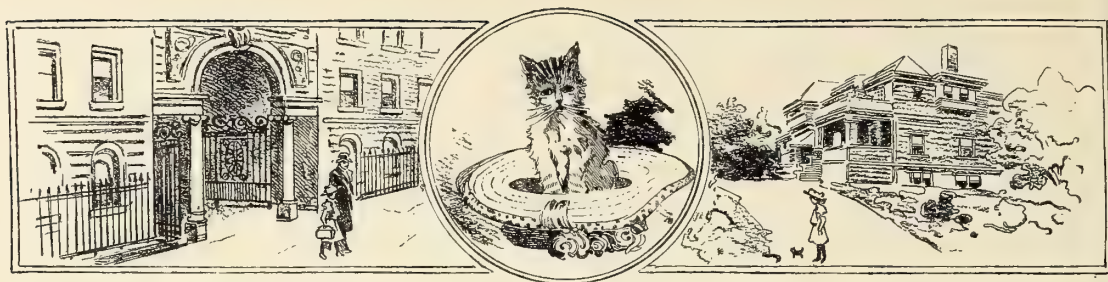


"WHAT CAVALRY ARE THESE?" EXCLAIMED WASHINGTON."

mously said: "I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

At the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, Washington was frequently under fire in the trenches. In fact, it was his hand that fired the first shot of the bom-

bardment. When Cornwallis surrendered, a few days later, the war was practically over. Resigning his commission, the general who had been "First in War" then returned to Mount Vernon, until called again to lead our government in the days of its organization,—to become "First in Peace" as well. During his presidency, save for an epidemic of yellow fever, when he was obliged to return from Philadelphia to a near-by suburb, he was threatened by no special danger. In 1797 he was again at his beloved home, glad, indeed, to retire from public life, and to enjoy his remaining years in quiet. These proved to be but a brief period, for he passed away peacefully, as the century, in which he had been America's greatest hero, came to its close. And ever since, he has been truly "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."



THE RUBAIYAT OF A CAT AND A GIRL IN A FLAT

BY KATHARINE HART

I. Do you know Patty Pratt?
Well, she lived in a flat;
An elegant, modern and up-to-date flat,
With grilles, hardwood floors, and stained glass, and all that.
Patty wanted a cat;
Just one dear little cat;
Not a great, big, old cat,
But a little, wee cat;
A soft, fuzzy, gray cat;
A cat she could love and could pet and could pat.



II. But the landlord said that
Could n't be in *his* flat;
His handsome and modern up-to-date flat;
His beautiful, hand-painted, marble-tiled flat.
Not one little, small cat
Would he have in his flat.
Will you just think of that?
In that large, modern flat
Not a place for a cat;
Just one little, dear little, gray little cat!

III. So there poor Patty sat,
And she mourned for a cat;
And all the whole time she just longed for a cat.
You know how it feels when you *must* have a cat.
Oh, she wanted a cat,—
She just longed for a cat!
And she knew that a rat,
A most terrible rat,
Made his home in that flat,
And just waited there to be caught by a cat.



IV. Well, one night Uncle Nat
Came to visit the flat,
And heard Patty coaxing so hard for a cat;
A dear little, sweet little, gray little cat.
So that kind Uncle Nat
Smuggled into the flat
Such a tiny, small cat!
It would go in your hat,
And room over at that;
That dear little, sweet little, gray little cat.

v. But the landlord said that
Should n't be in his flat;
That elegant, modern—but you know all that;
They must give up their home, or give up the cat.

But of course Mr. Pratt
Said he could n't do that;
For they all loved the cat,
That dear little, gray cat;
And it loved Patty Pratt.

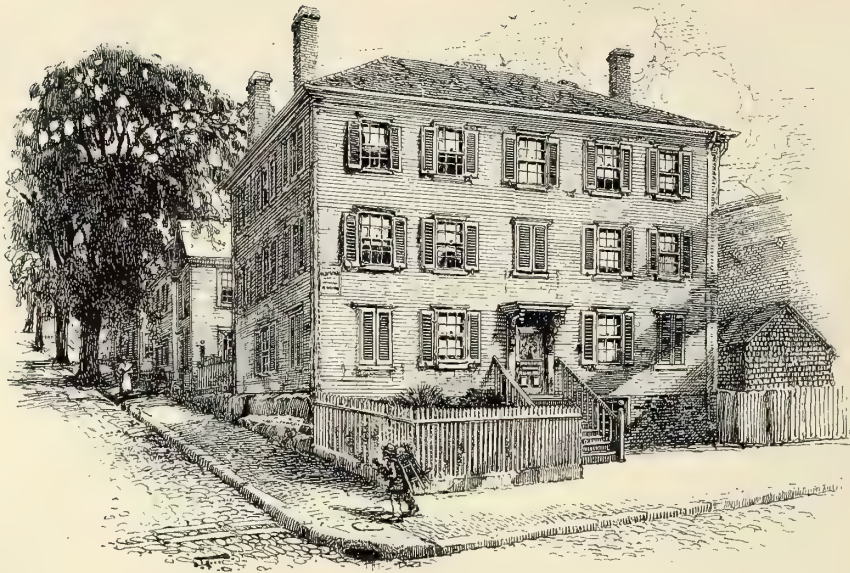
He must have his child, and she must have her cat.



vi. So they kept the small cat;
And they moved from the flat,
With its rugs and its grilles, its glass and all that,
That handsome—but surely you 're tired of that—
To a house near the flat
(That just suited the cat,
Both the girl and the cat;
That dear little, small cat;
That wee, tiny, gray cat),
With plenty of room for a girl and a cat.

vii. Such a tiny, small cat;
Such a very small cat;
A dear little, sweet little, gray little cat;
So fuzzy, and cuddlely, and gray,
and all that;
Such a wee little cat;
A dear, cozy gray cat;
A small, purring, wee cat!
Here 's the end of this "Yat."
Do you understand that?
If not, you must ask Patty Pratt and
her cat.





THE HOUSE AT PORTLAND, MAINE, IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN.

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE AT PORTLAND

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

THIS is the home that his boyhood knew,
That good poet whose songs we know;
Here he studied and played like you,
Here at last to a man he grew,
Year by year in the long ago.

Noble his life was, free from stain;
Love and honor to him belong;
Here he wrote of the sun and rain,
Here he minted for us again
Many a treasure of foreign song.

This is his table, that his chair,
Where he sat in the twilight dim;
Shut your eyes, you may see him there,
But his statue is in the square;
So his city has honored him.

Little sons, there is much to do,
Though no statue shall be our prize;
Men are needed, the brave and true,
Some fair city is calling you,
Wheresoever her roofs may rise.

Under the elms or afar from these,
Where, in the land of the dreamy South,
Live-oaks droop in the morning breeze,
Or, perchance, where the Western pepper-trees
Burn like flames at the harbor's mouth,

Some fair city, in trade or art,
School or college, needs you to-day.
If, undaunted, you do your part,
Earnest purpose and honest heart,
Know that surely she will repay.



THE LONGFELLOW STATUE AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

Then some day, in the evening brown,
May you come, with your labor past,
Honored hands to be folded down,
Back once more to your own dear town,
Never to be ashamed at last.

THE NERVES OF AN ARMY

BY C. H. CLAUDY



SIGNALMAN CARRYING A BUZZER IN A CASE; THE OTHER REELING THE WIRE WHILE ON A BRISK WALK.

If you touch a hot iron, your finger pulls itself back, apparently without any command from you. Really, though, the injured skin sends a telegram by way of the nerves to the brain, which in turn telegraphs back again by some more nerves to the muscles, "Pull that finger away!" and away it comes. When a boy plays foot-ball or swims, we say *he* is doing these things, but, as a matter of fact, various parts of his body are doing them, in response to the commands of another part—the brain

—commands that are obeyed without question.

We are accustomed to think of a big battle between armies as a whole lot of little fights, all taking place at once, between a whole lot of men. Really, however, a big battle is a fight between two men—two generals—each of them "armed with an army."

An army is a very large body of soldiers. It has corps and divisions and brigades and regiments and companies. It has cavalry and infantry and artillery and a host of non-combatant bodies, such as the medical corps, the quartermaster's department, etc. All these are the arms and legs and ears and eyes and fingers and feet of the army, doing what they are told to do by the brain of the army, the general in command.

In days gone by, when the brain wanted an arm or a leg to do something, he either told a messenger to go find the particular arm or leg and tell him, or he wrote it down on paper and sent the message in that manner. Not infrequently the messenger would be killed before he found his journey's end, or was unable to find the command until too late.

Nowadays things are done differently. Of course orderlies and written and spoken messages

are still used, but mostly for short distances. The commanding brain has many nerves of many kinds through which to send commands to the fighting members of his body, the army; these nerves are the methods of communication devised and employed by that arm of the service known as the Signal Corps.

The cavalry has always been the eyes and ears of an army. A screen of men on horseback can travel far in advance of a marching army, and, by their great ability to get around quickly, discover, without grave danger to themselves, dangers to the slower army coming behind. They can figure out the lay of the land, sight the enemy ahead, and learn a thousand and one

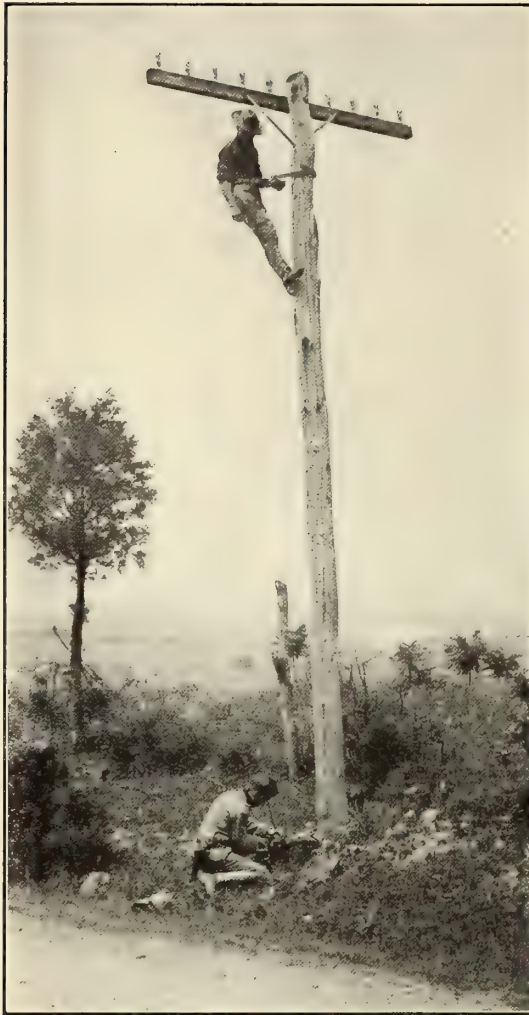


LAYING A BUZZER WIRE FROM A HAND-REEL, AT A GALLOP.

things of vital importance to the general in command. The problem has always been to get the information back in time to be of service.

In the time of the Civil War, the telegraph was used largely, but only where a line could be put up with comparative safety and the probability that it would remain. The immense telegraph trains, the miles and tons of wire, the clumsy poles, and the big force of workmen are still remembered by those who are "boys of '61." The telegraph has undergone a great change since

that day, and to-day the military telegraph outfit is as different from that of Civil War days as it is possible to imagine. It even goes by a different name! The buzzer, as it is called, in several forms, has almost entirely replaced the plain



SENDING A MESSAGE ON A "STOLEN" WIRE. THE MAN AT THE TOP OF THE POLE IS WAITING TO DISCONNECT THE WIRE.

Morse instrument for anything but permanent lines, and it has done this because it is infinitely lighter, smaller, better, and more efficient.

To begin with, the field buzzer, instruments, batteries, everything, slings on a man's back or over his shoulder, and weighs but a few pounds. The wire is made as light as seven pounds to the mile, so that a man on horseback can easily carry twenty-five or thirty miles of wire with him. And, the most wonderful thing of all, the buzzer

wire does not have to be strung from pole to pole, high up in the air, for the enemy to see and cut, but is laid upon the ground, thrown over a fence, carried through the branches of trees—treated very roughly indeed, and asked to work under conditions in which any self-respecting Morse telegraph instrument wire would promptly give up in despair.

The buzzer has a telephone receiver, very small, which is held close to the ear by a metal band which slips on and off the head of the operator. It has a tiny telegraph key, something like a Morse key, only smaller, and also a telephone transmitter; for under certain conditions, and when the line is not too long, the whole outfit can be used as a telephone-line. In the maneuvers during which the accompanying pictures were taken, I saw two men, half a mile apart, walking the same way—and all the time in communication with each other by means of buzzer kits carried on their backs. The man in front paid out wire, and the man behind reeled it in as they walked.

But when the distances become greater, or the current is too weak to perform good telephone service, the real wonder of the buzzer comes into play. By a simple contrivance this weak current can be made to work a buzzer which can readily be heard at a distant end of the wire where the receiving telephone is.

The peculiarity of this arrangement is that the telephone is so sensitive to this current that it will respond even if the current is very, very feeble. So the insulation may even be scraped off



ANTENNÆ POLES, BAGS, GUY WIRES, LINES, ETC., ON AN ARMY PACK-MULE.

the wire, and a lot of current leak away—and still the buzzer works. An army may tread the

wire into the ground—the buzzer does n't falter. A wagon-train may pass over a buzzer wire and break it, an enemy may cut it in half, and, if he does n't know enough to stick the ends in the air, the probabilities are that the current will leak across the gap, along damp ground or damp grass, and the buzzer will faithfully respond. It is the most sensitive electrical instrument of communication in existence, save perhaps the wireless telegraph and telephone sets; and the speed with which the wires can be laid down and taken up, and the instant readiness of the instrument, make it invaluable.

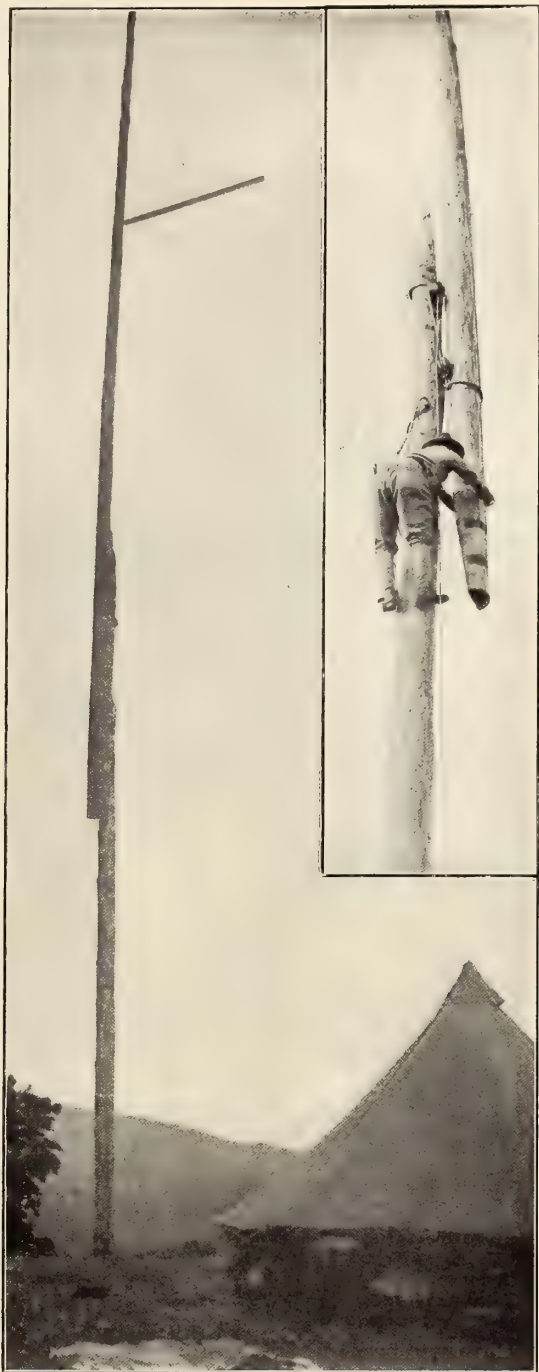
Sometimes a man will lay the wire at a gallop, from horseback, holding at arm's-length a reel from which the slender, almost invisible, black wire unrolls. Sometimes the end will be connected to the end of a wire fence and the bare fence wire used as part of the line. If there are any telegraph wires strung along the road, the buzzer wire can be connected to them, and they become part of the line. The buzzer operator can unsling his instrument, connect the wire, and open communication with the other end in fifteen seconds. It is almost like talking face to face, so quick and sure is its operation.

And when the line has done its work, a man walks along the ground at a good fast pace and winds the wire up on a hand-reel; when he comes to the wire fence that furnished part of the line, he jumps on his horse and gallops to the next place where the buzzer wire begins, and takes it up almost as fast as it was laid down.

For very long lines of a semi-permanent character a heavier wire is used and is laid from a cart, but this is a development. The real value of a field buzzer is in its instant readiness, the all but impossibility of interrupting its operation without design, and the fact that it will work under conditions which no other wire set would pretend to face.

It has been said that there is no invention which has ever been made, and none which could be made, which would not have some bearing on the art of war. A few recent examples are balloons, airships, aeroplanes, automobiles, motor bicycles, condensed foods, and wireless telegraphy. And the wireless telegraphy and telephony bids fair to be the most important modification of the nerves of the fighting brain ever made.

Like the big permanent telegraph-lines and central stations, of course permanent wireless stations would play their part in war. But we are concerned now with the nerves which travel with the army—which grow where communication is needed, and shrivel and disappear when their usefulness is past. And of these nerves perhaps the



LOWER CUT: THE POLE AT WIRELESS STATION HEAD-QUARTERS. THE INSERTED CUT: MAKING THE JOINTS IN THE HEADQUARTERS WIRELESS MAST.

wireless is the most wonderful—more so even than the buzzer, since that needs some sort of a wire, however badly insulated, while the wireless

gets its name from the utter absence of any visible connection between two stations.

If it were possible to pack a wireless outfit complete in a small leather case such as contains the buzzer, the buzzer would probably go out of



ATTACHING A BUZZER WIRE TO THE BARBED WIRE OF A FENCE. THE BUZZER KIT IS ON THE GROUND AND THE REEL OF WIRE IN THE HAND OF THE SOLDIER AT THE LEFT.

existence. While we are a long way from that point, we are equally far ahead, in point of portability, of the immense permanent stations maintained by many great commercial companies and the navy department.

A wireless telegraph set must have a source of power—batteries or dynamo; must have the instruments themselves—the key and what is called the “detector” and a host of minor electrical appliances; and the antennæ—some metal surface elevated high in the air.

To help older boy and girl readers to understand just how a wireless set operates, it may be said, non-technically, that when a certain kind of electric current is made to make a spark between two terminals, a certain kind of wave-action is set up in the ether—not the air—filling all space. These waves seem to spread and travel in all directions. When one of these waves strikes the little instrument known as the detector, it alters the ability of this little instrument to pass a purely local current, which local current, varying in strength in a telephone receiver

according to the number and strength of the wireless waves, causes clicks to be heard in the receiver. If, therefore, the original source of the waves, the current which is made to make sparks, is varied according to a code, the clicks in the receiver miles away will vary in the same way. This, of course, is the rawest sort of an outline, but it will serve to make it possible to understand the really remarkable portable wireless outfits of the signal corps.

Those who have seen the great wireless stations—the cluster of buildings containing instruments and engines and dynamos, the huge mast towering two hundred feet or more in the air, and the guys and wires and the barely visible network, which is the antennæ, far overhead—will wonder how such an outfit can be made portable.

Such an outfit cannot be made portable, but a smaller, less powerful set can be. Almost all military nations have worked out some form of portable wireless outfit, but that which our own signal corps possesses, the product of our own men, is the most compact and the most efficient. The outfit is made in several parts. There is a trunk—a little larger than a steamer trunk, much smaller than an ordinary trunk—that contains



ERECTING A SEMI-PERMANENT WIRELESS SET.

all the instruments. They are fastened down in the trunk and are so packed and arranged that they will stand, in the trunk, rough handling. There are two wooden boxes, each containing a storage battery. Then there are a set of short

poles, jointed so they make a mast sixty feet high, and some bags containing short pegs, an ax, and a great deal of wire and cordage. All of this apparatus can be packed upon the backs of three army mules, and no one package is too heavy to be handled by two men. There is a fourth part—a little portable gasoline engine and dynamo, for charging the storage batteries, which is supposed to travel in an army wagon with the supply-train, but it is not an absolute part of a wireless set.

When the set is to be used in the field, the jointed mast is erected by putting one pole into the socket of the pole below, and raising and attaching the guy wires, which are also the antennæ wires, as the pole goes up. Ten men, with a little drilling, erect these masts in a little over one minute. The batteries are taken from the wooden cases, which latter then form supports for the trunk. The trunk is opened, a flexible cord connected to the metal strip, which travels to the top of the pole, and there connects with the antennæ; another flexible cord is attached to the ground-wire, which is buried, and the apparatus is ready for use. I have personally seen this apparatus unloaded, set up, and communication established with a wireless set at a distance, in less than three minutes.

The small sets have a capacity of ten hours' continuous sending of messages before the batteries are exhausted, and can send messages for a distance of twenty-five miles to a sister set, and for much greater distances to larger sets. While the wireless waves—Hertzian waves they are called, after Hertz, their discoverer—apparently follow the curvature of the earth, they are susceptible of interruption by the roughnesses of the country, such as near-by mountains, and they apparently die away, or become too faint to be detected, after going a certain distance, just as the rings formed in still water by dropping in a stone die away after a while or become too faint to be seen.

In an encampment of more than temporary character—a base of supplies, for instance, or any station where occupancy is to be had for several days—a semi-permanent wireless station may be erected, using the same wireless set, but increasing its capacity by having the antennæ higher in the air. Such a station is shown in the making and in use, in the illustrations, where the trimmed trunks of two large trees, one hoisted up and bound to the other, form the mast—rough but effective. In practice the wireless trunk case of instruments would of course be protected by a tent from wind, rain, and dust, where possible, but in field-work, where the station might be erected, all necessary messages sent, and taken

down inside of an hour, such protection would not be used.

The wireless instruments have a curious use, aside from their ability to convey information. To illustrate this, I must recall a little story of



USING A BUZZER AS A TELEPHONE.

the Civil War. At a certain battle the Union troops had sent up two war balloons, captive, for the sake of getting information. But no information was secured. Long afterward the leaders on the two sides met and discussed the battle. "Those balloons of ours were failures," said the Union general. "Those balloons won you the day!" retorted the Confederate general. "I had to sneak ten regiments miles out of the way to get around a hill so you would n't see them from those confounded balloons—and when they got into action, your delayed troops had arrived!"

When the wireless can't send any messages of its own, it can prevent the enemy from sending any wireless messages. If you will stand by a pond and drop in a pebble, you will see radiating

rings flow outward from the splash. If ten people drop ten pebbles, ten sets of rings will cross and recross, creating the greatest confusion. Now, wireless work disturbs the ether in some such way, and when too many instruments are sending too many waves at the same time, so much confusion exists that the receiving-stations find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to distinguish one message from another. This is obviated in a measure by "tuning"—that is, having one set send waves of one length, and another set, waves of another length, and arranging the receiving-apparatus so it "picks up" only the waves of the right length. This is amicably arranged between nations and between commercial bodies and the navy and army in times of peace. In time of war, of course, one nation might well endeavor to prevent wireless messages from passing by sending out great quantities of Hertzian waves of all lengths. This would correspond to stirring up the pond so that no waves from dropped pebbles could be distinguished.

But it has been pointed out that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that if the enemy can prevent us, we can prevent the enemy, from talking by wireless. So that the wireless sets might be used to advantage, when there is no necessity to use them for talking, simply to keep the opponent from talking by wireless!

The era of communication is but commencing. The wireless is hardly out of its chrysalis stage as yet. Where it will go, what it will do, are unanswered questions. In the light shed by the apparatus of ten years ago the portable sets of the signal corps are marvels pure and simple. In the light of the telegraph sets of the Civil War the field buzzer is a miracle. Who knows, perhaps ten years from now the wireless will go in the field buzzer's case, and the field buzzer fit in a pocket? It seems fantastic, but we may yet carry pocket wireless telephone instruments with us; and the general in chief may yet be enabled to talk to every officer in his command as quickly and as easily as he might if they were standing in his presence. The distance to go before such a goal is reached does not seem as far as does the distance separating the old and clumsy methods of giving commands and running a battle, from the light, compact, and highly sensitive electrical nerves of the armies of to-day.

It is rumored that changes in the international war code will limit the use of aëroplanes and dirigible balloons to "scouting." Thus, these mighty engines may prove themselves to be but a newly discovered kind of nerves of our armies, and, in the end, may prove more effective in hastening the peace of the world than if they were permitted to engage in active warfare.



A HURRIEDLY CONSTRUCTED BUZZER STATION IN OPERATION. THE FLAG IS TO ENABLE OTHERS TO FIND THE SIGNAL STATION FROM A DISTANCE.



Pietje

A FLEMISH DOG

by
EVAN GRAY

PIETJE wagged his scraggy tail in a very listless way; more listlessly even than might be expected of a Flemish dog. His wistful eyes rolled from side to side in evident expectation of something which did not turn up. Little, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Mieke sat on the door-step beside him, stroking his old rough coat with particular tenderness on the patches worn bare from the constant rubbing of the traces of his little milk-cart, for, in Flanders, as you know, the country people use dogs for drawing their milk and vegetables to the markets in the towns. Little Mieke looked sad and seemed quite in sympathy with her companion, for, to tell the truth, they were both very hungry. Only a year before, Pietje's coat was well groomed and little Mieke's clean blue apron showed no patches. But alas! Jan Toen, her father, had died since then, and Mother's burden had been too heavy. There were many little mouths to feed, the vegetables would yield but a very poor crop, and so there was nothing more to send to town, and poor old Pietje, the children's greatest friend, would have to be sold.

"Mieke! Mieke!" called Mother from the kitchen.

"Yes, Moeder, I'm coming," the child replied, tugging at Pietje's collar and dragging him after her, fearing lest they should be uselessly separated; and her little wooden shoes clattered along the brick floor.

"Come, child," said her mother, "it's time to go to town with Pietje"; and at these words the dog hung his head, and, with his tail between his legs, pulled and tugged at his collar as if to say:

"Come away; don't listen. Come away, Mieke!" "Oh, Moederke, Moederke," cried little Mieke, bursting into tears; "let me keep Pietje all for my own. He shall share my part of everything. Do, Moeder; I can't let Pietje go," and, throwing her arms round the animal's neck, she dropped onto the floor and sobbed as if her heart would break, while Pietje looked into her face that was wet with tears. Mother, too, had tears in her tired eyes, but she could not help matters.

"The rent 's to be paid and the larder 's empty, child. We must eat."

Little Mieke knew there was no more hope, and Pietje seemed to know it too, for he showed no sign of resistance now, but trotted along beside his little friend, looking straight ahead and trying to appear as unconcerned as a hungry dog can.

It was a hot June afternoon, and the way to town was tedious, for the tall poplar-trees along the canal gave but little shade.

"I wonder whose milk-cart you'll draw tomorrow, Pietje," said the child, with a sigh, and her dumb companion looked up with an expression that meant clearly, "I don't know," and his trot assumed a measure that told little Mieke he was really indifferent as to what might happen to him after they were once separated.

"If only somebody who has to come through our village would buy you!" And Pietje, understanding perfectly what she said, wagged his tail in approval. The prospect seemed to cheer him.

"Then I should see you sometimes and be able to stroke your dear old coat"; and at the very thought of it Pietje stood still, looked up at the child's face, and actually smiled; but his tongue hung red from his open mouth, and Mieke knew he was very, very thirsty. There was no water near by, save in the canal, which was too far below the stone edge at that place for Pietje to reach. So Mieke took off one of her wooden shoes and, lying flat on the ground, reached down

and brought it back brimming full. How grateful her big brown friend was, to be sure, as he lapped up the cooling water and, at intervals, looked into her face for approval! Then they resumed their journey, and, as they drew near the town, Pietje rubbed closer to the child's side and slackened his pace.

It has been said that dogs can cry. Certainly there were tears in poor Pietje's eyes as he turned into the market-place, while poor little Mieke's eyes were red with weeping.

She was tired and hot, and hungry and thirsty, but she would have gladly gone without food and drink if she could have kept her friend. She sat down on the curb and pulled Pietje's great head up to her until it nestled against her cheek, and with one hand in his collar and the other round his neck, she said:

"Now, Pietje, be a very good doggie, because if you're not, you know, your new master may beat you and give you only rough boards or perhaps cold stones to sleep on. Don't snarl at people, and don't bark and try to upset your cart when other dogs go by, because if you do you won't be happy, I know. Oh, dear old Pietje, good old doggie, think of Mieke, won't you?" and, by way of response, Pietje wagged his tail briskly and barked frantically.

"Oh, there you are, child!" cried a voice, arousing them both to stern reality. "Your mother said you were coming in to-day with your dog." It was the woman who kept the little dairy-shop where Mieke and Pietje used to bring the milk every morning. She was a good soul and saw at a glance what the trouble was.

"I've brought Pietje, but, oh, I want to take him back," sobbed Mieke.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the woman, whose heart went out to the little one in her first great grief. "Come along with me, the pair of you, and we'll see if there is n't something in my shop that'll comfort you both."

"But I don't want to leave him, and he does n't want to go—he loves us all."

"Cheer up, child. Pietje shall have a nice, comfortable night on a soft rug in my kitchen, eh, Pietje, manneke!" And she patted the dog's head, and he immediately signified his gratitude by licking her hand.

"But to-morrow—to-morrow morning some cruel farmer who beats his animals may buy him, and he'll die—oh, I know Pietje would die if they beat him."

"Be quiet, child. I'll see that no one buys him who can't take good care of him"; and with this, Pietje, recognizing a friendly spirit in the woman, looked up at her affectionately.

Once inside the shop, sorrows were for the time being forgotten, for there were thick slices of bread, generously spread with apple syrup, for Mieke, and a huge plate of bones and potatoes for Pietje.

But all good things have an end, and when the hungry mouths had been filled there came the parting. Little Mieke, however, was very brave at the last minute, and poor old Pietje knew that it was his duty to stay behind and not make a struggle to follow her, and so, with a big farewell hug, she left him standing on his hind legs behind the glass shop door, whining, his nose against the pane, his eyes following her until she was quite out of sight and had turned into the road that led to the canal, along which lay her path homeward.

Not even you who have parted from a very dear friend can know what poor little Mieke suffered that afternoon as she walked along the same road over which she and Pietje had traveled together twice a day for so long. She had separated from the very best friend she had in the world next to her dear mother, and there was no one to take his place. She had always been very proud of the well-kept harness, the pretty green cart, and shining brass milk-cans of which she and Pietje had been given the custody. Once, on a red-letter day, some tourists stopped her and took a photograph of the little group, and one of them placed a silver coin in her hand. If she had only asked them for one of the photographs she would now have something to remind her of Pietje always, for she had heard Mother tell a neighbor that the cart and the cans, too, would have to be sold soon. Oh, she was very, very miserable, and, although it was a bright day, the world looked dark and dismal. There really seemed nothing worth living for now, and, what was worse, she feared that the price of poor old Pietje would not help matters very much. When that was gone they would be as badly off as ever. If the cow had only lived and they could have waited until some of the fruit were ripe, all this would not have happened. She had heard wonderful tales of some people who had the power to grant wishes, and if she could have asked then and there, she would wish for a cow for "Moeder" and to have old Pietje back.

Her homeward journey was nearly half over, and she was getting very weary, when she heard an unusual wash in the waters of that particularly sleepy canal, and turning round, she saw the most beautiful boat she had ever seen in all her life. It was white with bright brass trimmings and a gaily colored flag flying astern. There were sailors in dark blue and men and women in spotlessly

white clothes on deck, the latter taking tea as comfortably as she had ever seen any one do in their own kitchen. It was, indeed, a lovely picture, such a beautiful sight that she stood in ecstasy before it.

"Oh, if Pietje could only see, too, would n't he wag his tail with delight!" she cried, clapping her hands, quite unaware of the black speck in the distance which gradually grew bigger as she

mistress and the unfamiliar surroundings, and had lost no time in hurrying back to the neighborhood of his old home.

Both were dragged on board safe and sound.

When little Mieke saw it was Pietje who was licking her face and hands and fairly howling with delight, she herself danced for joy, hugging and kissing him frantically.

Then of course she had to tell her story to all



MIEKE IS BROUGHT SAFELY ON DECK.

spoke. She was standing on the very spot where she had given Pietje water that afternoon on their way to town, and, just as the yacht steamed alongside her, the child's feet slipped, she lost her balance, and plunged headlong into the canal. There were women's screams and men's shouts as the people on board rushed to the side to rescue her. But there was also a loud bark from the shore, a cloud of dust, and another plunge and a splash into the canal. For a moment there was a confused turmoil and nothing was clearly defined, when there rose to the surface the big brown head of Pietje, holding in his mouth the frightened child, with whom the faithful animal swam in the direction of the vessel. He had somehow succeeded in escaping from his new

on board, and one of the women of the party drew the child to her, tenderly kissed her, and promised she would see that Pietje need leave home no more.

Late that afternoon, just as the sun was getting cooler, and Mother was sitting at the door-step with the little ones, Mieke and Pietje arrived home in state, for the beautiful yacht stopped within sight of Mieke's home; and, to the wonderment of the whole village, Mother soon had a fine milch-cow, Pietje was provided for as a permanent member of the family, and Mother sang as she had not sung for a whole year, while Mieke and Pietje resumed their trips to town with the little green cart, with its brass milk-cans shining brighter than ever.

THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

IN the drawer of the big center-table of the cabin the boys found both paper and pencil. With these they proceeded at once to the kitchen. The room contained a small cast-iron cook-stove, a plain board table, and two or three wooden chairs. To the right of the stove there was another small table, and over this a row of shelves upon which stood a number of tin cans. Harden moved at once upon these. The first half-dozen he pulled down were empty. The next one felt heavier as he lifted it. Pulling off the cover, he looked in.

"What is it?" exclaimed Wenham.

"Rice," answered Harden; "about two cupfuls."

"Bring me some," ordered Wenham.

"Hold your horses," answered Harden. "You can't eat raw rice."

He took down another can.

"What 's that?" cried Wenham, anxiously.

"Corn-meal."

Wenham groaned as he made a note of it on his paper. Besides this, the shelves furnished them with a cupful of coffee, half a can of tea, and a small box of baking-powder about half full. As far as Wenham could see, the cans might just as well have been full of stones.

In the table drawer they found knives, forks, and spoons, and on the shelves back of the stove frying-pans, kettles, and stew-pans. At the moment none of these things seemed to be of any great value.

To the left of the stove, however, there was a cupboard, and below this a closet and four deep drawers. Seizing a chair, Harden mounted it and started with the top shelf of the cupboard. At the first glance Phil gave a whoop of joy that brought Wenham to his feet.

The occasion of Harden's shout was a row of tin boxes, jars, and cans which greeted his hungry eyes. The first two were enough to justify his excitement: one, a square tin, was marked "Crackers"; the other, a fat white jar, was marked "Marmalade." Reaching a trembling hand toward them, half in fear lest they prove empty, Harden dragged down the tin; it was at least half full. He handed it on to Wenham.

"D-don't tell me it 's something more you can't eat raw," stammered the latter, as he reached for it.

Harden pried the cover off the white jar; it was full of a sticky amber jelly. Without a word he stepped from the chair and squatted on the

floor by the side of Wenham, who was already stuffing his mouth full of the dry crackers.

"Take your time," advised Harden, stuffing his own mouth full. Wenham could only nod.

For ten long, satisfying minutes neither boy spoke again. It was as much as they could do to swallow, but the marmalade moistened their mouths somewhat. At any rate, neither of them would have ventured far enough away from the food to make snow-water so long as they could swallow at all. Wenham was the first to break the silence.

"Why," he inquired, "why—can't they get—crackers like these—at the academy?"

Harden reached for another. It was as jaw-breaking as hardtack. It was dusty and stale.

"Maybe they cost too much," he answered.

"And marmalade like this?" asked Wenham, scooping up a mouthful on the end of a cracker. It had fermented and was half frozen.

"Imported," suggested Harden, reaching for the jar.

But, even with the aid of the marmalade, there came a point where they found it impossible to swallow more without drink. Then Harden reluctantly rose to his stiff legs, filled a kettle with snow, and placed it in front of the open fire. When this had melted it gave the finishing touch to the most satisfactory meal either of them had ever eaten.

"Well," said Harden, as he examined what was left of the crackers and marmalade, "I see where we keep alive for another week anyhow."

"On that?" exclaimed Wenham. "Phil, I could finish it up right now."

Harden removed the food out of Wenham's reach.

"The rest of this grub," he said soberly, "is going to be handed out a cracker at a time. You 've had the last gorge you 'll have until we get out of here."

"But there may be more! You have n't gone through but one shelf yet."

"We 'll see," answered Harden, again mounting his chair, "but we don't take another bite until it 's all rounded up and we know just what we have on hand—down to a crumb."

His next discovery was a bowl half full of sugar and a box of salt.

"They 'll help out a lot," commented Harden, as Wenham jotted them down on his list.

The next shelf contained only dishes. But on the third shelf he found another tin of crackers

and then a groping reach into a dark corner brought to light a jar labeled "Jam." "Behold!" exclaimed Phil.

"Are you sure it is jam?" cried Wenham.

"That 's what it says on the outside."

"Had n't you better look in?"

Harden pried open the cover. A dark-red confection was revealed. The label was correct.

"And the jar is full!" exclaimed Harden, gleefully.



"AT THE FIRST GLANCE, PHIL GAVE A WHOOP OF JOY."

He took out a bit on the end of his finger.

"Strawberry."

"Let me taste—just to be sure."

Wenham tasted. He closed his eyes blissfully.

"Strawberry," he agreed.

"That stuff is all right," admitted Harden, "but we are n't going to give a tea-party. I 'd rather find something solid. Now for the next shelf!"

"Shelf No. 4," wrote Wenham. "Go ahead."

Harden poked in behind a lot of loose paper and excelsior. He ran his hand the length of the shelf.

"Score-zero," he said, with a sinking heart.

Nothing remained now but the closet below and the drawers. He opened the first of these and was well rewarded.

"Now," he exclaimed, "this is something like.

Here are a lot of tin cans!"

He drew out one.

"This is real food! Tomato soup!"

And there was not only one can, but six. And the next drawer revealed still more—two of corn, two of tomatoes, and one of canned beef. The third drawer presented another lot—three more. Harden lifted one of these to the light.

"What do you think this is?" he exclaimed, with satisfaction.

"Steak," suggested Wenham, thinking of what at the moment he would relish most.

"They don't can steak," answered Harden. "But this is better than steak—baked beans!"

He read the label slowly and with dramatic effect: "Baked beans with tomato catchup." My, but I 'd swap all the jam and marmalade in the State for a dozen of these!"

The closet now remained. Upon opening the door, he found a flour-barrel, and hastily pulling off the cover, saw that it was about a quarter full.

"Our luck is growing better every minute!" he

exclaimed. "We 'll have a square meal yet."

Behind the barrel he found a five-pound pail of lard and two strips of bacon.

The bacon roused Wenham's interest a bit, but he was indifferent to the discovery of a small tub of salt pork safely preserved in brine. But these things made Harden breathe easier than all the rest put together. Flour and pork would keep a man from starving a great deal longer than the

daintier sweets. They went through every other nook and cranny in the room, but, except for a peck of dry beans, they found nothing else. This, then, comprised the raw material upon which they would have to live for half a year. Even if relief came sooner, their daily rations must be upon this basis. They must reckon, not upon luck, but only upon the actual conditions facing them at this moment. As they were moving into the next room, Harden's eyes lighted upon a greasy book, which he pounced upon with satisfaction.

"Just what I need," he exclaimed—"a cook-book!"

Wenham looked dubious as to just how much advantage this would prove, but said nothing.

"Now," said Harden, as they squatted before the open fire, "let's see just what we have here."

Wenham added up the items: one box and a half of crackers, one jar of jam and half a jar of marmalade, two cupfuls of rice, one can of corn-meal, one cup of coffee, half a can of tea and half a can of baking-powder, half a bowl of sugar and a box of salt, six cans of tomato soup, two cans of corn, two cans of tomatoes, one can of tinned beef, one can of baked beans—"with tomato catchup," put in Harden—one-quarter barrel flour, one five-pound pail of lard, two strips of bacon, one tub of salt pork, one peck of dry beans.

"Well," commented Harden, "we're better off in some ways than Robinson Crusoe. We've more grub to start with, and I'd rather have the woods to depend upon for food and help than the ocean all around me."

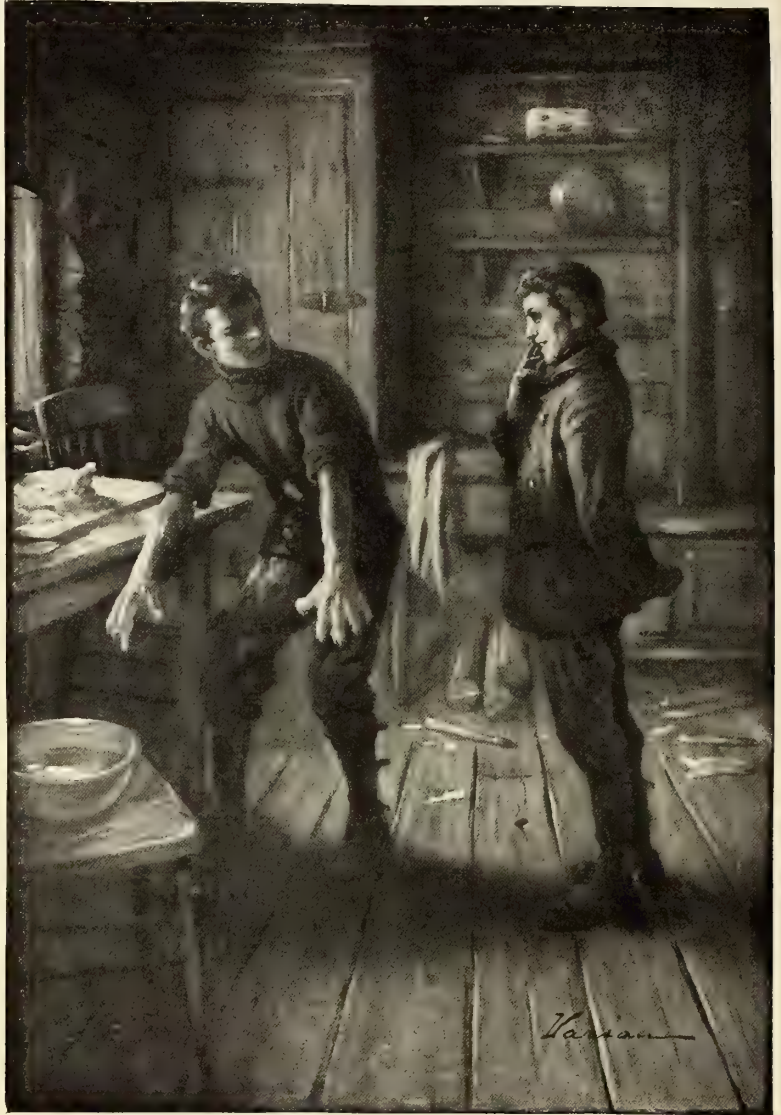
"And there are two of us to start with," put in Wenham.

"That's a big help," agreed Harden. "On the other hand, we have n't either powder, guns, or fish-hooks. If we ate all we wanted that amount of food would n't last us a month. That means

we must divide it by six, and it will be a close call at that. This gives us a fighting chance, and that's all."

"We have n't been through this room yet," said Wenham.

Harden jumped up eager to continue the search.



"GIVE ME A KNIFE!" HE ORDERED." (SEE PAGE 428.)

"That's so. I don't expect to find any more food, but we may find the means of getting some."

Their search here really narrowed itself down to the big center-table, the shelf over the fireplace, and a large trunk in one corner. The table drawers brought to light a half-dozen short pieces

of string, a cigar-box containing odds and ends of wire, tacks, etc., and finally an old reel with about thirty feet of fish-line wound on it. They found no hooks, however. The shelf over the fireplace gave them nothing but a few wire nails, an iron file, and an empty tobacco-box.

"Nothing very promising in that lot," commented Harden. "Now for the trunk."

"It does n't seem quite right to go through a man's trunk, does it?" questioned Wenham.

"Would you object if you owned the camp?" demanded Harden.

"No. But—"

"Well, that's all we have to go by. We won't do anything we would n't let a couple of fellows in the same fix do in our own camp. Besides, we're keeping account of everything and can pay it all back. I think that's fair enough."

The fact that the trunk was not locked quieted Wenham's conscience a good deal, and the further fact that it contained nothing of a personal nature or of any intrinsic value removed any lingering doubts as to the propriety of the act. They did, however, find several things which to them were worth more than their weight in gold. Chief among these was a revolver in good condition.

Harden examined it and found that it contained three cartridges. He removed these and then cocked and snapped the weapon to make sure it worked.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "this is the next best thing to a rifle. It gives us three chances at more food."

Furthermore, it meant protection. Harden had not voiced his fear, but he had felt himself hopelessly unprepared to meet any danger which might call for the use of firearms. An occasional mountain-cat still prowled about the woods, and when hard pressed by hunger was a formidable antagonist.

"Do you know how to shoot?" inquired Wenham, doubtfully.

"I've shot with Dad."

"But I thought he never carried a gun."

"He always carries a revolver, but he never shoots except in self-defense or for food. But when a man has to choose between dying and killing, he kills."

Harden reloaded the revolver and placed it on the mantel.

"It is n't anything to fool with," warned Harden. "We'll leave it here until we have to go some distance from camp."

He came back to the trunk. This time he brought to light two steel traps. These, again, might prove the means of furnishing them with

food. The rest of the trunk was filled with old clothes, shoes, and hats. Before the six months were gone these, too, might prove valuable.

"Well," commented Harden, as he drew out the last old coat, "take it all in all, we have enough here to give us a fighting chance, as I said a while ago, and that's all a fellow ought to ask for. We might have struck a lake without a camp and have died in the woods."

"Ugh!" shuddered Wenham, "it does n't seem possible a man could die where an animal can live."

"Why not? Animals die where men are able to live."

"That's so," agreed Wenham. "I think we have a better chance in the woods than a rabbit would have if he was cast away in a city house."

"Have you made a list of all these things?" asked Harden.

"Yes."

"Then the next thing for us to do is to plan out some way of helping Dad."

"What do you mean?"

"We can't sit here snug and tight with Dad out fighting that blizzard. We've got to help him in some way."

"If we only could!"

"I've thought of one thing: we can build a smudge fire in front of the camp as soon as the snow stops. We'll keep it going all the time, so that in the daylight the smoke can be seen above the trees, and at night any one on the lake can see the glow."

"It would be a signal—like a flag on a tree."

"Only the smoke can be seen a good deal farther than a flag."

Wenham thought a moment. "Phil," he exclaimed suddenly, "I've got even a better idea than that!"

CHAPTER V

AN INTERRUPTION

HARDEN looked skeptical as Wenham, in the first enthusiasm of his idea, sprang to his feet. The latter's mechanical ideas were, as a rule, gathered from the pages of magazines and were apt to be decidedly impracticable. Harden expected him to suggest something like the building of an aeroplane and flying back home.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"A kite," answered Wenham.

"The man-carrying kind?" inquired Harden.

"No. But don't you see that we can send a kite up ten times higher than smoke? We could tie a flag to it—"

Harden did n't wait for Wenham to finish.

"Bob," he cried enthusiastically, "that 's a corking idea! There 's plenty of wood around here for the framework. But how about string?"

"There 's the fish-line and two or three pieces of twine. If that is n't enough, we can cut up the old clothes—"

"Right again!" exclaimed Harden. "We can't use strips because they 'd be too heavy. What we 'll have to do is unravel the cloth and weave three or four strands of the yarn together. If the threads have n't rotted, they ought to hold. That will be your job. I 'll get busy with the framework."

Harden piled more wood on the fire and began at once a search for a box. He found one in the kitchen made of soft pine. It was dry and light and strong enough for this purpose. He brought it back and knocked it to pieces. With his sharp jack-knife he found no trouble in whittling out the strips. He used some of the string they had found, to tie together into a cross the framework, and then used the fish-line to string it. In a couple of hours he had finished this much, and in the meanwhile Wenham had woven some ten feet of string. They tested this, and it gave promise of holding well.

During lunch Harden mixed a pot of flour paste, and after eating, the two resumed work once more. There were plenty of old newspapers in the closets, and, with his lap full of them, Harden sat down to cover the framework. But, as he picked up the first one, his eye happened to catch the date-line.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "this crowd must have stayed late. Here is a Bangor paper dated October 4."

He glanced at the head-lines and gave a low whistle. Then dropping his knife, he read with breathless interest the despatch before his eyes. When he had finished he gave another low whistle. Wenham raised his head.

"What is it, Phil?" he inquired, pausing in his monotonous work.

"Just listen to this:

"Bangor, October 4. The posse sent out to search the woods around South Twin Lake for W. D. Manson, who escaped two weeks ago from the State penitentiary, has returned empty-handed. Sheriff Weston is sure that the man who asked for food at the Leonard house near the station is none other than the escaped convict, but he is now convinced that, instead of following the railroad track or lingering around the scattered farm-houses here, the desperado pushed straight into the woods. If that is the case, it is only a question of time when he will be forced back to the settlements, unless he prefers to starve to death or freeze in the forest. Manson was desperate and would probably prefer death to imprisonment. He was scantily clad and unarmed. Of course there is a chance that he may find a camp, but, even so, he could not pos-

sibly last through the winter. Camp-owners leave but little food behind them and have been too often the victim of petty thefts to leave their guns behind. The sheriff has warned all guides to be on the lookout for Manson and has sent his description to every post-office along the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

"We 've got him either way," said Sheriff Weston, in an interview with the 'Press' reporter. "If he stays in the woods, he will freeze in a week or starve in a month; if he comes out, he is sure to be recognized. But, in my opinion, Manson will never come out."

"Conductor Brown of the late mail is now positive in his identification. He says he noticed a man acting peculiarly and standing by the rear of the last car as the train neared South Twin. This train does not stop except upon signal, and as there were no passengers to alight, the man must have swung off in the dark. He took a big chance of being killed instantly."

"Manson was convicted of complicity in the Wareham bank robbery. He refused to tell who his confederates were and stoutly maintained his innocence to the end. He was sentenced last June to ten years at hard labor."

Harden dropped the paper.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you think of that?"

"Phew!" exclaimed Wenham, "it 's enough to make your flesh creep to think of a man freezing to death out here."

"I suppose it served him right."

"Did n't the paper say he denied the crime?"

"Oh, yes, but they all do."

"And yet he may have been telling the truth."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because," argued Wenham, "a guilty man would rather take his medicine in prison than come out here to die."

"Perhaps he escaped after all."

"We have n't found it very easy."

"It 's easy enough in the fall, with the woods full of guides," said Harden.

"But he could n't ask a guide," persisted Wenham. "They were all warned to be on the lookout for him. Why, he could n't ask anything of any one, Phil! It must have been terrible."

"Could n't he follow a guide?"

"Where to? It would n't do him any good to get out. Why, he was a lot worse off than we are."

"Then—say, I think you 'll make the debating team all right. You ought to have been his lawyer."

"Dad says it 's sometimes easier to defend a guilty man than an innocent one."

"Well, I 'm sorry he had to starve to death even if he was guilty."

"And he would have to, just the same," mused Wenham, "even if he was innocent. Think of it—in here from the first of October! Perhaps he found some such camp as this."

"There are not many like this. And then he

did n't even have a hatchet or matches. Why, he probably died in a month."

"I wish you had n't read about him," said Wenham, resuming his work. "I can feel everything he must have suffered."

Even Harden was left in a more sober mood, but he buckled down to his work and tried to forget the story. By dark he had finished his kite, including the tail, and Wenham had completed another ten feet of string. That evening Harden allowed for supper only four crackers, a spoonful of jam, and three slices of bacon apiece. And Wenham, with the memory of the poor convict's struggles still fresh, did not even protest, though when he had finished he looked wistfully at the cracker-box.

"It is n't easy to stop," admitted Harden, "with so much grub in sight, but we simply must reckon on the possible five months ahead of us. We'll have to go on limited rations until we see if it is possible to trap anything. It looks now as though it might clear up to-morrow, and if it does we'll set our traps."

They turned in early, and Harden was up at daybreak to peer out the windows. As he saw the clear blue sky and the sun streaming down upon the glittering white snow, he gave a shout that brought Wenham out of bed at a bound.

"What is it, Phil? Have they come?"

"The sun has come, and that's the next best thing," exclaimed Harden. "We'll get after our smudge fire to-day, set our traps, and finish the string for the kite. Hustle into your clothes. This is going to be our busy day."

Though their appetites still gave relish to their fare of bacon and crackers, Harden looked a little wistfully toward the flour-barrel as they prepared their breakfast.

"I'd like to try my hand at biscuit," he said, "but I suppose it's better to wait until we have more time."

"And are n't so hungry," added Wenham, sarcastically.

After breakfast they put on their snow-shoes and went outside to reconnoiter. If either had any lingering hope that this lake before the camp might turn out to be, after all, the one they had left, the first glance dispelled it. This was not only a smaller body of water, but of a wholly different shape. It was long and narrow, while the other had been almost round. Behind it rose a line of hills which they had never seen before. But they wasted little time in futile regrets and wonderings. Harden at once chose a site for the fire near the water's edge and led the way into the pines for wood. They found plenty, and in an hour had a brisk blaze started. As soon as

this was burning well, Harden piled on the larger timber to give the fire a good body. Once this was flaming, he threw on the older and wetter logs which they had collected. On top of all he then heaped green hemlock and pine boughs. In response a heavy spiral of smoke curled slowly skyward. Scarcely a breeze disturbed it, so that it rose and rose until it reached above the highest trees.

Half starved, the boys returned to their noon meal, and after this resumed their task of gathering wood enough to keep the fire going through the night. It was dark before they had finished, so that they were forced to leave both kite and traps for the next day's work. But looking out the camp windows that night, they saw the fire burning, a red beacon which could be seen the length of the lake, and went to sleep well satisfied.

The next day they sent up their kite about twice the height of the tallest tree. Against the blue sky it made a conspicuous signal.

"Bob," exclaimed Harden, enthusiastically, "I think we've gone Robinson Crusoe one better on that. No one can strike this lake now without seeing one of the two signals."

But in spite of this, the boys felt more shut in than ever before. In their search for fire-wood they had found the snow over two feet deep on the level and realized anew the foolhardiness of ever venturing out of sight of the camp. Of course so long as the sky remained clear they could always find their way back over their own tracks, but the ever-present contingency of a sudden storm made it a risk to stray far even on a clear day. They were locked in here quite as effectively as though they had been on an island surrounded by a strange sea.

It was not until the next morning that they started out with their traps. They had seen any number of rabbit tracks. Harden had read enough in hunting stories and talked enough with old guides to know the general principles of trapping, although he had never set a trap in his life. Even now, though he had a good excuse for his act in the real necessity for more food, he did not feel quite comfortable. But he smothered any qualms of conscience he may have felt, and set his first trap some three hundred yards from camp, at a spot where several rabbit tracks intersected. He constructed a miniature lean-to, much like that which had sheltered him that first night, and buried the trap at the entrance. He used for bait one of the crackers smeared with bacon grease. Wenham watched him without comment as he placed the bait well in the rear of the little hut and, after covering the trap with snow, fastened it to a near-by sapling.

"That 's pretty poor bait," Harden admitted as he finished.

"The bait is better than the game," commented Wenham.

"Have you ever eaten a rabbit stew?" demanded Harden.

"No," Wenham admitted.

"Then you 're no authority."

"No, but I call a cracker in the hand worth two rabbits in the bush," answered Wenham.

"We 'll see. Besides, if the rabbits don't want them, we 'll take them back. I guess they won't spoil out here."

He set the other in the same way, and then the two hurried back to get dinner. Harden was in an experimental mood that afternoon. He announced to Wenham that he intended to try his hand at biscuit.

"All right," submitted Wenham. "Only I should think we had wasted food enough for one day."

"You wait until you get your teeth in one of them, and you 'll change your tune," grunted Harden.

He took down the cook-book and turned to the recipe for baking-powder biscuit. It certainly sounded like a simple enough process. Into a large bowl he measured two cupfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and a table-spoonful of lard. It took him some time to accomplish this much, because he made his measurements as carefully as though he were putting up a prescription.

"Get out the bread-board and roller while I mix these up," he said to Bob.

Rolling his sleeves to the elbow, he plunged in his hands and mixed the mess together.

"Great!" he commented as he finished. "Now instead of milk I 've got to use water. This is where your judgment comes in. It says, 'Add enough milk to make a light dough.'"

He poured in about a cupful and with a big spoon began to stir. He added another cupful and found himself struggling with something that much resembled his flour paste.

"Flour your board, pour out, and roll into shape," read the directions.

"I 'll have them in the oven in about five minutes now," announced Harden, as he sprinkled the board with a thick layer of flour. "Poke up the fire, Bob."

Wenham obeyed, but kept his eyes on Harden.

"I don't want to miss any of this," he said. "It 's worth a whole page in the log."

Harden, assuming an air of professional carelessness, poured out the sticky dough, scraped the dish clean, and then proceeded to mold it as

though it were clay. Wenham watched him with growing interest and with suspicion that, after all, he had misjudged his chum's ability. Harden went at it with such a fine air of self-confidence that for a second Wenham really had a vision of a pan of light, well-browned biscuits such as Peter Cooley used to draw from the oven. But the stuff refused to be shaped. It was a good deal like trying to handle chewing-gum. It stuck to the board like glue, and when Harden tried to scrape it up into his hands, stuck his fingers together until he could n't move them.

"Give me a knife," he ordered.

Wenham handed him a large kitchen knife, and Harden began to scrape his hands. He succeeded only in transferring part of the mess to the knife itself.

"Give me another knife," he ordered, with a little less confidence and with some irritation at the smile which was beginning to appear on Wenham's face. Wenham handed him another. In the next few seconds all that Harden had succeeded in doing was to cover those, too, with dough. When he scraped it off of his hands, it stuck to the knife; when he scraped it off of one knife, it stuck to the other. The most he could do was to transfer it. Wenham's smile had now extended into a grin. Harden scowled. He was as helpless as a kitten who had stepped upon fly-paper.

"See here," growled Harden, "this is n't any joke! If you want your supper, help me get this stuff together."

"The directions," gasped Wenham, trying to suppress a laugh.

"Hang the directions! Lend a hand, will you? It takes two to do this."

Wenham seized a knife and began to scrape Harden's hands. In two minutes he had succeeded in transferring about half the dough to his own hands without in the slightest freeing Harden himself. There was n't dough enough left on the board to make a biscuit the size of a walnut. For a moment the two stared at each other, and then Wenham, letting himself go, doubled up with laughter. Harden, without a word, but with disgust written in every line of his face, strode across the room and plunged his hands into the kettle of warm water on the stove.

"What is it now," choked Wenham, "soup or dumplings?"

But Harden refused to answer. He returned to his cooking implements, washed them in a dignified silence, put them away, and solemnly placed the box of crackers on the table.

It was not until Wenham was at work on the

log just before bedtime that Harden partially recovered from his grouch. Wenham looked up from his writing and read the following:

"On December 19 we got tired of our steady fare of crackers and bacon and decided to have some biscuit. With the aid of the cook-book Phil mixed the dough and—"

"Oh, never mind that!" exclaimed Harden.

"We want a full and complete log, don't we?"

"Oh, I 'll admit I failed," laughed Harden. "I 'll admit it if you won't put it down. Dad would never get over laughing about it."

So, in place of this, Wenham wrote sleepily: "Supper of crackers and bacon as usual."

Harden took the log and glanced through it.

"Seems to me this is getting shorter and shorter, Bob," he commented. "The first day you wrote four pages, and to-day only one."

Wenham yawned as he removed his glasses and put them on the mantel over the fireplace.

"Every day is just alike," he complained.

He noticed the revolver.

"Have n't had much use for that, have we?"

"Not yet. But you can't tell what we may find in our traps," answered Harden. "I 'll take it along to-morrow. If we catch a wildcat you 'll have something to write about."

That night, for the first time since they had struck the camp, Harden awoke before morning. He rose to his elbow and stared into the dark with the uncomfortable feeling that some noise had awakened him. The fire had burned low, but,

as his eyes grew more wide awake, he was able to see that Wenham, too, had been aroused and was sitting up in bed.

"What is it, Bob?" whispered Harden.

"I thought I heard something; did you?"

"I—I thought so."

They listened intently, but, save for the floor-boards creaking and the low snap of the fire, the house was as silent as a tomb. But suddenly from the kitchen they caught a louder squeak.

"Phil! Did you lock the back door?"

"No. We have never locked it."

Again they strained their ears, and again the silence was like that in the woods when one pauses to listen.

"Had n't we better lock it?" asked Wenham.

"All right. Let 's go out together."

Both boys arose and wrapped themselves in blankets. Harden had reached the mantel and grasped the revolver, when he heard another noise—this time more distinct. It was as though a chair had been moved.

Wenham seized Harden's arm.

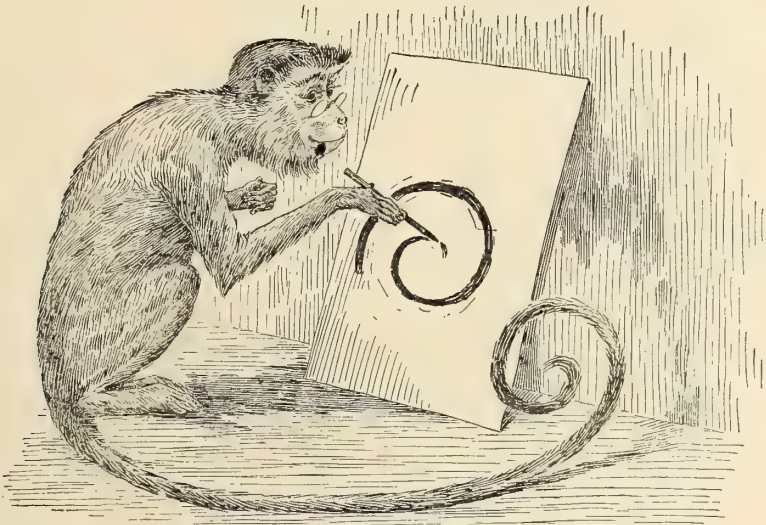
"Perhaps we 'd better wait. Do you think it was the wind?"

Harden called out: "Who 's there?"

For a moment there was no response. Then with a crash a chair toppled over. The next second they were startled to hear what sounded like the wild scramble of a frightened animal.

Revolver in hand, Harden shrank back from the door, with Wenham shivering at his heels.

(To be continued.)



A STUDENT OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN LEARNING TO DRAW THE SPIRAL.



THE · NAME · UPON · THE · TEMPLE



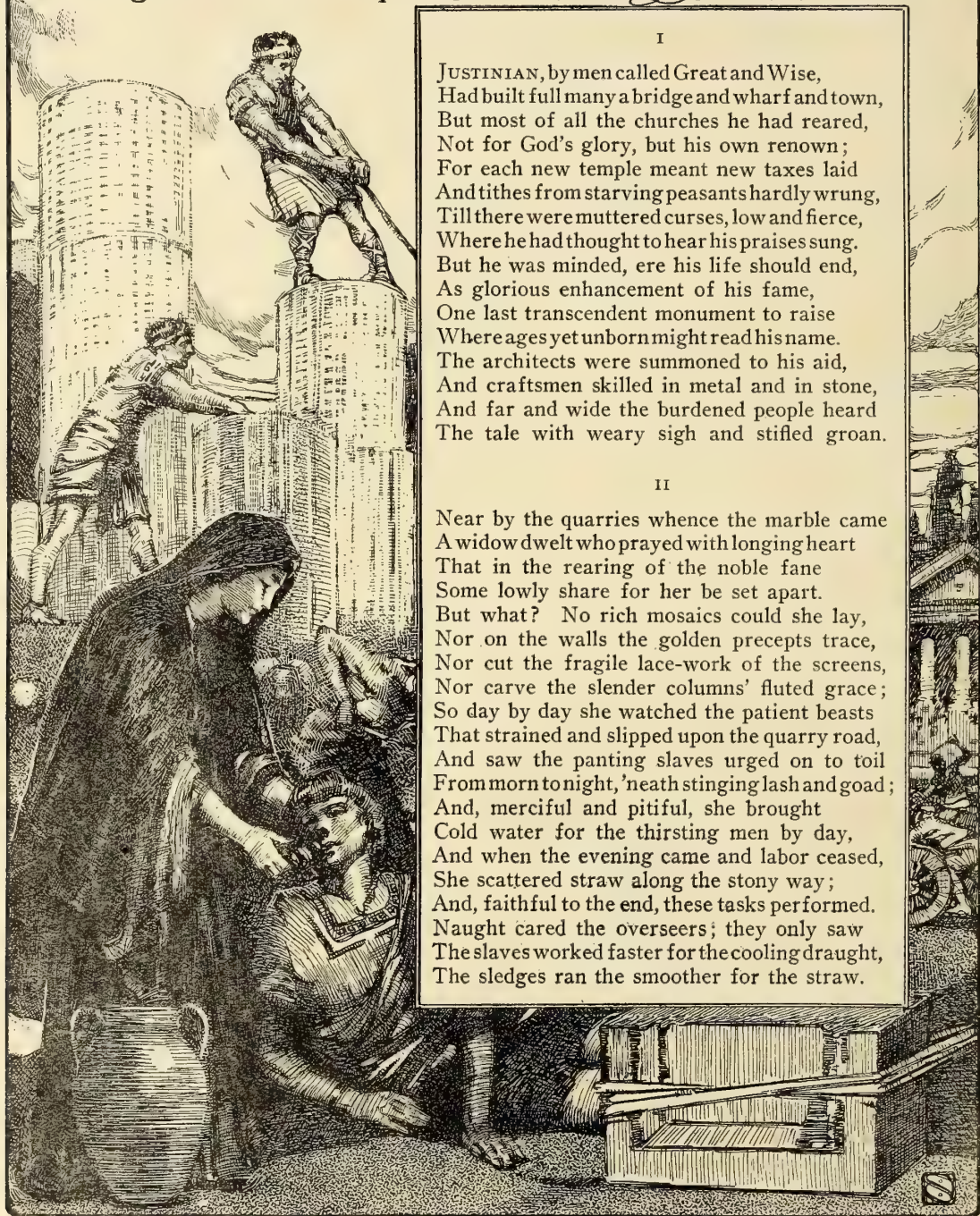
A legend of the Mosque of St. Sophia by ANNIE · J · FLINT

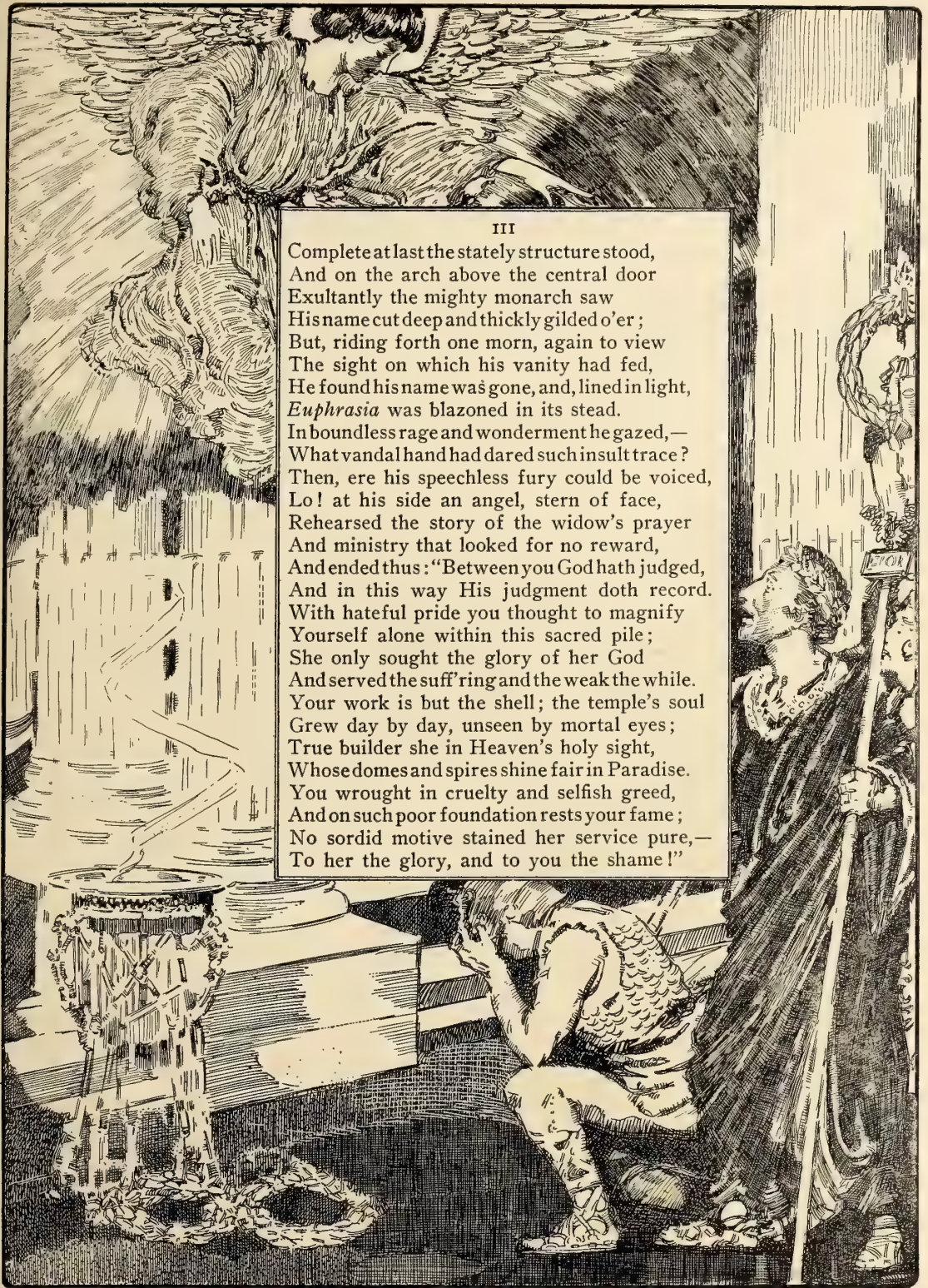
I

JUSTINIAN, by men called Great and Wise,
Had built full many a bridge and wharf and town,
But most of all the churches he had reared,
Not for God's glory, but his own renown;
For each new temple meant new taxes laid
And tithes from starving peasants hardly wrung,
Till there were muttered curses, low and fierce,
Where he had thought to hear his praises sung.
But he was minded, ere his life should end,
As glorious enhancement of his fame,
One last transcendent monument to raise
Where ages yet unborn might read his name.
The architects were summoned to his aid,
And craftsmen skilled in metal and in stone,
And far and wide the burdened people heard
The tale with weary sigh and stifled groan.

II

Near by the quarries whence the marble came
A widow dwelt who prayed with longing heart
That in the rearing of the noble fane
Some lowly share for her be set apart.
But what? No rich mosaics could she lay,
Nor on the walls the golden precepts trace,
Nor cut the fragile lace-work of the screens,
Nor carve the slender columns' fluted grace;
So day by day she watched the patient beasts
That strained and slipped upon the quarry road,
And saw the panting slaves urged on to toil
From morn to night, 'neath stinging lash and goad;
And, merciful and pitiful, she brought
Cold water for the thirsting men by day,
And when the evening came and labor ceased,
She scattered straw along the stony way;
And, faithful to the end, these tasks performed.
Naught cared the overseers; they only saw
The slaves worked faster for the cooling draught,
The sledges ran the smoother for the straw.





III

Complete at last the stately structure stood,
 And on the arch above the central door
 Exultantly the mighty monarch saw
 His name cut deep and thickly gilded o'er;
 But, riding forth one morn, again to view
 The sight on which his vanity had fed,
 He found his name was gone, and, lined in light,
Euphrasia was blazoned in its stead.
 In boundless rage and wonderment he gazed,—
 What vandal hand had dared such insult trace?
 Then, ere his speechless fury could be voiced,
 Lo! at his side an angel, stern of face,
 Rehearsed the story of the widow's prayer
 And ministry that looked for no reward,
 And ended thus: "Between you God hath judged,
 And in this way His judgment doth record.
 With hateful pride you thought to magnify
 Yourself alone within this sacred pile;
 She only sought the glory of her God
 And served the suff'ring and the weak the while.
 Your work is but the shell; the temple's soul
 Grew day by day, unseen by mortal eyes;
 True builder she in Heaven's holy sight,
 Whose domes and spires shine fair in Paradise.
 You wrought in cruelty and selfish greed,
 And on such poor foundation rests your fame;
 No sordid motive stained her service pure,—
 To her the glory, and to you the shame!"

THE RUNAWAY LETTER



A RUNAWAY horse is a troublesome beast,
 Disastrous to nerves and to purse;
 But I am quite sure, in my own mind at least,
 That a runaway letter is worse.
 Her dear little brother, when left, it is said,
 To the care of Francesca, one day,
 Was changed in a wink to a *b-other*, instead,
 Just because a small *r* ran away!
 And Grandmama said to Francesca, "How nice!"
 When the *r* had been captured, for then
 The poor little *b-other* became, in a trice,
 A dear little *brother* again!



Pauline Frances, Camp.



dragon, who was a great wag,
 Went out one day, pulling a drag.
 It filled us with awe,
 For who ever saw
 A dragon a-draggin' a drag?

by
 Carolyn Wells

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

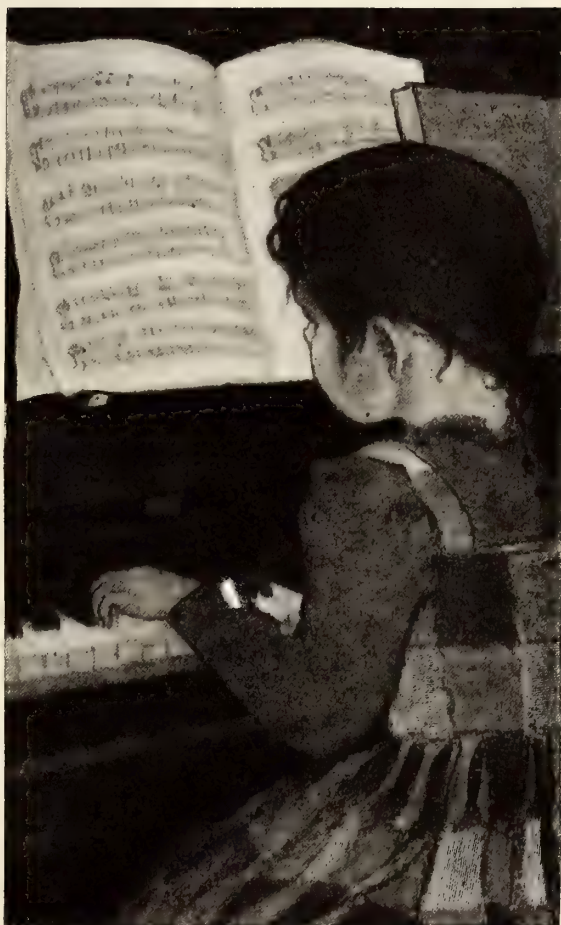
ONE of the finest pleasures in the world is derived from singing. Even savages make an effort to sing by uttering weird notes as they beat on queer drums and dance around their war-fires. In ancient times before there were any pianos, people sang sometimes to the clapping of their hands, and often to the accompaniment of crude instruments which looked like old-fashioned guitars, violins, or harps. Their songs told of battles, love, harvest-time, hunting, and other events in their lives. Before men knew how to write and print music, songs were preserved by being treasured in the memory of the people. Every country had its own peculiar songs which were passed down from father to son, sometimes through hundreds of years. In more modern times, interested people have from time to time printed collections of these songs of the different nations, and nowadays there are many enthusiastic collectors who are printing these songs so that we may all know them. This kind of music is called folk-songs. These include the songs which the "folk," or people, sing and treasure in their heart and memory.

Some folk-songs are old, as we have seen, and there are others which are of recent date. We do not know who wrote most of the tunes. They were composed usually by very simple people who had never studied music, but who sang out their feelings as naturally as a bird sings in the spring-time.

Every one considers folk-songs to be a fine kind of music. Even the greatest musicians, like Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin, have greatly admired them because they are so simple and touching and sincere. Of course some are much more beautiful than others, yet all of them have qualities that make them last.

Folk-songs are the finest kind of music for boys and girls to sing, because they are so simple and yet good music. It is best to learn first the simplest forms, and in that way to lay the foundation of sound musical taste.

Perhaps some of us have the idea that by "good music" is meant songs that are dry and uninteresting. In our reading we have surely found that fine old stories about heroes and queens and fairies are very entertaining as well as improving, and as we grow older we shall find that good books are the only kind worth reading, for they give us fine thoughts and feelings that will last all our lives long. It is the same with music.



There are very many trashy songs, as there are many cheap stories. But when we once learn to enjoy good music we begin to lose interest in songs not worth while. People are coming more and more to realize how much enjoyment good books, pictures, and music will bring into all our lives, and how very important it is for us to begin to know these beautiful things when we are young.

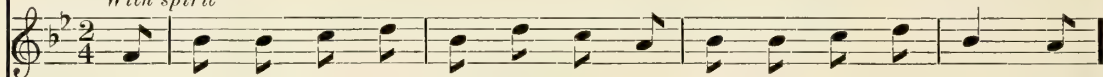
There will be published for you from month to month in *ST. NICHOLAS* a number of folk-songs of the English-speaking nations. There are many lovely songs in foreign languages, but it seems important for us to know first the songs in our own English tongue. We may well be proud of these folk-songs, for some of them are among the most beautiful in the world.

YANKEE DOODLE

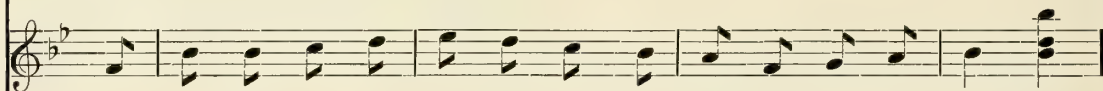
GEORGE WASHINGTON is closely associated with this song. He figures in the verses which describe a camp of colonial troops at the time of the French and Indian War, and he marched to the air when it later became the great Revolutionary war-song. The words were written to a popular tune, very possibly an English folk-dance, by Dr. Schuckburgh, a witty English army surgeon who, together with the British regulars, made great fun of the raw Yankee (New England) soldiers. In his verses he describes the feelings of a country boy who sees the colonial camp for the first time. Instead of resenting the song, the Yankees were greatly taken with it, and twenty years later marched to it during the Revolutionary War. It became so popular that many Americans have called it our national song. You will see how inspiring the tune must have been as a march. A fine effect may be gained if two play it, one taking the voice part in octaves and the other adding octaves to the low notes in the bass. Accent the first beat of every measure for the left-foot step. There were many verses in the original version. We print four of the best.

DR. SCHUCKBURGH

Accompaniment by MABEL LYON STURGIS

With spirit

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - ing,
2. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton, Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion,
3. And there I saw a lit - tle keg, Its heads were made of leath - er,
4. The troop - ers there would gal - lop up And fire right in our fac - es.



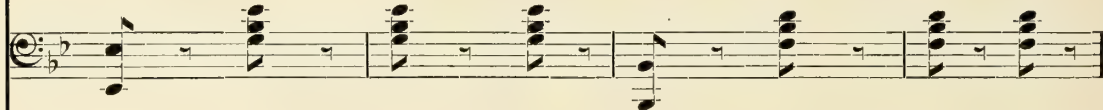
And there we saw the men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding.
 A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there were a mill - ion.
 They knocked on it with lit - tle sticks, To call the folks to - geth - er.
 It scared me al - most half to death To see them run such rac - es.



CHORUS



Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.



LEEZIE LINDSAY

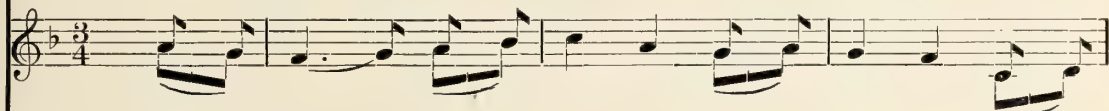
"LEEZIE LINDSAY" is an old song that comes from Scotland. The tune is very charming and simple. The words are an old ballad or story-poem. This is a fine song for a boy and girl to sing together in costume, while another boy or girl accompanies them on the piano. The boy singer should dress like a Highland chief, in plaid knee-skirt, tartan leggings, bonnet with a tuft of feathers, and belt stuck with pistols and a dirk. The girl should wear a plaited skirt of green satin and otherwise might be dressed like Ellen in "The Lady of the Lake" (Canto I: XIX).

This song must often have been played on the Scotch bagpipe, a queer instrument of bag and pipes which you may have seen. The tune is played in a high key, while one or two low notes are drawn out in the bass. As you play the song, think of the bagpipe and notice the accented sustained note in the left hand. Be sure to sing the few Scotch words, which are so much prettier in the song than the English. They are pronounced as they are spelled. The high F is very easy for boys and girls to sing if it is taken lightly and with the thought of singing it in the head, not in the throat.

SCOTTISH BALLAD

OLD AIR

Accompaniment by MABEL LYON STURGIS

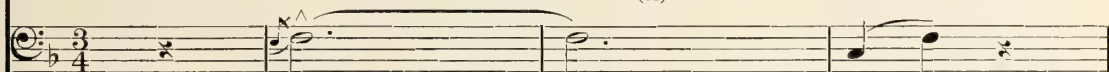


(Lord Ronald) 1. "Will ye gang.... to the High - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye

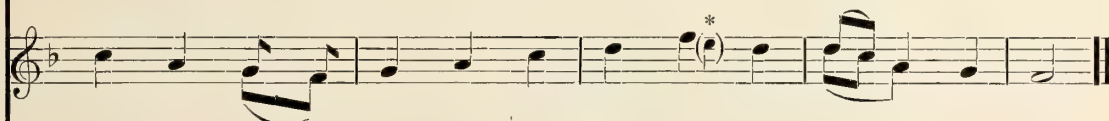
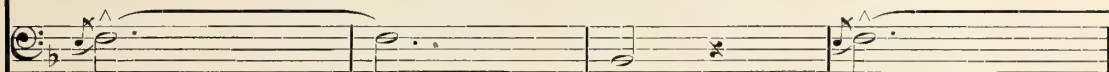
(Leezie Lindsay) 2. "To.... gang.... to the High - lands, wi'..... you, sir, I.....

(Lord Ronald) 3. "O, Lee - zie lass,.... ye must ken.... lit - tle, If.....

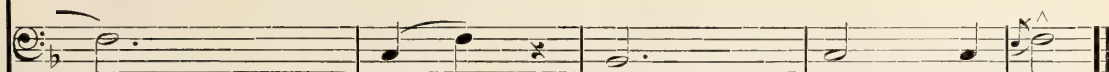
(Both) 4. She has kilt - ed her skirts o' green.... sat - in, She has



gang.... to the High - lands wi' me? Will ye gang.... to the
(go) (with) (go)
din - na ken.... how that may be; For I ken - - na the
(do not know) (know) (not)
sae..... ye..... din - na ken me, For my name is Lord....
(so) (do not know)
kilt - ed them ... up to her knee; And she's off wi' Lord....
(with)



High - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say, My bride and my dar - ling to be?"
land that ye..... live in, Nor ken I the lad I'm going wi'."
(know) (with)
Ron - ald Mac - - Don - ald, A chief - tain o' high.... de - gree."
(of)
Ron - ald Mac - - Don - ald, His bride and his dar - ling to be.



* If F is too high, sing notes in parentheses.

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER IX

THE GHOST IN THE ORCHARD

"At half-past ten by the old town clock," in the words of The Fungus, eight figures might have been dimly seen emerging from the dining-room window and crossing the turf toward the lilac hedge. They might have been seen, but were n't; which was just as well for the little band of marauders. In some pocket each member of the desperate company carried a pillow-case. Their coats were buttoned close, and no telltale expanse of linen was allowed to show. One by one they bent and squirmed through the hole in the picket-fence and as silently as possible reached the lilac hedge. The latter was n't an easy task, for the bushes were close together and the branches had managed to form a fairly impregnable barrier. But at last they were all through, Claire Parker bringing up the rear, with his heart in his mouth, and his eyes staring anxiously about through the darkness. Between them and the back of the house, which, like many old residences thereabouts, consisted of a series of additions running back from the main house in an ever diminishing size and terminating in a disused granary, was a fair eighty yards of turf and garden, while, before them, the orchard of pear- and apple- and plum-trees, interspersed with small fruits, was near at hand. They halted in the deep shadow of a group of shade-trees near the hedge and listened. Not a sound was to be heard from the direction of the house. The moon was n't in sight, although in the east the sky showed light. Stars peered down at them here and there, but for the most part clouds hid them. At the front of the house yellow light shone out on the drive.

"All quiet along the Potomac," whispered Spud. "Let 's hurry before that moon comes out and spoils things."

"Better keep in the lower side of the orchard," advised Hoop. "Then they can't see us possibly."

"Right-O! Besides, the big red apples are down there at the corner. The others are n't worth bothering with."

"Come on, then," said Sandy. "I 'll go ahead. Keep quiet, fellows. Stop your giggling."

The band crept forward, hugging the deeper gloom of the trees until they had reached the end of the orchard. Once there, there was a quick and silent rush for a certain big tree that grew

the apples they best liked. Out came the pillow-cases, and hands searched the ground for fallen fruit. But there was little of that yet, for there had been no rain- or wind-storms.

"Who 's going to shake?" asked Spud, softly.

"Let 'Clara' do it," said Hoop. "He 's small and can shin up easily."

"I—I 'd rather not," said Claire, nervously.

"I 'll do it," Cal volunteered. "You take my bag, Ned." He had soon worked his way to the crotch of the tree, and from there he walked out on one of the branches and jarred it by jumping up and down. The apples fell in a veritable shower, and Spud, who had been looking up, received one fairly and squarely on the tip of his nose, and said "Ouch!" so loudly that he was threatened with awful things if he did n't keep quiet.

"Maybe you 'd yell, too, if a big old apple hit you on the nose," he muttered aggrievedly as he filled his pillow-case.

"Keep quiet, can't you! Give her another shake, Cal!" said Sandy.

"Wait a minute and I 'll try another branch." There was a rustling as Cal moved cautiously about the tree, and then another rain of fruit began. "Any one filling my bag?" he asked, in a whisper. But his question was never answered, for somebody—it sounded like The Fungus, though he always maintained that he never opened his mouth—let out a screech of terror, and panic seized the company. Cal, with the branches adding to the gloom about him, saw nothing, but the sound of footsteps pounding the ground told him that he was being deserted by his comrades. Once some one fell, and there was a smothered exclamation of alarm, and then there reached him the crashing of the branches as the boys fled helter-skelter through the lilacs and surmounted the fence as best they might.

Cal's first thought was to drop to the ground and race after them, for he did n't need to be told that danger was at hand. But by the time he was ready to swing himself down the others were half-way to the fence, and he realized that safety lay in remaining hidden where he was. With his heart pounding so that he feared it would proclaim his whereabouts to the pursuit, he waited and watched. For a full minute he heard nothing and saw nothing. Then a sound fell on his ears, a sound that resembled a chuckle, and, to his



THE INTERRUPTED MOONLIGHT PARTY IN THE ORCHARD.

overwrought ears, a most diabolical chuckle at that, and an instant later there came dimly into sight a ghastly white form that almost caused him to fall out of the tree from sheer terror.

The moon was nearly at the horizon, and a ray of pale light slanted through an opening in the trees and illumined the form for a brief moment. It stood almost under the tree, and while he watched, his eyes almost popping from his head and his heart standing still, it grew smaller and smaller until it was only two or three feet high, and then in an equally mysterious way lengthened again, fluttered under his gaze for a moment, and then was hidden by the branches. Cal did n't believe in ghosts, of course; what sensible boy does? But there was something frightfully uncanny about that white-robed figure and the noiseless way in which it came and went, lessened and lengthened. For it had gone, although Cal did n't know how far and would have given a good deal to find out. There were drops of cold perspiration on his forehead, a queer twitching at his scalp, that felt as though his hair was trying its best to stand on end, and an uncomfortable, shivery condition at his spine. He tried to laugh at himself, but the laugh would n't come. He clutched the branch tightly and waited what seemed an eternity. Once he was almost certain that he heard the closing of a distant door, but he did n't intend to run any risks. And so it was a good five minutes after the alarm that he finally dropped to the ground, looked fearfully around him for sight of the dread figure, and then bolted as fast as his legs would take him for the hedge and the fence and safety! There was no thought of avoiding noise. He crashed into the hedge and through it, scrambled over the fence,—just how he did n't know,—and fled across the turf to where, under the dining-room window, seven agitated comrades awaited him. When he saw them he drew up and strove to complete his arrival more calmly.

"Did you see it?" cried The Fungus.

"I should say I *did* see it!" panted Cal. "It came right under the tree and stood there and got little and then got big again and just disappeared like—like that!" And he waved his arm.

"Thunder!" whispered Spud, hoarsely. "What do you suppose it was?"

"It was a g-ghost," sniffed Claire.

"Ghost your granny!" ridiculed Sandy. "It was somebody with a sheet around them, that's what it was. Anyhow, we're all in for trouble."

There was gloomy agreement with this, but the subject of the mysterious visitor was too interesting to keep away from.

"I looked up and saw it between the trees," said

The Fungus, "and that was enough for me! Maybe I was n't scared!"

"Yes, you were that," said Sandy. "You let out a yell that they could hear in town."

"I? Never! I did n't open my mouth! I was too scared!"

"Well, some one did," said Dutch. "And I never saw anything. I heard some one yell, and then every one ran, and I grabbed my bag and ran too."

"You saw it, did n't you, Hoop?"

"I sure did! About seven feet high it looked and sort of phosphorescent."

"I did n't notice that," said Cal, doubtfully.

"Well, maybe you did n't see it the way we did," said Hoop, in a tone of pride. "You were up in the tree."

"I cal'lute I saw it better than any one," responded Cal, indignantly. "Did n't it come and stand there right under me almost for two or three minutes?"

"Phew! Did it, honestly?" asked Ned. "I did n't get more than a glimpse of it. That was all I wanted, though."

"Well, let's get up-stairs," said Sandy, "before any one comes and finds us here." They climbed in at the window, each casting an anxious glance toward the orchard as he did so, and then stole up noiselessly. Strange to say, each boy had brought his bag of apples safely away save Cal.

"I was too scared even to drop mine," explained Spud, "and I did n't know I had it until I got to the fence."

"Same here," said The Fungus. "It's a good thing we did n't leave the pillow-cases over there, though, for they've all got 'West House' marked on them as plain as daylight."

"Who has got mine?" asked Cal at this juncture. They had all congregated in the Sun-Parlor and were sitting around wherever they could find space. The Fungus had lighted the gas and turned it half down. At Cal's question each fellow looked at the other, while dismay settled over the assemblage. "I gave it to you, Ned, you know," Cal went on anxiously. Ned shook his head dismally.

"I know," he answered. "I was going to fill it, but I could n't fill both at once, and so I threw yours down by the tree. I—I suppose it's right there now!"

A deep silence held the group, broken at length by a sigh from Claire.

"I wish I'd never gone," he murmured.

"We all wish that—now," said Sandy, dryly. "If the maiden ladies find that pillow-case there'll be the mischief to pay."

"What does it matter?" asked Dutch, gloomily. "Some one saw us getting the apples and saw us

come over here. That pillow-case will only be supervacaneous evidence."

"Don't use such words, Dutch," said Hoop, sternly.

"Just the same," said Sandy, "some one ought to go over and bring it back, I think."

There was no enthusiasm displayed. The silence grew embarrassing.

"Whose pillow-case was it?" asked Hoop.

"Mine," answered Cal.

"Well, then you 'd better go and get it. If you don't, you may get us all into worse trouble than we 're in. We don't know for sure that that thing—or person, or whatever it was, really saw us come over here. But if the neighbors find that pillow-case under the tree with 'West House' marked on it in indelible ink, they 'll have us, sure enough."

Cal looked as though he scarcely relished the suggestion, and Ned came to his rescue.

"It was my fault," he said. "I ought to have looked after it, especially as Cal was shaking down apples for us, and I 'll go back for it."

"No, I 'll go and get it," said Cal, rising. "I don't mind—much."

"We 'll go together, then," declared Ned, more cheerfully.

So back they went, down-stairs and out of the dining-room window and across the grass to the broken palings, keeping very quiet and feeling not especially happy, either of them. But when they emerged from the hedge, stood in the shadows, and viewed the scene, there was nothing to alarm them, and they gained courage. Besides, the moon was over the horizon now, and the orchard was palely illumined.

"Ghosts don't come out when it 's as light as this, I think," Ned whispered.

"I cal'late it was n't really a ghost," replied Cal, "but it looked awfully like one, did n't it?"

"I did n't get a real good look at it," answered Ned. "Come on and let 's get it over." They stole along to the edge of the orchard and then rushed quickly to the protecting darkness of the trees. It was so light now that they could distinguish objects on the ground, but, search as they might, the missing pillow-case was not to be found.

"I left it right here," whispered Ned, tapping the trunk of the apple-tree with the toe of his sneaker.

"There are a lot of apples here, but no pillow-case," said Cal. "It looks as if some one had found the case and had taken it away, does n't it, Ned?"

"That 's what 's happened," said Ned, disgustedly. "I think we might as well go back. We 'll

look on the ground between here and the fence, though. Some one might have grabbed it up and dropped it later."

But there was no sign of it, and in the end they had to return to the house empty-handed.

"Well, I dare say it won't make much difference anyhow," observed Sandy, pessimistically, when they reached the Sun-Parlor again and reported their ill success. "We 're all in for a jolly ragging and something worse."

"He can't suspend us all," said Spud, hopefully.

"Why can't he?" asked Hoop.

"Too many of us. It would depopulate the school, to say nothing of West House."

"That would n't trouble the doctor," said The Fungus. "If he wants to send us home, he will do it, Spud."

"Oh, well, let him then." Spud reached into his pillow-case and drew forth a big red apple, which he first polished on his knee and then dug his teeth into. "Eat, sleep, and be merry, for tomorrow we die. I 'm going to bed. Come on."

"We might as well, I fancy, although I don't suppose I 'll be able to sleep."

"Oh, it won't do any good to stay awake," replied Spud, carelessly, as he took up his bag of apples. The others followed his example, whispering good nights in the corridor, and sought their rooms. Ned cleaned out one end of his bottom bureau-drawer and emptied the contents of his pillow-case into it, afterward restoring the case to its rightful place.

"You can have half of these, Cal," he said.

"Thanks, but I cal'late I have n't much appetite for apples," was the sad reply. "I hate to have to go home just after I 've got here, Ned. How long do you think he will send us away for?"

"Maybe a month or two; maybe until after Christmas vacation," answered Ned. "It 's a dickens of a note, is n't it? Whose idea was it, anyhow, to go over there to-night?"

"Yours," said Cal, with a wan smile.

"Was it? I dare say. I 'm always getting into trouble, hang it all! Well, I 'm going to go to bed. Sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof. Good night." And Ned tumbled into bed, drew the sheet up to his ears, and was soon fast asleep.

To Cal, however, slumber did n't come so readily. He was sorely worried. If Dr. Webster sent him home for the rest of the term it would mean that he would miss half a year of school and more than likely be set back just that much in class. Besides which, he would have wasted more of his small capital than he could afford. Eventually sleep came to him, after a distant clock in the town had struck twelve, and he passed a restless

night disturbed by unpleasant dreams, to awake in the morning unrested and oppressed by a sense of impending misfortune that he could n't account for until recollection of the preceding night's adventure returned to him. Breakfast was an unusually quiet meal, and Mrs. Linn viewed the depressed countenances of her eight boys with deep concern, but failed to elicit from any of them a satisfactory description of their symptoms. Only Spud ventured a reason.

"Oh, I 'm feeling pretty well, thanks," he said. "I did n't sleep very well, though. Fruit does n't agree with me." And he winked wickedly at Dutch and received a scowl in response.

It was a surprise to them all to find that things looked much the same as usual at School House. Mr. Fordyce, known as Fussy, passed them on the steps, smiled amiably, and went on quite as though the world was n't filled with tragedy this morning. They went through their recitations in a mazed sort of way, momentarily expecting the sword of Damocles to fall. The worst trial came when they found themselves before Dr. Webster reciting Latin or Greek. They studied his face anxiously, striving to surmise in what depth of disgrace he held them. But nothing was to be learned in that way. The principal treated them much the same as he treated the rest of the class. Sandy decided that their fate had already been decreed and that the doctor was only awaiting the end of the session to acquaint them with it. But the session dragged to its close, twelve o'clock struck, the corridor bell clanged, and school was dismissed; and still there had come no summons. They scurried back to West House in a group, discussing the marvel excitedly.

"Either they did n't see us, after all," said Hoop, "or else they have n't told the doctor."

Sandy, however, was not to be cheered. "You wait," he said gloomily. "It 'll come this after-



"'GOOD—GOOD EVENING. WE—WE CAME FOR—FOR THE APPLES, PLEASE.'"
(SEE PAGE 443.)

noon. Prexy is just keeping us guessing on purpose. I could see by his face that he knew all about it."

"I don't think he does," said Spud, stoutly. "I

don't think we 'll hear anything from it. Hang those old apples, anyway! I only ate one last night and it gave me a terrible tummyache."

"That was your conscience," laughed Ned.

"Well, you had one too, then. What were you doing up?"

"I was n't up," answered Ned.

"Then it was Cal. It looked like you, though."

"I was n't up either," said Cal.

"Somebody's fibbing. I saw one of you roaming around in your room. My door was open and so was yours, and one of you passed the window and went over in front of Ned's bureau. I whispered across to you, but you did n't answer."

"You dreamed it," laughed Ned. "I 'll wager you were n't up yourself; you just had the nightmare."

"Oh, you run away and play," said Spud. "I think I know when I 'm asleep and when I 'm awake. I won't say I did n't have the nightmare, though, but that was after I 'd gone back to bed."

"I dreamed 'most all night, I cal—think," said Cal. "Awful dreams, too, they were."

"Ghosts?" asked The Fungus.

"N-no, robbers, I think. It seemed that the house was full of them and I was trying to throw them out of the room as fast as they came in, only they were too many for me."

"Did you eat an apple too?" asked Spud.

DINNER was more cheerful than breakfast had been until, in the midst of it, Mrs. Linn remarked:

"I had a call this morning from Miss Matilda Curtis."

Every one stopped eating and glanced apprehensively about. Finally Sandy broke the intense silence to inquire carelessly:

"Wh-what did she want, Marm?"

"She came about her apples," answered Mrs. Linn, and paused there to pour out a cup of tea. Deep and oppressive gloom settled upon the company. It was Spud who caused a diversion finally by choking and having to be thumped on the back by Claire. Mrs. Linn handed the cup of tea to Hoop to be passed on, and continued:

"Yes, she wanted to know if I could n't use some of them. She says it's a wonderful year for apples and they've got more than they know what to do with. I told her I'd be very glad of some for jelly. You boys all like apple jelly, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" The reply was loud and enthusiastic. Gloom gave way to relief and joy, and eight appetites reappeared as suddenly as they had departed.

"Phew!" said Spud afterward on the porch, "I thought it was all up with us then, for sure!"

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"Oh, my!" responded Hoop. "That was the narrowest escape I ever did have."

CHAPTER X

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

AFTERNOON school passed as uneventfully as the morning session, and no summons from Dr. Webster reached the culprits. Each of them drew a deep sigh of relief when he was safely outside the front door of School Building; and he did n't linger long thereabouts, but hurried off to the gymnasium to prepare for foot-ball practice.

"What did I tell you?" Spud demanded triumphantly as they went. "Prexy has n't heard a word of it."

"I think you're right," said Dutch. "Only what I'd like to know is, who was that in the orchard last night?"

"I wonder if we really did see anything, after all," mused The Fungus.

"I did n't," replied Dutch.

But there was a chorus of protest from the rest.

"You're quite right we saw something!" cried Hoop. "I saw it sure enough, anyhow! I'm beginning to think that 'Clara' is right and that it really was a ghost."

"There is n't any such thing," jeered Spud, as they entered the gymnasium. "And, anyhow, a ghost would n't have gotten away with Cal's pillow-case!"

"Well, whatever it was or whoever it was," said Sandy, earnestly, "I'm glad it did n't give us away."

Practice that afternoon was strenuous, and Cal, having accepted philosophically the fact that there was no escape for him, set to work and made up his mind to master the intricacies of the game. Not that it appeared much like a game to him, however. He spent a quarter of an hour handling the ball with others of the "awkward squad"; passing it, catching it, falling on it—when it was there!—and learning not a few of its idiosyncrasies. He discovered, for instance, that, contrary to his first impression, it was sometimes possible to tell which way the pigskin would bounce when it struck the ground. At first if a ball was dropped and he reached in one direction for it, it was almost certain to bound off in an opposite direction. But after a while he began to develop a certain sense of prophecy, as it were, and more often than not the ball came toward him rather than away from him. They put him with six other fellows in a line, and he was informed that he was to play left tackle. For a while that meant being shoved and knocked around in order

that an apparently crazy boy with the pigskin clasped firmly to his bosom might spring from behind him somewhere and dash forward, only to deposit the ball on the turf again and repeat the performance. Cal was still appearing in his every-day clothes, since the orchard episode had quite put the thought of purchasing foot-ball togs out of his mind. But Ned recalled it to him on the way back to West House after practice and showers.

"We 'll have to make that trip to the village to-morrow, Cal," he announced. "We 'll get Marm to let us have dinner early. Just about one more day and those trousers of yours won't be fit to wear anywhere."

Cal examined them ruefully. They *did* show signs of the "fray," and that was a fact. The knees bulged horribly, and there was a nice accumulation of yellowish mud around the bottoms of them. He sighed.

"All right," he answered. "I cal'late you 're right, Ned. Maybe, though, I could just get trousers now and let the other things go until I get some money from home. Then I won't have to borrow from you, Ned."

"Pshaw! what 's the difference? You might as well get the whole outfit now. Four dollars will about pay the cost, and I can loan you two just as well as not."

"That 's good of you," said Cal. "I just thought—you see, I have n't ever borrowed any money before, and I don't believe my mother would like it."

"Oh, it 's just until you get your own money," replied Ned, carelessly. "There 's no harm in that. Borrowing 's all right when you can pay back. All the fellows borrow. Spud owes fifty cents right now. I must remind him of it when he gets his next letter. Spud 's a little bit forgetful, you see. I 'll give you the money when we get to the Den."

But Dutch Zoller challenged him to a set of tennis as soon as they got around the corner of the house, and Ned forgot all about the money.

"Here 's a great offer, Dutch," said Ned. "I 'll play you and Cal."

Dutch viewed Cal dubiously.

"But he does n't play, does he?"

"No, but neither do you, Dutch; not much, that is," replied Ned, meanly. "You see, I 'll beat you in either case."

"You could give me thirty on a game," Dutch suggested. "That would make it more interesting for you."

"Thirty! Well, that *would* be odds! Look here, if you don't want to play that way, I 'll take Cal with me, and you play against the two of us."

"I 'd rather not," Cal protested. "I don't know anything about it, Ned."

"It 's time you did. And you 'll never find a softer player to learn from than Dutch. Come on! Get somebody's racket from the closet under the stairs. It does n't make any difference whose racket you take; they 'll all kick about it. But you 'd better take the best you can find!"

In the end Cal was persuaded. He secretly wanted to learn the game and not always have to sit on the end of the porch and look on. Of course his was a funny performance, and when the rest of West House arrived they had a fine time watching his efforts and cheering him on to victory. At first Cal was all for giving up, but Ned told him to "buck up and not be a quitter. They 're only fooling," he said. "You 've got to learn to take a joke, Cal, or you 'll have a pretty miserable time here, old man." So Cal thought better of it, gripped his racket until his knuckles were white and blisters began to appear inside his hands, and tried his best to profit by Ned's shouted instructions.

"Let her go, Cal! Out here, Dutch. . . . Forty—thirty. . . . Hit it, Cal! Oh, say, don't dodge out of the way, but hit the ball! Hit *at* it, anyway, Cal! All right; you 'll get the stroke! . . . Deuce! Play!"

Even with such a severe handicap as Cal's partnership, Ned was always able to keep the game in hand, for he did n't hesitate to invade Cal's side of the court and take every ball that he could possibly reach. And on Ned's service Dutch was nearly helpless. Toward the end of the set Cal began to see the humor of his wild slashes and awkward prancing, and joined his laughter with that of the gallery. Once when he aimed a reckless blow at a low lob and accidentally hit it so that it sped back across the net and hit the ground just where Dutch could n't get it, the applause from the onlookers was so tumultuous and hearty that Cal was quite proud and made up his mind then and there that he would learn tennis if he had to work like a slave for it.

"Our set," announced Ned. "Six—four. Want to try again, Dutch?"

"If you 'll give me fifteen," said Dutch.

But Cal declined to play any more. He was very tired and quite out of breath, and, besides, he knew that if he withdrew the others would make up a set of doubles. So he took his place on the porch and watched Ned and Hoop try conclusions with Sandy and Dutch, and got not a few points in that way. Before the snow came Cal had learned the game. He never made a remarkable player, but he was able to beat both Dutch and The Fungus, and Ned had only to

give him a handicap of fifteen to insure a hard-fought match.

Ned and Hoop secured the first set, six—four, and were one game to the good on the second when supper-time arrived.

"We'll finish after supper," said Sandy, "if it's light enough. We've got them on the run, Dutch."

"Hear the blatant boaster, Hoop," said Ned. "Mister Sandy, you don't get one more game in the set. Why, we've just been trifling with you so far, have n't we, Hoop?"

"Trifling is the word," responded Hoop, gravely. "We have been merely amusing ourselves, Sandy."

Sandy laughed with much sarcasm, and Dutch emitted a word that sounded like "Yah!" and, whatever it was, expressed ridicule and defiance. How the second set came out, Cal never learned, for at the supper-table Mrs. Linn interposed.

"Miss Matilda said she had two baskets of apples for me if I'd send for them," she announced. "And I was wondering whether two of you boys would go over for them after supper. I don't believe they are very heavy."

Apples and the Misses Curtis being just then dangerous topics, there was a prolonged hush about the table. The boys wondered if it would be safe to present their countenances at the Curtis front door. If the mysterious person in white had failed to recognize them last night, might not she or he do so if she or he saw them again? They cast doubtful and inquiring glances at each other.

"Of course," began Marm, "if you'd rather not—"

"Not at all," protested Sandy, gallantly. "We were just waiting modestly for you to say whom you'd rather have, Marm. I'd love to go, only I've got a set of tennis to finish with Ned and Hoop and Dutch. But there's Spud and The Fungus and Cal."

"I'll go, Marm," said Spud.

"So will I," said Cal.

"There won't be many apples left by the time they get back," said Hoop.

"Oh, I think there'll be plenty," said Mrs. Linn. "So you can all have some when they come. I do think it's kind of them to let me have so many."

"Why should n't they?" asked Spud. "They've got barrels and barrels of them, have n't they?"

"Yes, but they sell most of them, I think," replied Marm.

"Sell them! Why, I thought they had money to throw away."

"They've money enough, I'm sure," Mrs. Linn

replied, "but I suppose they think they might as well turn the apples into money as have them rot on the ground. They're beautiful apples, too, excellent for eating raw, or for cooking."

"They are indeed," muttered The Fungus, dreamily. "Ouch!"

"Keep still, you ninny!" commanded Sandy, fiercely. The Fungus reached down and surreptitiously rubbed his shin. Mrs. Linn looked down the table wonderingly until Claire caused a diversion by asking if they might have some of the apples baked.

"Don't you worry," said Spud, gloomily. "We'll have 'em baked, sure enough, and stewed, and made into apple-pies and apple-pudding and all kinds of things. I hate apples."

"Why," exclaimed Marm, "I thought you loved them!"

Spud shook his head soberly. "No, ma'am, not since they caused all that trouble in the Garden of Eden. I used to be quite fond of them before that, though."

When supper was over, Cal and Spud started for the apples. As they went out of the gate Ned called after them softly: "Say, fellows, change caps or something, so they won't recognize you!"

"I wonder if they will," said Spud, uneasily, as they went down the street toward the Curtis gate. "I rather wish they'd keep their old apples to themselves, Cal."

"I don't believe it was either of the Misses Curtis that we saw last night," answered Cal. "They would n't be roaming around in the orchard at that time of night."

"N-no, but it must have been some one! And who the dickens was it? Here we are. Let's try to keep our faces hidden as much as we can, Cal."

That was not hard to do, for it was already getting toward dusk, and when they stood on the front porch and rang the door-bell they had the light behind them. Footsteps sounded inside, and Spud pulled his cap down. "Look innocent, Cal," he whispered; "look innocent!"

Cal assumed what he fondly believed to be an expression of lamb-like innocence, but which came nearer to being a look of utter idiocy, and then the door was opened, and the unexpected apparition of a *girl* of about their own age confronted them! The messengers, who had expected to see one of the maiden ladies, were so surprised that for a moment neither of them did anything but stare. They were, indeed, a confused and embarrassed pair. Finally, though, Spud found courage to say stammeringly: "Good—good evening. We—we came for—for the apples, please."

(To be continued.)



*With apologies to
Sir John Tenniel*

A POSTSCRIPT TO A FAMOUS POEM

BY ALEXANDER RALPH KENNEDY

(EVERY one who has read Lewis Carroll's poem "The Walrus and the Carpenter," will remember this stanza:

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—
 And why the sea is boiling hot—
 And whether pigs have wings."

But he will also remember that neither the Walrus nor the Carpenter has anything more to say on these interesting topics. The writer met these friends one night and called their attention to this omission, with the following result:)

"My friend," the Carpenter replied,
 "The thing you say is true.
 And quite important is, I think,
 The comfort of a shoe.—
 Of course you 'll understand that 's if
 You have a foot or two.

"A ship is quite a useful thing,
 To which you will agree.
 It keeps one's feet from getting wet
 When one is on the sea.—
 But as for getting round the town,—
 A taxicab for me!"

"And sealing-wax!" the Walrus said,
 "Its value I acclaim.
 I use it when I write to seal
 The letters in my name.—
 The seals are relatives of mine,
 But I am not to blame.

"The cabbage is a handsome fruit;
 Its flavor 's wild and free;
 It tastes as pink as any pearl
 That ever left the sea;—
 Although some folks prefer, I hear,
 An onion in their tea."

"And kings!" the Carpenter replied,
 "I 've met them face to face.
 They 're common, for they come in packs;
 And one 's not worth an ace.—
 To wear a crown about all day,—
 I would n't have the face."

"Some cats have crimson whiskers, but
 A trapezoid has not;
 Some jellyfish are current, though
 A few are apricot.—
 And there are other reasons why
 The sea is boiling hot."

• "The question whether pigs have wings
 In this distinction lies:
 The common sort but rarely leave
 Their own ancestral sties;
 The pig with wings, however, is
 The kind of pig that flies."





NATURE GIANTS THAT MAN HAS CONQUERED

BY RAYMOND PERRY

MANY centuries ago man's achievements were limited by the strength of his body, because he did not know how to make the forces of nature work for him. He knew that these forces existed. The wind, the rain, the lightning, all seemed to him the acts of great giants of the earth and sky—or even strange, powerful gods whom he worshiped through fear. When the wind wafted his bark safely to port, or the rain gave abundant crops, he was grateful to these great giants for their aid; but when his ship was wrecked or his crops failed for lack of rain, he sought to appease their anger with sacrifices upon his rude altar.

Ages passed before man learned that these forces were as willing to work for as against him, if only he could learn the secrets of control.

The history of the world is largely the story of how man has obtained increasing mastery over these nature giants and used their powers in the tasks of progress.

Wind is the first nature giant that man tamed to his use. Probably, from seeing a tree swayed by this mighty power, man came, at last, to reason that if the tree was aboard a boat, the boat would move in the direction of the wind; so he made a mast from a tree-trunk, and rigged up some rude sail from skins of animals, to take the place of leaves, and found that he could go much faster and farther than with his paddle alone. Gradually, then, he learned also, by means of "tacking," to sail in any desired direction, no matter which way the wind blew. Thus he had discovered the principle used by every sailing-

vessel since. Later, he devised the windmill for grinding grain and drawing water. A balloonist, by going higher or lower, can likewise find a current of air that will take him in almost any direction; and men have traveled thousands of miles by this means. The kite also makes use of the wind power and has suggested the aeroplane which man has now made possible through later discoveries. The vacuum cleaner is another way in which the power of air in motion is used, and the little pictures on the preceding page suggest others. As yet, man cannot perfectly control the wind giant, for cyclones sometimes do great damage on land and sea; but even this occasional danger may yet be subdued.

JINGLE

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

PINS AND NEEDLES

PINS and needles had a party,
But they quarreled so
That they all went home a-crying
'Fore 't was time to go.

"What 's a dozen eyes worth, stupid?
Heads come twice as high!"

When they met, pins tossed their heads up,
Needles shut their eyes.

"What a creature!" groaned the needle,
"Has n't any eye!"

'T is in little bits of quarrels
That the danger lies.

THE BOY CAVE-FINDER OF BERMUDA

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



UT in the Atlantic Ocean, about seven hundred miles southeast of New York, lies Bermuda, a tiny island—a collection of tiny islands, in fact, sometimes called "the Bermudas."

There are only twenty square miles of land—something over twelve thousand acres—in the entire group, and it is not really land at all, but coral drift mingled with sand and shell, hardened now into a creamy, sugary concrete. On top of this there is a light layer of soil—rich soil which produces fine vegetables in unusual seasons, and palm-trees, and bananas, and a great variety of semi-tropical flowers. And all the roads are cut through the creamy coral, and all the houses are built of it, while everywhere between cedar- and palm-trees, and down hibiscus and oleander lanes, are beautiful, far glimpses of the sapphire and turquoise sea.

So you will know that Bermuda is a pleasant place, and that those who are born there and those

who have made their homes there learn to love it dearly.

And Bermuda's attractions are not all above-ground. In fact, from the standpoint of many a young person I believe they lie chiefly beneath it. Far down below the cedar bush and palmetto, stretch crystal halls such as might, and perhaps do, belong to fairy-land. They are the calcite caves of Bermuda, most of them discovered only during recent years—the best of them found by a colored lad, Carl Gibbon, who has earned for himself a title which almost any boy of whatever race would be glad to win—the Boy Cave-finder of Bermuda.

It was on a March afternoon, 1905, when Carl found his first cave. He was barely fourteen years old then, and with a playmate, Edgar Hollis, had climbed a pleasant hill overlooking the sea. Bermuda is warm in March, and the boys were stretched in the sun, talking drowsily or pitching pebbles down the slope.

By and by Carl realized that a small and curiously cool current of air was fanning his cheek. He thought it strange and wondered where it came from. Then he noticed a crevice in the

loose coral formation he had been using as a pillow, and, holding his hand over it, felt the cold air coming through.

"There is something down in there," he said, "to make that," and the boys began pulling away the broken sections of stone.

All at once quite a large piece "fell through," as Carl expressed it afterward—dropped away in front of them, leaving a hole like a well, though somewhat less perpendicular. Yet it was a steep, uncertain place, and the boys peered into the darkness of that mysterious entrance, and spoke in whispers.

Then they climbed down into it! They did not know what moment they might go plunging into depths of blackness, but they descended some thirty feet before they decided that it would be well to have lights.

So they climbed back to sunshine, went home, quietly borrowed two lamps, and hurried back. Then they descended into that narrow, steep place again and slid down, down—holding their lamps with one hand, clinging and steadying with the other.

Deeper and still deeper; fifty feet, seventy-five feet, a hundred feet—deep as a ten-story building is high, the opening getting somewhat larger as they descended. Then suddenly they reached a level, the walls opened out, and by the light of their lamps the young explorers beheld an enchantment such as the lamp of Aladdin might reveal. Stretching away into the darkness before them was an arched ceiling, hung with gleaming pendants—a myriad of huge crystal icicles they might have seemed to a boy of the North, only that some of them were delicately cream-tinted, others were of a pinkish hue, while from the floor beneath a myriad of inverted icicles stretched up to meet them. Crystal stalactites and stalagmites they were—the work which nature for ages had been carrying on, preparing there in total darkness a habitation suitable for kings. In the center of all this marvel the boys caught the shine of water—a clear, silent lake, catching the light on its still surface and reflecting the splendor overhead for the first time in all the ages.

Holding their lamps high, the boys looked out on this sheet of water and faintly caught the gleam of stalagmites on its farther shore. Carl set his lamp down. "You stay here," he said; "I'll swim across and see what's over there."

Think of that! Think of a boy of fourteen, down there a hundred feet under the ground—the first human being ever to be there at all—calmly deciding to swim across and see what was on the

other side! What might that mysterious water not contain? What weird dangers might not be lurking on the farther shore? Half swimming, half wading, the boy made his way across. Then he saw he had reached an island; also, that the crystal chambers stretched and branched away into the darkness, and that the lake, or arms of it, followed them. What a wonderful place! The most marvelous cave yet found in Bermuda—the boy realized that.

He came back to his companion, and the two made their way around among the stalagmites and broke off some pieces to show at home. Then they scrambled and tugged their way back to daylight, for it was evening. They had been down over three hours in all.

They told their people of the discovery, and Carl's father was elated at first, for the opening to the cave was on his land. But when, a few days later, the boys went back with a rope and a gas bicycle-lamp and explored farther, they realized that the greater and by far the better portion of the cave was under the adjoining farm. Word of the find reached the owner of this property, and after investigation he promptly blasted and dug a shaft of his own, down through to the wonder below, named it the "Crystal Cave," closed up the other passage where it crossed his line, arranged a series of lights, and constructed a stairway for visitors, who paid well to see the dazzling place. To-day it is one of the chief sights of Bermuda.

The Crystal Cave also added importantly to the natural history records of the islands. Three hundred years ago, when first occupied by human beings, the Bermudas were chiefly inhabited by a bird which the early colonists named the "cahow," because of its peculiar call. It was a bird the size of a pigeon and resembled a plover, but was a night bird and hid in holes and caves by day. The cahow and its eggs both proved excellent food—too excellent for the bird to survive long. It had another fatal characteristic, too, for it was so tame that all the hunter had to do was to imitate its call at night and the birds would come flocking all over him.¹

The hungry colonists soon reduced the cahow to the last bird and the final egg. They were extinct as early as 1629 and never seen or heard of again.

When Carl Gibbon's discovery of the Crystal Cave became known, Louis Mowbray, the Bermuda naturalist, looked up the boy and inquired if he had noticed anything resembling specimens—bones and the like—among the stalagmites.

¹ "They are taken with ease; if one doe but sit downe in a darke night and make a noise, there shall more come to him than he shall be able to kill." (Letter of Rev. Lewis Hughes, 1614.)

Carl thought he had noticed bones, and took Mr. Mowbray to the place. Sure enough, there were quite a number of small bones—bird bones they were, and the naturalist at once realized that they must have belonged to the bird that had frequented caves—the cahow. At some time in the past there had been an entrance large enough to admit this curious species. The boy and the naturalist gathered all the bones they could find, and as Mr. Mowbray was scrutinizing some of the stalagmite formations he noticed a number of feathers embedded in the transparent crystal—

They enlarged the hole, and Carl went down. At first he found nothing but a small room, a few feet below the surface. Then he noticed a narrow place between two stones, just wide enough for a slender boy to squeeze through. He wormed through it and thought the ground on the other side sounded hollow. He tapped it with his foot, and a piece the size of a barrel-head tumbled in, leaving a dark, steep hole like that which had led to the Crystal Cave.

The boy climbed down into it a few feet, saw it was really a passage, and went back for a rope



"AN ARCHED CEILING HUNG WITH GLEAMING PENDANTS."

white feathers and brown—answering exactly to old descriptions of the cahow. So a specimen of the extinct Bermuda bird had been obtained at last. The people of Bermuda considered it an important find.

Carl was the explorer rather than the discoverer of the next cave. It was about two years after the first adventure that a Mr. Haycock one day sent for him to come and examine a hole among the rocks on his land. Carl had acquired a reputation, you see, as a boy who knew his business and was not afraid to follow it.

Mr. Haycock had noticed a piece of paper which seemed to be blowing away from a hole among the rocks, and when Carl arrived he agreed that the opening indicated a big cave.

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and a lantern. It turned out a genuine cave—not so large as the first discovery, but very fine and with a lake in it. Mr. Haycock, a man of means, decided to open the cave for private exhibition and kept Carl employed a good while at the work, paying him very well.

One day while crawling around among the stalagmites, near what he thought to be the end of the cave, the boy found a small opening, and, creeping through, discovered another large chamber, the largest of all.

The Haycock cave is about a quarter of a mile from the Crystal Cave and is very likely a part of the same formation.

It was only a little while ago that Carl discovered his third and largest cave. On the 26th of

November, 1909, a Mr. Anderson, who lives not far from the other caves, found a hole on his land and sent for Carl. No cool air was coming from the opening, and Carl had no faith in it, but nevertheless went down.

The hole proved to be only a pocket—a room-like place a few feet below the surface, with no outlet. Carl came up and reported, and Mr. Anderson went home, leaving the boy to prospect on his own account. Carl now looked about among



CARL AND HAROLD GIBBON—(CARL ON THE RIGHT).

the weeds and crevices, trying to find a place that gave out cool air. Among the tumbled rocks, at last, he found a hole of considerable size, from which a cooler breath seemed to come. He had kept the lantern, and, lighting it now, he crept into the opening and went down.

He had descended perhaps twenty-five feet, when suddenly, right in front of him, he saw a ghastly pair of eyes. Not eyes, either, but places where eyes had been—the eyes of a skull!

Now, here is a curious thing. The boy who had not been afraid to venture out into the blackness of unknown waters, far down in the mystery of the earth, did not pause to investigate this specimen. He did n't even know whether it was human or an animal relic, and had not sufficient curiosity to remain long enough to see.

He got away from there. He does n't remember just how he did it, or how long it took him. He managed to save the lantern.

When he got outside he went and looked up his cousin, Harold Gibbon, and told him that if he, Carl, remained in the cave business that day he preferred to have company. The boys ate their midday dinner, and Carl explained what he had seen. Then they set out for the cave district. They did not explore the hole which Carl had just left. Harold's curiosity was satisfied with Carl's description of what he had seen.

They were passing a big rocky bluff when Carl said:

"I believe there must be a cave under that bluff."

He hardly knew why he thought so, but he had a feeling, somehow, that a cave was there.

The boys began looking around the base of the bluff, trying various crevices for the promising sign of cool air. By and by they found such a sign. From a rift in the coral a breath came that was decidedly cooler than the warm air of the surface. Then they went to work, pulling and prying away the loose formation, and presently had widened the opening into an entrance. There seemed to be a roomy passage below, and lighting their lantern, the boys went down.

They descended that cool, silent corridor to water-level and came to a big lake and great vaulted and columned chambers gorgeously hung with crystal pendants—a cave more grand than anything yet found. The boys wandered along the margin of the quiet lake, turning this way and that to explore diverging chambers, until they happened to notice that their lantern was getting very low. They set out for home then, but suddenly realized that they did not know the way.

Down in that black depth, with a failing lantern, they were lost. They made a turn or two, but nothing looked familiar; that is to say, everything looked alike. They stopped still to consider; it would not do to lose their heads. Presently Carl said:

"The opening is east of here; we must go east."

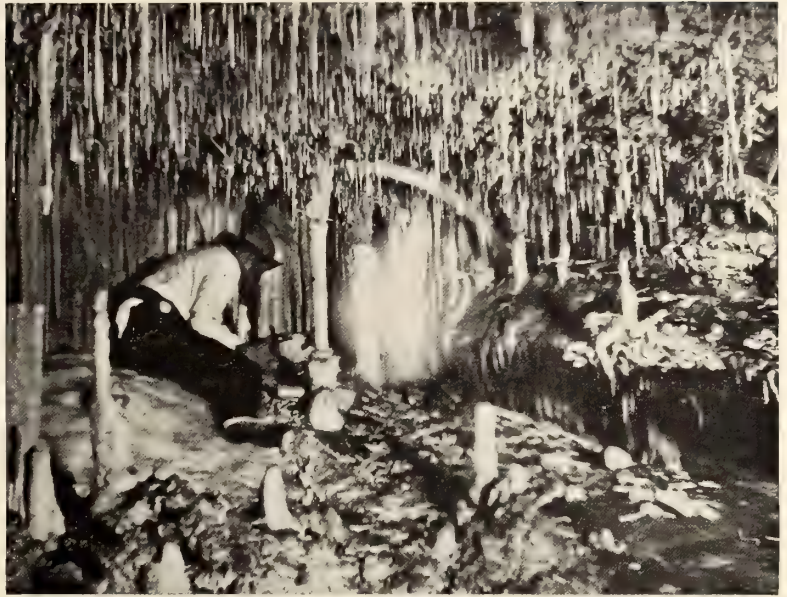
Now, that is another curious thing. The boys had wandered about and made many turns, at many angles; yet this boy had kept the points of the compass in his head.

"I can always tell the points of the compass," he said afterward, "wherever I am." Which must be a sort of instinct—certainly a useful one.

At all events, the boys did "go east," and before the lantern had quite given out they came to some broken pieces of stalagmite which marked their trail. They followed it and soon thought they felt a current of the warm air from above.

It was, in fact, the opening, and they climbed back to daylight and reported to Mr. Anderson their great find. He could hardly believe his good fortune at first; he did not think the cave could be as fine as they said. But the boys persisted in their story of its wonders, and soon went down again, this time fastening a fish-line at the entrance and carrying it along to aid them in finding their way back. They returned with even greater stories than before, whereupon the owner himself went down and was amazed and delighted at the splendor of his find.

The Anderson cave will be opened to the public and will doubtless yield a handsome return. The owner has promised its discoverer a liberal reward; also, a position as guide. This is good for Carl, and will benefit the owner as well. For the visitor to a cave usually wants to know who discovered it, and quite often he



ONE OF THE CAVES DISCOVERED BY CARL GIBBON.

adds, "Did he get anything for finding it?" That was the question I asked at the Crystal Cave, and the reply was:

"Oh, yes, I think you will agree that he did well enough; he only found the way in."



A BERMUDA LANDSCAPE.

A SEWING SCHOOL IN HOLLAND

BY F. W. MARSHALL

THE sunlight streams through the painted panes
O'er the spotless red-tiled floor.
We see that the lesson is nearly done
For the clock hands point to four.

The youngest pupil has brought her task
And with beating heart stands by
While the good dame stretches the sewing out
And scans it with practised eye.

"Have you puckered the hem or kept it smooth,
Have you made it straight and true,
Sedate little maid, with patient hands,
As you have been taught to do?"

"Are the stitches as small and closely set
As they were when the hem was begun?
We can surely guess without being told
That the verdict will be 'Well done.'"



A DUTCH SEWING SCHOOL. PAINTED BY D. A. C. ARTZ.
IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

BEGINNINGS

AMONG the many things that are of interest to us all, and their name is legion, the two chief have been and probably always will be ourselves and the world we live in. We never really get over our curiosity on these two subjects, unless we are so foolish as to lose our enthusiasm and interest in all matters, our sense of wonder, our joy in discovery. Of all books, those that explain humanity to us are the most unfailing in their claim on our attention. Perhaps, remembering all I have said in favor of fairy stories, you will think I am contradicting myself; but fairy stories are more concerned with men and women than many a tale of commonplace fact that leaves out the magic and the mystery that go to make up a good half of the wonderful life of man.

So you see you did n't catch me, after all!

But this time it is histories, not fairy stories, that I am interested in talking to you about, and I want to say at once that the right sort of a history is one of the best stories in the world; it is not only a story, and a true story, but it is full of adventures and full of exciting people—people to whom we owe those beginnings that have finally grown into present conditions. And since this month of March is a month of beginnings, it seems an appropriate one in which to talk of the winds and storms, the freshets, the plantings and sowings that have been in progress ever since the children of men started on their long spiral of ascent from the dim cave era to the great, towering sky-scraper of to-day.

By histories I do not mean what are known as school-books, which are what might be called the business side of history, but rather such stories of periods, presentations of great men and their effect upon the world, and thrilling experiences of many sorts, in which we find the romance and



beauty that unite in an upward trend all the races of humanity. This human side of history is far more important than the business side.

AMERICAN HISTORIANS

THERE are many such histories, but I am going to confine myself to the work of American writers for this time, at least. The three men I shall speak of are very different each from each, and concern themselves with vastly removed sections of the human story. But their books are all absorbing reading, and they are filled with that spirit of romance that is so good to find in a book, as it is good to find it in life—and by no means unusual in either, if you will only choose both your literature and your life with some discrimination.

I. IRVING—THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURES OF A PROPHET

FIRST comes Washington Irving. I suppose you all know something about him, and have read "Rip Van Winkle," and some of the older ones among you may have seen the play with Joseph Jefferson. But you will do well to allow yourselves to become really familiar with Irving's warm, wise humor, his easy culture, and his delightful style, so flexible and full of color, flowing as freely and naturally as a noble stream.

The book I am thinking of in particular is his *Life of Mahomet*, in which is related the history of that strange genius, founder of one of the great world religions; an Arab born in poverty, left an orphan at an early age, with not a friend but a faithful black woman, and who yet managed to become one of the forces that have made an immense portion of humanity what it is to-day, who created an empire, and whose book, the Koran, is to-day read and believed as the living truth by millions.

Certainly there are exciting possibilities in a life like that, and Irving has made his story of this amazing man and of the times and the conditions amid which he lived as thrilling as you have a right to expect. We follow him from his birth, when, according to tradition, strange things befell, through the storms and dangers of his mid-career,—when one adventure follows fast upon the heels of another, and traitors and enemies are thick as blackberries, and battles his almost constant occupation, and food and dwelling often precarious enough,—to the astonishing height he attained before his death. His work endured, moreover, not crumbling when the master hand slipped from the reins, as was the case with Napoleon, but blossoming gloriously in the califs who succeeded to the Arab leadership, as Irving shows us. For half the book only is given to Mahomet, sometimes called Mohammed, the rest carrying us down the years. As Irving says:

"We have set forth, in simple narrative, a cer-

tain portion of this wonderful career of fanatical conquest. We have traced the progress of the little cloud which rose out of the deserts of Arabia, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' until it has spread out and overshadowed the ancient quarters of the world and all their faded glories. We have shown the handful" of followers of a so-called prophet, "driven from city to city, lurking in dens and caves of the earth; but at length rising to be leaders of armies and mighty conquerors; overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Greek phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia; carrying their victories from the gates of the Caucasus to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus, the ultimate river in Mauretania; and now planting their standard on the Pillars of Hercules and threatening Europe with like subjection. . . . Here, however, we stay our hand. . . . Whether it will be our lot to cross with the Moslem hosts the Strait of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of the uncertainties of mortal life."

Irving did cross that strait later, and in "The Conquest of Granada" related the splendid triumph of the Moors in that proud land, a triumph that left behind it the beautiful Alhambra, with many another exquisite example of Moorish art, and set its impress upon the Spaniards for all succeeding time.

The Arabs are among the most daring and picturesque of all the tribes of the earth, and you may easily imagine that the story of their rise into a mighty nation under this great and singular man must be a stirring one. Its events occur in the late sixth and early seventh centuries, when a mighty readjustment was going on in many parts of the world, and forces that have remained active even to this day were germinating. Yes, it is a wonderful story of adventure, the history of Mohammed, and it is written with all Irving's charm and talent for characterization. It is the land of the "Arabian Nights," and full of mystery, even of magic. And that it is true, that what this man accomplished was actual, and that much of it still endures, makes the wonder but the greater.

Like most men of genius, Mohammed was simple in his tastes and little given to ostentation. He had his faults, and plenty of them. But you must remember that he lived in an age differing from ours in almost every respect, and was of a people whose laws, ideals, and notions of right and wrong were the Oriental's, not the Westerner's. His greatness and his extraordinary achievements are not to be disputed, and surely no hero of romance ever had narrower escapes,

or attained to such glory as did this Arabian chieftain. Once you get fairly started reading about him, you are not likely to find time hang on your hands, and bedtime will come round with inconvenient speed. Also, I should not be surprised if you returned to the bookcase, when you had finished with Mohammed, for the Spanish sequel.

II. MOTLEY—THE WHEEL OF TIME, AND ANOTHER MAN

THE second of the American historians in this collection is Motley, and the book his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," in which is narrated the life of another hero who came into the story of the world many centuries later. This man is William the Silent, Prince of Orange, one of the noblest of the historic characters who have helped in the building of the world and devoted themselves, without a thought of self, to the service of mankind.

The book is large and thick, but don't let that scare you. You will find it only too short, and wish you did not have to stop reading it when you come to the end; for you will love this wonderful prince, and will not want to leave him.

His story is one of the bravest and sublimest struggles in history; a struggle against tyranny and wrong and terrible oppression, for freedom—freedom of the mind and body, freedom of country and government. It is the struggle of a small country against a rich and powerful one, and it relates the courage, self-sacrifice, and endurance that brought to the few victory over the many, the triumph of good over evil, the establishment of one more advance-post in the long march of the race.

The soul of this reserved and yet so generous leader in a desperate cause shone like a white light through the murky atmosphere that surrounded him, and made a radiance that attracted every high nature and kindled every noble heart to response—a light that shone on unfaltering through incredible loss and suffering, and that finally flooded his whole country with a tender and lovely dawn.

At his death, and he was assassinated, even the little children wept in the streets, and tears ran down men's cheeks, and the sun seemed dark at noontide. And the tears will be in your eyes, too, and sorrow in your heart, as you read of it all these hundreds of years later.

But it is a glorious story, for all that. Those were hard days, and war was terrible indeed. And battles, besieged towns, massacres, and deeds of blackest cruelty crowd many of the pages. But like a splendid song of indescribable joy is the story of the Prince, so strong, so kind, so utterly untouched by anything ignoble, so full of wisdom, judgment, and honor, unshaken in trouble, and modest in success. A spiritual ancestor of Washington and Lincoln, pure in heart, one of many martyrs upon whom are laid the steps by which the race mounts in its slow ascent toward truth and righteousness.

III. PARKMAN—INDIANS AND PRIESTS

THE third of our historians is Francis Parkman, who took his facts from America herself, and tells the tale of the early settlements, and of the dreadful trials of the Jesuit fathers who came, mostly from France, to convert the savages to Christianity. There are several series, concerned with various aspects and periods, but they are all as thrilling as anything Mayne Reid ever wrote, brimming with adventure and excitement.

The extraordinary courage shown by these priests seems almost incredible. They would sometimes escape so crippled from torture that they could scarcely stand upright, and yet, after a short rest in France, they would return to their mission, only too often paying for their daring with their lives. Some of them were remarkable men in many ways, and nothing could be more breathlessly interesting than this beautifully written series upon their work; and the situation of the country in those days, the Indian customs and legends, and the gradual conquering of the savage by the civilized man in those dramatic years are portrayed with spirit. It was the beginning of the change from the wilderness that was to the greatest of agricultural and industrial countries, a story of danger and daring and bloodshed, of wild men and wild deeds.

Flowing and picturesque, Parkman's style leads you like a call. It is difficult to realize that he was himself a great sufferer, and that much of his writing had to be done through dictation. But it was in these old times that his real life lay, and in his books we get a conception of what has gone to the building of America, of what lies behind the security we now enjoy—a picture as living and clear as though it were the work of an eye-witness.



THE MOON-MIST QUEEN AND
"LITTLE BOY."

A DREAM JOURNEY.

BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

THE Moon-mist Queen came down one night
From the Land of a Silvery Star,
To ask "Little Boy" if he 'd care to go
On a flyaway trip afar.

He sat cuddled up on his small white bed,
Staring with wondering eyes
At the beautiful lady who asked him to go
On a journey up in the skies.

She lent him a pair of gossamer wings
Of shimmering silver and white;
Then holding his hand, away they sailed
Out into the starlit night.

The big round world grew small and dim,
Their harbor was still afar;
When Little Boy turned to look again,
He found his earth but a star.

She gave him a drink from the Milky Way,
In a dipper of silver and blue
Chained to the sky with links of stars,
Kept cool in morning dew.

A queer old woman who sat on a broom
Swiftly passed them by.
"To sweep cobwebs," the Mist-Queen said,
"Out of the evening sky."

They were going to visit the Man-in-the-moon,
When they sank in a cold, damp cloud.
The beautiful lady disappeared,
And Little Boy cried aloud.

With wet wings limp, he began to fall
Into dark and bottomless space;
A saucy comet swished its tail,
And dared Little Boy to race.

He steadily fell on—down, down, down;
The wind blew through his hair;
His teeth were a-chatter with fright and cold,
And he gasped for a breath of air.

HE quite forgot what came between
The bump—and his awful roar,
When Mother, softly coming in,
Lifted him from the floor.



"HE BEGAN TO FALL."

She gently soothed his frightened cries,
And kissed his poor bumped head,
Wiped Little Boy's sleepy tears away,
And tucked him again into bed.

She sat awhile and held his hand,
Then left a low light dim,
And in the morning when
he awoke—
The sun laughed
down at him!



"THEN HOLDING HIS HAND, AWAY THEY SAILED
OUT INTO THE STARLIT NIGHT."

Tolanche U Fisher

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

JAMIE'S WAY

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

JAMIE was four years old, and little Mary, who lived next door, was four, too. She was a dear little girl, with such a happy face, and she always wore such pretty, bright butterfly bows on her dancing brown curls. Jamie was very fond of her, and they had many good times playing together.

When February came, Jamie's school-girl sister began to talk about valentines, and he was very much interested, for he had been too little before to remember about them. One day Sister brought home a lot of beautiful valentines from the store, and a big pile of envelopes, and the dearest little box of heart-shaped seals, to make favors for her valentine party. Jamie was a careful little boy, and Sister let him lay the pretty things all in a row on the table and look at them as long as he pleased.

"Play they are all mine, and I'm going to send them!" he said, clapping his hands. "Play this one with the birdies is for you, and the white rose one for Mother, and that pinky one is for Mary, 'cause she likes pink. Oh, could n't I send Mary a valentine—a really one?" he asked.

He had not thought of that before.

Sister laughed and hugged him again and again. "Of course you may, you surely may, deary," said she. And she really gave him the pretty pinky valentine for his very own.

"May I go right over and give it to Mary now?" asked Jamie, dancing up and down and showing all his dimples.

"Why, no," said Sister; "that is n't the way! I'll put it in an envelop, with a pretty heart seal, and write Mary's name on it, and we'll put it in the mail-box to-night. Then when the postman gives it to her in the morning, she won't know who sent it."

"Oh!" said Jamie, surprised. He would have liked to ask, "What for?" but people always laughed when he said that, which was pretty often. So he just thought; and the longer he thought, the more he wondered. Why, half the fun of giving presents was to watch and see how pleased people looked when they opened the bundles! It did seem silly to send that beautiful valentine to Mary, and not have her know it was from him; silly, and rather sad, too. Big people had some very queer ideas. Jamie did not like it. He really felt very much tempted to send his own valentine in his own way. It would n't be exactly like "not minding," because it did n't matter to any one but Mary and himself, and he was sure she would feel just as he did about it.

He was sitting very still, holding the valentine and thinking hard, when through the window he saw little Mary run out on the porch next door, to call her kitten. He looked at Sister; she was busy putting seals on her envelopes. He looked at Mary; she did n't have her outdoor things on, so she would stay on the porch

only a moment. Jamie drew a long breath, slipped quietly out of the room, catching up his cap as he went through the hall, and managed to turn the knob



"HE HANDED HER THE BIG ENVELOP THAT HELD THE VALENTINE."

of the big front door and open it. Mary was just about to go in at her front door, but at his call she waited, and then started down the steps to meet him.

He handed her the big envelop that held the valentine. "Here's a pretty valentine," he said. "And it's from me!" he cried, all rosy and smiling.

"Fank you," said little Mary, smiling back at him. She peeped, and gave a pleased little "O-o-oh, Jamie!" as she saw the pink and gold glory within, and Jamie felt very happy as he ran home again. He thought about Sister's plan, and wondered again what fun there could be in all that! He must hurry back and tell her that his way to give valentines had been the right one, after all.



SCATTERED NEWSPAPERS AND TURNED UMBRELLAS.

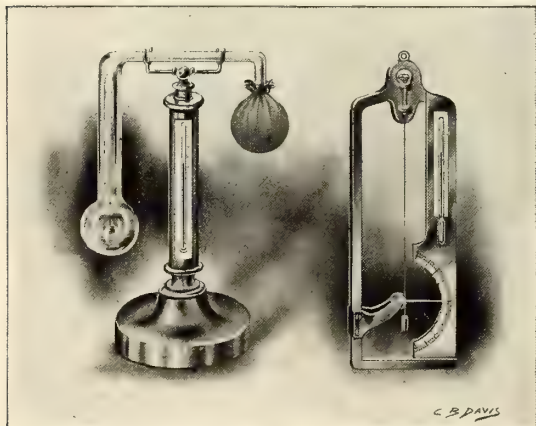
The March wind in the city is portrayed by our artist in this heading.

The wind in the country is thus portrayed by the poet Bryant:

"The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies."

WHY THE WIND BLOWS

THE wind, like other things of every-day life, rarely invites notice, unless it is unusually "high,"



Daniel's hygrometer.

Hair hygroscope.

INSTRUMENTS FOR MEASURING THE MOISTURE (HUMIDITY) IN THE AIR.

In the first the moisture acts on the air in the bulb. In the second it changes the length of the hair, and that is registered by the pointer.

and rarely do we hear the questions, "Why does the wind blow?" "Why does n't the wind blow?"

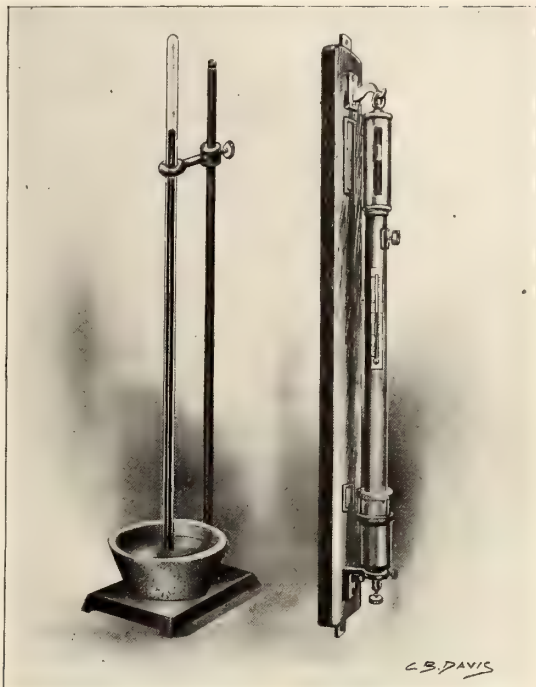
What is this wind that rushes "out of the nowhere into the here?" Why should it blow at all, or why sometimes so gently and at other times with the resistless force of the hurricane?

The wind could have no power, it could not even exist, if the air had no weight, this weight having been shown to be about thirty-one grains for each one hundred cubic inches of air. When air is put in motion the effect is like that obtained by throwing a ball against an object. The harder you throw the ball the harder it will strike, and the greater the number of balls thrown at one time the greater will be the force of the blow. When the wind is blowing, it strikes what it blows against, and the harder it blows (that is, the greater the speed of the air) the harder it will strike against the resisting object.

What causes the wind to blow or why the air should be in motion is not easy to explain. Simply stated, it is caused by the tendency of hot air to rise, and thus to form a partial vacuum into which the cooler surrounding air rushes, in much the same way as water will rush downward to seek its level. If the earth were smooth, if it did not rotate, and if there were no sun, the air would be motionless. When the sun shines on a wide space of the earth, the air of that region becomes heated, this great volume of warm air rises, and the cooler, heavier, surrounding air flows in to take its place. As the earth rotates, there tends to be formed a ring of heated and rising air with currents inflowing at the bottom

and at both sides. This is the condition that prevails near the equator and causes the trade-winds that blow so steadily. The rotation of the earth causes the wind south of the equator to flow toward the northwest, and that north of this line to flow toward the southwest.

If, to the presence of the sun and to the rotation of the earth, are added the irregularities of the earth's surface, the presence of oceans, clouds, and variations of temperature, sufficient cause has been found to explain the movement of air currents over the globe. Many of these currents are due to purely local causes. The land-breezes and the sea-breezes, for instance, are due to the regularly varying temperature of day and night in those places where there is a large body of land next to a large body of water. These winds blow toward the land during the day and toward the ocean at night. The land is made hotter by the sun during the day than is the water; for the heat of the land is all near the surface. The heat penetrates deeper into the ocean, and hence more is stored up. The earth, being warmer by day, naturally causes an ascending current in the air above the hot place, while the descending current will be over the ocean, where the cooler air from the upper regions flows downward and toward the land to fill the place left by the ascending current. At night the thin layer of heated earth quickly cools, but the heat stored in the water now starts an upward current of air, and the wind blows from the land. The hotter the ascending column of air, the more rap-



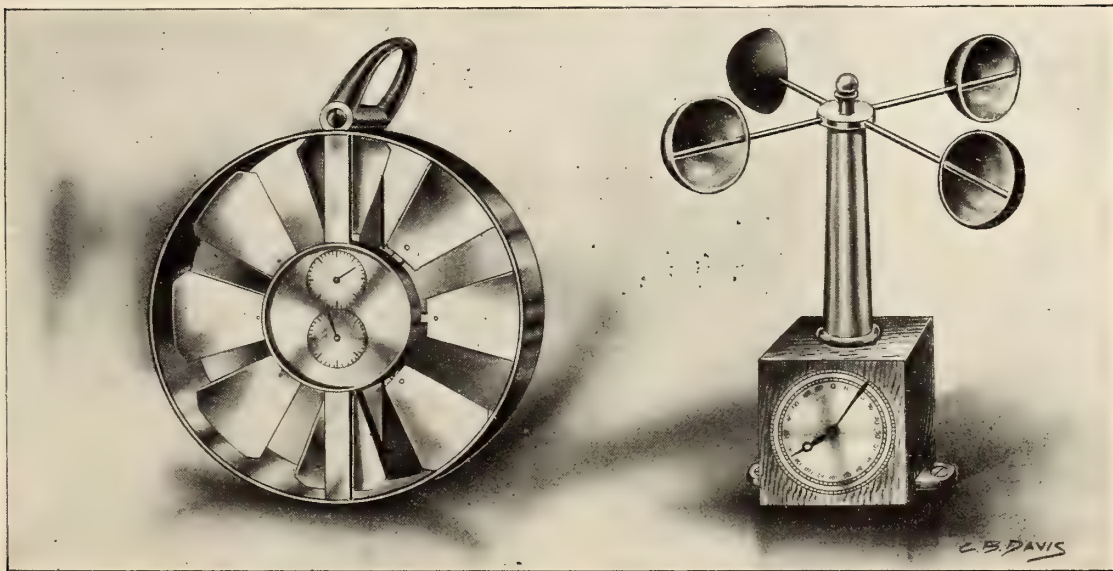
Original type of barometer,
mercury in a glass tube.

A modern mercury barometer.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SHOWING THE WEIGHT OF AIR.

The greater the weight of the air, the more it forces up the column of mercury.

idly it will rise, and the more rapid must be the cool current, to keep up with the increased speed of the rising current and take its place.



Biram's anemometer.

Robinson's anemometer.

INSTRUMENTS FOR INDICATING THE SPEED OF MOVING AIR.

The wind makes the blades or cups revolve (as in a "windmill") and the speed is marked on the dial as is time on a watch.

These huge ascending and descending columns are many hundreds of miles in diameter, rarely less than six hundred miles across and sometimes five times as much.

A noted peculiarity of the wind is that it does not blow directly toward the warm, ascending column like smoke from a room to a chimney, but approaches spirally, turning from right to left in the northern hemisphere and from left to right in the southern. This spiral course is caused by the rotation of the earth, as already mentioned.

The most terrible winds are the hurricane of the West Indies and the typhoon of the China Sea. These are similar storms with different names. The hurricanes start to the eastward of the West Indies and travel westward at a speed of about thirteen miles an hour. On reaching the islands they usually turn northward, skirt the South Atlantic States, and then vanish to the northeastward as ordinary storms. They are on a large scale patterned after the little whirlwinds so often to be seen above any dusty road on hot days. The sun heats the air above the road till suddenly the hot layer next to the earth drains away upward with the characteristic spiral whirl from right to left as shown by the whirling of the dust as it is borne aloft.

COLOR-CHANGES AMONG FISHES

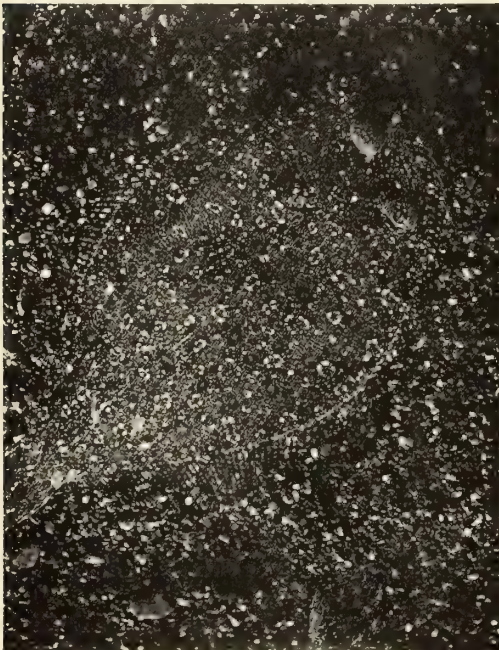


FIG. 1. A FLOUNDER ON SAND.

DR. F. B. SUMNER tells us of some remarkable studies in color-changes of fishes. He claims

that, while these changes are extremely interesting, they probably have no great value in the majority of cases. He says: "They are 'nervous reflexes,' called forth by some disturbance of the fish, and may be of no more utility to the animal



FIG. 2. THE SAME FISH ON GRAVEL.

than are blushing and various other manifestations of emotional excitement in human beings."

By experimenting he found that certain fishes change their color to correspond with a different pattern of "background," or the bottom of the receptacle containing water in which they swim.

In the "Zoölogical Society Bulletin" he publishes an account of his experiments, from which we quote the following:

"The present writer has devoted considerable study to the color-changes of certain species of flounders, with especial reference to the influence of the bottom on which they lie. The most striking results were obtained from a member of the turbot group, *Rhomboidichthys podas*, occurring in the Bay of Naples. It was found that this fish not only adapted itself to the general color-tone of the background, but to the texture and pattern as well. Thus most specimens not only assumed a very dark shade upon a black bottom and a very pale shade upon a white bottom, but exhibited one color-pattern upon sand (Fig. 1), another upon fine gravel (Fig. 2), and yet another upon

a bottom of small stones. A number of entirely artificial bottoms, such as variously painted strips

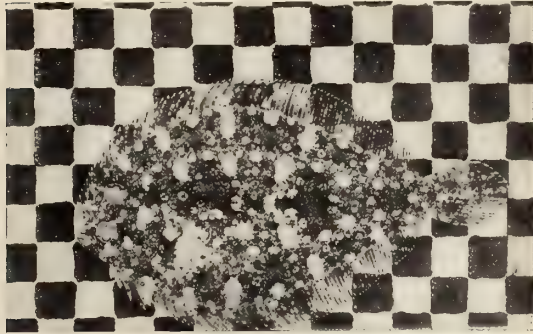


FIG. 3. ANOTHER SPECIMEN ON A CHECKERED BOTTOM. Figs. 3, 4, and 5 are different views of the same single fish, though a different specimen from that shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

of glass, were also employed in these experiments, sometimes with rather surprising results. For example, the skin patterns were found to vary both with the relative *amounts* of black and white in the background, and with the *degree of subdivision* of the areas of the latter. Comparison of Figures 3 and 4 will illustrate this point.

"Now this capacity of the fish to adapt itself to different backgrounds, although at times very striking, was restricted within certain definite limits. In general, brilliantly colored backgrounds seemed to be beyond the fish's power of imitation. The animal appeared to be limited almost wholly to the black, white, gray, and brown of its customary habitat."

Though Dr. Sumner regards these changes as of no value in a majority of cases, yet he thinks

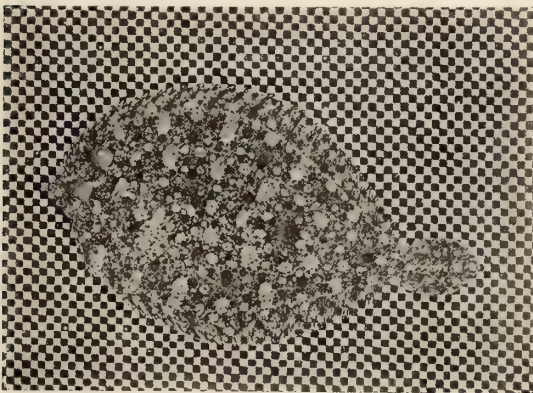


FIG. 4. ON A MORE FINELY CHECKERED BOTTOM. The same fish as in Fig. 3, on a different bottom.

the power of changing color has been developed as a result of use. He argues this point as follows:

"A word in regard to the utility of this power of copying the background in the life of the organism. It is difficult to doubt either that this faculty has some use, or that it has in some way been developed because of its use. The end attained seems to be *concealment* and nothing else. Whether the object of this concealment is primarily offensive or defensive cannot, however, be stated without a greater familiarity with the animal's mode of life. It is not unlikely that both ends are attained, for we know, on the one hand, that flounders devour smaller fishes, and on the other hand, that they themselves become the prey of sharks and other large species."

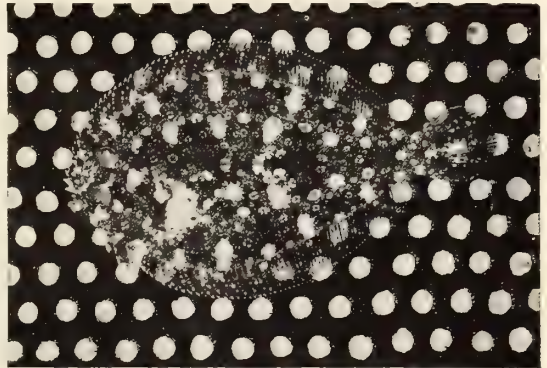


FIG. 5. ON A DOTTED BOTTOM. The same fish as in Figs. 3 and 4, on a different bottom.

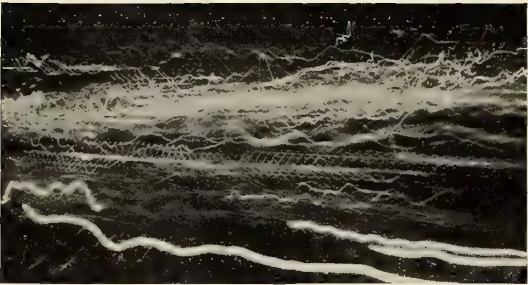
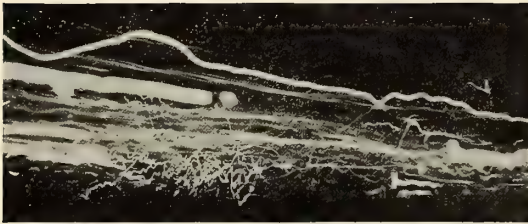
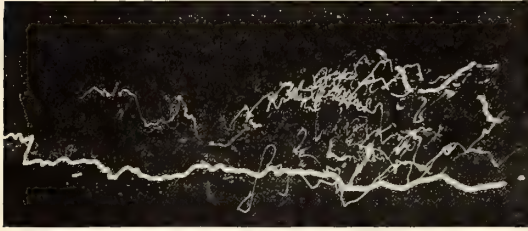
CURIOUS, HOTCHPOTCH, CRAZY PHOTOGRAPHY

THE three accompanying photographs have about the same relation to the camera that "portraits" made by the gob-o'-ink method (a small drop of ink folded within a sheet of paper) have to the paper and ink used. In either case the process is simple, and the results are interesting or even ludicrous and adapted to the application of all sorts of guesses as to what is represented.

Mr. Norman Macbeth explains as follows his method of producing these curious "crazy photographs" of street lights:

"These three pictures show the effect on negatives exposed in a camera which was carried on a street-car going up Broadway, New York City, at about half-past eleven in the evening, and illustrate in a measure the relative number and size of lights in the windows and in front of buildings on the west side of the street between three sections—from Fifteenth to Twenty-second Street, Twenty-fourth to Thirty-first Street, and Thirty-fourth to Forty-first Street. These pictures were very easily taken, as I was seated on

the end of the seat of an open car, with the camera resting on the seat while directed toward the show-windows. The shutter was set for 'Time' and was opened at Fifteenth Street and



By the courtesy of Norman Macbeth and "The Illuminating Engineer."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STREET LIGHTS TAKEN FROM A MOVING STREET-CAR ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Upper—Fifteenth Street to Twenty-second Street; Middle—Twenty-fourth Street to Thirty-first Street; Lower—Thirty-fourth Street to Forty-first Street.

closed at Twenty-second Street. Then a new film was turned into place, and the exposure started just after the car passed Twenty-fourth Street and continued to Thirty-first Street, where the shutter was again closed.

"Had the car run on a smooth track without any jolting or springing up and down, and had the camera been held steadily, all the lines would have been straight across the film, so that these pictures not only show the relative number of lights on these parts of Broadway, but also the unevenness and lack of smoothness in the rails and road-bed on which the trolley-cars run. Each exposure was about ninety seconds, the time taken by the car to run the seven blocks in each section." There were few stops during the exposure.

AN AMERICAN BABY GIRAFFE

How many people have ever seen a baby giraffe? Very few at the best. In all, there have been only four baby giraffes born in the Western Hemisphere; three of these were born at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden. The first two lived but a short time, but the third one, which was born September 1, 1910, in the Cincinnati Garden, is still alive and is one of the prettiest little animals that you might wish to see.

The mother giraffe was as proud of her baby as any human mother would be. She caressed it by placing her long neck on its back, and whenever any of the keepers came rather too close she immediately got near to the little animal and seemed to draw it up toward her. The baby was something like a young colt in the use of its legs, but soon got strong enough to walk around without much trouble.

Giraffes can utter no sound; they are mutes; but the two old giraffes looked on the young one with eyes as full of expression and appreciation as if they had human intelligence, and one scarcely seemed to notice that they made no sound whatever.

The picture shows the little giraffe when it was two days old. It was then five feet, one inch in height and weighed about ninety pounds. It began to grow right away, so that at the present time it measures six feet, six inches. That certainly is a marvelous growth, and a boy or girl who would grow over a foot in four or five months would be considered a most unusual phenomenon. When we stop to think, however, that the old giraffe is almost fourteen feet high, and can reach a foot or two farther by straightening out its head and neck, it is easy to see that the baby giraffe has to do some growing to catch up with its father and mother.

It was n't long before the little giraffe began to smell around its mother's feed-box. Of course the box was much too high for it to eat out of, and in fact is so high that a man can scarcely reach up to it. The keepers at once fixed a little feed-box much lower than its mother's for the baby giraffe, and put a little rolled oats in it. It liked the oats. Sometimes a lump of sugar was placed in the box, and the baby giraffe enjoyed it immensely. Finally, in two or three weeks more, the little animal began to smell around the nice, clean hay that was provided for its mother. The hay was much too coarse for it to eat, and Mr. S. A. Stephan, the manager of the Cincinnati Zoo, arranged with the dealer to secure a regular supply of clover blossoms, at which the little animal nibbled away, and finally began to make a pretty good meal on them. It is now beginning

to eat hay and bran and rolled oats almost the same as if it were an adult giraffe, and it has improved so much in appearance and shows so



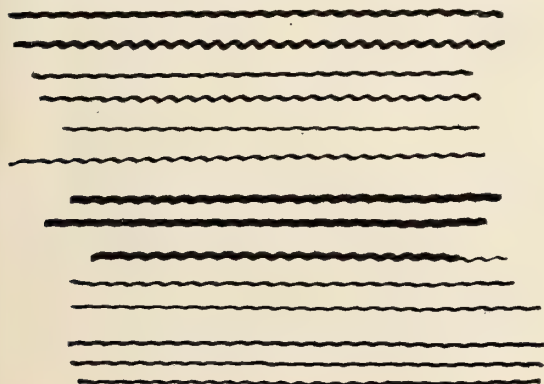
THE BABY GIRAFFE AND ITS MOTHER.

many signs of being healthy and strong that Mr. Stephan, who knows a great deal about animals, expects that the Garden will be able to raise this peculiar baby.

WALTER A. DRAPER.

RULING A WAVY LINE

Our young folks are familiar with the use of a straight-edged ruler to make a straight line, but



WAVY LINES MADE BY AID OF A COMB.

perhaps it may not have occurred to them that a wavy-edged "rule" such as a comb may be used

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for making symmetrical and even waved lines. Mr. A. J. Augustine of Muskegon, Michigan, suggests such use of a comb in producing wavy lines and as an evidence of skill in handling the pen. A few specimens of such lines are here illustrated. Probably some of our young people will like to try this.

AN EXPLOSION OF A POWDER-MILL

I took a picture of my little girl in front of my electrical shop, and after making the exposure placed the camera just inside the door and went on with my work. A short time after that there was a terrific shock, and having heard similar ones before, I knew at once that the powder-mill, three quarters of a mile away at Schaghticoke, had exploded. I rushed outdoors to see it, and, as it was a clear day, noticed what a fine contrast to the sky the smoke made.



A HUGE COLUMN OF SMOKE FROM A POWDER-MILL EXPLOSION.

I instantly realized my camera was at hand, and, snatching it up, rushed to the center of the street, and just as I was about to snap the shutter, a second explosion occurred. It was necessary to wait about two seconds until the gases finished their upward rush, and then I pressed the shutter. Immediately rolling the film, I made a second exposure, but when finished the pictures were not good, as the wind was blowing strongly from the north and the smoke was scattered. This picture was taken about three seconds after the second explosion.

There have been over twenty explosions in these mills in sixty years. The mills are located between two villages, and after this last explosion it cost about twenty-five hundred dollars to repair the church windows in the two places.

D. E. SEYMOUR.

CLAMS THAT BORE INTO SOLID ROCK

ALONG the Puget Sound beaches are stones perforated with peculiar circular holes, as smoothly cut as though an auger had done the work.



THE BORING CLAM IN ITS "REST" IN A SOLID ROCK.

These holes are drilled in the rock by the *Pholadidea*, or boring clam, in many localities erroneously known as the "rock-oyster."

Just how the *Pholadidea* does its boring has been a disputed question, as it works only in places covered by the sea except at extreme low tide, where its actions cannot be readily observed. Some old writers thought it secreted an acid that ate away the rock; others declared that it was by the long-continued action of its foot that the hole was gradually worn into the stone; but it is now generally conceded that the *Pholadidea*

By examining the burrows carefully, one can find evidence of the rasp-like action of the shell. The writer has found minute *Pholadidae* fastened to the rocks, just beginning work, and also buried fully six inches beneath the surface of the ledge.

They enlarge their burrows to accommodate their growth, and obtain their subsistence from the sea-water. They resemble peg-tops reposing in their rock habitations, which they could not leave even if they so desired. J. G. McCURDY.

THE FIREFLY'S LIGHT

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

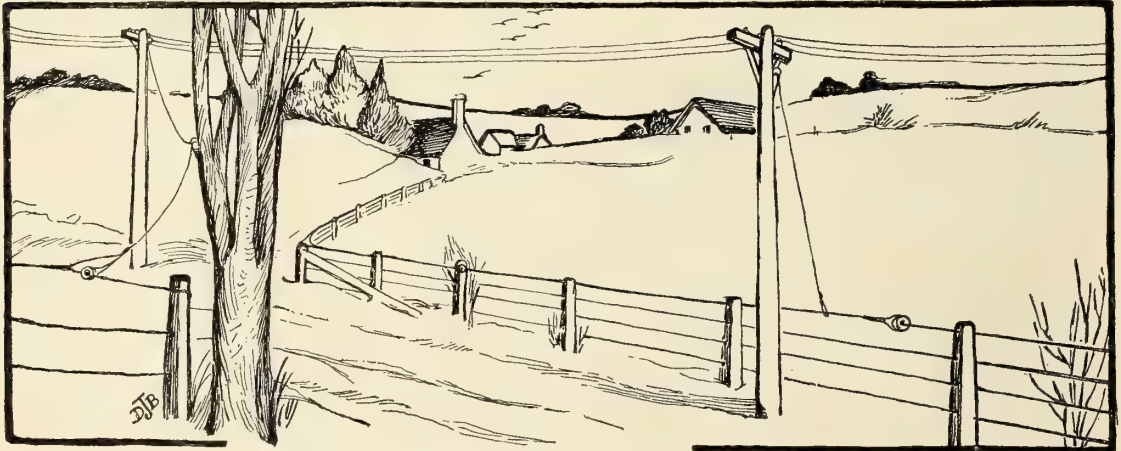
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what produces the firefly's light?
Yours truly, NORMAN KNIGHT.

What produces the firefly's light is a question about which there is still much doubt. The parts which become luminous are of a peculiar composition, and when the oxygen in the air is breathed into them through the little air-tubes, there is some obscure chemical change which produces the light. A Russian observer has found a series of substances which emit light when they are combined with oxygen in alkaline secretion. Something of this kind goes on in the luminous portions of fireflies.—DR. LELAND O. HOWARD.

A NOVEL USE OF A WIRE FENCE

IN the suburbs of Flemington, New Jersey, the farmers have a double use for their wire fences. In addition to the ordinary purposes of a fence, the upper wire is a part of a telephone circuit.

Thus houses located a long distance from the main line are connected with speaking privileges with the distant village. The accompanying



THE WIRE FENCE A PART OF THE TELEPHONE-LINE.

cuts its burrow by the action of its sharp shell slowly revolving about the burrow, clamped to the rock by a sucker-like action of the foot.

sketch by Miss Della J. Barber of Lambertville makes clear how the connection is made between the wire fence and the main line.

? "BECAUSE WE
! WANT TO KNOW"
???????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

THE "PULL" OF A MAGNET

TORONTO, CANADA.

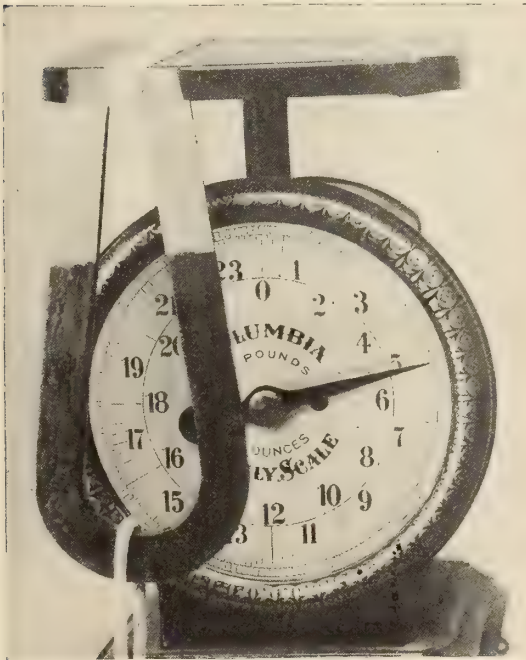
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask a question. Why does a magnet pull?

Your ever true reader,

JACK LAMBERT TERRY (age 10).

No one knows just why or how a magnet pulls. As with electricity, we know only the results of the power and some methods of its use.

However, your inquiry suggested the question of how much a small magnet can pull. To test this, I tied the armature to the "platform" of an ordinary weighing-scale for family use. Then I tied a strong cord to the loop of the magnet, put the cord through a hook screwed to the table, and pulled. When I was not trying to take the photograph I could pull it down to five and three-quarters pounds, and there it broke away. For an exposure of ten seconds I could not hold it steadily enough at a point much beyond that shown in the accompanying photograph.



A MAGNET PULLING FIVE POUNDS.

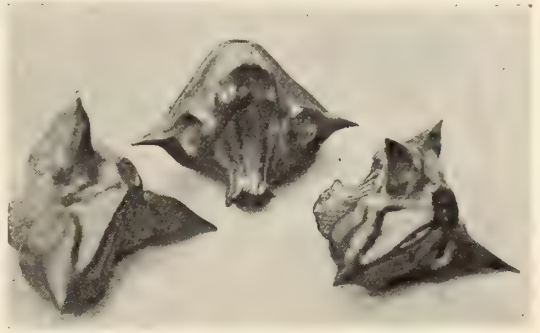
Try it. You will be surprised to see how many pounds merely a little toy magnet can pull.

If one had a series of weights, each not much over five pounds, what a grand total the little "horseshoe" could lift in a series of repeated efforts, each effort being at its limit of power!

THE WATER-CHESTNUTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might be interested in these curious nuts which grow in the river just back of



THE WATER-CHESTNUTS FROM THE CONCORD RIVER.

the house where I used to live in Concord, Massachusetts. They grow near the shore in about three or four feet of water, with roots in the mud at the bottom, and the leaves spreading on the surface of the water. The nuts grow just under the leaves. They have sharp, barbed points, and in October they sink to the bottom of the river and stay there until spring. At one time the only place where they grew in the United States was the Concord River. I knew a young girl in Concord who made them into hatpins and sold them.

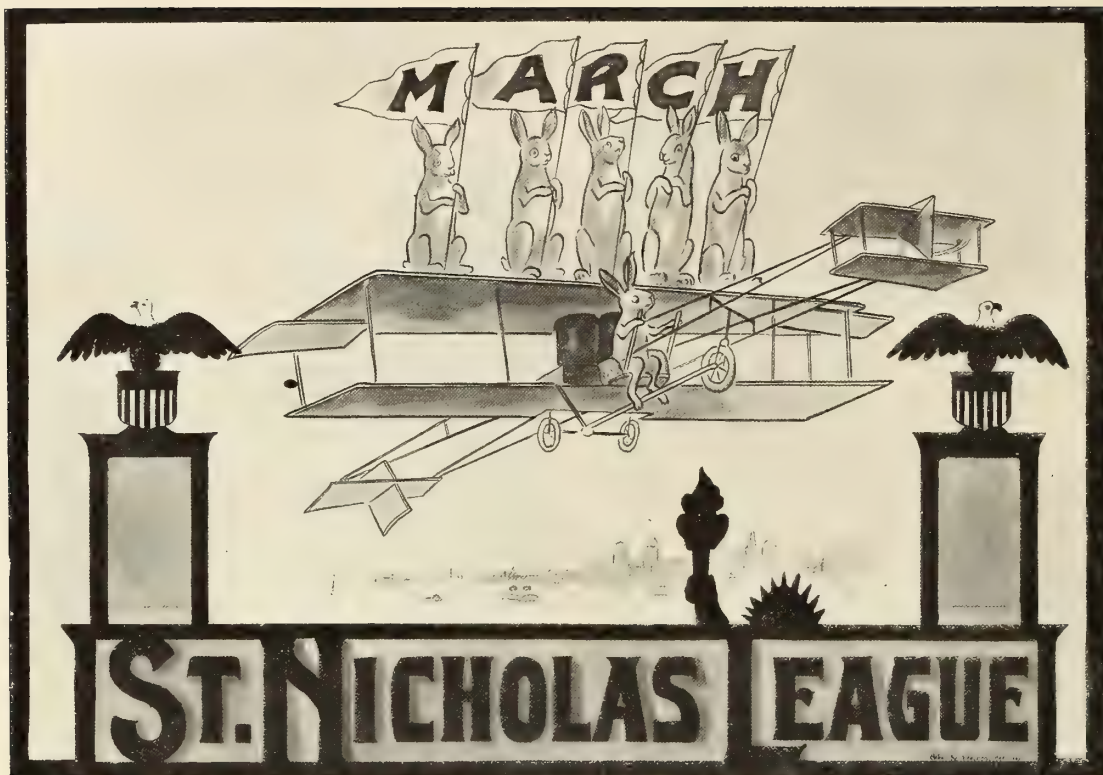
Yours truly,

HENRY K. HANNAH, JR.

I am very glad to know that the water-chestnut (*Trapa natans*) is growing in the Concord River. I have heard incidentally that this is growing elsewhere in a few places in the North, and it is raised occasionally in England in private ponds.

The water-chinkapin (*Nelumbo lutea*) is found in very many ponds and lakes from Massachusetts southward to the Gulf of Mexico.

The nuts of both of these plants are excellent. The water-chestnut is an important food-supply in some parts of the Orient, and the nuts of the water-chinkapin are eaten by boys in America, but they have not been raised as yet for market purposes, although the time is undoubtedly coming when they will be an important part of our food-supply. There are many thousands of acres of quiet waters in America where we can raise both the water-chestnut and the water-chinkapin, and a thousand years from now it is probable that a good part of this water space will be occupied by these plants on the surface of the water, and by cultivated fish beneath the surface.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D., New York City.



"A MARCH HEADING." BY ALBERTA A. HEINMÜLLER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

It is interesting to observe the different ways and degrees in which the subjects assigned from month to month appeal to our League members. Sometimes the best contributions come from the Prose writers; on another occasion the poets or the artists are especially stimulated. Again, the season of the year will be favorable for the taking of exceptionally good photographs. Last month, for instance, the Prose contributions called for especial commendation, while this month although all classes in the competition are of a high average, yet the Drawings rather rank above the Prose, Verse, and Photographs. This does not apply alone to the contributions which are here printed, but also to the greatly larger number which, unfortunately for lack of space, we have had to omit. While it is to be expected that one class of contribution should, at times, outrank the others, it is a matter of great

satisfaction to the League Editor that the average of all the classes should be so high as in this number.

Again, we must call the attention of those members, who have failed to read the previous notices, to the limitation that, in the Wild Creature Photography Competitions, we must omit from consideration all photographs of animals that live in zoölogical gardens, city parks, and forest preserves such as the Yellowstone Park, etc. The very objects of the competition are to oppose the slaughter of game, and to encourage the "shooting with a camera" instead of with a gun. It is against the law to shoot an eagle, a bear, deer, or buffalo in a zoölogical garden or the Yellowstone Park, but it is a most creditable achievement for a young photographer to obtain a good snap-shot of a real "wild animal" roaming at liberty, and yet humanely let the creature live to enjoy its native wildness.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 133

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Marie Fisher** (age 17), Washington, D. C.; **M. Holly Mallett** (age 16), Berkeley, Cal.; **Betty Alden Weston** (age 11), Pittsfield, Mass.; **Frances K. Renney** (age 17), Medford, Mass.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Mildred A. Botsford** (age 17), New York City. Silver badges, **B. W. Cresswell** (age 14), Coventry, England; **Doris Rosalind Wilder** (age 10), Denver, Colo.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Alberta A. Heinmüller** (age 17), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **George P. Lindberg** (age 14), Corona, N. Y.; **Jerome H. Lindheimer** (age 14), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Paul Florent Allais** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Edward A. Taylor** (age 10), Haverford, Pa.; **Helen Chase Woods** (age 14), Glencoe, Md.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "B" prize, **Fred Spiegelberg, Jr.** (age 14), New York City.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Henry Courtenay Fenn** (age 16), Auburn, N. Y.; **Eloise Hazard** (age 10), Albion, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Marian Shaw** (age 15), Scarsdale, N. Y.

THE SEASONS' WINDS

BY MARIE FISHER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

THE spring, the summer, the autumn, and the winter winds breathe a different spirit. The March wind puffs through the dead grass, looking for violet leaves, bluffly rustles brown leaves close over the red shoots of the columbine, and the next minute whips up to the tree-tops, roaring a challenge and defiance to spring. The April wind is different, and we are sure that arbutus and violets would not venture out without knowing that she would not chill them. Indeed, they love the April wind, as we have often seen them rocking to it in ecstasy.

The summer wind is born in a hollow where wavering sunlight dapples the ground. The breeze sweeps softly over green corn-fields, glides along a river-bank grown thick with willows, touches warm-hued fields, and passes into the distant blue. It bears the thin thread of the cicada's tiny drum on its wings awhile, until the cadence dies.

The October wind is a wag who sometimes murmurs to the last roses, and sometimes sings loud and free in the tree-tops, sending the red leaves scurrying. One morning, as we walked to school, the October wind was blowing gloriously. He called me to go out to the bridge and look at the maples and oaks in the valley below. Above me the oak leaves were clear red, with the sun showing through them, and the sky was swept clean of clouds. The wind brushed my shoulder and tried to lift me up to the sky.

The winter wind is pleasantest when we are settled beside a crackling fire with that book we wot of. We listen to the wind's wailing outside, and enjoy our

Sheltered house,
With fiery-painted walls.

A WINDY DAY

BY M. HOLLY MALLETT (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

AFTER having had two weeks of delightful March weather in Cairo and up the Nile, we started early one morning by train for Alexandria, thence to return to our steamer.

A sand-storm started up in the night, coming from the desert. It was rainy, and the little mud villages we passed here and there as we sped rapidly by were scarcely discernible in the clouds of sand. The palm-trees, swaying back and forth, looked as if they would be uprooted or break.

As we approached the port the waves were leaping very high, and as we came to a standstill the water dashed in all the open windows of the train, drenching the people as well as the cars.

In the distance was our steamer, but we were all wondering how we could get out to her in the tenders provided for that purpose.

We got off the train, and oh, how cold it was! The wind seemed to rise higher, and it was difficult to keep from sailing off ourselves, much less to keep our hats from blowing away. Besides, it was raining and penetratingly cold.

They insisted upon our staying outside, saying that the train was going to pull out, which it did not do.

The tenders went out once or twice, but could not get near the steamer. Finally some one suggested that they try the barges, which had been loaded with baggage. They unloaded them, and then by taking about a dozen people at a time found it was possible to board. We got in, and although we were quite wet, as the waves came right over the barge, and we bobbed up and down for some time at the side of the vessel, we finally reached the gang-plank, and my! were n't we happy to reach the *Arabic* safely!

VENTUS ACER

(A Sonnet)

BY MILDRED A. BOTSFORD (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

ESCAPED from Winter's land of ice and snow,
O wild March wind, you harbinger of Spring,
Again you come into our lives, and bring
The promise that, ere long, the buds shall blow,
And streamlets ripple on with quiet flow;
The boughs, which now your icy currents fling
About, shall soon have many birds that sing
Among their leaves, and winds shall whisper low.
Thrice welcome, bluff old prophet of fair days,
Bright sunny climes, and joys that are to be!
For when sweet Spring appears upon the lea,
And waves her magic wand, and deftly lays
Her finger on the earth, and skies grow blue,
Forgot shall be our season spent with you.



"A WINDY DAY." BY PAUL FLORENT ALLAIS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A WINDY DAY

BY BETTY ALDEN WESTON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THREE summers ago my father rented a cottage at what is called in my town "The Lake." I thought, before I went there, that I knew what a high wind was, but I found I did n't know a thing about it. We had a good many wind-and thunder-storms that summer, but the one I am going to tell about was the worst. About eleven o'clock one

morning Mother called to me to close the windows because there was a storm coming. When I looked out I saw a great black cloud coming over the lake, not in the usual way, but whirling around and around. It was frightful.



"A WINDY DAY." BY EDWARD A. TAYLOR, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

The wind soon struck the house, and chairs were blown from the piazza. Boards from a cottage being built near by were whirling through the air. The rain was pouring into the house between the rough boards of the walls. The house shook so I was frightened and asked Mother if she thought the house would blow away. She laughed at me. All of a sudden there was a terrible crash. Mother thought the roof had blown off. We rushed up-stairs and found that the top of a tree that stood near by had fallen on the house and a big limb had come through the roof onto my bed. The limb had to be sawed off to get it away.

The storm lasted only about twenty minutes, then the sun came out bright as ever; but we found strange things had happened. The wind had picked up boats and canoes and dashed them to pieces. A sofa was blown from a piazza into the water. In the Y. M. C. A. camp, near by, tents were blown down, and in one two little children were all alone. At the boat club trees were blown across the trolley tracks, and the wires were broken and on fire. Across the lake other trees were blown out by the roots. In lots of other places damage was done, but I did not see it, only heard about it.

THE WINDFLOWER

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

The wind sighs soft in the chimney,
The embers are dying low,
And oh! I am tired of winter,
Of pitiless ice and snow.

Oh, hark! From memory's garden
Comes music of flower bells,
Like songs that are half forgotten,
Or secrets that no one tells.

The roses that come in the summer,
Chrysanthemums, sweet with fall,
And every bright flower of the garden,
I yearn for them, one and all:

The quaint little face of the pansy,
The sweet-pea's bonnet bright,
And the dreaming, flaming poppy,
Sweet causes of pure delight.

But the wind sighs soft in the chimney,
And I know it longs most, with me,
For one glimpse of the wind's own flower,
Pale, little anemone!

A WINDY DAY

BY MARGARET BARTLETT (AGE 14)

LAST summer, while at our country home on the island of Nantucket, I was awakened early one morning by a sigh and somebody saying, "Oh, dear!" I sat up and saw that my friend who was visiting us was looking out of the window toward the bay. I also looked, and what I saw was certainly dismal. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and it was raining.

We had planned a sailing "cruise up the harbor, but of course we gave up all thought of it when we saw the weather. After breakfast who should walk in but the captain of the sail-boat. He told us to put up a little lunch and get our oil-coats and sou'westers on and we could go out for a real rough sail. Well, we went and had a fine time. It was very rough, and we went bobbing up and over the waves, and every once in a while a big spray of water would be thrust in our faces. We lighted the oil-stove in the cabin and had a cup of good hot coffee and a few other things for luncheon. After we finished our lunch we went out on the deck, and, to our great surprise, we saw that the rain had stopped, the sun was shining, and the wind had let up a good deal. We sailed into Polpis Harbor and went



"A DOE." BY FRED SPIEGALBERG, JR., AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS "B," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

ashore. There were scallops everywhere. They would move about by clapping their shells open and shut. They lay in the seaweed, and sometimes when we put our hands down to get them they would pinch our fingers. We gathered half a pailful and took them home with us.

Although the day started out to be rainy and windy, it turned out to be the pleasantest day we ever had.

A DEFINITION OF THE MARCH WIND

BY DORIS HUESTIS (AGE 15)

A MASS of chilly, moving air,
Blowing branches everywhere,
Making earth look cold and bare.

THE WIND

BY B. W. CRESSWELL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

TOSSED where the wheeling sea-birds fly,
 Is the foam from the ocean's breast,
 And the white-sailed ships go scudding by,
 By the wings of the winds caressed.
 Tall-masted ships sail on alone
 With thee across the main,
 Or else their gallant timbers groan
 Before thy hurricane.



"A WINDY DAY." BY HELEN CHASE WOODS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Ceaseless the wild siroccos blow
 Across Italian skies,
 Or the shrill nor'easter, whistling low,
 O'er dale and moorland sighs;
 Or, weirdly rustling, sweeps as chords
 A thousand leafless trees,
 The harp that nature e'er affords,
 The "Minstrel of the Breeze."

Ever it hurls to left and right
 Mountains of ocean spray,
 And chases the cloud-banks out of sight
 Along the heavenward way.
 Zephyrs that fan ten thousand shores,
 Despite the flight of time,
 Regarding none but nature's laws,
 Roll on unchanged, sublime.

A WINDY DAY

BY MITTIE CLARK (AGE 15)

LAST October we were staying at Garden City for a while. During our stay the International Aviation Meet was being held at Belmont Park, not far from Garden City.

We selected a nice, brisk, sunshiny morning to go to the meet. We rode down to Queens, and there we waited until half-past one, the time for the meet to start. But since morning a rather stiff breeze had sprung up, and it was rumored about that there would be no flight. We walked over to a high barb-wire fence and tried to see if any of the aeroplanes were out of the hangars, but none could be seen.

The wind was blowing furiously, and it chilled our already cold limbs.

Just at this time it started to drizzle. One little boy, who felt rather proud at being the only one with an umbrella, walked out in the center of the field and there sat down with the umbrella over him. But he only remained comfortable for a short time; the umbrella turned inside out, and there the little fellow sat, with every eye on him.

But it did not drizzle long. As the rain stopped, the wind increased. One boy's hat blew over the fence, and the poor boy had to climb the barb-wire fence to get it. His sister tried to aid him, but her dress was blown toward the fence, and there it hooked; but she managed to unhook it, and the boy returned with his hat.

It was announced that there would be no flights that afternoon, so we returned to Queens and waited, for over an hour, in all the wind and cold, for our train.

And we never went to Belmont Park again on a windy day.

THE WIND

BY DORIS ROSALIND WILDER (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN is the great wind restless?
 'T is in the winter cold,
 He comes with long robes trailing
 Snow and ice o'er the wold.



"A WINDY DAY." BY GEORGE P. LINDBERG, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

When is the great wind restless?
 'T is in the spring so warm;
 Birds will not long be nestless,
 Flowers will find no harm.

When is the great wind sighing?
 When the light is dim,
 When the day is dying,
 Sings he a mournful hymn.

When is the great wind doleful?
Moaning among the trees,
With a voice so sad and soulful
Its autumn melodies.



"THE CONQUEST OF THE WIND." BY EDWINA G. HALL, AGE 16.

A WINDY DAY

BY FRANCES K. RENNEY (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

OUT of doors the air was sharp and biting cold. Overhead was a sky marred by black clouds stretching in unbroken lines. The wind was blowing wildly, and the tall trees bent their heads and sighed. Lying along the ground were twigs, branches, telegraph-poles, and shingles; here and there a door, and one or two monarchs of the wood. Racing in great whirlwinds of color down the path were autumn leaves. We were in the grip of a hurricane.

Inside in the old library of the colonial house I sat and pondered o'er the many weird and blood-curdling stories associated with its former inhabitants. The fire in the open grate burned cheerfully, but not for long, for a puff of the blast put it out. I laughed softly, and it was echoed through the house with a groan. The shutters rattled and banged; the door cracked on its hinges; the stairs creaked as if some human beings were playing tag up and down them, and yet I knew I was alone in the house. At that instant a terrible blast shook the entire building, blowing out the candles and overturning a chair.

Suddenly a horrible shriek burst upon the still air and died away into an uncanny silence. Standing before me was a tall white form, its chains clanging on the floor; its feet were naked — it was without a head.

I turned quickly and ran screeching from room to room, not daring to glance back, expecting every moment to feel a cold, icy hand on my bare shoulder.

At last my voice returned. "Well," I exclaimed, "what can I do for you?"

A flash from a lamp was the answer. Before me stood Cousin Tad. Then I understood — it was Hallowe'en.

THE WIND

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

SOMETIMES it gently sighs,
Beneath the clear blue skies,
In the spring.
Sometimes it bends the grasses
In ripples, as it passes,
On the wing.

Sometimes it tosses high
The autumn leaves that fly
All around.
It blows the rain in sheets,
Till like lead bullets it beats
The ground.

In winter, when it snows,
The tiny crystal flakes it blows
In flurries.
It gets merry, angry, sad,
But, as though some task it had,
It mostly hurries.

THE WINTER WIND

BY HELEN MAC LEOD (AGE 16)

THE wind, on this sharp, icy day, had chosen for his particular rendezvous the widely exposed slope of pavement which led from the college chapel to the dormitory. The cement was thinly coated with a layer of solid ice which the industrious wind had now swept entirely clear of all particles of snow, leaving it smooth and brilliant like glass. Occasionally, a few scattered fragments of snow from tiny ridges that edge the walk tumble at random across the frozen surface, coaxed and toyed at by the masterful wind.

Down the hill-slope, the brown, dead trees stand like mournful skeletons. Through their bare branches, the wind rushes madly, with many a whoop, shaking them until the icy covering which curls around the bark falls with a hollow, clinking sound to the snowy surface below. Back again he sweeps across the frozen sidewalk, shrieking a challenge to any foe who might appear.

A girl, bound with furs, and wearing an immense, flat-brimmed hat, steps gingerly around the corner of the chapel. The wind, whooping joyfully, at once seizes her skirts and whips them frantically about her ankles. Her rumples in confusion the furs about her face and lashes her eyes with the blinding sting of particles of ice, and she scoops up her hat and swirls it sidewise, leaving it swaying there like an unbalanced swingboard. With a little titter of terror, the girl disengages one hand and waving it madly as a means of steadying herself, she patters and scurries with short, uncertain steps down the slippery slope.



"A WINDY DAY." BY WALTER K. FRAME, AGE 14.

We hear the wild howl of the wind as he turns back to seek new victims, and it makes us sigh for the balmy season of summer, when this merciless tyrant, Sir Wind, is not flaunting his supremacy over every hill and plain.

THE WIND

BY JENNIE KRAMER (AGE 16)

"HELLO! is that you, Nan? Yes, is n't it windy? Can you come for a walk with Jack and me? Think you can? Please hurry. Good-by."

Nan hurried to Kate's home, then the three—Nan, Kate, and Jack—left the house.



"A WINDY DAY." BY GERTRUDE HALL, AGE 15.

"It's great walking on a windy day," said Jack.

"It is fun," assented Nan.

"And healthful," finished the practical Kate.

Just then they were enveloped by a great gust of wind, which deposited a scrap of paper in the large bow of Kate's bonnet.

"Ho! Kate, the wind has a message for you," exclaimed Jack, and took the "message" from his sister's hat.

"Why, it's a note. Let's open it."

"Do you think," asked Kate, "that it would be very nice for us to open it? It is not meant for us although we did find it."

"Well, it may contain something of importance, and we would be doing the writer a favor by opening it," replied Nan, bursting with curiosity.

Thus setting Kate's conscience at rest, they proceeded to open the paper. This is what they read:

MY DEAR MR. STELTON: Elly is seriously hurt—fell from the carriage. Come home at once.

JOHN.

"What shall we do?" asked Nan.

Jack whistled and threw his hands into his pockets. "There's no address on the paper. It was evidently given to a messenger boy, who lost it."

Nan smiled at seeing Jack turning detective.

"I have often heard Father speaking of Mr. Stelton, so let's go to the office and tell him about it," advised Kate.

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So off to Mr. Harnes's office they went and told him the whole story.

"Yes, I know Mr. Stelton very well," said Mr. Harnes. "The best thing to do is for all of us to jump into a carriage and make him acquainted with the facts. It is too bad, however, that we must bring him this sad news."

"Papa," asked Kate when they were inside the carriage, "is Elly Mr. Stelton's daughter?"

"Yes. Elly, you see, has no mother, so her father is twice as dear to her. Well, here we are"; and telling the girls and Jack to wait while he went up to converse with Mr. Stelton, Mr. Harnes left the carriage. He returned in a very few minutes and told his listeners that Mr. Stelton was both surprised and very much shocked to hear of the accident, and he promised to let them know of Elly's condition.

It was just one week later that our friends were discussing their walk and its consequences, when the door-bell rang and Mr. Stelton was admitted, with a tall, pale girl at his side.

"This is Elly, my dears, and she has already thanked the wind for giving her three new friends."

A WINDY DAY

BY THELMA L. KELLOGG (AGE 15)

THERE was not a ripple on the surface of the lake when Eleanor pushed off from the float in her little rowboat, the *Rough Rider*. It was a cool day in October, and as she was going home the next day, Eleanor wished to spend a few more hours on the lake.

Eleanor was just sixteen, and for six years she and her father and mother had been coming to Lake Kwasind to spend the summer and the fall. Having become expert in



"A WINDY DAY." BY JEROME H. LINDHEIMER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

the use of the oars, she was allowed to go rowing whenever she wished.

For about two hours she alternately rowed and drifted about the lake, until, becoming tired of rowing, she tied her boat to a neighboring buoy and, settling herself among the cushions in the stern, was soon deeply interested in a book which she had brought with her. Soon she was

aroused by the rapid darkening of the sky, and turning and looking up, she saw an ominous black cloud rolling up from the north.

Eleanor realized that she was in a dangerous position, and, hastily unfastening her boat, seized the oars and began to row. When she was about half a mile away from the

boat-house, the storm was upon her. The wind lashed the waves into a perfect fury and threatened to upset her little craft at any moment. But, true to its name, the *Rough Rider* stood the strain gallantly while Eleanor battled on through the wind and the rain.

Her strength was almost gone when she looked over her shoulder and saw the boat-house near at hand. Then came the struggle. To land she must turn the boat into the trough of the waves. Round came the boat, and, tossed by the angry waves, the *Rough Rider* plunged

toward the float. One wave washed the cushions and book overboard; the spray from another struck her full in the face. The cold water seemed to invigorate her, and with several long strokes she reached the calmer waters in the lee of the boat-house. Five minutes later the waves raged in vain. Eleanor was safe.

A LEAGUE LETTER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Until I actually *saw* that beautiful silver badge you sent me, I could n't feel quite sure that it was mine at last. I'm not one of those fortunate Leaguers who are successful with the first few trials, but now that I really am a silver-badge winner, the prize is all the more precious to me for all my "Try, try again" efforts. Before this, their highest reward had been the First Honor Roll, while the Second had been wonderfully encouraging. But now—oh, it's *impossible* to express the delight and gratitude to you which I feel *now*! And the badge is so "stunning," too. I'm sure the sight of it would spur the most indifferent and laziest of our League members on to greater efforts. My highest ambitions are aroused now, and the "gold badges" will have to be lively to escape my frantic and greedy clutches for one of them too—so much nearer has their humbler silver brother made them seem. Our family (in my name) has taken ST. NICHOLAS for six years or more. There are four of us between fifteen and ten, and, as we are all just "crazy about ST. NICHOLAS," you can easily imagine the mad monthly riots we have over you—and the League is the favorite department. Of the stories we all like the Barbour serials, "The Nonsense Boy," and "The League of the Signet-Ring" particularly well. My brother is much interested in your articles for boys and—but Edgar

is going to write himself to tell you about the tent he made (and slept in last summer) from a ST. NICHOLAS article of several years ago. I'll have to stop now if I wish to entertain any hope of seeing this published, but I'd *like* to fill several more pages with "Thank you's"—and each one would be heartfelt. You'll have to read between the lines the depth of gratitude which is felt by

Your interested and encouraged League member,
FANNY TOMLIN MARBURG.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Stella Green
Mildred Roberts
Pauline Nichteuser
Doris Swift
Alice H. Newlin
Fritz Korb
Bessie R. Gregory
Marion Meeker
Anita L. Dalberg
Agnes Davidson
Winona Jenkins
Lois E. Butler
Eleanor P. Stabler
Della M. Houston
Hattie A. Tuckerman
Margaret Warburton
Charles Harold
Harrison
Mary Daboll
Ellen Collier
Ruth Hamilton Hoyt
Winifred Sackville
Stoner, Jr.
William G. Hennessy
Lorraine Ransom
Ida F. Parfitt
Ivy C. Meloon
Rose A. Sniffin
Dorothy Watkins
Katharine Barry
Margaret Paterson
Elizabeth Gardiner
Dorothy M. Rogers
Alice Parker
Velona B. Pilcher
Ida Mae Syfrit

Mary Swift Rupert
Paula Pagelow
Helen Bull
Winifred M. Dodge
Mary Jerome
Mary Burgoyne
Harriet S. Bailey
Elsie Terhune
Katharine Bowen
Edith Levy
Harriet H. Burns
Hilda Eisinger
Dorothy L. Greene
Frances Gosling
Marian F. Vreeland
Edythe K. Clark
Margaret Hay
Adamick
Douglas Ellis
Doris Raphael
Marjorie O. Calkin
Margaret van
Haagen
Mary B. Reeves
Anna Laura Porter
Joe A. Troy
Laura M. Hoffman
Marcella Tibbitt
Bertha Titus
Kathleen C. Brough
Mildred Crouse
Christopher Noble
Alice Card
Eleanor Hayden
Martha Kirsten
Katharine Spicer
Miriam R. Small
Naomi Lautchheimer
Irving Clark
Henry J. Huschle
Elizabeth Jenkins

Ruth Elise
Rosenthal
Grace Noerr Sherburne
Anita G. Lynch
Marion E. Stark
Alice Trimble
Bruce T. Simonds
Doris F. Halman
Norah Culhane
Lillie G. Menary
Hildegard Halliday

VERSE, 2

Ethel Warren Kidder
Dorothy Carroll
Birdseye
Lenore Ginzburg
Fred Malkmus
Ruth Starr
Frances Tranter
Kathryn L. Morgan
Anna Charap
Catherine Urell
Beryl M. Siebert
Florence Reynolds
Flora McD. Cockrell
Doris H. Ramsey
Dorothy Stockbridge
Frances Marion
Joseph
Elsie Whipple
Marion K. Valentine
Helen Louise
Dudgeon
Alice Phelps Rider
Gwendolyn V. Steel
Eugene Scott
Clara Putnam
Sadie Cadoo
Margaret Stanley
Brown

PROSE, 2

Elizabeth C. Carter
Eileen Avery Hughes
Emily P. Noble
Elizabeth Finley
Rachel Sutherland
Commons
Marian Thannouser
Esther Jackson
Dorothy Hopping
Harriet H. Miller
Maurine Loonan

VERSE, 1

Eleanor Johnson
Eleanor Maria Sickels
Frances Crosby
Hamlet
Dorothy Elaine Lucas
Ruth MacClure
Peters
Louise Eaton



"A WINDY DAY." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Grady Vien
Rebecca Hubbard
Wilder
Theresa Guralinck
Anna Esther Botsford
Dorothy Peters
Margaret M. Barker
Mary Lee Thurman

Hannah G. Roach
Helen Finlay Dun
Walter F. Hopkins
Rowena Lamy
Winifred Ward
Theresa R. Robbins
Elizabeth Johnston
Ruth Hoag

Erna Ball
Morris Thomas
Julia Williamson Hall

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret Foster
Ruth Sreatfield

Alison M.
Kingsbury
Adele Noyes
Amy M. P. Smith
Dora Guy
Eleanora Bicasoli
Lydia Gardner
Ruth Ripley
Katherine E. Keeline
Margaret Farnsworth
Bodil Hornemann
Rosella M. Hartmann
Mary Ruddy Clifford
Margaret Osborne
Julia M. Herget
Margaret F. Foster
Dorothy Seligman
Helen G. Hendrie
Walter J. Baiza

DRAWINGS, 2

Harrison B. McCreary
Louise F.
Dantzbecher
Katharine H.
Seligman

Bert Koepcke
Laura Barker
Bessie Colomb
Mildred E. Mahoney
Mary Horne
Dorothy Graves
Clement
Virgil H. Wells
Jennie A. Wilson
Katharine B.
Stewart
Pauline Floyd
Carl Peterson
Laura E. Hill
Gladys Mead
John Hilzinger
Frances Hale Burt
Marie F. Maurer
Muriel Avery
Helen F. Morgan
Charles Hippchen
Marion Robertson
Beryl Morse
Dorothy Hughes
Mary Christine
Culhane
Winifred Worcester

Dorothy Deming
Jack Newlin
Henrietta Hunt
Henning
Margaret Bennett
W. J. Margerison
Marshall Williamson
Malcolm McGhie
Robin Hill

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Josephine Ranlet
Harold Cornish
Helen Aldrich
Roswell May
Dorothy Hall

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret B. Coup
Thomas N. McCarter,
Jr.
Eleanor Parker
Frederick Lowell
Jack Hyde
Frances Carrington

LATE. Louise Henry De Wolf, Harry S. Stewart, Stanton Buckhout.

NO AGE. Constance Allen, Joseph Kaufman, Gladys Cole, Kenneth Bradley, Edith Radis, Harold E. Stansbury, Morris Thomas, Rose Schwartz.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Milton Eliscu, Mary Zeitlin.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Helen Ashton, Carroll T. Mitchell.

WRONG SUBJECT. Margaret E. Graham.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 137

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 137 will close **March 10** (for foreign members **March 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **July**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "My Country."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Best Way to Celebrate the National Holiday," or "A Fourth of July Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Trees in February or March."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something in the Schoolroom," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **July**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A WINDY DAY." BY JENNIE EDITH EVERDEN, AGE 11.

Phyllis Horton
Melville P. Cummin
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Bertha Tilton
Marjorie R. Odell
Frank Macdonald
Margaret Brate
Marion Bullwinkle
Dorothy Brossant
Grace M. Korth
Helen D. Baker
Josephine Witherspoon
Margaret Hanna
Velma Dorothy
Hooper
Henry Herzog
Marjorie M. Frink
Margaret V. C. Ogden
Alfreda C. Lewis
Beatrice Grant
Kathleen S. Rutter
Adrianna Bayer
Edgar Marburg, Jr.
John B. O'Grady
Delma V. George
Peter Turchon
Park N. Darrow
Martha Zeiger
Minna H. Besser
Ethel M. Shearer
Winifred Almy
Maitheol H. Wollcombe

Marjorie Williams
Gladys Livermore
Katherine W. Smith
Martha de Maris
Louis K. Rutkay
Merrill de Maris
Christabell E. Guy
Barbara Streatfield
Jessie Samter
Constance Newell
Edith Ballinger Price
Caroline Cox
Helen Oakes
Elizabeth Weld
Corina C. Ely
Grace Jarvis
Beatrice Wineland
Kathryn R.
MacMahan
Mary Shannon
Webster
Barbara Carper
Leslie Cooper
Di Streatfield
Esther C. Lanman
Edith Maurer
Roberta Tener
Elizabeth Smith
Marjorie S. Ordway
Cornelia Hayman
Dorothy M. Lyon
Paulyne F. May

Alexander Scott
Virginia Carrington

PUZZLES, 1

Katharine Earle Carter
E. Adelaide Hahn
Stanley Daggett
Dorothea Flintermann
Duane R. Everson
Harriet Henry
Palmer W. Griffith
Marian R. Priestley
S. B. Dexter
Putnam F. Macdonald
Helen Crocker
Carl Albin Giese
Louie Macdonald
Prudence K. Jamieson
Muriel Stewart Falk
Adelina Longaker
Thérèse H. McDonnell
Samuel Brenner
Margaret Barber
Katharyn Turner
Kathleen Murphy

PUZZLES, 2

Philip R. Nichols
Elizabeth Winston
Roy Elliott

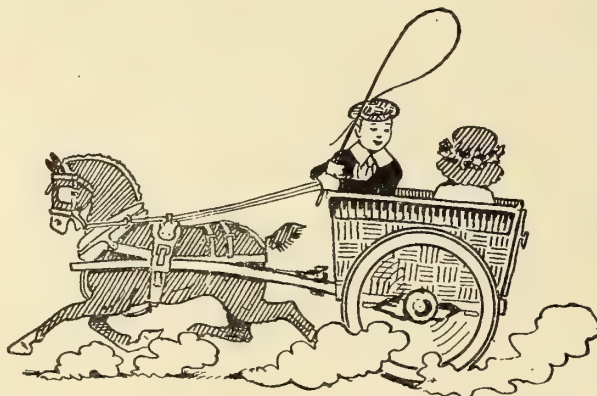
ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

NOT INDORSED. Charlotte Lange, Schuyler Hazard, Jr., Dorothy Beard, William Smith, Dorothy Scrimgeous, Helen Dougherty, Warren O. Langdon, Berenice Langton, Katherine Delaney, Harry R. Tilt, Genevieve Gatcombe, Helena Adamowska, Donald Walter Earle.

TOMMY AND HIS SISTER AND THEIR NEW PONY-CART

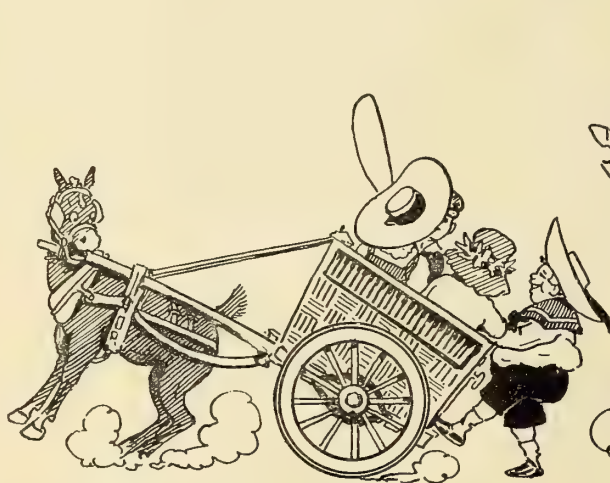
BY DEWITT CLINTON FALLS



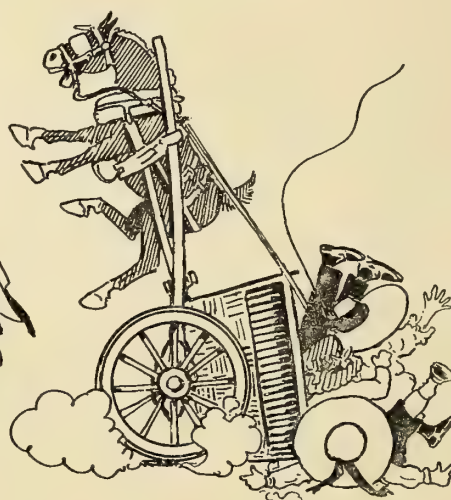
Tommy took his sister out in their new pony-cart for a ride.



They met a little friend very soon, and asked her to ride, too.



Then Billie came along and of course they had to invite him.



But they had forgotten how fat Billie was, so their ride ended very suddenly!

THE LETTER-BOX

BUTLER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you only since May, yet I have read you for four years. I think that St. NICHOLAS is the best magazine there is for boys and girls.

Butler is a town of eighteen thousand people, situated in a valley. This town is in an oil and gas region of Pennsylvania. Much money is risked in drilling for oil. In traveling through the county, we saw many wells; but few were working. Sometime ago a man struck a well that produced four hundred barrels a day; but such luck is n't common.

Your interested reader,
ALMA M. SCHOCK.

GATUN, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received you for a Christmas present for two years.

I live at Gatun, Canal Zone, on the Isthmus of Panama, and I don't think it is bad down here at all.

There is only one high school on the isthmus, and it is located here, for Gatun is one of the most important places on the zone; this is where the first locks are going to be, and they are almost finished now.

I will stop now, as I must n't write too long a letter.

I am still your interested reader,
JOSEPHINE REID (age 10).

EDWARDSBURG, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a beaver on our place, and a few days ago I saw fresh beaver works in the middle of the pond. I believe I will let that beaver stay in there for a while and see what he does. We have had a beautiful fall, but my mother is afraid that the trails will close before long and we will be shut in for eight months.

The mail will come in next month with dogs, and the carrier's beard will have icicles an inch long. He never wears an overcoat and is in a profuse perspiration when he reaches our cabin.

When I go out on my skees, I wear a little cardigan jacket and fly like a bird over the hills. Everything looks so beautiful after the first snow, for the trees look as if they are covered with white feathers. The mountains look so much higher in the winter-time, and at night when the stars come out, it makes you feel you are out of the world.

My father is out at Lardo, but I expect him home soon.

My mother and I are alone now and generally alone during the winter.

The forest fires did not come very near us last summer, but raged all around us, and at night we could see smoke rolling over the mountains.

I am just learning to use the type-writer.

I am a boy eleven years old, living out here in these hills, and don't know much of the outside world, except what I learn from books and papers. Our cabin is full of books and I read a great deal, as I have no companions to play with.

I have a little black puppy, he is a very pretty little fellow. I named him "Shep."

Since I hurt my foot my mother can scarcely get along without me, for she has so much work to do; she has to feed the chickens and cat and dog, and then do the cooking.

Guess what I saw this morning—a flock of geese. In the flock there were about twenty-five or thirty—there may have been more than that. The flock made a triangle

and other kinds of shapes. The geese stayed all morning, and at last they went on their journey south, for the winter. Next spring they will come back.

If I don't close soon, my letter will be too long.

Your reader,
NAPIER EDWARDS.

IGNACIO, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Colorado girl. I live down in the corner of the State where there are plenty of Indians.

The Indians are odd. They wear frightful colors. The men wear their hair in two braids, one on each side; they do very little work, because the Government gives them eatables and money once a month.

The women wear shawls on the hottest days in summer. They carry their babies in frames on their backs.

I am eleven years old, and I am in the fifth grade.

I look forward to the St. NICHOLAS from month to month.

Your constant reader,
RUBY WILLIAMS (age 11).

FORT LISCUM, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you although I have taken you five years and have been a League member two years.

My father is an army officer and so was ordered up here to Alaska.

There are only six children in the "post," and I am the only girl. My brother and I go to school in Valdez—a frontier mining town across the sound—and they have a very good school for such a town.

The school-house is wooden, and they ring a large bell to begin the school hours with. It started in August so that in winter when the snow is up to our second-story windows we have a vacation.

The post is on Prince William Sound, in a little cove with high snow-capped mountains on three sides.

I am afraid this letter will be late as the mail-boats don't go down to the States very often, but maybe it will be in by the 15th.

Hoping this is not too long, I am your loving reader,
SUSAN P. HADSELL.

OVERDENE, CLARENDON CRES., TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for three years, this is the first time I have written to you. I always enjoy re-reading the back numbers.

I have a pony whom I call Merrylegs. She is hardly more than a colt, but very sensible and gentle. She is terribly fat because she eats all her straw beds, but she can go when she wants to. She is partly hackney and partly Welsh. I go for a drive every afternoon I can; and in school-time she brings me home, and then I have lunch and then go for a drive. I am going to learn to ride soon.

One summer we had her in the paddock and she came before we had put up a fence, and so we put a rope across, and every time we turned our backs for an instant, the little villain put her head under and tried to get into the garden. Once she succeeded only too well. She came cantering up and ran into Mother's cherished flower-bed, and after having trampled it down to her satisfaction, she darted through the hedge on to our neighbor's lawn, leaving her footmarks all over. (Her feet are very pretty, but still—!) Having run all over their lawn, she lay down in the road, which is

gravel, and had a delightful roll! This was *too* much! Mother telephoned to the people at the boarding-stable at which we had kept her through the winter, and they came up and took her to the stable. Later, however, we got a fence put up and Merry had a lovely time capering about and getting her neck all white paint from stretching her head over the fence to watch us.

With best wishes for a long life,

From your interested reader,

HELEN BURNETT (age 11½).

LAS VEGAS, N. MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have now taken you for two years, and I like you better every month.

I so enjoyed "The League of the Signet-Ring" and the "Betty" stories, while my little brother thinks there is nothing better than the "Brownies."

I only live about an afternoon's ride from Santa Fé, one of the oldest towns in America.

I have been there several times, and have seen the oldest church and rung the oldest bell in the United States.

I saw the room in which Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." The wall-paper is covered with figures made by the Indians.

When one of my eastern friends was here, she thought it a very queer sight to see the burros (donkeys) go by loaded with wood and driven by dark-eyed Mexicans in wide Spanish sombreros.

Your interested reader,

RUBY JEANNETTE SPIESS (age 12).

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

MY DEAR, GOOD OLD ST. NICH.: Instead of sending a contribution this month I shall write a long-planned letter to you. First of all I want to thank you for that beautiful silver badge you awarded me in the Prose competition in the April number. I was all surprise and delight when I received it. You cannot imagine how proud I am of this prize, all the more as I have learned all my English from my sixth to my twelfth year, the time we were living in America, and I visited the school in Chicago. I certainly do acknowledge the receipt of the badge. For five years we have been living out at our home here, in one of the suburbs of Dresden; and it surely is beautiful here! But all the same I must say I still prefer the "land of the free" to Germany, and doubtless we shall be back there in two or three years again. Dresden is a very pretty town, with all its old towers and buildings, some of them dating back to the thirteenth century. Of course I know all these buildings, the interiors, I mean, and I especially love to visit one of them, that is, the Zwinger, now Dresden's Picture Gallery, which contains many beautiful old Italian and Dutch masterpieces of art. If you walk down one of Dresden's main streets you are quite surprised to hear almost only English spoken, so many foreigners, especially Americans, visit and live in Dresden. At first when I heard this I almost forgot I was in Europe. Since we have been living here I have also seen quite a bit of Germany. I have seen the old quaint town of Bremen, the industrial town Leipsic, Berlin, and its castles. In Berlin I was even lucky enough to meet the Emperor and to ride close beside him in our carriage. Then I have been at the Baltic Sea, which reminds me a good deal of Lake Michigan; and in the beautiful forests of Thuringia, with all its old fortresses and castles. Besides I have seen everything in the vicinity of Dresden and have been in Saxon Switzerland, where the scenery is certainly grand: all these large and high sandstone rocks in all their different shapes, the narrow passes between the rocks, the caves in the rocks and the waterfalls; I think the Alps could not be

more picturesque. But now I must put a close to this letter or else I fear it will be too long.

Once more thanking you for the badge and the honor of putting my name on the Roll of Honor for puzzles (you know I seldom receive my magazine in time to compete in the other departments as I should like to, as it comes from England and first goes through the hands of two other book-sellers in Germany before it comes to our book-agent here; and then I always send in puzzles as I should not like to miss a competition) and for all the fun and pleasure you give me while reading you, I am,

Your devoted reader,

HELEN DIRKS.

NEWARK, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for a year and enjoy reading the stories. There was one in the December number, "The Little Girl-Magnet," I liked very much; it was so "true."

Yours sincerely,

ANNE HAYNE.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you for a Christmas present, but I have already learned to like the Letter-box. I have not seen a letter from here yet.

Every year, the Saturday before Easter, the city has an egg hunt in Vallamont Park, which I live near. They hide the eggs all over the park, then at a signal the children make a great rush. There are a few prize eggs and the children who get them are entitled to a prize given by the different stores of this city.

I have been sick lately, and I certainly enjoyed the St. NICHOLAS then. Your interested reader,

EDITH A. MILNOR (age 12).

TILTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and think you are great. I think that Mr. Barbour's stories are fine.

We have a large winter and summer camp on Lake Winisquam. Many people say it is not much of a camp because we have hardwood floors and steam heat. We expect to have electric lights next spring.

My favorite sports are horseback-riding, skating, snow-shoeing, skeeing, tobogganing, tennis, dancing, and swimming.

I have a few pets. They are, three dogs, one cat, a horse, and a colt.

Last summer we went yachting quite a lot on Lake Winnesaukee. The name of our yacht is *The Flying Yankee*.

I had the most fun camping with four or five other girls and wearing for our uniforms gymnasium bloomers and middy blouses. We ate at camp and slept in tents at night in the woods.

Your loving reader,

MARJORIE MOSES (age 13).

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the last four years I have taken you, since I have commenced high school. I am just sixteen years old, and both my sister and I have decided to become enrolled as League members. Will you enroll me with her?

Your stories interest me greatly, and I have spent many pleasant hours reading its contents. I have made an aeroplane, on the order of the one printed in your number; and your Nature and Science is just fine.

As soon as I get my badge, I shall try in one of your competitions.

Thanking you in advance, and hoping to be able to win many prizes, I remain your true reader,

ALFRED J. ENNIS.

A decorative title banner for "RIDDLE BOX". The text is in a large, bold, serif font, set against a dark, textured background that resembles a piece of wood or stone. The banner has a rough, torn edge and is held up by two metal brackets on the left and right sides.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

O dear me, that I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree.

BIOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Johnson. 1. Jackson. 2. Bonheur.
3. Johnson. 4. Spenser. 5. Emerson. 6. Madison. 7. Lincoln.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Harrison, Buchanan. Cross-words: 1. Heighten. 2. Calendar. 3. Currency. 4. Adorable. 5. Atchison. 6. Deceased. 7. Duration. 8. Bulletin.

HEXAGON. George Washington. 1. W. 2. Fan. 3. Gusto. 4. Ether. 5. Orion. 6. Range. 7. Gaged. 8. Extra. 9. Ton. 10. N.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Kansas; third row, Topeka. Cross-words: 1. Kites. 2. Alone. 3. Napes. 4. Speak. 5. Ankle. 6. Stale.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Sward. 2. Wager. 3. Agree. 4. Reeds.
5. Dress. II. 1. Laced. 2. Abide. 3. Civil. 4. Edict. 5. Delta.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10 from "Midwood"—Rebecca E. Meeker—Edna Meyle—Mariory Roby—Marian Shaw—Adelina Longaker.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10 from T. L. Reynolds, 2—J. B. Hyatt, Jr., 2—Eula R. Hussey, 7—John M. Stevens, 6—Mildred Lockwood, 3—Frederick W. Van Horne, 8—E. A. Watson, 1—D. Clark, 1—P. Brooks, 1—F. B. Keser, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

MY primals give the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of an English astronomer born in March, 1750.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To dash together with noise and violence. 2. Sun-dried brick, used in primitive dwellings. 3. A wanderer. 4. Imaginary monsters or hideous giants of fairy tales. 5. A beautiful shrub. 6. Pertaining to Ireland. 7. A pearly substance which lines the interior of many shells. 8. Uniform.

F. S. F.

GEOGRAPHICAL BEHEADINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. Triply belad a city of New York, and leave a county of England. 2. Triply behead a city of Maine, and leave a vase. 3. Triply behead a city of New Hampshire, and leave string. 4. Triply behead one of the United States, and leave while. 5. Triply behead a city of Massachusetts, and leave a weight. 6. Triply behead a city of New York, and leave some. 7. Triply behead a small town in Columbia County, Georgia, and leave a feminine nickname.

When rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a peninsula of the Western Hemisphere.

ELOISE HAZARD (age 10).

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

BEHEAD five letters and curtail five letters from 1. A prison, and leave in printing, half an em. 2. In a sentimental way, and leave human beings. 3. In an interesting way, and leave a superlative suffix. 4. Many-branched, and leave a sign of the zodiac. 5. Indissoluble, and leave

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born."

COMBINATIONS. George Ross. 1. Go-at. 2. Elect-or. 3. Off-set.
4. Ram-part. 5. Gross-beak. 6. Ear-nest. 7. Read-just. 8. Over-
turn. 9. Seam-stress. 10. Sham-rock.

SQUARE WITH OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS. I. 1. Honed. 2. Opera.
3. Never. 4. Erect. 5. Darts. II. 1. D. 2. Pro. 3. Drone. 4.
One. 5. E. III. 1. S. 2. Ito. 3. Stone. 4. One. 5. E. IV. 1.
E. 2. Art. 3. Error. 4. Tot. 5. R. V. 1. E. 2. Art. 3. Ergot.
4. Top. 5. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Custard.
2. Horatii. 3. Almanac. 4. Roebuck. 5. Lineage. 6. Eastern. 7.
Seasons.

FEBRUARY ZIGZAGS. Washington, Longfellow. From 1 to 9, Valentine; from 10 to 16, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Waverly. 2. Caballo. 3. Selling. 4. Shoeing. 5. Inn-life. 6. Instate. 7. Griddle. 8. Stencil. 9. Overjoy. 10. Unscrew.

the sun. 6. Making better, and leave a conjunction. 7. Prescience, and leave the present time.

The initials of the seven remaining little words will spell a name famous in American letters.

HENRY COURTENAY FENN.

WORD-SQUARE

1. To advance. 2. To venerate. 3. Pertaining to a sovereign. 4. To desire strongly. 5. A feminine name.

G. D. F.

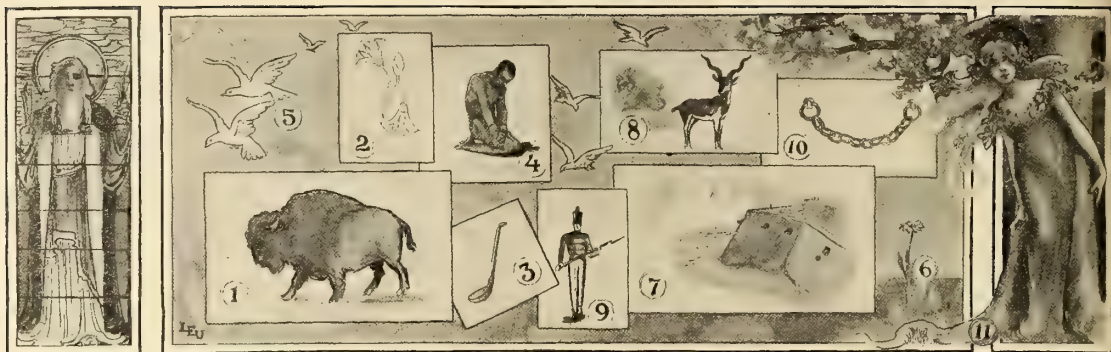
A QUOTATION RIM

A circular arrangement of numbers from 1 to 16, forming a magic square pattern. The numbers are arranged in four concentric layers:

- Outer Layer (Clockwise from top):** 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
- Second Layer (Clockwise from top):** 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.
- Third Layer (Clockwise from top):** 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
- Innermost Layer (Clockwise from top):** 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

READING ACROSS ONLY: 1. In debt. 2. To hasten. 3. A small town in Pembroke County, Wales. 4. A boat race. 5. One who abstains. 6. To make. 7. Something that startled Robinson Crusoe. 8. Like an ogre. 9. A river of France. 10. A masculine name popular in New Haven. 11. In debt.

Rim of diamond, from 1 to 20, spell a warning, given a great many years ago, to a prominent ruler in Italy who has been credited with great ambition. G. D. F.



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects are rightly named and the words written one below another in the order numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a day in March on which a certain bishop is brought to mind.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-six letters and form a quotation from Emerson.

My 10-34-29-45 is a dangerous animal. My 17-1-38-15 is to remain. My 36-3-19-33 is a vegetable. My 26-13-23-7 is cunning. My 43-39-31-21 is to please. My 9-42-12-46 is a decree. My 24-44-14 and my 20-2-32-28 are each an article of dress. My 35-16-4-37 is a steel instrument. My 6-8-30-25 is suffrage. My 40-27-22-11 is a large plant. My 18-5-41 is a plaything.

SARAH SMITH.

CONNECTED OCTAGONS

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      * * *
    * * * *
  * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * *
  
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LEFT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. An animal. 2. A thick fluid. 3. The nest of a bird of prey. 4. To corrupt. 5. Encountered.

RIGHT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. Came together. 2. A feminine nickname. 3. Void. 4. An appellation. 5. A valuable organ.

M. G. THORN (League Member).

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a very famous song.

1. A school. 2. A monarch. 3. To spot. 4. Open and bold. 5. A breed of large dogs noted for strength and courage. 6. Equity. 7. A piazza.

AUGUST J. HAHN (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

TRIPLY behead and triply curtail, 1. To subdue, and leave something to hold molasses. 2. Frightening, and leave entire. 3. A carrier, and leave a Japanese coin. 4. People who jabber, and leave three fifths of a small fruit. 5. Adversaries, and leave a unit. 6. A female manager of domestic affairs, and leave to fasten together with needle and thread. 7. A weevil that lays its eggs in nuts, and leave tiny. 8. Beaming with light, and leave termination.

9. Surpasses in learning, and leave a meadow. 10. One who introduces new words into a language, and leave a daily record of a ship's cruise.

Before the ten words have been beheaded, their initials will spell the name of the famous maker of a dictionary; after beheading and curtailings, the initials of the ten three-letter words will spell the name of his famous biographer.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR. (Honor Member).

TRIPLE ZIGZAG

```

  1 . 3 . 5 .
    * . 0 . *
    * . 0 . *
    * . 0 . *
    * . 0 . *
    2 . 4 . 6
  
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The science that treats of citizenship. 2. Ordinary quartz. 3. An angle. 4. Shelves. 5. Pertaining to the nose. 6. A coin.

The zigzags from 1 to 2, from 3 to 4, and from 5 to 6 each name a writer familiar to all students of Latin.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES

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I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A famous old poet. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. Certain distances of length. 4. A happening. 5. Pauses.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A farm implement. 2. Heathen. 3. A variety of quartz. 4. Something admitted. 5. A foe.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A kitchen necessity. 2. A wax candle. 3. A musical drama. 4. Parts of speech. 5. To rub out.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Hurry. 2. A burden-bearer. 3. The poor parts of a city. 4. A city of Florida. 5. A composition.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To go in. 2. Courage. 3. To discipline. 4. To dispossess. 5. Tears.

SUSAN ADGER WILLIAMS (League Member).



When the curtain is down—

Peter's Chocolate is the
best candy to give your friends.

Time to hand in answers is up March 10. Prizes awarded in May number.

LETTER-WRITING COMPETITION

The Judges want you to write a letter to a friend, real or imaginary, in which you describe the virtues of some article advertised in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

The letter should not be very long—about one hundred and fifty to two hundred words will be right; unless you have some particularly interesting anecdote to describe which will take more space.

The Judges want you to be wide awake when you write this letter—*very* wide awake. They want you to make it real—and bright and interesting.

Don't begin the letter until you have sat and thought about your subject—go over all the advertisements carefully before you make up your mind which one to choose, and then write to your friend about it.

You may tell how you used this article yourself; or any other facts that will show that *you understand the claims that the makers set forth.*

Write on only *one* product and make this competition better than any you have ever prepared.

Your friends the Judges get a little boastful sometimes about your abilities, so take care not to disappoint them. Make your

manuscripts just as real as you can, so that each one will be a credit to you as a member of the great ST. NICHOLAS family.

Here are the rules and regulations:—

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

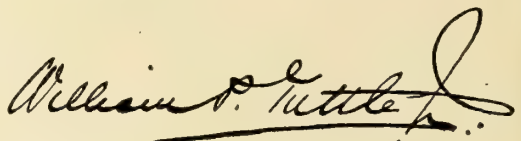
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (III).

3. Submit answers by March 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. III, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



Advertising Editor

(See also page 8.)



Keeping Trouble Out of the Kitchen.

Her pudding is burnt. When hurried and overworked, the woman in the kitchen is sure to have disasters.

Cakes will "fall," pies will bake unevenly, and puddings will burn.

Everything that keeps trouble out of the kitchen helps woman's work.

JELL-O

does that. It **never burns**. It doesn't have to be cooked. It never goes wrong. It saves time as well as trouble.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. A package of Jell-O and a pint of boiling water are all that is needed.

Jell-O desserts are pure and delicious, and beautiful in the seven different colors.

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

The beautiful Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it. A splendid book.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 109

Perhaps the easiest way for the Judges to do would be to publish all your "Circulars" in one great big one—and then the ground would be pretty well covered. You all had good points—but it is not surprising that you found it difficult to touch the point without *explaining* it.

Advertisers, being human, have not much patience you know: they are impressed with a plain statement—but ('Sh—not too loud) they do not read the *reasons* for the statement.

It seems to the Advertising Editor that the three best points brought out are as follows:

The age of ST. NICHOLAS.

The vitality of ST. NICHOLAS.

The tradition and the renewed strength of ST. NICHOLAS.

You may think that these are all the points you mentioned. On the contrary there were many more.

The young person from across the Atlantic who won first prize wrote a beautiful "circular" which was good because it was artless, straightforward, and simple.

It is good to read your words—and to know you find what you need in ST. NICHOLAS.

Maybe some day we will have a competition for you which will ask you to make suggestions to ST. NICHOLAS: telling the publishers of other good features you would like to see in your magazine.

Here is a list of Prize-Winners. The Judges thank *every one* of you for taking part, whether you have won prizes or not.

The names are:—

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Guenn Robertson, age 15, England.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Florence Barnes, age 15, Illinois.

Irma A. Hill, age 13, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Sarah Roody, age 11, New York.

Beryl Morse, age 15, New York.

Angeline Hamblen, age 17, Massachusetts.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Mrs. William H. Robe,—Illinois.

Mrs. E. F. Peters,—Massachusetts.

Cassius M. Clay, Jr., age 15, Kentucky.

Ethel M. Feuerlicht, age 13, New York.

George R. Crowther, Jr., age 14, Maryland.

Brayton Blake, age 11, Massachusetts.

Arthur H. Brown, age 11, Michigan.

G. Taylor Evans, age 12, Ohio.

Eunice G. Hussey, age 17, Florida.

George Alex. Smith,—Missouri.

(See also page 6.)

“All through the life of a feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory’s grave-stones which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds.” — Horace Mann.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

scientifically meets Nature’s demand for the necessary food elements, in proper balance.

Its rich nourishment is in concentrated, partly pre-digested form, supplying the vigor and endurance necessary for the accomplishment of one’s life purposes.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

"The Standard for 60 Years"

POND'S EXTRACT

For over sixty years has stood highest in the estimation of many thousands of discriminating people. Its entire harmlessness, even for children, combined with its great healing properties have made it

The Most Useful Household Remedy

For cuts, sprains, bruises, burns, boils, sore throat, catarrh, etc.

Send for descriptive booklet free.

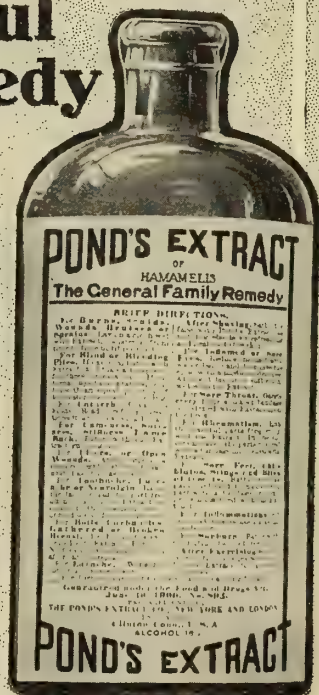
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S VANISHING CREAM

is an ideal, non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jacque Rose fragrance. "Vanishing Cream" effectively promotes that fineness of skin texture so requisite to a clear and beautiful complexion.

Free Sample on request, or send 4c in stamps for large trial tube.

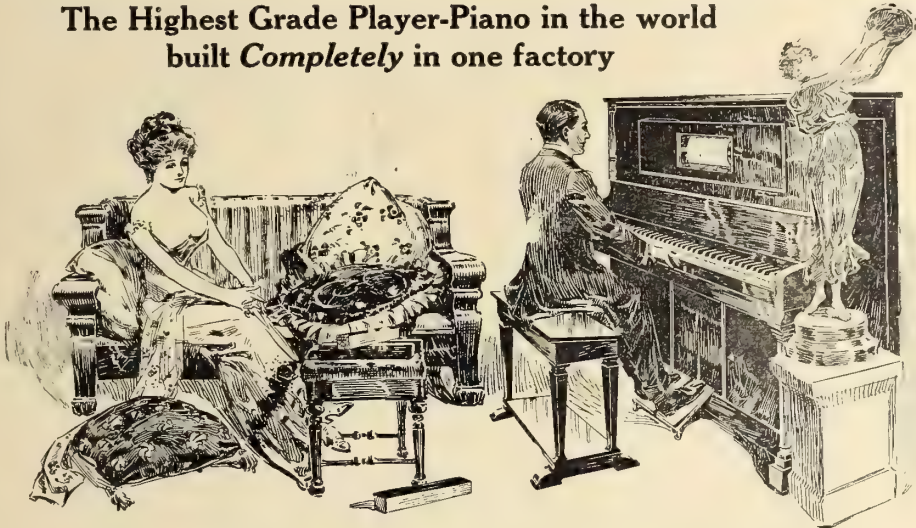
POND'S EXTRACT CO.

Dept. Z 78 Hudson St. New York



The Kranich & Bach Artistic Expression Player-Piano

The Highest Grade Player-Piano in the world
built *Completely* in one factory



Slave or Master, Which?

Anti-Mechanical The Kranich & Bach Player-Piano is anti-mechanical. It is for music lovers—people who can tell by listening if a favorite piece is being tastefully played. The three expression controls and other improvements in the Kranich & Bach Player-Pianos make artistic playing almost inevitable. The intimate spirit of the composition becomes a possible attainment.

For Music Lovers The Kranich & Bach gets as far away from the machine idea as possible. A two-year-old child cannot play this instrument as well as you can, that is, if you are a music lover. True, the keys are operated by a roll of perforated paper, but the expression is for you to dictate. Three melody buttons in the scale divisions. Pearl-like runs, clinging melodies, crashing chords, all are at your command, and seeming to spring from the very soul of the instrument.

You are Master Instead of being the slave of semi-automatic devices, the mere medium of propelling energy, the owner of a Kranich & Bach is master of the mood of each composition. All the pleasing lights and shades of a superb Kranich & Bach piano are truly at the finger tips. It makes individuality in playing possible.

Not "Assembled" It is not an "assembled" product; not a piano containing one of the usual stock player actions as found in various pianos of various grades, but an unified instrument with a special, individual, and original player mechanism—absolutely restricted to Kranich & Bach pianos, and expressly designed and constructed in accordance with the Kranich & Bach ideals of tone, touch, and durability, representing in one instrument a perfectly related union of tone quality and tone production.

In finest San Domingan Mahogany or Circassian Walnut. Equipped with the famous "Violyn" Plate and the other exclusive structural features of the WORLD STANDARD Kranich & Bach pianos.

Sold on convenient terms. Write for descriptive booklet, Prices, etc.

KRANICH & BACH

233-45 East 23d Street

NEW YORK

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

LETTERS VIA AIRSHIP

ONE of the leading stamp journals of America claims to have in its possession a letter received from an ocean steamer by *aéroplane*. This is the first instance to come to our attention of the use of the flying-machine in delivering mail. The event, full of coming possibilities, recalls the balloon post in use in France during the siege of Paris.

Upon looking over our French stamps we notice that in 1870 there was an issue of imperforated and lithographed stamps. Upon inquiring as to the cause of this seemingly backward step in the manufacture of stamps, we discover that during the Franco-Prussian War, when Paris was besieged and communication cut off between the capital and the provinces, there was established at Bordeaux a temporary public printing-office. Lithographic plates were made, in design following the Goddess Ceres type of the earlier Republic, from which stamps were printed for use in such portions of the Republic as were still under French control.

Meanwhile, the German besieging line had drawn closer and closer around ill-fated Paris, and communication with the French provinces was becoming more and more difficult. Various methods of sending mail out of the city were resorted to, with uncertain success. The river Seine formed a natural outlet, and many ingenious contrivances were used for carrying letters, but most of them were unsuccessful owing to the strict watch over the river kept by the Germans. The only interesting method of transporting mail, from a philatelic standpoint, was the balloon post. These balloons were put into use almost immediately, and while very uncertain, met with sufficient success to warrant their frequent use. At first sent up in the daytime but later, for greater secrecy and safety, at night, many of these balloons escaped the German Uhlans and reached points whence the mail carried by them could be forwarded with safety through regular channels. Descents were made in Holland and Belgium; once, as far away as Norway; and, alas! oftentimes within German lines and sometimes even in Germany itself. Several balloons were wrecked, falling into the sea, and their contents badly damaged or utterly ruined.

But while it was possible to send balloons *out* from Paris, trusting to chance that they would land in French or neutral territory, no mail could be sent into Paris by this method. So each balloon took out with it not only the outgoing mail, but also a number of carrier-pigeons. Some balloons took out thousands of letters written finely on very thin paper, yet even so weighing in a total several hundreds of pounds. It would be impossible, of course, for pigeons to bring back answers to so many letters, and a very ingenious system of reply was in use. With such outgoing letters as called for a reply, went a reply-card. On this card were spaces for a brief reply, "yes" or "no," to the questions asked in the letter. The number of questions was limited to four. The recipient of the letter was supposed to write on the card his name and address, his replies to the questions, and the address of his correspondent in Paris. This card was sent to the Post-office at Bordeaux. Here all cards were tabulated and microscopically photographed. This photograph, representing perhaps from 20,000 to 40,000 replies, was attached to the tail of a pigeon and sent

back to Paris. Such was the theory, but many of the pigeons failed to reach their destination. Indeed, only a very small percentage arrived. Knowing how slim were the chances of arrival, the authorities sent out the same photograph over and over again until word was received, *via* balloon from Paris, of its receipt. Whenever a pigeon did reach its journey's end, the photograph it carried was enlarged, the replies copied out by the authorities and sent to their local destination.

A GERMAN MONOPOLY

OLD German States issued very interesting stamps. Many of them are to-day rare and valuable, which is not surprising when we consider how relatively small in area and population some of these kingdoms and duchies were in the early fifties. In studying our album, we find under Germany the words, "Thurn und Taxis Northern District and also Southern District." At first glance one would be led to think that "Thurn und Taxis" was some geographical location divided into two districts, but such is not the case. On the contrary, Thurn and Taxis is the name of a man, or rather of a family, and one which for many years held a monopoly in the mail-carrying business throughout many of the smaller Germanic States. The "Northern District" refers to that section of the country covered by the monopoly in which such coins as *silbergroschen* were in use, while the currency of the "Southern District" was the *kreuzer*. This we learn from the stamps themselves. The house of Thurn and Taxis was originally of Milan. The history of the house can be traced backward many centuries, but it became prominent in a philatelic sense when around 1450 to 1500 it established a "post" in the Tyrol. About a century later a member of the house had conferred upon him the very imposing title of Imperial General Hereditary Postmaster. From our stamp catalogue and album we learn that the family still held this right down as late as 1867. Some of the states freed themselves from the monopoly earlier than that date, but not all. Our catalogue in a foot-note tells us that the Thurn and Taxis stamps, both Northern and Southern Districts, were replaced in 1867 by the stamps of Prussia. Such was the case, and that kingdom is said to have purchased from the Hereditary Postmaster all the postal rights and monopolies which the house of Thurn and Taxis still held over some sixteen states for a sum of over two million dollars, thus ending a postal trust which had been in existence for centuries.

UNITED STATES NOTES AND GLEANINGS

THE new water-mark has already made its appearance, and it is to be hoped that all our readers have completed their sets of current issue on the old water-marked paper. If not, it would be well to get the missing stamps as soon as possible. Any of our advertisers could supply the desired ones. The Post-office authorities have been for a long time experimenting in their efforts to find a paper in which the "shrinkage" after the wetting operations necessary in printing shall be less than in the paper now used. The change in water-mark is along that line — the smaller water-mark, it is believed, will result in a stronger and better paper.

BIG STAMP ALBUM, 10 CENTS
8 by 5½ inches; 546 spaces; 160 pictures; heavy covers. Bargain! Other Albums 30c. to \$55.00. Send for list and copy monthly paper, free. *Scott's Catalogue*, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c. 108 all different STAMPS, Panama, Paraguay, Turkey, etc., only 10c. 17 different ~~unused~~ Nicaragua, Cuba, Salvador, etc., 10c. Approval sheets 50 per cent. commission.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

LESSONS IN PHILATELY

By Mail. Prospectus free.

We have stamps from every country in the world to send on approval. 1911 price-list free.

100 varieties for 5 cents. 200 varieties for 15 cents.
150 varieties for 10 cents. 300 varieties for 25 cents.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 Washington Building, Boston, Mass.

BARGAINS Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 500 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,
111 G Nassau Street, New York City.



RARE STAMPS FREE. 15 all different, Canadians and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U.S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 20 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 6c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c.
Remitt in stamps or Money Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free.
MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.



Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap. N. Zld. etc., 5c. 13 beautiful Nyassa (camels), complete set, 25c. 5 diff. Bosnia (picture), set, 8c. 1000 Mission stamps, 15c.; 1 lb. Mission stamps (6000 to 7000), 5c. 1000 Best Peckable hinges, 5c. 50 of 10 Siam (Cat. 4c. 12c.); 7 Hayti, 1000 (Cat. 74c.), 12c.; 200 all diff. 10c.; 300 all diff. 27c.; 500 all diff. 58c.; 1000 all diff. \$1.69; 2000 all diff. \$6.48; 100 diff. fine, rare South and Centr. Am. stamps (Cat. \$8.00), only \$1.50. Approval sheets, **AGENTS WANTED.** 50% TO 75% COM 1 Big Bargain lists, price lists, coupons, etc., all FREE!
WE BUY STAMPS. C.E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.

70 Different Foreign Stamps from including Bolivia, Crete, Guatemala, Gold Coast, 70 Different Foreign Countries Hong Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Réunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., **FOR ONLY 15 CENTS—A GENUINE BARGAIN.** With each order we send our pamphlet which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly."
QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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brings you **Redfield's Stamp Weekly** for six months (26 issues). "Redfield's" is the finest weekly stamp publication in the world. We give, absolutely free, to each new subscriber a splendid packet of 200 all different selected foreign stamps. Your money promptly refunded if you are not more than pleased. **THE REDFIELD PUB. CO., 751 Main St., Smithport, Pa.**



STAMPS 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U.S. 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. 1 buy stamps.
C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 Genuine Foreign Missionary Stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U.S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wtd., 50% List free. 1 BUY STAMPS. L. B. DOVER, D-S, St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps Free 100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c.
TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

500 Foreign STAMPS, XXX mixture from all over the World, many unused, old or rare, as Turkey 1865, Somali, SUDAN (camel), Cyprus, Salvador, Congo, etc., and ALBUM, 10c. Lists Free. **NATIONAL STAMP CO. COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. **U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N.Y.**

FREE! NICARAGUA 1878 2c., VALUE 25c., BIG LISTS, ETC., FREE FOR 2c. POSTAGE.
W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., Glastonbury, Connecticut.

STAMPS: 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston.**

5 Varieties PERU Free WITH TRIAL APPROVAL SHEETS. **F. E. THORP, Norwich, N.Y.**

STAMPS FREE 39 all diff. U.S. or 105 foreign if you send 10c. for 10 weeks' sub. to **Mekeel's Weekly, Boston, Mass.**

FREE A fine unused stamp to applicants for approvals.
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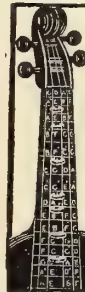
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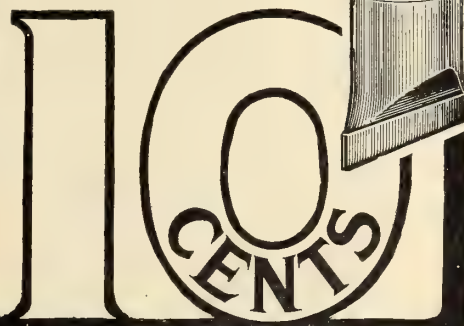
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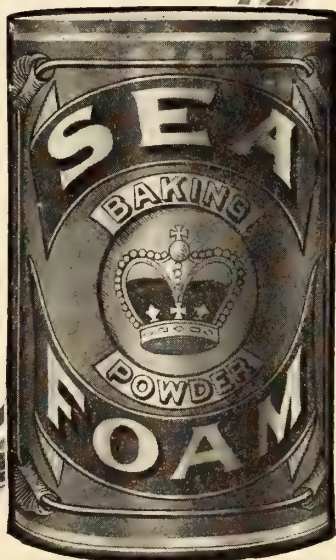
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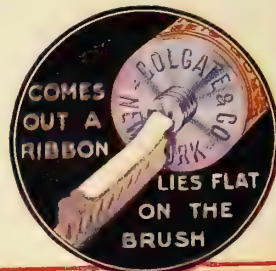
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APRIL, 1911

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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WILLIAM II OF NASSAU.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK. (SEE PAGE 491.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

APRIL, 1911

NO. 6

AN ARMY OF OBSERVATION

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

It is not a large army, this army of observation; but it is scattered all over the possessions of Uncle Sam from Alaska to Porto Rico, with outlying pickets in Mexico and Central and South America. The soldiers of the army wear no uniform, have no barracks and no drill, carry no arms; and most of them draw no pay. Their chief duties are to keep a sharp lookout for an army of invasion, to report promptly when the first scattering scouts of the invaders enter the United States, when the advance-guard comes along, when the main body makes its appearance, and what progress they make through the country. The soldiers of the army of observation carry no banners and fire no guns; the more silent and unnoticed they are, the better is their work done, and the only weapon they carry is a pair of field-glasses.

The army is not watching for a Japanese invasion nor a German invasion; nor, in fact, for the invasion of any nation; but for an army which comes through the air, sailing across Uncle Sam's borders on the old, original *aéroplanes* of the same kind that were in use thousands of years ago, compared with which the machines of the Wright brothers and Count Zeppelin and Mr. Curtiss and all the rest of the modern men aviators are but clumsy imitations. The invaders for whom they watch are the birds, the great army of birds, for these observers are trying to find out all the facts concerning the spring and fall migrations of the feathered hosts, together with any other facts they can gather about the food and habits of the birds. Half-yearly reports

about these things are sent in to headquarters in Washington, to the officials of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. These officials condense, compare, and collate all the facts reported, and from them gather information for the farmers and fruit-growers of this country, information which is growing in practical value every year.

Many of the facts gathered by the peaceful soldiers of this little army are strange and wonderful; many are not yet understood by any one: the observers and the officials know that such and such things are so because they happen regularly, but why they are so, no one knows.

One of the most wonderful instances of migration is that of the golden plover, which winters in the southern part of South America and nests in the bleak "Barren Grounds" within the Arctic Circle, some venturing beyond the Arctic Archipelago, even as high as latitude 81, far up in the region of everlasting snow and ice. The plovers arrive in this inhospitable land during the first week of June, when the snow is hardly melted and the little lakes are locked in ice. Here they hurry to make shabby little nests in the moss, only a few inches above the frozen ground, where they lay their eggs and rear their young. As soon as the young birds can fly, in August, the flocks shift their quarters to Labrador, where they grow fat on the black crowberries which cover the ground during the short summer there. Then they are ready for their wonderful flight.

Over Labrador and Nova Scotia they fly, and leaving the coast of the latter country, they strike

directly southward through the pathless air above the trackless sea. Over more than eighteen hundred miles of ocean they urge their aerial journey to the easternmost of the West Indies, where some of them break their flight and rest for a time, though others keep on and on, until the mainland of South America is reached, twenty-four hundred miles from the Nova Scotian shore.

Even on the north coast of South America the plovers' journey is not ended, for after a brief halt the southward flight is resumed, across the eastern part of Brazil, until the plains of Argentina are reached, almost down to Patagonia, where they remain from September to March.



THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

A bird which migrates over a distance of 8000 miles and over a sea-route and land-route 3000 miles apart.

The native birds are busy with their nesting, for this is summer in the southern hemisphere; but the visitors from the North never nest in the South, though the climate is favorable and food is abundant.

When March comes some instinct awakens in the golden plover, some mysterious influence calls it once more to begin its wanderings. Northward it flies again, but not over the route by which it came south. The course of the first part of their spring migration is yet unknown, but in March they appear in Guatemala and Texas. By April the long lines are winging their northward way over the Mississippi prairies; early in May they enter Canada; and by June the plovers are once more in the land of the midnight sun. Eight thousand miles they have flown northward from the southern limit of their winter home; eight thousand miles they will go again when the nesting season is over; and their northern and their southern routes are three thousand miles apart.

No one knows just why the golden plover makes this long journey; in fact, no one knows



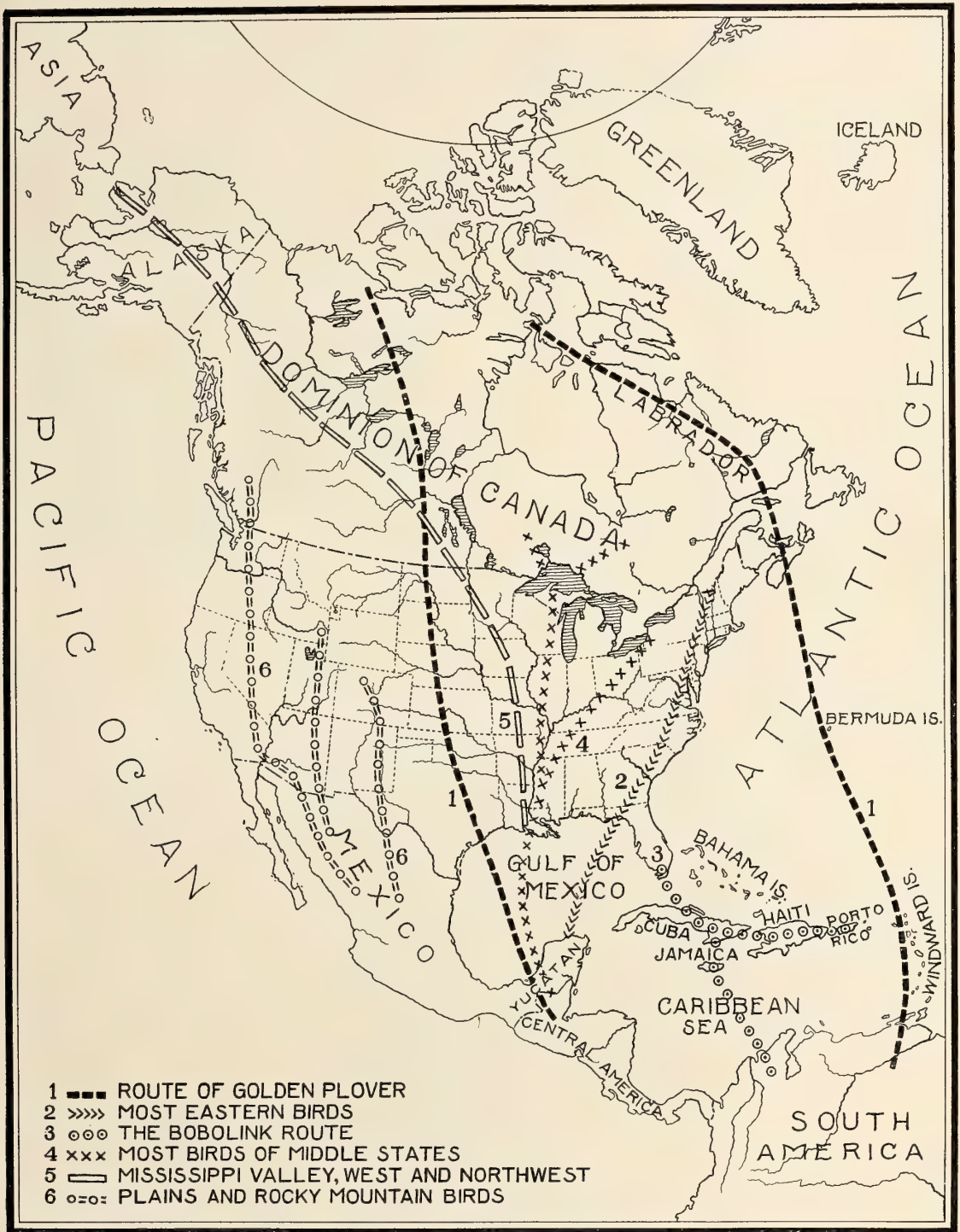
"THE BLUEBIRDS ARE FIRST TO RETURN IN SPRING."

why any of the birds migrate. It is not altogether the food-supply, because many birds, which subsist on insects, begin to leave this country in late July and August, just when their food-supply is most plentiful. Neither is it altogether



A BROOD OF ROBINS.

for climatic reasons, for many birds, such as wild geese, ducks, robins, bluebirds, and others, come north before winter has really ended, often meet-



MAP SHOWING ROUTES FOLLOWED BY THE PRINCIPAL MIGRATORY BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

ing such severe storms that they are obliged to turn back until the severe weather moderates. The semiannual movements of the birds have always been a puzzle; Homer wondered about

or South America. One of the great migration routes for eastern birds is from Florida to South America by way of Cuba and Jamaica. Some sixty species make the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile



THE BOBOLINK.—"HE WILL COME IF MAY COMES."

them; and Herodotus puzzled his brain to understand how little birds could fly across the Mediterranean, finally coming to the conclusion that the small birds rode across the wide expanse of water on the backs of larger birds, which we know, of course, is not the case, for, unless driven out of their course or beaten down by hard storms, small birds make very long flights, apparently without serious fatigue.

The great majority of the birds which summer in New England and in the eastern United States pass up and down the Atlantic coast, making comparatively short flights while on land. The aver-



"THE BARN-SWALLOWS FETCH THE SUMMER."

flight from Florida to Cuba; about half that number go on to Jamaica, ninety miles farther, while some of them go right on to South America. Chief of these is the bobolink, plump and strong from its feasting in the southern rice-fields. Leaving Jamaica, the bobolink boldly flies over the five-hundred-mile stretch of sea on its way to winter quarters in southern Brazil.

A greater highway stretches from northwestern Florida straight across the gulf, six hundred miles; and still another, for many Mississippi Valley birds, is from Louisiana to Yucatan, right across the widest part of the gulf. Western birds journey by land down through Texas and other Southwestern States into Mexico and Central and South America. But no exact routes can be mapped out for any section of the country; the



A MEMBER OF THE ARMY OF OBSERVATION.

age journey is about twenty-three miles a day, but when the coast of the Gulf of Mexico is reached many birds fly directly across to Central

birds seem to scatter to almost all parts of the compass, especially in the fall, for many birds from the Central States, instead of following the

broad highway of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, strike out southeastwardly, crossing the Alleghanies and leaving the United States by way of Georgia and Florida, while some birds travel south by one route and return by another.

Ordinarily the daily journey of birds is rather short. The robins, going north up the Mississippi Valley in spring, travel about thirteen miles each day until southern Minnesota is reached; then those which continue directly north increase their speed to twenty-one miles a day, while those which nest in Alaska and in the far-off Mackenzie Valley increase their speed still more, flying at the rate of seventy miles a day, in order to arrive at their northern destination with the advent of spring.

The little black-poll warbler, which winters in north-central South America and travels north by way of the West Indies and Florida, makes longer flights. After reaching Florida the great flocks scatter to all parts of the country, bound for New England, Canada, and Alaska. Those bound for the far Northwest take about thirty days to traverse the one thousand miles from Florida to southern Minnesota. From that point they make a sudden and wonderful increase in speed, taking only half that time to reach Alaska, two thousand five hundred miles away, many of them undoubtedly flying more than two hundred miles a day during the last part of their long journey.

Much yet remains to be learned about the wonderful migration of the birds, for concerning some of them we know scarcely more than did that lovable old observer Gilbert White, who, in his "Natural History of Selborne," tells us that the swallows puzzled him completely and that he could never wholly rid himself of the idea that they hibernated in holes in the earth or in some protected nook or cranny. In the case of the familiar chimney-swifts we are as much at a loss as he, for though we follow their airy journey southward as far as the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, we lose them there, and know them no more until the last week in March, when



A FLOCK OF CLIFF-SWALLOWS.

their twittering tells that they have returned once more. Where they have been, where they winter, and what route they take after leaving the limits of the United States are all mysteries. It is such problems as these that fascinate the volunteer members of the "Army of Observation."



"HERE WE
ARE AGAIN!"



"EVERY MORNING MR. SPLICER WOULD GO TO THE WINDOWS AND SAY, 'WHAT A NICE RAINY DAY!'"

MR. SPLICER'S UMBRELLA-SHOP

BY DORIS WEBB

THERE was once a gentleman who sold umbrellas. He had a little umbrella-shop in the window of which was a tremendous swirl made entirely of umbrellas with their points together in the center and their handles sticking out into space. He also sold umbrella-stands, and his name was Mr. Splicer. He went to his shop very early in the morning, and he left very late at night, and when he was n't selling umbrellas he was trying to sell umbrellas. He had an assistant who mended umbrellas, and when he was n't mending umbrellas he was trying to mend umbrellas.

Every morning at breakfast Mr. Splicer would read the weather report. And as soon as he reached his shop, he would go to the windows

and say, "What a nice rainy day!" or "What a dismal sunshiny day!" as the case might be.

Mr. Splicer had a daughter who always looked lovely, or was trying to look lovely. And he had a wife who looked happy and contented, or else was trying to look happy and contented, and she was the nicest one of the family, although they were all rather nice as families go.

Sometimes the lovely daughter would drop in at her father's shop, and if she were wishing for a clear day, and it was raining, she would exclaim: "What a dreary day! I'll have to go home and stay indoors!"

But one morning the lovely daughter said at breakfast: "Oh, how glad I am! We are going

to have a sunny day, and I can go to the picnic and wear my best new dress!"

To which Mr. Splicer answered: "I shall not sell more than two umbrellas to-day."

"But, Father," the lovely daughter replied, "if I do not go to picnics, but merely try to go to picnics, I would have no use for best new dresses."

And Mr. Splicer pondered awhile over that and said: "This is a complicated world. I wish to buy my daughter nice new dresses to wear to picnics, and I cannot buy her nice new dresses if it is sunny, and she cannot go to picnics if it rains."

"Father is always saying clever things," said Miss Splicer.

"Or trying to—solve difficulties," said Mrs. Splicer, who was always pleasant.

And then Mr. Splicer went off to the umbrella-shop, and Miss Splicer went to the picnic.

And in the course of the morning an old lady came into the umbrella-shop and said: "Good morning, Mr. Splicer; do you sell sunshades?"

And Mr. Splicer said: "Why, no; I've never sold sunshades. I've never even *tried* to sell sunshades."

"Well," said the old lady, "if I leave the order will you try to make a sunshade for me?"

"What colored sunshade?" said Mr. Splicer, who was a cautious man.

"Well, suppose we say a pink sunshade," said the old lady. "I think I'll have a pink sunshade."

"A *pink* sunshade," said Mr. Splicer. "Why, yes, I think I could undertake to make a *pink* sunshade if you should leave an order for one."

"Very well," said the old lady. "I'll come for it on Wednesday, if you'll please remember. Kindly have it ready then."

And when she had gone Mr. Splicer said to his assistant: "Do you think you could make a pink sunshade?"

"I could try to make a pink sunshade," said the assistant.

"You're a very trying person," said Mr. Splicer; "but go ahead and try."

So the assistant tried, and in course of time produced a pink sunshade. He was a trusting assistant and always hoped for the best when he worked on anything.

And when Mr. Splicer saw the sunshade he said: "You are a very helpful helper."

"You called me trying last week," said the assistant.

"Last week you were trying," said Mr. Splicer, "and you were trusting. Now you are tried and trusted. Make me another pink sunshade."

And that is how it happened that Mr. Splicer built up a large and prosperous business in sunshades, so that sunny and rainy days were equally agreeable to him. Thus the family always were happy, and the clever assistant eventually fell in love with Miss Splicer and spent most of his time writing poetry—or trying to write poetry.



FAMOUS PICTURES

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

MANY young people who have a natural love for pictures are discouraged by their elders and by other young people who care nothing for such things.

Yet it is a pathway to true and high pleasure, and it is the person who sees nothing in good pictures for whom we should be sorry. The one who has a natural appreciation of the beautiful should make the most of this gift. But, like nearly everything else worth having, a knowledge and love of pictures mean time and study.

If you see a beautiful lake or sunset or a spot in the country that takes you out of yourself for the time, it will give you much more pleasure if you think of it and try to recall it the next day and for many days, and go and see it again and again.

It will give you still more pleasure if you take notice of the colors and forms as you would if you were going to draw or paint them from memory, or as though you expected to describe them to another.

A great picture, like a fine scene in the country, will reveal to us something new each time we look at it and study it. And it is surprising how, by trying to draw or remember or describe either pictures or nature, our impressions will become more accurate and our appreciation stronger.

At first, however, the surprise may be to find, upon going back to a scene or picture, how many things are not as we thought they were.

It is excellent practice to take little notes with pad and pencil of the scene or picture as it looks to you. This will fix the general lines and perhaps the general character of what you wish to remember, and if two or more do this together it becomes a fascinating amusement.

President Eliot said, in an address not long ago: "The main object of every school should be, not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and pleasure. To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for such a life."

It is said that good music often heard will give pleasure even to those who did not like it at first; but heard in the light of some explanation as to its meaning, the pleasure will be doubled. This, too, is much the same with pictures. If we study carefully even such reproductions as can be given

in a book or the pages of a magazine and learn something about what they mean and how they were produced and the ideas they represent, we shall be well started toward some real appreciation of great paintings. Every true and vital thing we learn about any good picture helps us to judge correctly all other pictures.

Color is, of course, the life of paintings, but there are so many things that can be truly observed in prints that by looking at them aright we may learn much that will help us to understand the masterpieces even before we have seen any of the originals.

HOW A PAINTING IS MADE

It will be helpful in thinking about famous pictures if we have some idea of how a painting is made. People who have known a great deal about pictures and who had first visited many galleries have said, nevertheless, that what they learned the first time they visited a studio and saw an artist really at work came to them as a revelation.

The materials are simple. Before the artist is his easel, on which, let us say, rests a large blank canvas; that is, a piece of linen cloth stretched and tacked upon a wooden frame, and prepared to receive the colors.

Usually the artist stands at his work, so that he can readily walk back and forth and view the picture as it will look from some little distance. For this reason the room should be large. The light should come from above.

Near at hand are his colors, put up in tubes; and on his palette, which he usually holds in his left hand, he has squeezed enough of some fifteen or twenty colors to last him through the day. In a dish is a small quantity of turpentine or oil, and very likely a little varnish or some other liquid suitable for "thinning" the colors. Now he has but to take one or more of his brushes, and begin to work.

But you must not suppose that he will begin to paint without any previous thought, even if the picture is to be a portrait and the model is seated before him. There is one important thing he has to do, and that is to think.

We can follow the artist at least a little way in his thoughts, for there are two important things he has always to consider.

Whatever the result is to be, he cannot paint everything in sight. So he must select. Some painters occasionally use a card with a small rec-

tangular hole cut in it through which they look. Whether they are in the studio or out of doors, they look through this small hole until what they see seems to be about what they wish to paint. They determine in this way how much or how little of the entire scene they will include in their picture. But even from this selected fragment much must be left out. No artist could paint every blade of grass or every leaf on the trees or every hair of a head. He must find a way to suggest the whole without trying to literally put it all in—that is, in every detail. One of the best qualities of an artist is knowing what to leave out.

Another important thing our artist will decide is the arrangement of his scene. If a model is before him, he will seat him in different positions until the result will make a satisfactory picture. If it is a landscape, it may be that a tree or other object must be placed in a different position from the one it occupies in the real scene in order to appear best in the picture. If he followed nature exactly he would not have a picture, but by leaving out much and combining what is harmonious, he produces the effect of nature and makes what is called an artistic picture.

These two principles of selection and arrangement make up "composition." Before beginning to paint, the artist has nearly always settled upon the composition. Usually he makes one or more preliminary drawings for this purpose. If the picture is to be a portrait, a careful drawing of the same size as the canvas is usually made in charcoal, perhaps on the canvas itself, perhaps on a separate sheet for reference.

We cannot follow our artist further in his work just now, but we may return to him while we are looking at some of our famous pictures to see what he does under certain conditions. For the better acquaintance we get with his ways of working, the better we shall understand the pictures.

ABOUT PORTRAIT-PAINTING

It is said that the first portrait ever made was the tracing of a man's shadow cast on a wall. This is a good thing to try for yourself. Sometimes the shadow of a profile will show a good deal of a likeness to the original. The first person who did it no doubt noticed that the shadow resembled, or had something of the character of, the one who cast it.

It is a good practice, too, to try cutting out the profiles of your friends from a small piece of paper. Before photography was invented these silhouettes were often the only family likenesses that people had.

But it is a long way from making a silhouette to painting a good portrait. It was probably only after very many failures that any one succeeded in drawing a good likeness. The earliest drawn or painted portraits were very crude.

For to have it right there must be exactness. Everything must be perfectly drawn and in the right place. To produce a good likeness, even without introducing any of the natural color, requires such closeness of observation and such care and skill in working that many hundreds of hours of hard preliminary work are necessary before one can hope to become a proficient artist.

But besides merely getting a true likeness, there is much more to be thought of in executing a good portrait.

One of the things we look for is the character of the man. As we develop our own characters in life, something of what we are is shown in our faces. If we sit on a platform and look at an audience, or if we watch people passing in the street, we can guess something of their lives by the kind of countenances we see. We often hear such remarks as, "He looks like an actor," or, "How scholarly he looks!" and these are indications of what the occupation of the mind will do to the face. Sometimes we think of a person, "He looks stern and cruel," or of another, "What a benevolent-looking gentleman!" These thoughts show one's conduct and life-work have an effect on his expression of countenance.

In addition to such easy distinctions there are thousands of grades of characters—no two persons look alike, and each has something of his character written in his face. The artist must be able to see what is most like the real man and to put this into his picture.

Besides the features, the posture must be characteristic and the costume suitable, for "the apparel oft proclaims the man." Frequently objects are introduced into a picture especially to suggest something about a sitter; as, for instance, a book if he is a teacher or an author, or a desk if he is a business man. These objects are called "accessories" and are often very important.

TWO FAMOUS PORTRAITS

I. WILLIAM II OF NASSAU

By Anthony Van Dyck of the Flemish School
(Born 1599, died 1641)

TURN now to the frontispiece of this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*. In the picture of this beautiful boy, who was William II of Nassau, we see a fine portrait by the great Flemish painter Van Dyck. There are the grace, refinement, and distinction



FIGURE OF KING CHARLES I.

From one of the large portraits by Van Dyck, who "painted more than thirty portraits of this monarch, every one a masterpiece."

which every one who has written of Van Dyck's work has mentioned. There is also the slight touch of effeminacy which we find in so many of his pictures. Despite his armor, this lad does not look like a boy who would care to fight very hard or very long. He would not go out of his way for a quarrel. His amusements would not be of the most strenuous kind, either. His nature seems refined and gentle, almost to girlishness; and Van Dyck has shown the character of the boy so that we feel we could not make a mistake about it.

This great artist won his place among the world's immortals by his portraits. He painted more than thirty of King Charles I, of England, and every one of them is said to be a masterpiece. Most of his portraits were of royal personages or noblemen, and to them all he gave grace and distinction.

He never painted scenes of domestic happiness, but preferred the pomp of the royal court. Even his own intimates he does not portray in their daily occupations. He is full of sentiment, always refined, often tender.

In Van Dyck's paintings we notice that the details are carried out quite fully. Turn again to the portrait of William II of Nassau. Look at the sleeve which shows the weave so plainly, the braid upon the clothing, and the hair upon the head; each is brought out with minuteness, and yet somehow it does not seem trivial or chromo-like. The "values" are truly studied and rendered, as artists or critics would say. And so now we must try to explain the meaning of the word "values," although it is not easy to do so. One who has never tried to draw may not easily understand, but to make it clear let us say that if you will take a cube or an egg and draw it carefully you will soon see that, to make it look exactly like the original, you must have exactly the right amount of light and shade in exactly the right places. It is the light reflected upon the objects by other objects and by the atmosphere that makes them appear round or square or oval, and one must look very carefully to get the light and shade just right. Everything that is near us is more plainly seen than what is farther away, especially if the latter is partly in shadow. The objects in the foreground therefore have a stronger "value" than those in the background, while between them are many planes and many variations in the strength of light and shadow.

Another way of thinking of these values is by considering the way our artist at the easel usually works them out for himself. He looks at the object and decides what will be his strongest light, or say "high light." If a landscape-scene, this



"BABIE STUART"
OR "PRINCE JAMIE," AFTERWARD KING JAMES II.



PRINCESS MARY STUART AND WILLIAM II OF ORANGE.
From the portrait in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.



THE THREE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
From the portrait in the Dresden Gallery.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF VAN DYCK PICTURES.

will very likely be a cloud or a spot in the sky which may be, say, mainly yellow and white with a little blue. He takes up his brush and puts in a dab of this tone. Then he studies his scene to find the darkest place. This will not be really *black*, by any means, but perhaps a dark green or a brown in *shadow*. Then he selects the paints on his palette that will give this color, and puts a dab of that in the proper place.

Look at the portrait by Van Dyck and select what seem to you the highest light and deepest shade in it. Now all other parts of the picture come somewhere between these two extremes—and this relation expresses *their* "value."

In music any given chord will have a highest note and a lowest note, and all the notes between must be struck correctly together, or we have a discord. In a picture if one place is too dark it is out of harmony, or if too light it is just as lacking in harmony and often seems to pop out of the picture. If, by reading this over, and by trying, in some simple drawing, to get the varying intensity of light in the different parts correct, you can learn to understand clearly the meaning of "values," you will have gained something worth knowing—something that always will be of great assistance to you in judging a picture or painting.

ANECDOTES OF VAN DYCK

ANTHONY VAN DYCK was born in Antwerp in 1599, of wealthy parents. At fifteen he entered the studio of the great Rubens, who ever after befriended him. At nineteen he became a member of the guild of Antwerp painters, an unprecedented honor for one so young.

There is a good story of how some of the boys employed in Rubens's studio, in looking at one of his paintings they were not supposed to see, accidentally smudged over a part of the wet paint. What to do they did not know, but finally agreed that the young Van Dyck should try to repair it. The next day Rubens saw that the work had been changed and demanded an explanation. But he was so well pleased with what had been done that he let it stand as Van Dyck had repainted it, and, some historians say, he even declared that the pupil had improved upon his master.

Soon after this, Van Dyck began to have some reputation as a painter and was besought to go to England. He traveled there, and later, by the advice of Rubens, he set out on "the grand tour" through Italy, which every artist considered a necessary part of his education.

He visited the leading cities, and in Venice was so impressed by paintings by Titian and Tintoretto that he was much influenced by their work.

Throughout Italy he was received by the noble families and enjoyed the luxurious living, although he was unpopular among the students. In fact, he was called by them a prig. There was a reason for this, for Van Dyck did not like student ways of living, but preferred the company of his rich patrons. We have spoken of the kind of portraits he painted—portraits of men in rich clothing and laces, members of the aristocratic class. When a trait of this kind runs through all of an artist's work we may look for something of the same sort in his own life.

In Van Dyck's case it is true that he hated everything coarse and vulgar and gave up both his time and his fortune to the elegancies of life. He was early accustomed to expensive living at home and in the home of Rubens, as well as in Italy, where he lived for the most part in the palaces of his patrons.

When he began to have large sums of money he adopted an extravagant scale of entertaining. Kings, princes, and noblemen were his guests, and he surrounded himself with all the splendor and service he could buy.

During his Italian journey he painted over a hundred pictures, and after about six years' absence he returned to Antwerp, where he spent several years, in which his fame grew rapidly. In 1632 he again went to England and painted many of the great people of the time.

It was not to be Van Dyck's fortune to have long life, for he died at forty-one, the last two years probably being marked by failing health.

It is related that he once went to Haarlem to visit Frans Hals, whose work he greatly admired. Hals was more likely to be at a tavern than anywhere else, and Van Dyck, as we know, did not care for the comradeship of taverns. After waiting in vain and being unwilling to turn back without seeing Hals, he sent word to him that a stranger wished to have his portrait painted. Hals came, saying he could give but two hours to it. At the end of that time he showed his work to Van Dyck, who expressed his approval, and continuing, said: "This painting seems a simple process. I should like to try what *I* can do with *your* portrait." Hals consented to exchange seats, and soon saw that Van Dyck knew how to handle his colors. When he saw the result, however, he was amazed, and immediately embraced the stranger, saying: "You are Van Dyck! Nobody but he could do what you have done!"

Van Dyck liked to paint quickly, rarely giving over an hour at any one sitting. When the hour was up he would rise and bow, as much as to say that was enough for that time. In this way he often painted upon several portraits in a day.

II. PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

By Rembrandt van Rijn of the Dutch School
(Born 1607, died 1669)

REMBRANDT had a rare insight into people's characters. He did not care much for physical beauty.

In his way of putting on the paint and in his wonderful distribution of light and shade in a picture, Rembrandt has never been excelled. He

lives. He not only had an insight into character, but he was a revealer of it as well.

Rembrandt was fond of painting his own portrait, for we have a number of such pictures to choose from. In these he has introduced all sorts of costumes, probably for the fun of painting them. Sometimes he is an officer with a dashing military air; again he wears jewels and orna-

ments, while sometimes he is a rough country fellow. He was a very accommodating model and did almost anything the artist desired! What the artist thought, he carried out before a mirror!

Nearly every artist has painted at least one good portrait of himself. The Uffizi Gallery in Florence, one of the greatest treasure-houses of art in the world, has a room where portraits of famous artists by themselves are hung, and a most interesting room it is, as you will probably see for yourselves some day.

Nearly all the people who have written about Rembrandt agree that he seemed to be a man of two natures, as related to his painting—the idealist struggling with the realist.

By the realist we understand the painter who is willing to paint things as they are, without regard to their hidden meaning. In portrait-painting this would mean that the artist set down the physical facts, or appearance, of his sitter, just as he saw them.

By idealist, in portrait-painting, we should understand the man who made up his mind what kind of a character his sitter had—what his face showed of the inner soul—and who then made the picture express that kind of a character.

ANECDOTES OF REMBRANDT

REMBRANDT was born at Leyden in 1607, of poor parents; but, humble as they were, they sent him to the Latin school in order that he might become a worthy and useful citizen. Studying in school was not to Rembrandt's mind, and his tendency



ONE OF REMBRANDT'S PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF.

has been called the painter of shadow. His portraits seem bathed in shadow—the figures peeping forth from a mysterious darkness, and yet a darkness in which we can see something. The shadows themselves are transparent, and the longer we look into them the more we seem to see. They provoke our curiosity; and study reveals things we have not seen at first.

Rembrandt had sympathy with humanity. He loved to portray common people and beggars. Besides a picturesqueness in their appearance, he saw also a pathos and poetry in their miserable



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.
 In the Louvre Gallery, Paris.



MAN WITH A FUR CAP.
 From the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS.
 In the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.



PRINCIPAL FIGURES FROM "THE SORTIE OF
 THE BANNING COCQ COMPANY
 OF MUSKETEERS."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REMBRANDT PICTURES.

toward art soon showed itself. He studied art for a time under a master of his native place, and was soon after sent to Amsterdam to learn. Six months later, he returned to Leyden, determined to study and practise painting alone in his own fashion, and kept at it for six years.

When about twenty-four Rembrandt went again to Amsterdam, this time to establish himself. Here two years later he painted his famous "Lesson in Anatomy," and in another two years he married his wife Saskia, whom he has immortalized in his portraits.

When he was about forty-eight he lost all his property, and for the rest of his life became a sort of wanderer, carrying with him little but what he needed to paint with.

The old home is still pointed out on a quay of the Amstel, where he gathered together a whole museum of paintings, furniture, and beautiful things, and where he lived, full of the joy of living and working, during the years of his happy family life and while prosperity still smiled.

In the picture of himself we may study values again to advantage. Select the darkest dark and the highest light, and see how between the two extremes are all the quiet values of this wonderful portrait. Also notice how white and strong the highest light is. This we see in nearly all of Rembrandt's portraits. His father was a miller, and there is a story that in his boyhood Rembrandt spent much time in the old windmill,

which was quite dark inside, with only a small window near the top. Certain objects in the mill would therefore receive a strong light in one part, rapidly shading into indistinctness. Gazing for hours at a time at these effects in the dim interior, and drawing them over and over, he came to love the brilliant contrast and to paint into the shadows of his pictures the forms and outlines faintly seen, which now are so loved and prized by the artistic world.

One picture of Rembrandt's is always mentioned—"The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company of Musketeers"—for by it alone he would have immortalized himself. It represents the musketeers pictured in a rare and wonderful light, and it is one of the most famous pictures in the world. It has already been shown to you in ST. NICHOLAS, and on the opposite page is a small reproduction of the part of the painting containing the principal figures.

When first discovered, Sir Joshua Reynolds called it the "Night Watch." The picture was so obscured by the dust of years that it seemed a picture of a night scene. But cleaning revealed that it represented a daytime incident, although the source of the strange light upon the faces is still a mystery.

Rembrandt was also famous as an etcher. There is no one who excels him in this field. He has been called the Prince of Etchers, the King of Shadows, and the Shakspeare of Painting.

APRIL JINGLES

AND THEN—WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

BY MRS. R. E. CLARK

I HEARD of a spider who wanted to fly;
He had no wings, but he thought he'd try,
It looked so easy; so he climbed up high,
And then—

What happened then?

There came by a bird, who got his eye
On this very spider who wanted to fly.
"I'll watch this spider," he said; "maybe I—"
And then—

What happened then?

Well, the spider jumped, as spiders do,
Forgetting to fly; the bird, he knew,
Might eat him up in a minute or two,
And then—

What happened then?

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The bird was scared by a cat in the tree,
Who had climbed up there, as still as could be,
Saying, "That bird shall make a meal for me,"

And then—

What happened then?

Why, the bird flew away to another tree;
The cat crawled down, as meek as could be;
And the spider gave up flying, you see;
And so—

Nothing happened then.

A WRONG RIGHTED

BY J. WARREN MERRILL

SAID a boy to his teacher one day:
"Wright has not written *rite* right, I say."
And the teacher replied,
As the blunder she eyed:
"Right!—Wright, write *rite* right, right away!"



NATURE GIANTS THAT MAN HAS CONQUERED

BY RAYMOND PERRY

GIANT NO. 2—WATER-POWER

LAST month we told of the first nature giant man had tamed—the Wind. The second nature giant that man learned to control was the power of flowing water. We all know that water rises from the ocean as vapor and, dropping as rain on the mountains, makes its way in rivers to the ocean again. The explanation is simple enough, but when we see a mighty waterfall like Niagara, we realize at once that we are in the presence of a powerful giant who can do the work of armies for us, if properly harnessed.

But it was long before man learned how to do this.

Up to that time each one had to grind his own grain, a little at a time, by rolling it between two flat stones; but when he learned the use of the water-wheel, he was able to grind with larger stones, such as he himself could not even move, and produce enough meal for his own use and a whole village besides. And now, to crown all, we have the turbine, which takes vastly greater power from the passing water.

The manufacturing industries have made our country famous the world over, and the giant water-force is doing its full share in turning the wheels. We can also see the power of water in use in a canal-lock by means of which a boat may be taken uphill; and in hydraulic mining where it digs the dirt and washes out the gold at the same time. The modern systems of sanitary plumbing, safeguarding the health, and of irrigation, by means of which vast tracts of desert lands are made to bloom, both depend upon the power of falling water.



GIANT NO. 3—STEAM

One of the most famous nature giants is the power of steam as seen, for instance, in volcanoes like Mount Vesuvius. Ocean water finds its way, through fissures in the sea-bottom, down into the heated caverns, and is there converted into steam, which escapes through the crater of the volcano, carrying with it molten rock and gases. Herculaneum and

Pompeii are two cities buried centuries ago by such eruptions. Earthquakes and tidal waves are also due to the power of steam convulsing the regions far below the earth's surface. Watt, an Englishman, first discovered the power of steam by noticing that the cover of his mother's boiling tea-kettle was frequently pushed up by the steam in its effort to get out. This resulted in his making the first steam-engine. Since Watt made the first engine, improvements have been made in all its parts, such as flues in the boiler, safety-valves, governors, and devices to save the power yet remaining in steam already partially used. To-day we have the swift locomotives drawing palatial passenger-trains from coast to coast, the powerful "Mogul" engines for long freight-trains, and the massive stationary engines for factory use. On the sea great ocean liners like the *Mauretania* are making new speed-records every year. Threshing is done by steam-machinery, and in the city the steam-roller helps to pave the streets, the steam-hoist helps to build steam-heated sky-scrapers, and steam fire-engines protect the lives within these buildings. It may seem strange, but it is this same hot steam that gives us cooling drinks, cooled theaters, and even skating in summer by operating steam-engines that drive powerful ice-making machines.



BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER VI

"SHARING SUPPLIES"

FOR fully two minutes Harden faced the kitchen door with his revolver leveled, Wenham standing poised at his back, armed with a hatchet which he had seized from the table. But after that first wild scramble, there was not another sound. A repetition of the noise would have come to them as a relief. Even if the door had swung open and this thing, whether human or animal, had challenged them, they would have welcomed the fight as a release from this nerve-racking strain of listening, helpless to do anything. Harden moved enough to toss a few dry sticks on the fire in order further to lighten the room, and then again faced the door. But the blank wooden panels gave no inkling of what lay behind them in that cold, dark kitchen. As the seconds passed, Harden grew stronger in the conviction that the wind had swung open the kitchen door to admit some prowling wildcat who had been tempted in by the smell of bacon grease. A human being in so deserted a place as this would scarcely have scurried off like a frightened burglar in the city, fearful of being arrested or, at least, wounded.

As they listened, the lightest breeze rattling the windows served to startle them; the creaking of the floor-boards contracting from the cold sounded to them like pistol-shots. The shadows cast by the flickering fire sprang at them like crouching murderers; the darting flames glittered like stilettos.

Wenham broke the strain at last, by whispering, his teeth fairly chattering with the cold:

"We c-can't stay here all night. Had n't we better call?"

"You would n't expect a wildcat to answer, would you?" replied Harden.

"You think it was—that?"

"What else could it be?"

"You think it is still there?"

"I don't know. But I do know it is n't safe to do much investigating until morning. Cold?"

"N-no."

"Go over to the bunk and get some more blankets. We'll have to stay here until daylight."

Wenham cautiously crept across the room and returned with all the bedclothes. Wrapping up their feet, the boys then huddled close to the flames, with their eyes still glued upon the door. So they sat through what to them both was the longest night they had ever passed.

With the arrival of the sober dawn they both recovered their nerve, and with the first streak of daylight their surroundings took on their normal proportions. But the undisputed fact remained that something had crept for refuge or shelter into that other room and might, for all they knew, be there now. The mystery was not solved by the daylight nor the danger lessened. As soon as the room was fairly lighted by the sun, Harden faced the task ahead.

"Bob," he said, "we must open that door now."

"Do you think—the thing is still there?"

"No, but we'll find out for sure. Will you hold the gun or open the door?"

"I think you'd better do the shooting—if there's any to be done," answered Wenham.

"Very well; I'll stand behind you while you throw open the door and dodge back. I don't

suppose, whatever it is, that it will spring out at us, but we may as well be prepared."

The door opened out into the kitchen. Harden took a position to the left of it, with Wenham a few steps in front. When he was ready Wenham stepped forward quickly, lifted the latch, and, shoving, jumped back again.

The only thing that came out was a gust of cold air. Harden waited a moment and then cautiously crept near enough to peer into the room. The room itself was empty, but in the middle of the floor lay the overturned chair. The outside door was open. In a single bound Harden sprang across the room, banged the door, and locked it. Then he took another look at the disordered kitchen. The closet door stood open. The floor was covered with corn-meal and flour. Harden glanced significantly at Wenham, his eyes grown anxious.

"Bob," he asked, "could the wind blow open the *closet* door?"

"N-no. But we might have left it open."

"Would a wildcat run off with corn-meal and flour?"

"Good Lord, Phil—you mean?"

"It was no four-legged animal who was in here."

"Then—"

"It was a man!"

"A man? Then if we had only caught him he might have guided us home."

"Or knocked us over the head! This was no ordinary man, or he would have roused us and asked for food."

"No ordinary man? But what other kind is there around here?"

"I've heard of wild men in these woods."

"Crazy men?"

"Men who have gone crazy through hunger and live on here like animals. It's just as well, I think, that we did n't trouble him."

Wenham glanced uneasily toward the outside door.

"Did you lock it, Phil?" he asked.

"I surely did! And to-night we'll fasten a board against it. Let's see what he took."

Harden crossed the room and examined the closet.

"This looks bad, Bob. He's taken the bacon, most of the corn-meal, and a lot of flour. It's stuff we can't spare."

Harden straightened up.

"Let's get into our clothes, and then we'll make a list of what we have left."

The two dressed hurriedly, with many an anxious glance at the windows, and returned again to the kitchen. Harden made a more de-

tailed investigation and then shook his head sadly.

"He's cut off our chances by about four weeks," he announced.

"He must have been hard pressed himself," suggested Wenham.

Harden pointed to the trail of flour which led to the door.

"When he heard us, he grabbed the kettle from the stove, dug it into the flour-barrel, and scooted. That shows he must be crazy. Even a half-breed would ask for food. In the woods every one shares his grub, no matter how little he has."

"He must have left tracks," suggested Wenham; "perhaps we can tell something from those."

Harden, revolver in hand, cautiously opened the door an inch. Near the cabin itself their own tracks obscured any of fresher make. He ventured out. The air was snapping cold and the snow as dry as powder. He stepped out and a few yards from the door picked up the trail left by the corn-meal. To the right a new line of holes marked where the man had jumped for the woods in frightened leaps like those of a moose. Harden turned to Wenham.

"It was neither a guide nor an Indian," he commented.

"How do you know that?"

"No snow-shoes."

"Think of being in here *without* snow-shoes!" shuddered Wenham. "You can't help pitying him."

"He did n't pity us any," scowled Harden. "He'd have taken all we had if we had n't frightened him off."

"Perhaps he would n't."

"Well, I'll bet he does n't get any more without asking for it," returned Harden. "I guess it's lucky we set our traps. We'd better make a turn around them after breakfast and see if we've caught anything."

In place of the bacon, Harden fried a few strips of the salt pork for breakfast, and it came as a welcome change. After they had eaten, they replenished the smoldering fire by the lake and sent up the kite. The signals took on new meaning to them this morning. But, as Wenham hinted, it was probably these very signals which had attracted this wild man to the camp. They summoned foes as well as friends.

It was a question open to debate whether or not it was wise, in view of what had happened, to leave the camp unprotected. In their absence this man might come back and take all that was left. But, as Harden said, "We can't let this bugaboo imprison us in the house. If the man means trouble we may as well find out all about it, and face it at once and have it over with."

There was no way of locking the door behind them, and even if there had been, a lock would prove no barrier to a desperate man. Nor did there seem to be any way of hiding the food where a starving man would not find it.

"We must take a chance," said Harden.

So, armed with revolver and hatchets, the two started out. It took them an hour to make the rounds. They found the first trap undisturbed, but as they neared the second, a glance showed them that something had happened there. The little hut was torn to pieces and the trap gone. Their first thought was that the thief had discovered the trap and stolen it, but a few feet farther on a wild scramble in a near-by thicket brought them to a halt. Harden cocked his revolver, and shoving aside the boughs of a scrub-hemlock, peered into the shadows. Huddling close to the ground, he caught sight of a pulsating bit of white fur. It cowered away from him, ears flat to its back. It was a rabbit.

"We've got him!" Harden shouted.

But even as he spoke, flushed with the victory of a hunter, it did not seem much to shout about. It seemed almost a joke to approach so trembling a thing with a cocked revolver. The big, startled eyes glanced up at him in mute appeal for mercy, and then away again as though recognizing the uselessness of such an appeal. He burrowed his nose as far away into the snow as the chain would let him. Wenham came nearer to look. He felt a lump in his throat at the sight.

"See here, Phil," he exclaimed fiercely, "do you mean to tell me you'd make a stew out of that?"

"What did we set the traps for?" demanded Harden.

"Maybe you want to eat him alive?"

"No. He—he'll have to be killed first," answered Harden, feebly.

"Then you can do the killing! And after that you can do the eating. I'll starve first."

"Aw, don't be so chicken-hearted! What are you going to do with him if you *don't* eat him?"

Wenham crept nearer the trembling brute.

"There! There!" he coaxed him. "Don't be frightened."

He brushed aside the boughs.

"Why, Phil," he exclaimed, "he's caught his foot in the confounded thing."

"I—I know."

"We'll have to take him back to camp and fix up his leg. Why, look at him!"

Harden stooped. The rabbit, in terror, clawed the snow in a vain attempt to hide himself farther under the brush, and away from his captors.

"So, Bill, so," cooed Harden.

He rose determinedly.

"All right, Bob," he agreed. "We'll take him back and give him some breakfast. But—well, it's queer sort of trapping when you only catch more mouths to feed."

"He has a better right here in the woods than we have," argued Wenham.

"If he'll show us the way out, we'll leave him the woods," answered Harden. "We are n't here because we want to be, are we?"

"We've hurt him and we've got to make good, somehow. Pick him up, Phil."

Harden untangled the chain and picked up the frightened animal by the scruff of the neck as he would a kitten. The little fellow struggled frantically, but Harden nestled him into his arm, and the rabbit thrust his nose beneath Harden's coat. The latter glanced at Wenham with a weak smile.

"The little beggar!" he murmured.

They made their way back and approached the cabin with some anxiety. But the kitchen door was closed just as they had left it, and a glance about the room showed that nothing had been disturbed. An examination of the rabbit's foot proved that it had been only bruised. Harden washed the paw in warm water and wound it with a strip of cloth, while Wenham took one of the empty boxes in the kitchen and nailed across its top four or five slats. Into this they put the animal, with a cup of water and some crackers, and left him to recover from his fright near the open fire in the sitting-room.

"Well," concluded Harden, "I think we'll have to depend upon fish for our extra food. We'll have to use some of our kite-string for a fish-line, and as for hooks—we'll have to make some."

"You're a wizard if you can," commented Wenham.

But this was not so difficult a matter as it seemed. Harden took down the box of wire nails and the iron file they had found in the drawer, and set to work. He picked out the longest and slimmest of the nails, and with the aid of the hammer and poker bent it into shape. It was then no very hard task to file down the end into a barb and point it. The result was a somewhat clumsy affair as large as a cod-hook, but it was sharp and strong. Encouraged by this, Harden then took another and filed it down all around, with the exception of the point, which he kept to make a larger barb than the first. This made a very good imitation of a pickerel-hook. He handed them over to Wenham for inspection.

"Just as good as store hooks," exclaimed the latter. "Robinson Crusoe never did a better job."

That night they opened a can of beef for supper and had a repast that gave them new courage. If they had followed the dictates of their appetites they would have finished the whole can, but Harden, after cutting off a thick slice for each, resolutely replaced it in the closet.

"We 'll see first what we can do with the hooks before we make much more of a hole in the canned goods," he said.

That night he not only locked the door, but nailed a cleat to the floor just in front of it. In spite of this the sleep of both boys was broken. Harden awoke a half-dozen times and was glad enough to find Wenham also awake. But the only thing that disturbed them was the restless struggles of the rabbit, who from time to time made a frantic effort to escape from his cage.

Immediately after breakfast they severed the fish-line from the kite, and, with several bits of pork for bait, started for the lake. Their task here was no easy one. It took them a good half-hour, with the aid of boards improvised as snow-shovels, to scrape away the snow to the ice itself. And this was only a beginning. The ice was very, very thick, and in order to get through this with their short-handled hatchets they were forced to make a wide opening. The ice was as hard as steel, and it took them the rest of the morning to break through to the water. The exercise gave them an appetite which made a hole in the canned beef which only a good-sized catch could ever replenish. It was about one when Harden dropped his line. A few minutes later Wenham followed with his, a hundred yards away.

The exercise of cutting the holes had kept them warm, and the excitement of the new sport had kept their spirits high, but the long, tedious wait out there on the cold lake took a good deal of their first enthusiasm out of them. It was clear that this was to be another waiting game. Neither of them knew the easier method of ice-fishing of setting their lines to a hinged stick which rises with a tug at the line, thus enabling the fishermen to watch from within doors. They were forced to remain by the holes. It was not only cold and monotonous work, but it was discouraging. There was nothing to be seen in the dark circle of water to hint whether or not there was a fish within a mile of the hook. Added to this, they were held at a nervous tension by the ever-present possibility that at any moment this unknown wild man might stalk from the woods to make a fresh raid upon the cabin. By three o'clock Wenham was ready to give up, but Harden persisted.

"This is n't any lark," he admitted; "it is a

mighty serious business for us. With half our provisions gone—"

Wenham glanced quickly around.

"You don't suppose he 'll turn up again, do you?" he asked.

"If he gets hungry enough he will," answered Harden.

"And if he does?" questioned Wenham.

"It 's every man for himself out here," answered Harden, grimly. "We 'll have to fight, if it comes to that. We must keep what we have."

"Have you—got the gun with you?"

Harden drew it from his pocket.

"You bet I have. And I 'm going to *keep* it with me."

Wenham pondered a moment.

"Phil," he asked, "would you dare shoot a man—even to save our food?"

"To save our *lives*. Of course I would."

"Why not share with him, if he comes again?"

"If he 's crazy, he won't share. He 'll want it all. And then—"

"And then?" asked Wenham, quickly.

"He 'll have to fight for it, that 's all."

Wenham turned his eyes uneasily toward the cabin. He lacked the combativeness which would justify to himself such a course even in an emergency like this. He would rather have surrendered the remaining provisions in the house and trusted to luck for more. This was not due to a weakness which could by any means be called cowardice. It was rather a willingness to sacrifice self rather than inflict harm upon another. Harden, on the other hand, always stood firmly upon his rights. When they were infringed upon he felt ample justification and no scruples in fighting for them. Wenham knew well enough that if pressed hard Phil would shoot. In consequence he returned to his fishing with new resolution.

So another hour passed, when Harden, who stood by his hole in a sort of half-frozen stupor, felt a yank at his line which nearly dragged it from his numbed fingers. The next second he was frantically reeling in hand over hand. From the feel, the struggling fish at the other end fighting for his life weighed three or four pounds. It tugged this way and that, tore about in a circle, and held back with all its maddened strength. When Harden finally dragged it to the top, it churned the ice-filled hole like a motor-boat propeller. In another second he had jerked it out and tossed it on the ice, where it still flapped about with protruding eyes and open mouth. Wenham, who had drawn up his own line, now came running over.

"What sort of a fish is it, Phil?"

Harden was as breathless as though he had

been running. He stared a moment at the long torpedo-like body and panted:

"A pickerel! And a beauty!"

Wenham slapped his comrade upon the back.

"Why, there 's grub enough for all winter right in this lake! This fish will make a couple of meals."

"Tell me that after he 's cooked. But here 's our supper all right."

Harden picked up the fish and examined the bite of the hook.

"I 'll make more of these to-morrow," he determined. "We 'll have a dozen lines out."

With such a prize as this to their credit, they both had fishing enough for one day. They hurried back up the hill, where Harden cleaned the fish, keeping the head, gills, and tail for trap-bait.

"A wildcat will travel five miles to get a fish," he declared.

Wenham built the kitchen fire, and Harden put on the frying-pan with a dozen small strips of salt pork in it. As soon as the grease had sizzled out of these, he rolled the pickerel in a handful of the corn-meal which was left, and laid it tenderly in the hot grease. The very smell of it kept them swallowing hard. As soon as it was nicely browned on one side, he turned it over. It did not look so big there as it had when first it came out of the water. But ten minutes later it did not look so big as it did in the frying-pan. In fact, there was nothing left when they finished their meal but a handful of bones. For the first time since they had struck this camp they had the comfortable feeling of being filled up.

"After such a treat as this," suggested Wenham, "we ought to give Bill a good feed."

"Right you are," agreed Harden. "Take him out of the box, and we 'll see if we can't tame him a little."

Wenham seized the rabbit by the back of the neck and cuddled him into his lap. It was a good deal like trying to cuddle a spinning top, but after a minute or two the little animal settled down apparently in despair. Harden offered him a cracker, but he only shrank back from it. Then very gently they smoothed his fur until at the end of a half-hour he ventured to nibble. And this tiny victory seemed a greater one than that which had resulted in his capture.

"Hanged if he does n't make it a little less lonesome here," Harden confessed, as he put the rabbit back into the box.

Wenham had skipped his log for two days, but now he made up for it by writing eight full pages. With the event of two nights before, he could not complain that he had any lack of incident. But as he wrote, those hours when they

had stood by the fire and waited came back to him with unpleasant vividness. Once again the creaking boards sounded like pistol-shots; once again the weird shadows crept from their hiding-places and stalked silently about the room. Harden was busy with making more fish-hooks and lost in his dreams of the fish he would catch on the morrow. Wenham watched him a moment and then lifted his eyes to the window. With a cry of horror he seized Harden's shoulder and exclaimed in a hoarse whisper:

"Your revolver, Phil, quick!"

"What is it?" said Phil.

"The face!" he gasped. "The face at the window!"

CHAPTER VII

AGAIN THE MYSTERY

RETREATING into the dark of the kitchen, the boys waited for the next development, but after that single appearance of the face at the cabin window nothing followed. Wenham was unable to describe the apparition further than that he saw distinctly two shining eyes set in a tangled mass of black beard. Harden had seen nothing. The latter tried to get Wenham to admit that the face might have been a pure delusion caused by the fact that he was writing, at the time, of the robbery two nights before. But Wenham stuck to the fact that he had actually seen a face.

"Why, I saw him as distinctly as I now see you, Phil!" he declared.

"And yet all you can say about him is that he had eyes and whiskers."

"But the eyes!" shuddered Wenham.

"What about them?"

"They looked more like the eyes of an animal than a man's eyes."

"Perhaps they were. Perhaps a wildcat or something—"

"Could a wildcat reach to the height of that window? No, they belonged to a man, but they were half savage. They looked," added Wenham, faltering for words—"they looked as though the man was about to spring."

"Funny," muttered Harden. "It must be that same fellow who stole our grub. There is certainly something queer about a man who won't knock at the door, in the woods—especially in the winter. Why, men in here are all comrades. I tell you, Bob, he 's one of those queer hermits who has lost his wits. I remember an old guide told me about one of them he caught in a bear-trap."

"Ugh!" shuddered Wenham; "don't tell me anything more about that."

That night Wenham and Harden took turns at sentinel duty, and the next day they covered all

the windows in the camp with old clothes so that no one from the outside could see in. They also worked more diligently than ever to keep the smudge fire burning. For the next three nights they continued their sentinel duty, Wenham tak-

ing, they could not make out what had escaped them. The snow was too light to hold an impression.

On the fourth night Wenham was bent over the log, trying hard to think of enough to fill up



"THE LITTLE BEGGAR!" HARDEN MURMURED.

ing the first watch until midnight, when Harden took his turn and sat up until morning.

But they neither saw nor heard anything more of their strange visitor. The strain told on them both. Not only did they lose their sleep, but during the daytime they were harried by the constant necessity of keeping a sharp watch on the camp and of holding themselves on guard wherever they might be. They kept their six traps baited with fish-heads, and although twice they found two of the traps sprung and the bait miss-

four pages, when Harden called his attention to the date written at the top of the sheet.

"This is the 21st of December, Bob," he said a bit mournfully. "It looks as though we would have to spend Christmas here."

"I'm afraid it won't be much of a Christmas—either for us or the folks back home."

"I suppose Dad is still hunting for us."

"Do you think he has told my father yet?"

"Yes. He would n't waste more than two or three days hunting alone. Then he probably went

back to South Twin, wired your father, and got together a searching party. But a hundred men could n't cover all this ground. Even the sheriff and his gang gave up looking for the prisoner when they found he had escaped into the woods."

Wenham moved uneasily in his chair.

"I can't get that fellow out of my mind," he said. "He probably wandered around here eating twigs until he dropped in his tracks, exhausted."

would n't last a week in that spirit. A man has to *want* to live, Bob, and want to, with all his might," said Phil, "in order to fight cold and hunger"; and he piled wood on the fire, more for the light than the heat.

"Christmas," mused Wenham—"the whole family gets together at home on that day—Father and all the relatives."

"We have n't many relatives," said Phil. "But

Mother gives us a great dinner. I hope Dad has n't told her. Mum 's sort of chicken-hearted about me."

"Perhaps he won't tell her until it 's time for us to be out. We were n't due home until the 1st of January, were we?"

"No, not till then."

Harden rose to his feet. He had never felt his helplessness as he did this night, with the thought of the approaching holiday and all that meant of home. With his head bowed on his clenched fists he strained for some inspiration that might bring even a glimmer of hope. The vision of his big, kind-hearted father fighting the snow for him, the picture of the patient mother with her gentle eyes waiting for him, drove him almost to despair.

"Bob," he exclaimed fiercely, "I think we ought to make one dash for it before then—if it kills us."

"We 're strong enough to do it," returned Wenham, wistfully. "I never felt better in my life. It is n't the distance—it 's the direction that stumps us."

"Yes," groaned Harden. "We 're tethered here like calves in a pasture."

As though in answer to the words there came a

heavy rap upon the kitchen door. Both boys held their breath in terror, at the sound.

Then distinctly they heard the metallic click of the latch as it was raised and lowered again.



"'THE FACE!' HE GASPED. 'THE FACE AT THE WINDOW!'"

"I 'll wager he was sorry he ever escaped."

"I don't know. If he was innocent perhaps he was glad to die. I believe I would feel that way."

"Then that took all the fight out of him. He

(To be continued.)



Lois drew a long sigh as she added the column. "At the very least," she said, "we need two thousand dollars. I have n't put down a thing that is n't a necessity."

She sat in the crotch of the old apple-tree, her brow twisted into an intense frown, her head bent over a scrap of paper covered with figures. Suddenly she straightened herself and leaned back, closing her eyes, with the wrinkle still between them. It was there when, a moment later, she opened them again on something that had not been there before.

Standing below her was a young man. His hat was in his hand, and a pair of very happy-looking blue eyes were watching Lois.

"Good morning," he said. "I am a long-lost uncle, and I am wondering if you are my niece."

"I don't believe so," answered Lois. "My only uncle is teaching in Boston."

A quick smile lighted his face.

"I thought so. You have the family look. Your only uncle has stopped teaching in Boston and has come home at last. Is there room for me up there? Your last letter brought me home."

"Why?"

"Oh, it sounded as if my only niece needed *me* more than my money. So Dr. Larned got a substitute and let me come—though of course I forfeit my last quarter's salary. Now, are you going to show me what there is on that scrap of paper to pucker your brow so woefully?"

"It's everything," sighed Lois. "I worry and worry, but it does n't do any good."

"I never knew it to," answered Uncle Lem. "But everything is going to rack and ruin, and I can't stop it. We need lots of money, and there is n't any."

"Won't anything but money fill the bill?"

"No; it needs just plain money. I'll show you what I've written. First, we've got to have five hundred dollars to pay the interest on the note, or Mr. Perkins may take to attacking—or is it 'attaching'?—things, and that would break Grandfather's heart."

"What note is that?"

"Oh, it's the family burden. Don't you know about it? Uncle Ezek owed Mr. Perkins five thousand dollars, and Grandfather thought Uncle Ezek paid it before he died, but Mr. Perkins says, if he did, show him the receipt. And there is n't any. Mr. Perkins and Uncle Ezek were always fighting, and Mr. Perkins is terribly cross now to all of us. But of course he has a right to his interest, and it has n't been paid in two years."

"I see. I was in Europe when that happened. Well, then, 'interest, five hundred dollars'; second item, 'school, four hundred dollars.'"

"You'd have to pay as much as that for a boarding-school, would n't you?" broke in Lois. "There is n't any school here, and I've just *got* to get educated. It is n't only because I love books so, but I must help support Grandfather and Grandmother, and I don't know any other way to do it. I've tried to run the farm, but I can't manage it."

"Just you—one minikin-mite, all alone! I



should think not. Well, then, for a third item, 'servant, or housemaid, one hundred dollars.'"

"If I go away, Grandmother will have to have a servant; she can't be left alone. And Grandfather must hire a man right away now, for if we don't get the crops in, we sha'n't even have anything to eat."

"Man, four hundred dollars. Horse, one hundred dollars."

"There's old Dan, but he is n't strong enough to plow alone, or do his part with the mowing-machine, or even bring in the hay. We have to have another horse."

"Clothes, two hundred.' Don't forget *them*."

"We are all in rags," explained Lois. "I've priced things, and we'd need that to get us ready for winter."

"Nothing like getting ready for winter in the early spring," said Uncle Lem, cheerfully. "'Repairs, one hundred and fifty. Coal, seventy-five. Fertilizers and extras, seventy-five.' That seems to end the list."

"It's a pretty long one," said Lois, mournfully, "but," casting an eye to the future, "there is n't one thing there I could cross off. The roof won't last through another winter. It leaks so now that

"GOOD MORNING," HE SAID. "I AM A LONG-LOST UNCLE."

my knees are black and blue from crawling around the attic floor with pans when there 's a big rain."

"It seems to add up to two thousand dollars," said Uncle Lem. "What were you thinking of doing about it?"

Lois laughed—a little embarrassed.

"I started to make plans, but I could n't think of any, so I began telling fairy stories instead. A purse was just going to drop into my lap, and I was going to open it and find exactly two thousand dollars in it; but I heard a sound and opened my eyes, and there was no fairy purse and no money."

"Only a plain old long-lost uncle! But sometimes they count in fairy stories, you know. I 'll tell you something queer about fairies; sometimes they 're so close that we don't see them, but they 're there all the same. The fairy purse may be right here."

"I have n't a dollar all told," said Lois, flatly.

Uncle Lem laughed; he was of the easy-laughing kind.

"Well, dolorous and unbelieving one, I have n't a fortune in dollars either, but I know there are some aassets to count up."

"If that means valuable things, we have n't one."

"Out upon you! I 'm an asset myself, and so are you, and the house is another—even with a leaky roof. And what is this orchard but an asset? And that huge barn? And about twenty acres of good land?"

"Oh, if you are counting the farm," said Lois, loftily, "there 's Molly—she 's a splendid cow; and there are lots of chickens; and old Dan is n't so bad—only his ribs stick out and I can't keep him very shiny."

"I can," said Uncle Lem. "I begin to see the glimmer of fairy gold. We 'll get to work this very afternoon. Now tell me about my mother and father before we go to get dinner for them."

Lois cooked all the dinner that day, while Grandmother sat in her rocker, with her hand on her boy's arm and her patient old face shining with joy as she listened to Lem's account of his last few years.

"I 've done a good deal of roving," he said, "and a good deal of seeking after money, both summer and winter. But since I have been working with Dr. Larned I 've been changing my views about things. He and Mrs. Larned and their little daughter Letty look at life differently from any one else I 've known. They think a lot of love and happiness, and give the go-by to a pile of things most people spend their lives for. I 've been wondering for some time if I myself could n't be of more use to you than my money

is, and Lois's letter decided me. Are you glad to see me?"

Lem found his answer in the happy faces of his parents and in Lois's gay laugh. With an apron around his neck, he dried the dinner dishes, and then, while Grandmother and Grandfather took their naps, Lem and Lois explored the farm. They visited old Dan first.

"He 's a good old beast," Lem said. "Suppose we give him extra rations, as it 's a holiday, and I 'll rub him down. I 'll show you the muscle that school-teaching brings."

"Can you plow?"

"Sure-ly! Once you learn to drive a straight furrow you don't forget it."

"Well," said Lois, the corners of her mouth drooping again, "even if you do know how, you can't plow with only one horse."

"Then, Miss Wet-blanket, I 'll find another. Steady, now, Daniel, my boy! I 'm going to brush your hair."

"You love animals, don't you?" asked Lois, as she watched the young man's strong arm sweep old Dan's flank.

"Yes. And nieces. In fact, I 'm finding out that, as we get along, we love everybody."

"Not everybody," said Lois, decidedly. "I don't love old Mr. Perkins. He 's too horrid to love."

"Ever try very hard? Somehow, if we carry enough loving around with us, it melts away the horridness. You don't get any fairy stories without loving and helping in them. You think them over and see if you do."

"Sh!" whispered Lois, "here comes Mr. Perkins, himself!"

The old man, with his heavy tread, passed the girl by and addressed Lem.

"Heard as ye 'd come home," he said, "and full time, too. I 'd like to hitch your horse with mine to do a little plowin', with you at the plow."

"I 'll trade," said Lem, smiling his genial smile. "Dan and I will help you first, if you will bring your horse up here afterward to do our plowing."

"Don't know *as* I can, don't know *but* I can," said Mr. Perkins. "I start to-morrer mornin' at five"; and Lem replied: "I 'll be there," as, with a grunt, the old man departed.

"Doing pretty well, Wet-blanket, are n't we?" Uncle Lem asked. "The fairy gold begins to shine. Here you have your hired man and your second hired man, and your horse and your second horse, all before the day is out. There is a good rye crop on one side of the hill and pretty fine-looking grass on the other. After we get our south meadow plowed up for corn, we 'll get Neighbor Perkins to help us turn under the sod beside the barn, and we 'll put in some potatoes."

"Corn and potatoes take fertilizer, and fertilizer takes money."

Uncle Lem smiled, and then laughed out cheerily.

"You're a clever girl, Lois, and you have really done wonders here alone, but you do find more obstacles to a hill than ever you'll find potatoes. When I get to fertilizer, I'll consider fertilizer. First, I'll plow."

Dan and Molly were both groomed, the chicken-house cleaned, and the berry bushes trimmed into neat rows, before Lem said they had earned their supper. The evening went in the making of vegetable lists.

It took two days to do Mr. Perkins's plowing and another day to do the south meadow. Before it was finished Lem had a letter.

"It is from Dr. Larned," he said. "He is taken with the farm idea, and he wants to know if we have room for Letty. But it means that, if she comes, I'll have to find time to tutor her."

Lois's eyes danced with joy, as she exclaimed: "Oh, could you, Uncle Lem? In the evenings? And then I could study, too!"

Uncle Lem looked at her as if struck by a new idea.

"I'll try it, youngster, if only for your sake. You certainly deserve it. And I think you'll like Letty."

Every one liked Letty at once. She was running over with merriment and good-will and had always a helping hand. She dried dishes for Grandmother, fed the chickens for Grandfather, dropped corn for Uncle Lem, and shared all of Lois's tasks. She even dragged Lois over to pay a friendly visit to old Mr. Perkins, and chattered away, sure of her welcome, while Lois sat by, wriggling her toes and wondering how long the gruff old farmer would endure them. He let them stay, however, and gave each girl a russet apple when they went away.

The potato patch was plowed, and so was the garden. Trim rows of spinach, peas, beans, and all other green things were started. Then Lois did another piece of business.

"Quick, Uncle Lem," she said, in great excitement. "Mr. Perkins is down the road fretting to some one that he has n't barn room. We've got twice too much for our crops. Maybe he'll trade part of his car-load of fertilizer for half our barn."

"You're surely born to be President some day, Lois," said Uncle Lem.

Mr. Perkins and Uncle Lem made their bargain; the rows of green things flourished; the potatoes and corn did their duty; and Lois and Letty planted flower seeds as well as their seeds of Latin and algebra, which Uncle Lem cultivated. Then the strawberries began to turn red, and the

girls sold enough to pay for sufficient sugar to make jams and jellies all summer.

In the midst of it all, Mr. Perkins's horse stepped on his master's toe, and the old man was shut for three days in the house. Lem, with his cheery whistle, did all his neighbor's chores night and morning—though never a word of thanks did he get for it. Lois and Letty carried their unresponsive friend his meals, some cooked by Grandmother and some by themselves. He ate them all without remark notwithstanding his evident gratitude at the attention.

"I think Mr. Perkins's face is getting nicer," Lois said one day.

Letty looked astonished.

"Why, what do you mean? Is n't Mr. Perkins nice? I like him."

"You like everybody," said Lois, "and everybody likes you. You and Uncle Lem just love people and work away and don't worry about a thing."

"Well, pray tell me what in the world is there to worry about?"

"Oh, lots of things! I need piles of money, and I have n't a penny of it. Uncle Lem says fairy stories are true, but I'm not getting my wishes one bit."

Uncle Lem laughed. He looked at his niece and with a twinkle said:

"You're bound not to get your needs filled in any way except through that purse, are n't you? I'm content to take mine in peas and potatoes and strawberry-jam."

"You can't pay interest with strawberry-jam," said Lois.

"You might, on a pinch," answered Uncle Lem.

"Oh, Lois," Letty said, "you are so funny! Come on, and label our jam, and let's give one jar out of every ten that we put up to Mr. Perkins, shall we?"

The hay was housed and the rye reaped. The garden yielded its succession of vegetables, and, with the help of the cow and the chickens, kept Grandmother's old mahogany table groaning with good things. Mr. Perkins got his tithes of sweetness, as currants and cherries, raspberries and blackberries trod in turn upon each other's heels in rapid succession.

It was September before Mrs. Larned came to take Letty home. When she saw her, she held up her hands in horror.

"My child! My child!" she exclaimed. "Is this what a farm does for you? You have certainly grown six inches, and you'll not be able to wear one of your last year's frocks."

Then she turned quickly to Lois, with a glow in her loving, motherly eyes.



"LOIS AND LETTY CARRIED HIS MEALS TO THEIR UNRESPONSIVE FRIEND."

"I shall send them all to you as a punishment for letting Letty outstrip you so. I took such pains in making them. I wonder if you will wear them?"

Letty dashed at her with a quick embrace.

"Oh, Lois, what fun! And Mother will make my new ones just like these, and then when you come to visit me next winter, everybody will take us for twins."

The box came after Letty reached home. In it were not only the pretty clothes for Lois, but the warm things that Grandmother and Grandfather needed,—“with Letty’s love and gratitude for a happy summer, and her parents’ best thanks.”

When the hardest of the outside work was done, Uncle Lem settled down with Lois into regular study-hours. Studying alone, she learned more in a month than she could have learned in three in any country school.

One morning in October Uncle Lem, his face one broad smile, came up to her directly from the post-office. He tossed two letters into Lois’s lap.

“These will do for an English lesson,” he said. “Read them and criticize them.”

The first was a kind note from Dr. Larned. It held not only a check for Letty’s tutoring, but one for Uncle Lem’s last quarter’s salary as well.

“I think that ’s the coal and the new roof, is n’t it?” he said. “But the other is better yet. Read it.”

Lois read, with eyes that steadily grew bigger:

DEAR NEIGHBOR: No man likes to say he is wrong. But a man can’t live neighbor to you without trying to be as square as he can. You’re a different man from Ezek, and so are the rest of his folks. I’ve been taking out my spite for him on them, and those girls were as good to me as if I had n’t plagued them. Ezek paid me the money all right. I meant to tell ’em so, when I got good and ready. Now I inclose the receipt. You could n’t have treated me kinder if you ’d been my own son. All the good ain’t gone out of the world yet, though I thought it had.

HIRAM PERKINS.

Without a word Lois laid down the letter and took from her desk the list of necessities that only two thousand dollars in hard cash could satisfy. She drew her pencil through the first item on the paper, and said slowly:

“‘Interest’; there was n’t any. ‘School’; you’ve

taught me for nothing. 'Servant'; I was that—and Letty. 'Man'; that was you. 'Horse'; it was standing in Mr. Perkins's stable all the time. 'Clothes'; we never had such nice ones. And the 'fertilizer' and the 'new roof' and the 'coal'! I've crossed everything off my list, and, except for this check, there has n't been a single penny to do it with!"

"And not a 'fairy purse' in the whole business," teased Uncle Lem.

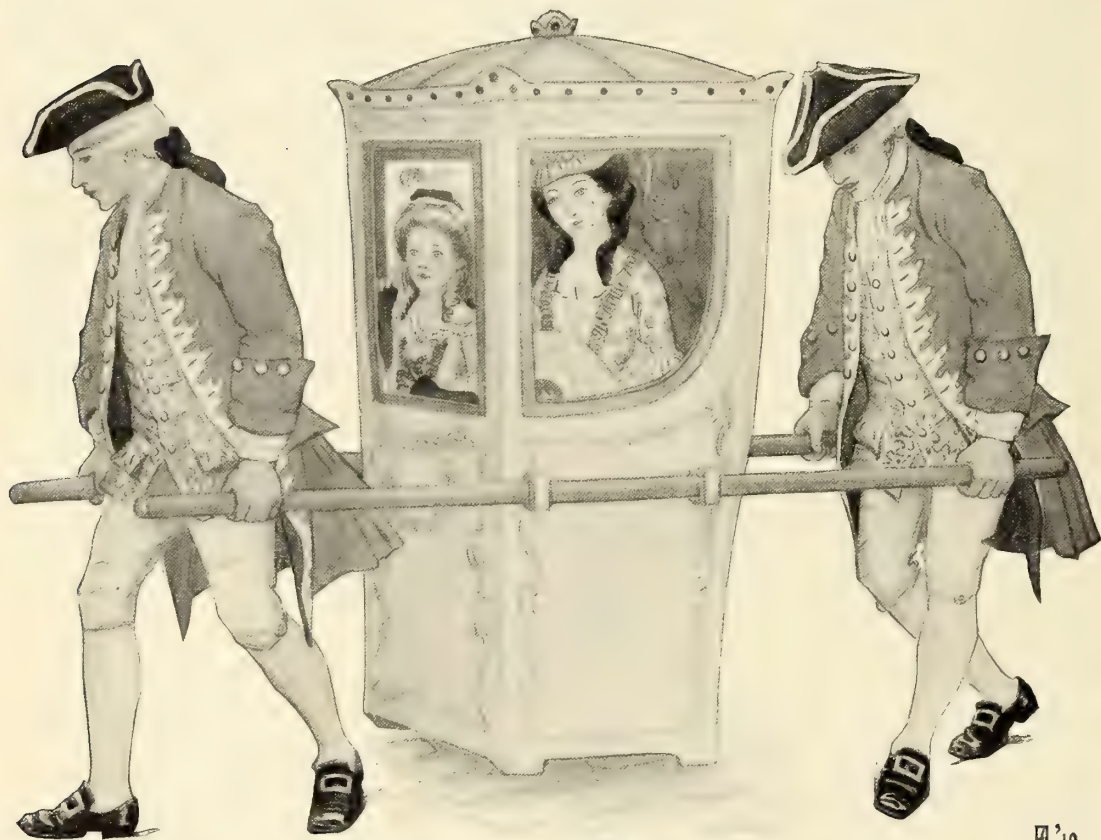
"But there was," Lois cried. "It was in my

lap that very day when I sat in the apple-tree and fretted, only, because it was a fairy purse, it was invisible."

"And now it suddenly becomes visible?"

"Yes," said Lois, "because a great, big, splendid prince-uncle came along, and he believed in fairies and in loving people and in looking for assets—that 's a nice word—right under your nose, and he made the purse visible."

"I think I saw the gleam of the fairy gold from the very first," said Uncle Lem.



Easter Daye

The blythe byrdes singe, "Tis springe! 'tis springe!"
 The churche bells ringe, gladde carolyng:
 Come to ye churche, goode people, all!
 'Tis Easter Daye! theye call, theye call.

LOCATING A CLAIM

BY GEORGE L. PARKER

THE phrase caught my attention in a newspaper the other day; I suppose I had read it a thousand times before. We all know that the real use of the words came about when government lands were first thrown open to settlers, each of whom had a right to stake off so much land as his own, to "locate his claim," which afterward no man might take away from him. Many of us remember, when parts of Oklahoma and other Territories were thus thrown open, that, for months before, settlers gathered for miles, in wagons and camps of all descriptions, along the State boundary line, ready to rush over the moment the law went into effect allowing them to do so. It was like men in a running race listening for the signal, "On your marks, get ready, go!"

To locate a claim! Why, that's what life is! Claiming something as your own, finding out exactly where it is, then going to work on it to improve it.

Many a boy begins to locate his claim before he is in the high school. We say he has a "bent" toward this or that. He has literary tastes. His claim is the world of books. Or he has mechanical genius. His claim is machinery, engineering. Another has an ability to speak easily standing on his feet. His claim is the world of speech and oratory, persuasion in the courts for the sake of justice, or in the pulpit for human uplift. These are great claims, and it's a splendid thing to feel that one is naturally drawn to some one of these large lines of activity. If he has this "bent" early in life, and is conscious of it, he is saved much hunting in the dark to "find a job," and he wards off that bad state of mind when one must wonder what he is really going to do to make an honest living. For pay our way we all surely must, and to locate your claim early is the easiest way to make a beginning. That great man Thomas Carlyle said: "Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness." Which is as much as to say, Blessed is he who has located his claim. I know a man to-day who is over fifty years old who has gone to farming in the last two years. He is struggling very hard, and I admire him for that, but it is such a hard struggle that I am sorry for him. I know he can never be a successful farmer, because he put off beginning until too late. He did n't locate his claim early enough. The men who have helped the world most are those who have worked long at one thing, even though they might play at many

smaller things. And the only way to work long at a thing is to begin early. George Washington became leader of the American army because, many years before, he located that claim by hard service in the French and Indian War. I once saw a small boy running down the hill to reach the ferry going across the river. But he was just too late. "Well, my boy," I said, "it's too bad; you did n't run fast enough." "Oh, yes, I ran fast enough," he said, "but I did n't start soon enough." He was a wise boy. To locate your claim, start soon. It's better than running fast.

But how can one tell where one's claim is? How can he know if it's in the law, or the ministry, or business, or teaching, or even in motor-machines? Now, no hard and fast rules can be laid down about it, and we may as well be frank and say so. For many men have done some splendid things late in life which as boys they never expected to do, although it was found out afterward that they had been working toward it all the time. But, without any rules, this much may be said: if you take an honest, deep interest in something, if you make up your own opinion about it rather than accept another's, you will do well to investigate that land to see if your claim lies there. That is, if you are honest about it (that's the main point), you will make *most* of the work that you love *best*. If you hate your claim, you won't make anything of it. If you choose some duty or profession just because your friends or classmates think it popular, you are very apt to fail. Be sure the claim is *your* claim, and that, though hard, it gives you more pleasure than mere play.

And this is the second point to notice: don't choose your work just because you love it, or because it seems easy to you. As some one said of a famous man, "We love him for the enemies he has made," so a man should love his work because of the difficulties in it. Let your work appear as work, not as play. Let it look like "a man's job," not a ladies' tea-party or a candy-pulling frolic, however right they may be in the proper place. It's no use locating a claim unless you are going to stay on it. Some of those Western deserts must have looked like very poor farm land when the settlers first dug their spades in the dry earth. But those that have stayed by it have to-day some of the choicest homes in our country. Weeds grow of themselves, but you must work to raise flowers and fruit. Hold to

your work because it *is* work, and at the same time hard work.

Sometimes we hear that the ranks of all professions are full, and business avenues, too, are crowded. In other words, the claims have all been taken up. This is discouraging, but is it true? Frequently the answer is given: "There is always room at the top." But neither is that altogether true. The way to the right answer lies along another line. It is this: the plain fact is that more men are needed in the world to-day than ever before, because there is more to do—more different things to make, more actual people to support. Fifteen years ago the bicycle-makers would have been frightened into bankruptcy if you had told them that in 1910 their trade would have almost disappeared. But what do we see now? The coming of automobiles has given work to all the bicycle-men and thousands more. And it is so in other businesses and professions. The point to remember is that, while the form of work changes, the work in every field remains, and even increases. The real claims are not all taken up. Alexander the Great was only a fool when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He did n't use his eyes to see with, but only to weep with.

So you see what locating a claim is. It is say-

ing that there is some one large or small part of life that we can each make our own if we only will. Besides which, and more important than all, there are great claims that are quite free, open to all, and richer than the smaller claims. Take such a claim as kindness. How many of us have located that? Education,—have we located that claim, and put up our name on a part of it? Love, biggest claim of all! How many of us have said: "No matter what else I do, I will keep my heart open toward mankind in love, not close my doors by hate?" We can locate that claim if we will. Then there is the great estate of religion. To locate a claim there would seem to be the chief thing that we are here for. Chinese Gordon closed his tent-door every day and laid a white handkerchief on the outside of the door to notify all his soldiers that he must not be disturbed until he took in that handkerchief. He was at prayer. In other words, he was locating his claim, claiming his share of the great thought of God, of which we can all have a part if we will.

Friendship, industry, art, these, too, are all free lands, given to us by the government of the universe. We only need go in and possess the land, and these tremendous treasures are ours.

What a wonderful world we live in, where all we are asked to do is to locate our claim!

QUITE A TOURIST!

BY GRACE PAGE

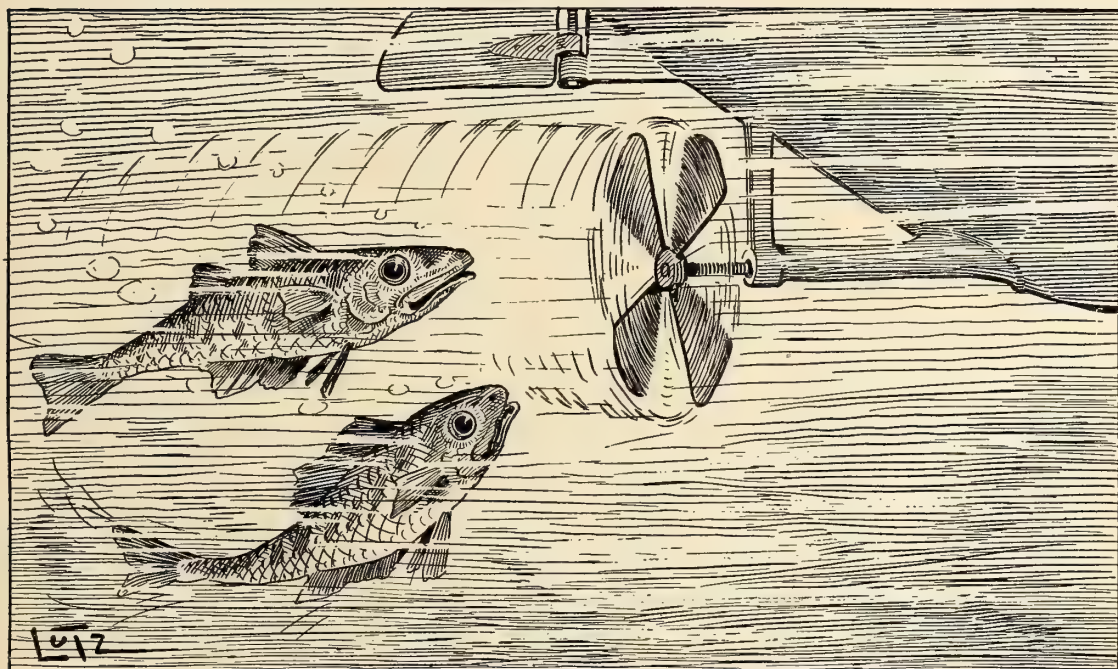
I HAVE traveled over Europe, all through Italy and France;
In the villages of Brittany I've watched the peasants dance;
On the lovely Lake of Como I have seen the blue of sky
Match the blue of placid water, tint for tint and dye for dye.

I've beheld the German war-lord and his handsome, stalwart sons,
With the "Kaiserin" and "kinder," to the wee-est little ones.
I've seen princesses and princes,—English, Spanish, Swedish, all,—
Plain and pretty, dull and clever, rich and poor, and short and tall.

In the wonder-town of Nuremberg I've lingered, loath to go;
By a fretted Moorish palace heard the fountains splash and flow;
And I've been to Monte Carlo—(really I'm no poorer, too!
But I haste to add, no richer, since I did not risk a sou!)

I have looked and smiled at Holland,—tiny, toylike, picturesque;
And at Russia, splendid, squalid, haggard, awesome, grim, grotesque.
And I've seen the best of England; the Azores; and Portugal;
But I saw them—I confess it—all, on picture "*cartes postales*!"

Lest you laugh to scorn my pilgrimage, I venture just to add
That a "picture-post-card" journey really is not half so bad!
For you never need be seasick, nor fare homeward feeling poor,
If, like me, you spend your pennies on a modest "postal" tour!



"MY! WHAT A REFRESHING BREEZE COMES FROM THAT FAN!"



DON'T!

BY CAMILLA J. KNIGHT

Now, Dolly, don't forget the things
 I've told you not to do.
 Don't meddle with the hose and let
 The water run on you,
 Don't hurt the kitty, don't pick flowers,
 Don't wake up Baby Kate,

Don't dig holes in the flower-beds,
 Don't swing upon the gate,
 Don't put a *thing* into your mouth,
 Don't climb the fence or tree,—
 Oh, Dolly, all the nicest things
 Are *don't-ed*, seems to me!

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

CHAPTER II

WHAT THE MORNING HELD FOR THE BOYS

"Boys, wake up! Wake up!"

Lincoln and Bob stared at one another blankly, there came a second violent career of the basket, and, with a cry of comprehension, they were on their feet beside Dick, peering below.

In the first gray light of dawn, some two hundred feet beneath them, were the dark, dim shapes of trees and buildings. Lincoln cried joyously, "Hurrah! We 'll be down in five minutes!"

The dragging anchor freed itself, and the balloon moved on.

Bob shook his head. "I hope so; but the balloon does n't appear to be dropping further," he said somewhat anxiously.

"Oh, you're an old croak, Bob. We're going down all right; down in the land of the free and the home of the brave—and on a farm," Lincoln declared gaily. "Yes, a good, old American farm!"

The basket again violently careened, and from below rose a piercing squeal, then a frantic chorus of squealing and grunting.

"Did n't I tell you?" exclaimed Lincoln. "Pigs—a farm! For wherever there are prize pigs, there is a farm—in old New York State."

The din continued, and fowls, a dog, and other animals were soon joining in the tumult.

"The anchor appears to be holding this time," Dick remarked hopefully. As he spoke the car once more lurched forward, again brought up with a jolt, and from the gloom below came a rending of timbers, then a perfect bedlam of squawking, screeching, and cackling. A moment after there came a shout.

"It's the farmer, and he thinks we're chicken-thieves," spluttered Dick. "Let's yell to him."

Together they raised their voices in a shout: "Hello! Hello! It's a runaway balloon!"

Above the din of the farm-yard came the noise as of a window closing and a door banging.

"He'll be out in a minute," said Bob.

"There he is," said Lincoln, as a dim white figure came into view. "Now, all together—"

But once more the car leaped on, to an accompaniment of crashing branches, and brought up with a careen that nearly pitched the three occupants over the side.

Regaining their equilibrium, the boys again peered below, to discover the farmer standing like a statue a few feet from what apparently was the kitchen door. Bob leaned over to call. But Lincoln, whom the prospect of soon being down had restored to all his love of mischief, intervened. "Wait!" he exclaimed, smothering a laugh. "Wait, and see how he figures it out. He is scared almost out of his wits."

Lincoln was unable longer to resist the temptation. Placing his hands to his mouth, he leaned over and gave vent to a blood-curdling whoop.

The farmer bolted madly for the house, dashed through the door, and closed it behind him with a crash.

Some minutes later the boys were still shaking with laughter, when there came up the sound of a softly opening window directly beneath, and a voice, low but distinct in the restored silence, said: "Ghosts, your grandmother! It's no ghosts! Listen!"

Promptly Lincoln raised his hands for a second shout. This time, however, Bob restrained him. "No; it may make him angry, and he will refuse to help us down," he pointed out, and himself called: "We are up here! In the air! A runaway balloon!"

The dawn had now further lightened, and as they gazed below the boys saw a head slowly project from the window, and a frightened face peer upward.

"A runaway balloon!" repeated Bob. "From Toronto, Canada. Three boys in it! And would

you please get help and pull us down? I think our anchor has caught in one of your apple-trees!"

A second, then a third head appeared, and low words reached them.

Lincoln took a hand. "Yes, we positively are a balloon!" he affirmed; and seriously, as a shiver reminded him: "We are almost frozen, too! We've been in the air all night! Please hurry and find some way of hauling us down!"

One of the heads found its voice. And it was an angry one. "Say, do you young rascals know you have ripped my pig-pen and hen-house open, and torn half the place up? Why did n't you bring your old balloon down in some field?"

A woman's voice came up in low protest, and seizing the opportunity, Dick responded: "We're awfully sorry, sir. The whole thing was an accident. We had no way of bringing her down. And all the damage will be made good."

"Well, perhaps it could n't 'a' been helped. But what did you mean by that war-whoop screeching?" demanded the farmer, with irate suspicion.

"Now you are in for it, Lincoln," said Bob. But Lincoln was equal to the occasion. "Why, that was the regular official balloon yell," he called back. "It means to look out below. We thought it'd take a loud one to make you hear."

"You did n't appear to hear it, either," he added mischievously. "At least, you ran back into the house without saying anything."

From the window came a smothered exclamation, and two of the heads disappeared.

Suddenly recollecting that they had not inquired their whereabouts, Dick called to the remaining occupant of the window: "How far are we from New York, please?"

The answer came in a woman's voice. And at the words the three boys uttered a common exclamation of astonishment.

"New York? Why, about a thousand miles or so."

Lincoln cried: "Where are we? What State?"

"Illinois."

For a full minute the three aerial travelers stared at one another in blank consternation.

"Well, anyhow," said Dick, at last, with a sigh, "we are down. That is the main thing. And say, are n't you fellows awfully stiff and cold?"

"And hungry," added Bob. "I could eat ten-penny nails."

"Nails! I say! how about some buckwheat-cakes and hot coffee?" Promptly Lincoln again leaned over and called below:

"Hello, at the window!"

"Yes."

"We three fellows are frozen stiff and nearly starved. Could you let us have something to eat and drink when we get down? Something hot?"

"Why, you poor dears," exclaimed a motherly voice. "Most certainly I could. I 'll get ready and go down this minute."

At the moment a door below opened, and leaning out, the figure at the window called: "Sam, go back first and start up the kitchen fire and put the kettle on. I 'm coming down to get something to eat for those poor boys. They are frozen and starving."

And raising her voice again to the boys: "What will you have, my dears? Do you like buckwheat-cakes and maple-syrup?"

"Oh, please try us!" shouted Dick.

"And do you happen to have some real home-made sausage?" inquired Lincoln. "I 'm so fond of country sausage."

"And hot muffins?" contributed Bob.

The good woman laughed. "We have; and you 'll have just all you can eat, my dears. And some honey, too, if you like it."

But the boys were fated never to enjoy the griddle-cakes and sausages, and muffins and honey. Scarcely had the kind farm-wife withdrawn from the window than the balloon basket, which had been gently rocking and swaying at a fixed angle, again jolted sharply, and all in a moment the car righted, the rope below swung out straight, and with an incredulous cry the boys saw the farm-house drop from under them like a stone. Involuntarily all three made a wild spring for the anchor-rope, with the frantic idea of throwing themselves over and sliding down at all hazards, to turn dully away, each by himself, choking.

To have been so near safety, so near comfort and kindness, after such a trying experience, and to be snatched away in a twinkling—it was almost unbearable!

Not another sound rose to them from the people of the farm. It was as though they had been wiped out of existence with the vanishing farm-buildings.

Quickly every shape was lost as the balloon shot upward, and soon only the crowing of an early rooster and the barking of a dog came up to assure them that the whole incident had not been a dream.

It was many minutes before the silence was broken by Bob. "Well, we will soon be back in the clouds again," he said resignedly. "And let us hope we don't go beyond them."

"You mean the sun will send us higher? But say, why are we ascending now?" Dick asked. "The sun had n't touched us down there."

"We must have lost the anchor. The knot must have worked loose in dragging through the trees, leaving the anchor up in the tree."

"Here we go into the clouds," announced Lincoln.

In the cold gray light the vapor closed down over them like a blanket, and in silent anxiety the boys gazed upward and waited.

"Are they liable to be very thick—"

Dick's question was interrupted—and answered—by a simultaneous cry as they shot into the dazzling light of the sun. A moment they blinked in the brilliant light, and a second exclamation broke from them. At their feet, and stretching as far as they could see, lay a rolling floor of the purest billowy white, and low in the east, peering over the brink of it, as though just risen from his cloudy bed, was the sun, fresh and brilliant as new gold.

"It 's almost worth it, is n't it?" said Dick, in a low voice. "I wonder—"

"But look! We are rising!"

Overhead broke out a crackling and creaking as the balloon envelop stretched under the quickly expanding gas, and, admiration immediately forgotten in anxiety, the boys saw the floor of clouds below fall from them, and more and more quickly.

"If the balloon goes high enough I suppose it will burst," commented Lincoln, grimly. "Eh, Bob?"

"I don't think they often burst. The danger is going to a height where you can't breathe. But with so much ballast, and having been up for so long, and more or less gas leaking, as it must have, I really don't think there is danger of that. Probably we will get up a good way, and find our level, and just stick there until the sun goes down.

"Unless," Bob added, "we could climb up to the bag and cut a slit in it, to let some of the gas out."

The netting above continued to creak and the stretching bag to groan and crackle. Faster they shot upward; and soon the sea of white was far below. From the blue space overhead stray fleecy clouds began to come down, dropping by them dizzily.

But at last the crackling of the balloon bag began to diminish, and with rising hope the boys studied the descending patches for signs of slowing up. Finally with an ejaculation Lincoln pointed to a long fleecy furrow far above them, a few breathless minutes they watched, and with a common impulse broke into a joyous hurrah. Their ascent was indeed checking.

Immediately, in reaction, all was gaiety. "If we 'd only waited and had breakfast!" said Lincoln. "It would have been a picnic."

Bob was looking below. "Yes, the anchor is off," he announced. "That was why we ascended.

We will have to put the other on sometime before night."

It was at this point that Lincoln made a discovery. Thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he encountered some round papery objects.

"Peanuts!" he cried. "Peanuts! I had forgotten I had them. Here, have some—in place of those sausages and muffins."

"I say," interposed Bob, "would n't it be wiser to save them, and make them go as far as possible? We are up for the day now, you know."

"That 's so. I 'll count them and divide them into three 'meals.'" Dropping to the basket floor, Lincoln emptied his pocket and counted the nuts. "Forty-seven. That 's five per man per meal, and two over."

Counting out five apiece, Lincoln handed the others their portion. "Here you are—your breakfast. And now, don't overeat," he cautioned gravely.

"Say, there is something else we should do first." Delving into an inner pocket as he spoke, Dick produced a note-book and pencil, and placed the book, open, on his knee.

"Drop a message to our folks! That 's so! Go ahead," exclaimed Lincoln.

"I ought to have thought of that," said Bob, "for I once picked up a message myself from a balloon—addressed to a newspaper."

"Good! I 'll make this the same—a despatch to Father's paper, the 'Daily Budget.' It will be a dandy 'scoop' story for them, for everybody will be interested in the disappearance of the balloon, and wondering who were carried off in it. And they will send it out through the Associated Press, so your folks will get it.

"Let 's see. How will this do for the message?" As he wrote Dick read aloud:

"To whoever finds this message:

"Kindly take to nearest telegraph office. VERY IMPORTANT.

"Special despatch to the 'Daily Budget,' Toronto, Ontario: collect.

"This message was dropped from balloon which ran away from Toronto Fair last evening, September 8. In it are three boys: Robert Colbourne of Bournley Towers, Surrey, England, Lincoln Adams of New York, and Richard Ryerson of Toronto. At time of writing, balloon was high above the clouds, over Illinois, and heading—

"Are we still going west?"

The others studied the sun a moment.

"No; we 're heading almost due southwest now."

"—heading due southwest. All on board are well—"

"Only awfully hungry," suggested Lincoln, jocosely, while Dick continued:

"—are well. The balloon descended over a farm in the State of Illinois during early morning, but—"

"But unfortunately left before breakfast was ready," again interjected Lincoln. Dick went on with dignity:

"—but rose again, owing to the anchor coming off the drag-rope. A new anchor will be put on, and we hope to descend again to-night and land safely. There is no cause for alarm.

"There; that is all one page will hold."

As a precaution, four copies of the message were made; and one after another the boys dropped them over, and watched them go fluttering down, until with a last twinkle they disappeared in the clouds far below. With the disappearance of the last the three travelers turned cheerfully to their interrupted "breakfast."

"What about that scheme of yours of climbing up and cutting a hole in the bag, Bob?" inquired Dick, as he munched a peanut, shell and all.

"What do you chaps think of it?"

"It would be a ticklish climb," declared Lincoln, studying the funnel of cordage which radiated from the hoop above them to the swelling of the great yellow globe, far out beyond the limits of the basket. "I 'm afraid I 'd lose my nerve."

"You have n't felt nervous yet, have you? Like jumping over?"

"No; I don't believe I have. I never thought of it."

"I have n't, either; and that seems to prove one of the things I 've read," Bob went on, nibbling a nut slowly, to make it last: "that most persons can stand right on the edge of the basket of a balloon, and look down, without becoming dizzy. Although, another odd thing, if a balloon is anchored, you may feel like jumping. That is said to come from looking at the rope holding the balloon down.

"But about slitting the bag. It would be a jolly good thing if we could manage it, so the gas would work out a little. We could count on being down by to-morrow morning then, sure.

"I think I 'll have a try at it, anyhow. I have a sharp knife."

"I would n't care to tackle it," Dick acknowledged frankly. "The ropes are too small. There is nothing to get a real hold of until the cordage branches out there, about twelve feet up."

His "breakfast" over, Bob rose, threw off his coat, and holding his knife, open, between his teeth, called for a leg-up. A moment after he was standing upright within the hoop.

"The ropes are pretty small to grip," he admitted. "But here goes for a try."

Allowing himself to fall forward against the outward-slanting cordage, with his knees Bob clutched two of the strands, reached as high as possible, and with an effort succeeded in drawing himself up a foot. Holding with knees and

one hand, he reached with the other, and again moved a few inches. And presently, though it was hard work, he had gained half the distance.

But here a new difficulty was presented. The radiating cords were becoming so far apart that it was difficult to span two of them with his extended knees. Having come so far, however, Bob was determined not to descend until he had attempted something. Three feet above was the point at which the radiating webs were met by others from above, forming a three-strand junction. Once that far, the rest would be easier.

A moment Bob weighed the chances, then gripping tightly with his left hand, he suddenly freed the right hand and right knee, and allowed himself to swing below and outward, clinging to but the single cord. Hand over hand he went on up, and with a final grasp reached the crotch.

When, without warning, Bob had suddenly swung out in mid-air, Dick and Lincoln, already growing nervous for his safety, had been startled into speechlessness. When, therefore, Bob had secured a hold in the crotch, and they saw his comparative security, both involuntarily gave vent to a sharp gasp of relief.

It was this that startled the climber. Turning his head, he glanced down.

The next moment the boys below uttered a cry of horror. Bob was still looking—looking with eyes fixed in sudden glassy terror.

He had lost his nerve!

"Bob!" shrieked Lincoln. "Bob! Look up!"

The lips, still pressed about the knife, twitched, and again became set. The eyes glared on.

"Shut your eyes, Bob!" cried Dick.

"Shut them! Shut them!" shouted Lincoln, at the top of his voice.

The rigid face worked, and with a gasp of relief the two below saw the eyes close.

"Now it's up to us to get him down," said Lincoln, promptly. "Leg-up!"

Dick made a stirrup of his hands, Lincoln drew himself up into the hoop, and reaching down, quickly had Dick beside him.

"I'll go up and get him by the belt," he said, "and you follow until you can reach his feet. Then I'll get him to let go, and we'll all slide down together."

Little could Lincoln have thought his favorite game would stand him in the good stead it did at this moment. With fingers strong from a full season behind the bat for his school ball team, he clutched the cordage in a grip of iron, and went up even more quickly than Bob had done. And though it seemed long minutes, it was in reality but a few seconds later that he had reached Bob's waist. Extending one of his strong hands, he

hooked it through the hanging boy's belt, and drew him firmly against the cord.

Meantime Dick, below, had worked within reach of Bob's trousers, and, following Lincoln's example, had caught them securely with one extended hand.

"Ready here," he announced.

"All right. Hang tight."

Lincoln turned to the pallid face above him. "Now, Bob," he said, in a quiet, confident voice, "we both have a good hold of you. You could n't fall if you wanted to. Loosen your right hand and bring it down below the crotch."

At first Bob showed no sign of having heard. Then slowly, mechanically, he did as directed.

"Now the other. . . Now, easy, let yourself slide."

Again Bob hesitated, loosened the hand, began to slip, with a spasmodic shiver recovered his grip, but again relaxed; and all three slipped slowly downward together. Reaching the hoop first, Dick secured a higher hold on Bob; in turn Lincoln reached the ring, and finally Bob himself. Still colorless, and with eyes tightly closed, they swung him in between them, and freed his clutching fingers. Then while Lincoln held him, Dick dropped through to the basket, and extended his arms. And a moment after Bob wilted with a shiver to the basket floor. As he did so the knife fell at his feet.

"It—was—*awful!*" he said, with trembling lips, as Lincoln dropped beside him. "Like a nightmare. I think it was seeing the basket so far out from under me and a town away down below, on the earth. I'm awfully obliged to you chaps."

"But you will think I'm an awful quitter," he added, flushing. "I—I never—"

"We were glad of the chance to even up for what you did last night," said Lincoln, heartily. "And it was our fault, anyhow—making a noise. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have lost their nerve in the same position. I feel funny in the joints myself, now that it's all over."

"So do I," said Dick. "I felt icy in the knees the moment I touched the car again. But it's all over now; so how would it do to tackle the flying-rope and extra anchor? The work will help to straighten us out."

The others promptly agreed, although Bob was still somewhat shaky. And, as Dick had predicted, when at last the heavy rope had been once more drawn up, the extra anchor attached and lowered, all were again their normal selves.

"And a long, low-down job," Lincoln was saying, with a cheerful attempt at a very bad pun. "However, the results are far-reach—"

"Look!" cried Dick. "The earth!"

With a bound the others were leaning over the

car beside him, and in eager, silent wonder the three boys saw the white floor of mist roll from beneath them and a great map open out to view. For a space the shadow of the clouds continued to obscure the landscape, then it too swept on, and a great checker-board of green and yellow, barred with lanes of white, lay spread out before them. Here and there on the checker-board were tinier groups of squares, like little blocks, which threw tiny shadows to the west.

"Farm-houses and roads!" exclaimed Bob, beneath his breath. "My word, but are n't we up!"

"I suppose that is a river," said Dick, in an awed tone, pointing where, as the sun struck it, a flattened glassy ribbon wriggled across the landscape, every twist and turn sharply defined.

Lincoln's ejaculation was characteristic. "Gentlemen," he observed, in the manner of a 'bus lecturer, "here we have the United States of America. This view will give you an excellent idea of its extent, size, and general importance."

"Also its general flatness," suggested Dick. "The whole thing is as flat as a pancake—or like a saucer: turned up at the edges. And say, is n't that river running uphill?"

For some minutes of puzzled silence the boys regarded this strange phenomenon, and the curious bowl-like aspect of the earth which Dick had a moment before noted.



"Would n't I love to have 'Old Nebular Theory' here," murmured Lincoln, "after one of his fits of going on about why the earth is round!"

"But I suppose it is just an optical illusion. Surely, after all these rumors we've heard, and learned at school, about the earth being round—

When, with a final flutter, the missive had disappeared, the town was directly beneath them, and, hopeful that it would be found, the boys gazed with lively interest upon what appeared a jumble of toy houses, roughly divided into ranks and squares.

"As though a giant had spilled a box of Noah's arks and was dividing them up," said Bob.

"Do you see any one moving?"

"I think I see a wagon, near the corner there," replied Dick, indicating, "and a fly hitched to it."

"And there goes a pin walking across the street," pointed Lincoln. "I suppose it's really a man."

So rapidly was the balloon traveling that during these brief remarks the town had passed from under them, and a few minutes later it was but a shadowy spot in the distance.

As the boys at last turned from it, a little depressed, there faintly came to their ears a long, rich whistle, and immediately all were again craning over the basket eagerly.

It came again, "Oooo—ooo—oo—oo!"

"There! That shaded spot!" Following Bob's finger, the others made out a tiny plume of white smoke, then a miniature train, crawling through a field of shadow.

"Passing through a woods," Lincoln declared.

"And do you notice how fast it shows we are going?" said Dick. "From its length it must be a

passenger-train, and yet we are walking right away from it! Where in the world are we going to end up?"

The balance of the morning passed quickly, although a growing hunger and thirst began to take more and more from the enjoyment of the splendid panorama steadily passing beneath them; and at noon the boys had their second slim meal of five little, roasted peanuts each.



"NOW IT'S UP TO US TO GET HIM DOWN," SAID LINCOLN, PROMPTLY."

"Look! Here's a town coming up!" Lincoln broke off. "Dick, why not another message?"

In a trice Dick had whipped out his note-book, and resting it on the basket-top, hastily scribbled:

This was dropped from the Toronto Fair runaway balloon. Please notify the "Budget," Toronto. All well.

Adding their names, he tore the leaf out, and they watched it flutter down toward the earth.

(To be continued.)

The Eternal Joke



He laughs best—

BILLY wanted to have some fun on April 1, so he tied a string to the old kitchen purse and when he saw his Aunt Mary coming down to the front gate Billy threw the purse on the sidewalk and hid behind a tree. He was so excited that he did not know what his little friends behind him were doing.



--Who laughs last--

But Aunt Mary was thinking about something very important, and she walked right by the pocket-book without seeing it. Then, hearing shouts and jolly laughter, she looked around and saw that Billy's little friends had been having some fun with him, too, while Billy was trying to "April-fool" her.

"JUST" KITTENS"

BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE PUNCTURE

When I was just a Kitten small,
They gave to me a Rubber Ball
To roll upon the floor.
One day I tapped it with my paw
And pierced the rubber with my claw;
Now it will roll no more!



W. K. King

AN INQUIRY

A Birdie cocked his little head,
Winked his eye at me, and said:
"Say, are you a 'Pussy-Willer,'
Or just a Kitty-Catty-pillar?"

THE LION

The Lion does not move at all,
Winter or Summer, Spring or Fall;
He does not even stretch or yawn,
But lies in silence on the lawn.

He must be lazy, it is Plain,
For there is Moss upon his Mane,
And, what is more, a Pair of Dawds
Have built a nest between his paws.



Oh, Lazy Lion, big and brown,
This is no time for lying down!
The Sun is shining, can't you see?
Oh, please wake up and play with me!



Oliver

THE SHADOW KITTEN

There 's a funny little Kitten that tries to look like me,
But tho' I 'm round and fluffy, he 's as flat as flat can be;
And when I try to mew to him he never makes a sound,
And when I jump into the air he never leaves the ground.

He has a way of growing I don't understand at all;
Sometimes he 's very little, and sometimes he 's very tall!
And once when in the garden, when the sun came up at dawn,
He grew so big I think he stretched half-way across the lawn!

EDUCATION

When People think that Kittens play,
It's really quite the other way;
For when they chase the ball or bobbin
They learn to catch a Mouse or Robin.



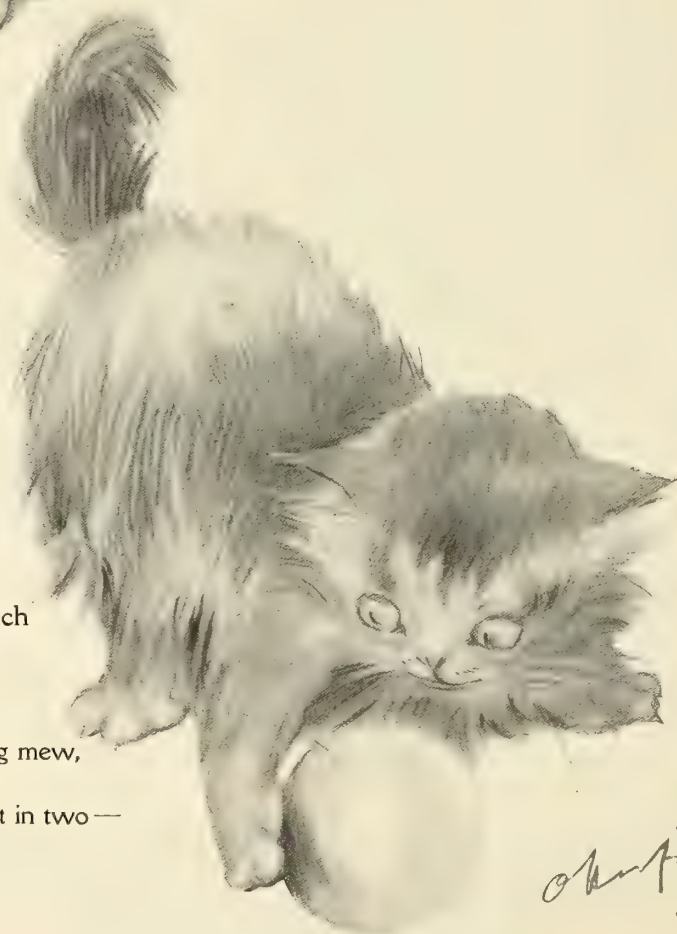
The Kitten, deaf to Duty's call,
Who will not chase the bounding ball,
A hungry Cathood will enjoy,
The scorn of Mouse and Bird and Boy.

THE GAME

Watching the ball on the end
of a string,
Watch ing it swing back and
to—
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
thing
Ever a Kitten can do!

First it goes this way, then it goes
that,
Just like a Bird on the wing.
And, all of a tremble, I crouch
in the mat
Like a Lion preparing to spring.

And now, with a terrible deafening mew,
Like a Tiger I leap on my prey,
And just when I think I have torn it in two—
It is up in the air and away!



John T. G.

THE GOLDEN CAT



Great is the Golden Cat who treads
 The Blue Roof-Garden o'er our heads,
 The never-tired smiling One
 That Human People call the Sun.

He stretches forth his paw at dawn,
 And though the blinds are closely drawn,
 His claws peep through, like Rays of Light,
 To catch the fluttering Bird of Night.

He smiles into the Hay-loft dim,
 And the brown Hay smiles back at him;
 And when he strokes the Earth's green fur
 He makes the Fields and Meadows purr.

His face is one big Golden smile;
 It measures round at least a mile.
 How dull our World would be, and flat,
 Without the Golden Pussy-Cat!



O. Buford

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of mice,
I'm sure that we all should be happy and nice.

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

FIRST PAPER

BY C. H. CLAUDY

BASE-BALL, the great American game, occupies a unique position among sports. It has a greater attendance than any other sport can boast anywhere in the world. Last year 7,256,525 people saw the big League games, and countless thousands more saw the minor League games, and many, many thousands saw the unreckoned amateur games.

No other game has professional players of such high personal standing as the modern professional ball-players (of whom, in the big League clubs, more than fifty are college graduates), or pays its players any such sums as are paid to American base-ball-players, whose salaries frequently run into the thousands of dollars a year (and, in two instances at least, to the sum of ten thousand dollars a year).

No other game of any kind makes so universal an appeal in America. At any League park, on any playing day of the year, one can see, we may safely say, a newsboy, a bank president, a laborer, a society man, a street-car conductor, and a judge sitting side by side enjoying the same sport, with an equal full understanding of its complicated rules and plays.

No other sport can boast of so much intense excitement with so little personal danger. The only other games at all comparable with it in intensity of action and excitement, foot-ball, hockey, polo, etc., are all dangerous to limb and sometimes to life. Base-ball, while by no means without occasional danger, seldom records a fatality.

Base-ball, playable only in fair and warm weather, works harm to neither player nor spectator. Cold-weather base-ball is out of the question, for the simple reason that men cannot handle the ball with cold fingers. If it could be played during the winter, undoubtedly many people would get severe colds, if nothing worse, from watching it, and many players severe injuries from playing and sliding on frozen ground. As it is, these things do not happen.

Base-ball combines quickness of action, quickness of thought, intense bodily activity, and generalship or strategy, without making extreme demands upon physical strength. Small and light men make good ball-players, as well as large and heavy ones. But all, naturally strong or with but moderate muscular development, must be trained to the second in quickness of action, and must keep in perfect physical trim if the game is to be played at its best; and so high a standard has been won in the skill of major League players that the public will not tolerate in its favorite sport anything but the best of play.

During the playing season, every newspaper in the great cities devotes columns to the sport; some of them whole pages. Special editors and writers are employed to "cover" the base-ball assignments. And because of this interest taken in the game by those who want to read of it as well as see it, a special base-ball language has grown up, a language which is partly slang and partly technical terms of the game, as intelligible to the base-ball "fan" (short for fanatic) as it is meaningless to those who do not love the sport.

It is, therefore, hoped that the series of papers, of which the first is printed here, will not be too severely criticized from a literary standpoint if some echoes of this special language creep into the text, since to report matters concerning the game without departing sometimes from the language held as a model in schools is almost impossible.

Finally, let it be said that, as no one man knows all of base-ball, so no one series of papers can tell all its mighty story. But an earnest attempt has been made here to get at the heart of the game and tell of it from a boy's standpoint, and to show him, not only the wonders done by skilled players and fine teams, but how he, too, can become skilful, and, in part at least, do for himself, and for his team, what his favorite base-ball idol does frequently in a game of the major or minor Leagues.

"BATTLE? I thought it was a *game*!" some mother or sister may say, after reading our title, and before the season has educated them.

But, when you come to think of it, base-ball is a battle. It has its generals, its captains, its lieutenants, its rank and file. It has its grand strategy, its tactics, and its drill. It has its battle-

field, its arms, and its equipments. It is a battle with rules, to be sure, but then, a real battle, between real armies, is also fought according to certain rules, called by nations the laws of civilized warfare. These rules prohibit, for instance, the use of expanding or mushroom bullets, or poisoned swords or bayonets. The rules of the bat-

tle of base-ball prohibit certain kinds of balls, shoes, gloves. Civilized warfare recognizes the flag of truce, and will not permit a man carrying one to be shot. He is safe so long as he has the white flag. Base-ball, in which the end and aim of the defense is to put a man "out," permits a soldier of the enemy to be safe from danger of being "put out" so long as he keeps his foot upon any of the white bags used as bases. Drill and discipline are the backbone at once of the company and the army-corps. History gives many instances in which a numerically superior force has been routed by a much smaller but well-trained body of soldiers. In base-ball, the preliminary training, drill, and subjection to discipline mean everything when it comes to winning games—battles. In war the individually brilliant and brave man frequently performs some remarkable act, and lives forever as a hero, as Pickett at Gettysburg, or Hobson at Santiago Harbor; but it is the men who think first of the good of the entire army, and the success of the campaign, who win the battles.

Tyrus Cobb, the star batsman of the Detroit American League, may steal home in a world series, or Neal Ball, then of Cleveland, make an unassisted triple play and get a gold medal for it, but the greater credit is given the men who play for the team and the game, and not their own records, in base-ball, as well as in warfare.

There are just two sides to a battle — offense and defense. There are just two parts to a base-ball game — offense and defense. In a battle the offense concerns itself with capturing a station, a city, occupying a position, driving the enemy before it. The main idea in modern warfare is not, "How many

men can we kill?" but, "How much can we win from the enemy?" In base-ball, the offense strives to occupy certain stations (bases) and win a certain city (home). The attempt is made to do this in the best, the quickest, the easiest way, and not at all necessarily by "killing" the greatest number of pitched balls. The man who stands at the plate and patiently "waits out" a pitcher for a base on balls, with the bases full, is doing just as much to win a point for his team as he who stands at the plate and bats the ball far out beyond the enemy's reach.



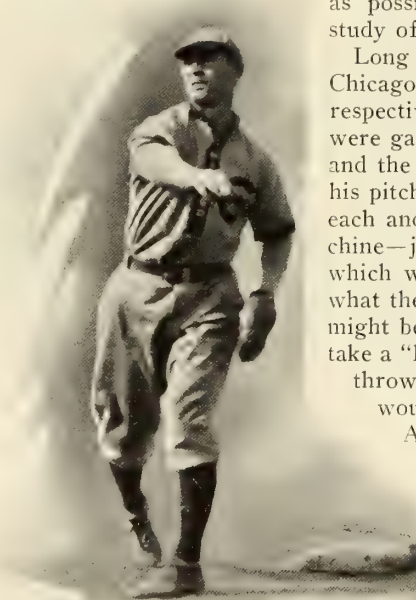
CORNELIUS MCGILLICUDDY.
Popularly known as "Connie Mack," Manager of the Philadelphia "Athletics" (of the American League), the World's Champions of 1910.

In warfare a general entering a campaign will plan it with every care. He will lay out his battles as exactly as he can, decide which troops he will use in different situations, what tricks he will employ to fool the enemy and discount, as far as possible, the enemy's offense, by a patient study of his resources, possibilities, and strength.

Long before the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago club had won the championships in their respective leagues, Connie Mack and Frank Chance were gathering information, each about the other and the other's team. Mack knew, and saw that his pitchers knew, all that could be learned about each and every member of Chance's mighty machine—just what balls each man hit easiest, just which way the majority of their hits went, just what the average speed of each man on the team might be, just how far each might be allowed to take a "lead" from first without drawing a useless throw from the pitcher, just what their tactics would be in any one of a dozen situations.

And Chance, you may be sure, was learning all he could of the weaknesses and the strength of the Athletics—which men might be easily "rattled," which men must be played for on their merits, just what to do with each of Mack's staff of wonderful pitchers, just what kind of a game would be most apt to beat him.

In defense an army endeavors to cripple the enemy, to prevent him carrying out his designs, to bother and annoy him wherever possible, to render his strategy useless and his plans of no effect. In



FRANK CHANCE.

Captain and Manager of the Chicago National League Club, popularly known as "The Cubs."

base-ball the entire end and aim of the defense is to make the third "out" as quickly as possible, to do it, if it be possible, without allowing a man of the offense to occupy even the first station on the road to the city they would capture.

ST. NICHOLAS has told you about the nerves of an army, its signal corps, and how one part of an

do before they do it, and frustrating their attempt, is a favorite strategy in base-ball. But, just as it is against the law of nations to shoot with a mushroom bullet, which is needlessly cruel, even if certain, so it is against the laws of fair play, which distinguishes college ball and school ball and all boyhood "fair-play" ball, to steal sig-



A FEW OF THE SPECTATORS AT A LEAGUE BASE-BALL GAME.*

army tells another what to do. The nerves of a base-ball team are its signals. Neglect them, and the members of the team play each one for himself. Imagine a battle in which each regiment attempted to do just what it thought best to do, opposed to an army which was under the direction of one master brain!

Interrupting an army's signals, stealing its intelligence by making a secret connection with its telegraph-wires, capturing its messengers and reading its despatches, has always been one of the romances of war. And reading the signals of an opposing team, learning what they are going to

signals of an opposing team except upon the field, and by any other method than that of observation, acute watchfulness, and clever knowledge of play. It is said that the Chicago "White Sox," in one game in which they thought their signals were being read, changed signals entirely, not once or twice, but at every inning—nine times in a nine-inning game! It meant work beforehand to learn nine sets of signals, but it assured the men that their opponents were not getting their pitcher's intentions before he had delivered the ball!

On the other hand, it is claimed that little Eddie Collins, that wonderful scintillating star of second

* The photographic illustrations printed with this article are from copyrighted photographs by the Pictorial News Co., New York City.



A VIEW OF THE POLO GROUNDS—THE HOME GROUNDS OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUB, POPULARLY CALLED "THE GIANTS."

basemen, of the now Champion Philadelphia Athletics, was able to guess the signals of the National League Champion club—the Chicago "Cubs"—in the last World Series, and, by no other means than his eyes and his cleverness,

warn his team-mates what to expect on the field. If so, it was a splendid exhibition of base-ball strategy, a part of the game, entirely honest and wholly creditable. Little Johnny Evers, the Chicago second baseman, the man who has been the



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE POLO GROUNDS.

center about which the entire Chicago team revolved for several years, is credited with being not only a lightning thinker, but a very acute observer, and able to guess plays, call the ball which is coming, and frustrate tricks of the opposing team with quite uncanny skill.

Catcher Schmidt of Detroit gives signals to his pitchers with his hands, as do most catchers, but

This was legitimate signal stealing, just as the capture and use of the enemy's telegraph-line, or the detection of his wireless message, is a legitimate strategy in warfare.

It is not always the cool, cautious, calculating general who wins the battle. Sometimes the desperate, daring undertaking, the nervy willingness to risk all for a great gain, wins a great victory.



THE CROWD LEAVING THE POLO GROUNDS AT THE CLOSE OF A GAME.

he also uses his eyes, particularly when runners are on bases. This double system gives him a chance to signal two things at once, one for his own team, the other for a possible guesser. But sometimes the possible guesser outguesses the man who would fool him! In the games between Pittsburgh and Detroit for the World's Championship, year before last, Tommy Leach, the center-fielder of the "Pirates," had the happy thought that if Schmidt said one thing with his hands, he was saying another with his eyes. Close observation verified this, and so it frequently happened that the Pittsburgh batsmen knew, just as well as Schmidt, what his signals were.

So it is in base-ball. The cool general, the calculating plan, wins often—but sometimes a desperate situation needs a desperate remedy. The base-ball general who can rise to the occasion is, then, the man to have at the head of a team.

When the Detroit club was fighting for every game in 1909—needed almost every game to win—there was a certain contest with the New York club, the "Yankees" or "Highlanders," in which Detroit was one run behind in the ninth inning. The batting order had rolled around in Manager Hugh Jennings's favor, and Owen Bush, the Detroit's midget short-stop, was up. He managed to draw a pass and rested on first. McIntyre,



"EDDIE" COLLINS.

Second baseman of the Philadelphia "Athletics."

but the fraction of a second was enough for little Bush, who slid in under Austin's legs—*safe!* Meanwhile, of course, McIntyre was on second. Then Cobb hit the next ball pitched for a single, *two* runs came in, the game was over, and Detroit had won!

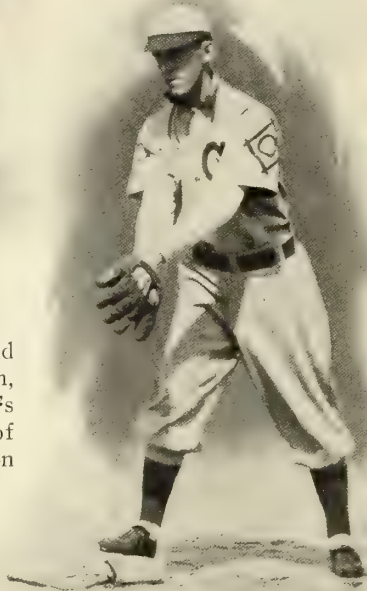
It took nerve, daring, generalship, to try a delayed double steal at that moment, and, probably because of its very unexpectedness, it succeeded. No blame could be attached to the New York team, to Kleinow, La Porte, or Austin. They were merely, in that one instance, outguessed, outplayed—outgeneraled! In some other game, no doubt, they turned the tables on the Detroiters by some equally clever or timely play.

Warfare has its reserves. Many a man went no nearer to a battle-field in the Spanish War than camp, but served no less because they did but "stand and wait." They were ready. They were in training. They were giving all their time and soul and energy to get ready to fight, march, capture, destroy, or protect, as their commanding officer might command. They had little enough of the glory, but an army without reserves would be fatally handicapped. So with a base-ball team. It has its reserves, its "second string," its substitutes. Many a big League team carries pitchers all season who seldom or never start a game—but there they are, pitching to the batters before the game for practice, working hard on the coaching lines, using their eyes, doing all they can to win for their

the next man who came to the bat, contrived to get hit by a pitched ball, and he took first, Bush, of course, getting second.

The cool, calculating general would have had Cobb, next up, "hit it out," in the hope that either he or Crawford would be able to bang in the tying run. But Jennings wanted two runs so badly he took no chance of "slugging" alone—slugging which might be fielded—bringing them in. He wanted a run to the good—not an extra inning tie. This was what he did: he put an extra "yah—yah" on his battle-cry, "Eeee—yah!" and then pulled up a few more sprigs of grass, and he was all the while instructing by signals his two runners and Cobb that a "delayed double steal" was the play. Cobb let the first ball go by. Bush did not take a great lead from

second base, but McIntyre dashed for second. Kleinow, New York's back-stop, hurled the ball to second. McIntyre stopped midway, and Bush, with the catcher's throw, sprinted full-speed for third. La Porte, the New York second baseman, had no one on whom to make a play. Bush had fled, and McIntyre had not arrived! La Porte hesitated just a fraction of a second, then threw to Austin at third;



"JOHNNY" EVERS.

Second baseman of the Chicago "Cubs."



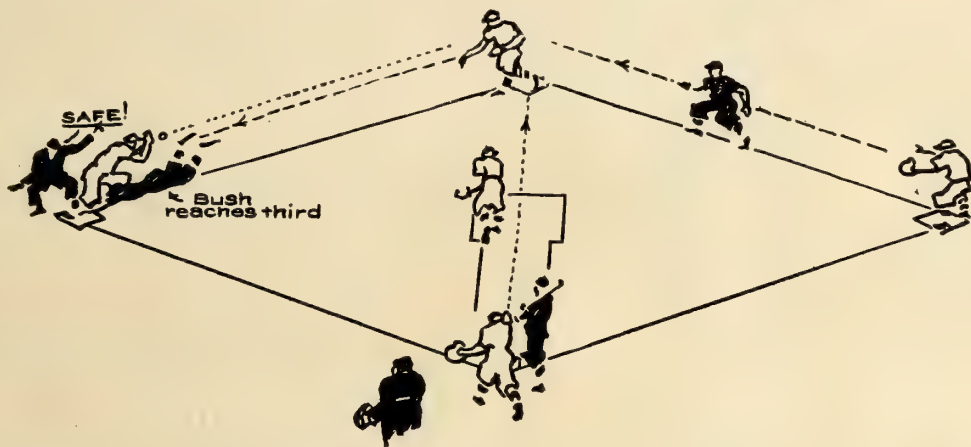
HUGH JENNINGS.

Manager of the American League Club "Detroiters," popularly called "The Tigers."

team, though they may seldom toe the mound or run paths. They must be ready to go in at any time, steady of nerve, confident in spite of the lack of confidence of their manager, which keeps them on the bench, able, in spite of lack of practice under fire, to do the work demanded of them.

Will any one say that "Dode" Criss, the celebrated "pinch-hitter" of the St. Louis Browns, would not have deserved his share of prize-

fensive tactics will be considered in separate chapters on Pitching and Catching, Fielding, and the Generalship of Defense. The papers will run through the playing season, so that not only can any boy who reads them try the plays, himself, upon his own field, and against his own pet and particular "enemy," but note upon some professional field what is here described. Nor will there be overmuch theory in these pages. Where-



THE DELAYED DOUBLE STEAL. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

money, had they been champions? A pitcher who seldom pitched, a man who seldom stepped to bat more than once in a game, he was known as the "champion pinch-hitter" of base-ball, the man most likely to make a hit when it was wanted, and who was put in at the fag-end of the game to relieve a pitcher who had done his work, in the often sustained hope that he would "hit it out." Notwithstanding that he spent most of his time upon the bench, all who know either warfare or base-ball will admit that he "also served" while he sat and patiently waited for his chance!

So that, in comparing base-ball and warfare, no stretching of a point for the sake of imagery is attempted. They have many points in common. And on these lines, believing that all boys, like their American fathers, like a good fight, a fair fight, a square fight, without favor and with "May the best man win" for a sentiment, these papers are written. Base-ball will be considered as a battle, a contest. It will have separate chapters devoted to offense and defense. It will divide offensive tactics into three parts—Batting, Base-Running, and the Generalship of Offense. De-

ever possible, every play of importance, every point, will be illustrated with an actual concrete incident, which really happened, upon a regular League field, showing just what was done, how it was done, and who did it.

And while you who play base-ball now, as boys, cannot all grow up to be Cobbs, Lajoies, Collinses, Wagners, Everses, Matthewsons, Klings, Walter Johnsons, or Hal Chases, you can remember that what once has been done can always be done again; that no play on the ball-field is beyond your reach simply because you are not known to fame as a ball-player. And, last of all, you should remember, and remember well, that the greatest of all players has to yield obedience to his manager or field captain, as the greatest of all soldiers must to his "general orders." Of all the many fine things in a game of base-ball—and they *are* many—there is none finer, even as there is nothing grander in warfare, than the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the many, the playing for the team and for the game and for the win, instead of for the wild applause for individual acts, and the resulting merely temporary fame.

(To be continued.)

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS



THE JOLLY MILLER

MERRIE England gives us this vigorous, jovial song. You will notice that it is written in a happy vein and yet in the minor which is usually associated with sadness. This is a characteristic of many English folk-songs.

Be sure and play the voice part alone to see what a jolly tune it is. Then two of you play the song as a duet, taking the parts in octaves. Make the bass represent the rhythmic turning of the mill-wheel. This is a fine song for a company of boys and girls to sing together.

17th Century

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS

Merrily.

1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd
 2. "I live by my mill, she is... to me Like
 *3. Then, like the mil - ler bold.. and free, Let

on the riv - er Dee,... He work'd and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than
 pa - rent, child and wife,... I would not change my sta - tion For a - ny oth - er in
 all u - nite and sing;... The days of youth are full of glee, And time is on... the

he,..... And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be,.... "I
 life,.... No law - yer, sur-geon or doc - tor E'er had a groat from me,... And I
 wing,.... The song shall pass from me to thee, And round this jo - vial ring,.. And

care for no - bod - y, no, not I, If no - bod - y cares for me,"....
 care for no - bod - y, no, not I, If no - bod - y cares for me,"....
 all in heart... and voice a - gree To work... re - joice and sing.....

* Slightly adapted.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

THE "Charlie" of this Scotch folk-song is Charles Edward, grandson of James II of England. Read again in your histories about the movements made by the Jacobites to restore the exiled Stuart house to the throne. The "young Chevalier" of our song was the hero of the Jacobite uprisings in Scotland. Many of the finest Scotch folk-songs tell of him and his cause. He is a very romantic figure, courageous, handsome, gallant, and very winning. When you are reading Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and Scott's "Waverley," remember that Charles the Pretender is the Charlie of our folk-song.

Girls as well as boys will enjoy this stirring song. An old Scotch verse tells us,

"Of nothing else our lassies sing
But Charlie and his men."

Sing the song with a dash and swing. Play it as a march too. Notice that the chorus is sung at the beginning, between the verses and at the end as well. When you come to the last verse, sing that more slowly and quietly, and try to express the meaning of the words.

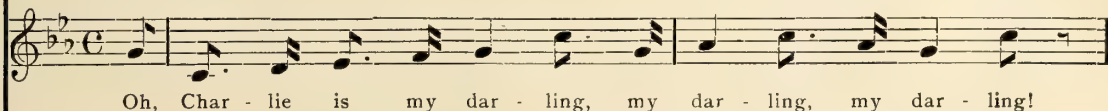


Enthusiastically

CHORUS

OLD MELODY

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier. 1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing Right
2. As he came marching up the street, The
3. Oh! there were mo - ny beat - ing hearts, And
(many)



ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie came to our town, The.. young Che - va - lier.
pipes play'd loud and clear; And a' the folks came rin - nin' out, To.. meet the Che - va - lier.
(all) (running)
mony a hope and fear; And mo - ny were the pray'rs put up For the young Che - va - lier.
(many) (many)



TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE MISSING MONEY

THE young lady in the doorway seemed to find the boys' announcement distinctly amusing. She smiled and then she laughed; and then, doubtless observing the bewildered expressions on the faces before her, she stopped laughing very suddenly and said: "I did n't mean to laugh, really."

Whereupon Spud murmured, "Much obliged," rather vaguely, and Cal, to whom girls other than his sister Nan were novel and perplexing creatures, showed a decided disposition to retreat and leave negotiations in the hands of his companion.

"Won't you come in?" asked the girl, demurely. "I'll tell Aunt Matilda that you're here."

"We just came for the apples," answered Spud.

"I know." The extraordinary young lady again showed evidences of amusement as she turned away, and Spud was almost certain that he heard her giggling as she retreated down the hall. He turned to Cal with a puzzled look.

"I say, what's the matter with that girl?" he asked. "Do we look funny, or—or what? And who is she, anyhow? I never saw any girls around here before."

But Cal did n't know and was n't interested. And then the girl came back again.

"Aunt says will you please go around to the woodshed? You'll find her there."

Spud thanked her, and they made their way along the length of the old house to where a tall, thin lady was pushing open the woodshed doors.

"We came for the apples for Mrs. Linn," said Spud.

"Here they are," said Miss Matilda, pointing to two piled-up baskets standing just inside the door. "You'd better set them both outside, so's I can lock up again. And tell Mrs. Linn I'd like the baskets back to-morrow."

Spud and Cal moved the baskets outside. The shed was dark, but light enough to show that one end of it was almost filled with barrels of apples.

"If you want some to eat," said Miss Matilda, "there's a bin in that corner over there."

"No'm, thank you," said Spud. "We don't care for apples."

Miss Matilda sniffed.

"You are the first West House boys I ever heard of that did n't, then," she said.

"They—they don't agree with me," said Spud, uneasily. "Take hold, Cal. We'll be back for

the other one presently, ma'am." Spud was in a hurry to get away, and so was Cal, and in a few minutes the first basket was safely at West House.

When they returned for the second basket Miss Matilda had reëntered the house, much to their relief. But as they went out a voice spoke from the end of the front porch.

"It's easier to carry them that way, is n't it?" asked the girl. The words were spoken quite gravely, but there was laughter behind them. Neither Spud nor Cal found any reply to offer, but once inside their own gate Spud turned to Cal with a frown.

"That girl knows something," he said decisively.

"You don't suppose it was she who—who—"

"Of course not," said Spud, disdainfully. "A chit like that? Not likely. But I wonder what she meant by saying it was easier to carry them this way. Sounds as though she knew something, does n't it?" And Cal agreed that it did.

Spud sought information of Mrs. Linn.

"Who is the kid they've got over there, Marm?" he asked, as they set the basket down in a corner of the kitchen.

"Kid?" said Mrs. Linn. "Oh; you mean the nice girl. Why, she's a niece, Spud. Did you see her? Miss Matilda was telling me about her. She's come to spend the winter with them. She's their brother's child; Mr. George Curtis's, I mean. He's gone abroad. What is she like?"

"She's a fresh one," answered Spud, "and silly. She's pretty, though, is n't she, Cal?"

But Cal had no opinion to express.

"Miss Matilda's haughty, is n't she, Marm? Asked us if we wanted some apples, and I said no, we did n't care for them. And she said: 'Humph! guess you're the first West House boys that don't.'"

"Well, now, just remember you boys have made a good deal of trouble for Miss Matilda. She's sort of sharp, I'll say that, but she's a real nice lady."

"She offended me deeply," said Spud.

"I'm so glad you boys did n't do it this year," said Mrs. Linn.

"Did n't do what?" asked Spud, selecting an apple from a basket and setting his teeth in it.

"Why, go over and—and trouble her apples."

"Oh! Yes, that is nice," answered Spud, winking across at Cal. "You need never be afraid of anything like that happening, though, Marm, while you have me in the house to—er—preserve order."

"You preserve order!" laughed Mrs. Linn. "You're worse than any of them!"

"Study!" yelled Sandy from up-stairs.

"Sandy has a very disagreeable voice at times," muttered Spud, as he led the way out, "and this is one of the times."

It was not until Cal had entered the Den and closed the door behind him that his eyes lighted on his room-mate. Ned was standing in front of an open bureau drawer, with a brown leather collar-box in his hand and a look of consternation on his face.

"Hello!" said Cal; "what's the matter?"

Ned hesitated a moment. Then he replaced some collars in the box, and put it back. "Well, it's gone," he said, closing the drawer.

"What's the matter?" said Cal, again.

"Nothing much," Ned answered finally. "Only some one—only my eight dollars are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Cal. "Do you mean—"

"I mean it was in my collar-box a couple of days ago, and now it is n't," replied Ned, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Somebody's cleaned me out, sure enough."

"I—I'm awfully sorry," faltered Cal. "Are you sure it was there? Maybe you put it somewhere else, Ned."

"Maybe a fish can fly," answered Ned, wrathfully. "I think I know where I put it, Cal. I always keep it there. There was eight dollars exactly, a five and three ones, all together in a flat fold. It was there two days ago, I am positive."

"But—who could have taken it?" asked Cal.

"That's what I'd like to know," muttered Ned, savagely. "If I knew I'd make him sorry."

"Have you looked all through the drawer?"

"No. What's the use? I tell you I *know* it was in the collar-box."

"Still, you might have pulled it out, maybe, when you got a collar. I'd look if I were you."

So Ned, grumbling, looked, pulling the contents of the top drawer out and then treating the other drawers in the same manner. Afterward he searched about the table and went through his trunk, and then, Cal egging him on, searched the pockets of his clothes. But the hunt ended fruitlessly save for a forgotten five-cent piece exhumed from the depths of a trousers pocket. This Ned threw across the room peevishly, and Cal rescued it from under a bed and laid it sympathetically on the table. Ned, hands in pockets, watched him in scowling silence. Then,

"Don't you want that too?" he exploded.

Cal looked at him in perplexity, missing the implied charge. "What?" he asked.

Ned turned away, already regretting his suspicious and quite inexcusable question.

"Nothing," he muttered. He pulled his chair out and seated himself at the table, drawing his books toward him. "Well, it's gone," he said. "That's pretty plain. Guess we'd better be thinking of studying."

Cal took his place across the table, but felt very little like studying. Eight dollars seemed a whole lot of money to Cal, and I think the loss troubled him more than it did Ned. He opened his French book, but his mind, instead of applying itself to verbs, concerned itself with the problem of the missing money. Who, he wondered, could have taken it? And had it really been stolen, or had Ned himself spent it and forgotten all about the circumstances? Or had Ned, in spite of his thorough search, put it somewhere else than in the collar-box? If it had been stolen, suspicion must attach itself to some member of the household. That any of the fellows would do such a thing was quite out of the question. Quite as plainly, Marm was above suspicion. That left only Hulda, the maid. Hulda had been there at West House, Cal had heard, for several years, and surely she would never have kept her place had she not been honest. No, the theory of theft was hardly plausible, he decided. Ned *must* have spent or mislaid the money.

He glanced up and surprised Ned observing him across the study-table, and although Ned's eyes dropped quickly back to his open book, Cal had time to read the message in them. A little shiver passed up his spine, and he felt the blood rushing into his face. He dropped his own gaze, feeling suddenly very miserable and lonely. It was plain enough now. Ned suspected him of stealing the money! He recalled Ned's strange question, "Don't you want that too?" and now he understood. He felt terribly hurt and wounded, for he had grown fond of his chum, and that Ned could suspect him of anything so mean and despicable was like a blow in the face. But he did suspect him; that was too evident. For a moment Cal wanted to spring up and declare his innocence. Surely Ned would believe him! But the tears were very near his eyes just then, and so he stared at his book and sat silent.

Presently indignation began to take possession of him. What right had Ned to suspect him of being a thief? Just because he was poor and did n't wear good clothes like the other fellows was no reason to think him a robber! He was just as decent as the rest of them, in spite of his shabby clothes! Ned thought him dishonest, did he? Well, he might go on thinking so for all Cal cared. Some day the money would be found, like as not, and then Ned would see what a mistake he had made. And when he did he could

beg Cal's pardon until he was black in the face, and Cal would never forgive him! Never! He was all hurt pride now, and the first and softer misery had left him. Let Ned—yes, and all the rest of them—think what they liked! They were all snobs, anyhow!

Cal learned very little of his lessons that evening, nor, I fancy, did Ned do much better. They were both glad when Sandy's door banged open and he gave the signal to lay books aside. A moment later Spud demanded admittance.

"Say, Cal, can you get that algebra?" he asked, as he came in and seated himself on Cal's bed. "It's the hardest old stuff I ever did see. What's the matter with you chaps, anyhow?" he went on, sitting up and staring at them.

"Nothing's the matter," answered Ned, shortly.

"Ned's lost some money out of his bureau drawer," said Cal.

"Lost it! How could you lose it? How much was it?"

"Eight dollars," replied Ned.

"Phew! That's some money, is n't it? How did you lose it, Ned?"

"How the dickens do I know?" replied Ned, grumpily. "All I know is that it was there a couple of days ago, and now it's gone."

Hoop and Dutch had walked in meanwhile, and for their benefit the tale of Ned's loss had to be retold. In a minute or two the whole of West House was in possession of the news, and the eight boys sat around the Den and speculated as to the manner of the money's disappearance. Cal was rather silent. Since Ned suspected him, he thought, the others would, too. As a matter of fact, none of them did, but he did n't know that. It seemed to him that every careless glance in his direction held accusation.

"Who knew it was there?" asked Sandy.

"No one except me."

"Yes, Ned," contradicted Cal, quietly. "You told me yesterday about it. Don't you remember?"

"Did I?" murmured Ned, with a scowl.

"Yes, because you were going to lend me two dollars so that I could get my foot-ball things and not have to wait for money from home."

"I'd forgotten," answered Ned, carelessly. But his glance at Cal said "Fool!" as plainly as any words could have done. Cal hardly knew what had prompted him to tell that. He was angry with Ned for suspecting him, and, while appreciating the latter's efforts to keep others from doing the same, he told himself that he would accept no favors. Hoop chuckled.

"Better give it back, Cal," he advised jokingly.

"I say," exclaimed Spud, "maybe the fellow I saw standing at your bureau last night was the

thief! Remember my telling you that I saw some one in here and whispered across and got no answer?"

"Burglars don't wear pajamas," said Ned.

"I did n't say he wore pajamas. I'm almost certain that he had on a nightgown. Anyhow, he was in white. And he was standing right there at that bureau."

"What was he doing?" asked The Fungus.

"I don't know. I did n't pay special attention. I just whispered across, 'Oh, you Old Ned.' And he did n't seem to hear me, and I went on."

"Don't suppose you robbed yourself, do you, Ned?" asked Sandy.

"No, I don't. Besides, I told Spud before that I was n't up last night once."

"It must have been you, then, Cal," said Dutch. "You wear a nightgown, don't you?"

"Yes," Cal answered seriously, "but I was n't up, either. I cal—I think Spud imagined it."

"Imagined nothing!" said Spud, indignantly. "I think I know what I see!"

"Maybe it was the ghost again," said Claire Parker, in awed tones. The boys looked at him and then at each other. Dutch laughed, but it was n't a very hearty laugh. Finally,

"You don't suppose it was, fellows?" asked Spud, a trifle nervously.

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Ned. "Ghosts don't steal money out of bureau drawers. Besides—"

"Besides, they could n't spend it if they had it," said Dutch. "Just the same, I think it's sort of funny about that thing we saw in the apple orchard."

"Look here, Cal," interrupted Hoop, "you said you dreamed of robbers last night, did n't you?"

"Yes, it seemed to be robbers."

"There you are, then! Robbers it was! Or, at least, a robber. There was one in the house, don't you see, and, although Cal did n't get wide awake, his consciousness warned him of danger and—"

"Oh, bosh! forget about the money!" said Ned, peevishly. He turned to Cal. "Sorry I can't lend you that two, though, Cal," he said constrainedly. "You see I'm cleaned out."

"It does n't matter, thanks," replied Cal. "I cal'late I'll have to get some money from home."

They discussed the affair for half an hour longer. Presently Spud recalled the girl that he and Cal had seen that evening next door, and told about her and her cryptic remark when they were carrying the apples home.

"I think," said Spud, "that that girl knows more than she's telling."

"You don't suppose she—was the ghost in the apple-trees, do you?" asked Sandy.

"No, she 's just a girl. She would n't think of a thing like that. Besides, she was probably abed and asleep at that time of night. But I 'll wager she 's heard something."

"How old is she?" asked Sandy.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Spud, carelessly. "About as old as—as a girl."

"Really? You surprise me!"

"Well, how old do *you* think, Cal?"

"I don't know, either," Cal replied. "I 've got a sister who 's thirteen, and I cal'late this girl 's about the same size."

"I don't think she would know enough to make any trouble," said Sandy. "Well, I 'm off to bed. Hope you find your money, Ned. If you want a little meanwhile I can let you have some."

The others said good night too, and the Den emptied. Cal closed the door, and he and Ned gathered their books together. Finally, "I—I 'm right sorry about that money," said Cal, stiffly.

"Thanks," answered Ned. "It does n't matter."

They undressed in silence and went to bed.

CHAPTER XII

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

SUCH a strange thing had happened! One of the brand-new pillow-cases was missing! This was Saturday morning, and Hulda had been changing the bedding. Mrs. Linn announced her loss at the breakfast-table. Hulda was n't certain whose pillow the slip had been missing from, but she thought it was Mr. Brent's.

"I can't think where it has got to," lamented Mrs. Linn. "You don't know where it is, do you, Ned?"

Ned observed her frankly and gravely.

"I don't believe it was mine. At least, I had both last night," he replied.

"Did you? Then it must have been lost this morning. Perhaps Hulda dropped it somewhere."

"I hope she did n't drop it on the stairs," said Spud, anxiously.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Linn.

"I might slip on it," was the sober reply. The matron wondered why the fellows laughed and had to have the joke explained to her by Hoop.

"Maybe," The Fungus began, "the same person took the pillow-case that took Ned's eight—"

But he stopped there, pretending to choke on a mouthful of baked potato. It had been agreed last evening that there was no use in troubling Mrs. Linn about Ned's loss.

"I think," said Ned to Sandy when they left the table, "that I 'm just as curious as Marm is about where that pillow-case has disappeared to."

"Pshaw!" replied Sandy, "never mind about

that. What bothers me is that money of yours. That 's a very funny thing, Ned. Nothing like that has ever happened in West House since I 've been here. You don't suppose"—he hesitated—"you don't think that Cal knows anything about it, do you?"

"Cal? Of course not," replied Ned, emphatically. "I 'd trust him anywhere."

"Well, he does n't seem that sort to me, either," said Sandy. "I like the chap. Only he did know the money was there, and then Spud is certain that he saw some one in front of your bureau; some one who wore a nightgown. And, excepting Cal, all of us wear pajamas."

"No, no," said Ned. "Spud was half asleep, probably. Anyhow, it 's a fair guess he could n't tell whether the person wore a nightgown or a— a potato-sack. I believe he imagined the whole thing; dreamed it, probably. I should n't be surprised if I came across the money somewhere, after all," he added carelessly.

"Well, I hope you do. I 'd hate to think that there was any fellow here who would steal."

"I don't believe it was stolen, Sandy."

"But you said last night—"

"I know, but I 've been thinking it over. I 'm pretty careless with things, you know. I dare say I stuck it somewhere and forgot about it. Don't say anything more about it, and especially outside the house."

Being Saturday, there was no school. Ned had said something two or three days before about walking to Indian Head this morning, and Cal had eagerly agreed to accompany him. Indian Head was a favorite resort with those who liked walking and lay five miles away across country. In Revolutionary times a blockhouse had stood there and had been the scene of an Indian massacre. Even yet relics were sometimes found, and almost every fellow was the proud possessor of an arrow-head purporting to have been dug up on the site of the old fort. Most of them had been purchased from the enterprising merchant who sold post-cards and curiosities in a little log-cabin at the foot of the hill, and looked suspiciously new. Since the affair of last night Cal expected that the excursion would be dropped. But Ned sought him out after breakfast and reminded him in an offhand way that he had agreed to go.

"Hoop and The Fungus are going, too," he said. "We 're going to start in ten minutes."

"All right," said Cal, after a moment of hesitation. But when he had thought it over he changed his mind. His grievance against Ned still held good, and, he decided, he did n't want to go walking with a fellow who secretly be-

lieved him a thief. So he told Ned he "cal'lated" he would n't go. And Ned said, "Very well," quite indifferently, and the three went off at about half-past nine. Cal watched them from his window and felt some regret. It was a wonderful morning, and he loved to walk.

When he went down-stairs the house was deserted, the rest of the inhabitants having taken themselves off toward school. Cal put his hands in his pockets and considered. It was too fine a day to stay indoors. He "cal'lated" he 'd better follow the others over to the field and see what was going on. Perhaps there 'd be a ball game, for base-ball at Oak Park was played until snow came. Then his eyes fell on the tennis-court, and he went in and found a racket, and for a half-hour amused himself knocking balls across the net. After that he wandered to the gate and through it, and started down the road past the Curtis place in the general direction of town, with a half-formed idea of working back to the field by way of the cross-road, which would mean a two-mile stroll. But he was n't destined to get his walk this morning, for when he came in sight of the carriage gate beyond the white farm-house, he saw that the nearer post was occupied. On it, swinging her feet and munching an apple, sat the girl they had seen last evening. Cal did n't know very much about the usages of society and wondered whether he ought to take off his cap to the young lady or speak to her. She was already aware of his approach, and it would n't look well to turn back, although he would have much preferred that solution of his quandary. He concluded he 'd just say "Good morning," and not bother about his cap. But the matter was decided for him.

"Good morning!" said the girl. "Want an apple?"

"No, thanks," answered Cal. He still had several yards to go before he would be up to her, and he searched for something further to say; it was too late now for the "Good morning" he had contemplated.

"Don't you like apples?" she asked.

"Yes, but I am not hungry." He was up to her now and past, and he breathed easier.

"These are ghost apples," said the girl. Cal stopped and turned.

"They 're wha—what?" he stammered. The girl put her head back and laughed merrily. Then, "Ghost apples," she repeated. "They come in pillow-cases."

She smiled mischievously down at his alarmed and puzzled face. Cal glanced apprehensively toward the house, and then quickly blurted out:

"What do you know about pillow-cases?"

"Lots! Want to know what I know?"

Cal nodded.

"Pillow-cases," said the girl, "are used to cover pillows so that they won't get soiled." She paused and looked at him with dancing eyes. Cal smiled. "What else?" he demanded.

"They are also used to—to gather apples in."

"Look here, did you see us—I mean *them*—I mean—"

She nodded gaily.

"You and them both," she laughed. "What 's your name?"

"John Boland," answered Cal. Then he added, thinking that perhaps it was the correct thing to do: "What 's yours?"

"Molly Elizabeth Curtis." She made a little backward movement with her head. "They 're my aunts, you know. I live in New York when I 'm at home, but I 'm going to be here all winter. Is n't that awful?"

"Why, are n't they good to you?"

"Of course they are, silly. But I 'm afraid it 's going to be very dull after New York. Still, I 've had a pretty good time so far; especially the night before last."

Cal had drawn near, and now he stood and frowned at the tormentful young person on the gate-post and strove to consider what course to pursue. It was evident to him that the young person was n't going to tell all she knew until she was quite ready to. Spud, he reflected, had called her "a fresh kid," and he "cal'lated" Spud was about right. Still, she looked nice and was quite pretty, Cal decided, as girls went. She was slender and had a very clear complexion, with cheeks in which the color had a way of coming and going just as though she was able to turn it on or off at her convenience. Her hair, worn in a braid that hung to her neck and was caught up again with a blue satin ribbon, was deep brown, and her eyes were bright blue. Not that Cal observed all these things at this time, however. About all he thought was that she was pretty for a girl and looked as though she was too jolly and nice to willingly get any one into trouble. As for her age, he had guessed very nearly right, he told himself; she was probably thirteen; not more than fourteen at the most. Cal did n't know much about girls and was at a loss how to handle the present situation. He was determined, however, to get at the truth before he left there. So he began by saying sternly:

"Look here, now, you 'd better tell me what you know about the other night."

"Dear me!" said Miss Molly Elizabeth Curtis, arching her eyebrows and looking fearfully alarmed, though there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Because if you don't—yes, if you don't—"

"Then what?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"Well, you better had," he ended lamely. She laughed.

"Don't you think, Mister John Something, that you 'd better be nice to me instead of mak-

"You 're—you 're awfully funny," she gasped finally. "Are n't you?"

"I cal'late so, maybe," answered Cal, willing to agree for the sake of diplomacy. "Is that pillow-case in a good safe place, miss? You know if Miss Matilda got hold of it she 'd show it to our principal, and he 'd—I don't know what he 'd do; suspend us, likely."

"She won't ever see it," replied Molly, reassuringly. "It 's in my trunk, and my trunk 's locked, and here 's the key." She tugged at a little blue ribbon around her neck and drew forth the key in proof. "I 'm keeping it as a trophy, you know. I mean the pillow-case. My, but it was fun!"

"It—was n't—you! Was it?" cried Cal.

Molly nodded with sparkling eyes.

"Yes. Want me to tell you all about it?"

"Yes, please," answered Cal.

"Beg my pardon for saying what you said, then," she commanded.

"What did I say?" muttered Cal.

"That I 'd better tell you or—or something! Don't you know that you must n't threaten a lady? Besides," she added thoughtfully, "it just makes them stubborn."

"All right," said Cal, grudgingly. "I won't do it again."

"But go ahead."

"Go ahead—what?" he asked.

"Beg my pardon. You have n't yet, you know."

"Oh, well—all right. I do."

"But you don't!" she exclaimed impatiently. "You just stand there and say you do, and you don't!"

"Seems to me you 're mighty particular," he grumbled.

"I think you don't want to know about it, after all," she said indifferently. "It doesn't matter, then."



"'WELL, IT 'S GONE,' SAID NED, CLOSING THE DRAWER."

ing threats? Supposing—just supposing, now—I was to show Aunt Matilda what I have hidden in my trunk."

"What—what is it?" asked Cal, uneasily.

Molly leaned down and whispered dramatically:

"A pillow-case marked 'West House' in black ink on the hem!"

"You—you would n't do that, though," said Cal, half questioningly. "You 're too nice a girl."

The nice girl put her head back and laughed harder and merrier than ever, until Cal looked again toward the house and wondered if Miss Matilda or any one in the house could hear.

"Yes, it does! I do want to know about it, honest! I—I beg your pardon, miss."

"Well, but please don't call me miss. I'm only thirteen, and you're not a miss until you have long dresses. Call me Molly. What do they call you? Jack?"

"No, Cal."

"Cal? That's a funny name. Is it your middle name?"

"No, it's just—just a—a nickname."

"Oh, all right." She folded her hands in her lap, having finished with her apple, and considered her narrative. "Well, it all happened like this," she began after a moment. "You see, there's just me here and no one to play with. Of course I don't mind that so *very* much, because I like to read books and stories. But it *would* be nicer if I knew somebody, would n't it? That's what I told Aunt Lydia, and she said it was too bad I was n't going to school, because I'd meet lots of girls there. You see, Father does n't want me to go to school this winter, because I'm pretty well along anyhow, and then my eyes failed me last spring. I told Aunt Lydia I thought I'd like to know some of the boys next door, but she just held up her hands in horror. Did you know, Cal, that you are awfully bad? Aunt Matilda says so. She says you're a—a—Oh, what was it? A 'parcel of young varmint's'; that's it!"

Cal smiled, and Molly smiled back at him.

"I imagine Aunt Matilda does n't like boys very well, though," she continued extenuatingly. "Anyhow, she said I must n't think of playing with any of you. But I used to hear you across the hedge, and one day I thought I'd like to see what a 'varmint' looked like. So I went over there and peeped through. You were playing tennis, some of you, and some of you were on the porch. And just then two—I think you were one of them, Cal—came over toward the hedge, and I heard you talking."

Cal nodded. The mystery was clearing up.

"I remember," he said. "We were talking about getting through the hedge."

"And hooking—I mean helping yourselves to the apples."

"I think 'hooking' is the word," he said, with a shame-faced look.

"The other boy saw me or heard me or something; don't you remember? I got down on the grass and hid until you'd gone. Then I thought what fun it would be to surprise you. I did n't want to tell because—oh, because I should think it would be rather fun hooking apples. Is n't it?"

"I don't know. It was n't very much fun the other night, at least for the one in the tree!"

"Well, I'm sure I thought it fun!" cried Molly.

"I—we thought you were a ghost," said Cal.

"I meant you to!"

"I don't see, though, how you did it."

"I'll tell you. It was a—an inspiration, perhaps! You see, I did n't mind you taking all the apples you wanted, because there are just bushels and bushels of them, and my aunts would never miss them a tiny bit; but I did want to have some fun. At first I thought I'd wait and surprise you at the hedge. But I did n't know any of you, you see. Then I just decided that I'd have fun my own way. So I got a sheet out of the linen-closet and a broom from the kitchen. I did that before supper and hid them under the bed in my room. At home I *always* stay up until ten. So I had to go to bed as usual, though, of course, I just sat and read in my room till my aunts were safely in bed, and asleep. That's my room on the side. See the two windows over the porch? That's how I got out. I was afraid to go down-stairs, because my aunts would be certain sure to hear me. So I just dropped the broom and the sheet out of the window. Then I came down after them."

"I don't see how you did it," said Cal, with a trace of admiration. "You did n't jump, did you?"

"No; there's a rain-spout on the other side; you can't see it from here. I got down by that, and I got back the same way. It is n't hard at all. You stand on the porch rail, and then you put one foot on the thing that holds the spout up, and the other on top of the dining-room window, and then you can get your knee over the edge of the roof, and you're all right. I made sure I could do it before supper, though. After I got down I took the sheet and the broom to the wagon-shed back there and got ready. I waited and waited, and thought you were n't coming after all. Then I could see you moving down by the hedge. So I crept out and went around through the blackberry patch until I was at the edge of the orchard. But you were all so busy you would n't have seen me, anyhow. When you did see me, though, it was just too funny for anything!"

Molly laughed merrily at the memory of it, and Cal said, "I suppose so!" in a disgusted tone and looked bored.

"It was a silly trick to play," he said severely.

"Because you were fooled," responded Molly, serenely. "I believe I must have looked pretty ghastly! Anyhow, you all yelled like anything and just ran! I was glad you got your apples, though. I suppose you were all too scared to let go, otherwise you would have dropped them!"

"I did n't get mine," said Cal, grimly. "Mine were under the tree."

"Then it 's your pillow-case I found!" ex-

"Yes, I was. And you came right underneath, and I was—well, I was pretty frightened." Molly giggled. "You 'd have been, too," he added.

"Of course I would," she owned. "I 'd have fallen right out of the tree. I wish, though, I 'd known you were up there, Cal," she went on regretfully. "Did you see me dancing?"

"Was that what you were doing? I could n't see very well on account of the leaves, but sometimes you looked about ten feet tall and sometimes you were n't any higher than that." Cal put his hand a couple of feet from the sidewalk.

"It was the broom made me look tall. And when I was n't any higher than that, I was stooping down picking up that pillow-case at the foot of the tree. I do wish I 'd known you were up there, though!"

"I 'm glad you did n't," said Cal, with a laugh. "It was bad enough as it was. What did you dance for?"

"Oh, just—just for fun," answered Molly, vaguely. "It was a dance of triumph."

"Where did you go to? It seemed to me you just—just vanished."

"I suppose that was because I took the sheet off. I had a dark dress on." She smiled reminiscently. "It was lots and lots of fun, Cal."

"Maybe it was for you," he grumbled. "We did n't think it was very funny. We thought it was a ghost for sure. I cal'late the fellows will be glad to find out what it really was. Spud said last night

claimed Molly, clapping her hands gleefully. Cal nodded. Then he laughed.

"I was up in the tree," he said. Molly frowned. "When?"

"After—the others had scampered for home."

"You weren't really? Were you? I didn't see you."

he was pretty sure you knew something about it, although he does n't think you were the ghost."

"Was he the boy who came with you for the apples?" Cal nodded. "Do you think they 'll be very—very angry with me?" she asked. "It was just a joke, you know, and no harm was done."



"'THESE ARE GHOST APPLES,' SHE SAID."

"No, I cal'late not," answered Cal. Molly gave a little shriek of triumph.

"Now I know why they call you Cal!" she exclaimed. "It 's because you 're always saying 'cal'late.'"

Cal reddened. "That 's why," he confessed. "They make a lot of fun of me. I don't see why cal'late is n't as good a word as—as any other."

"I suppose it has n't the sanction of usage," replied Molly, glibly. Cal blinked.

"I cal'late—I mean I think that 's it," he murmured. Molly laughed.

"You said it again, you know."

"Yes," answered Cal, "I 'm trying to get out of it, but I keep forgetting." There was a moment's pause, and then, "Mrs. Linn missed her pillow-case this morning," he announced carelessly.

"Did she?"

"Yes. I cal—I think if I had it, I could get it back and she would n't know."

"I suppose you could—if you had it," agreed Molly.

Cal eyed her askance.

"You might give it back to me, I think." But Molly shook her head.

"No, it 's—it 's spoils of war. Besides, I shall keep it and make you all do just what I want."

"What?" exclaimed Cal, uneasily. "What—sort of things?"

"Oh, I have n't decided yet—not fully, that is. There 's one thing you must do, though. I want to learn to play tennis. One of you can teach me that. And I want to see a foot-ball game."

"Oh!" said Cal, gloomily. Then, brightening up, "But your aunts won't let you have anything to do with us," he said hopefully.

"But they will after a while," answered the young lady, with a slight toss of her head. "You—you 're the wedge."

"The what?" gasped Cal.

"The wedge, the entering wedge. Aunt Lydia has been watching us out of the sewing-room window for a long time, and she will tell Aunt Matilda, and Aunt Matilda will scold. Then I shall tell her what a nice, polite boy you are, and how you invited me to play tennis with you—"

"I have n't!" cried Cal, indignantly.

"But you 're going to," returned Molly, calmly.

"I—I don't play tennis."

"Never mind. You 'll take me over some day, and one of the other boys will show me how."

"I don't think girls are allowed at West House," said Cal, desperately.

"Oh, fiddle! You think nothing of the sort."

"Well, anyhow, I won't have anything to do with it," declared Cal, with decision. Molly looked regretful.

"I 'm sorry," she said, "because I 'm so afraid Aunt Matilda will make trouble when she sees that pillow-case."

"You—you would n't show it to her!" he gasped.

"I would n't want to," she answered gently, with a shake of her head.

Cal considered a minute. Finally, "All right," he muttered ungraciously, "I 'll see about it."

"Thank you," she murmured. "And you do want me to play tennis with you, don't you?"

"I cal'late I 've got to," he replied. Then the humor of it reached him, and he chuckled. "You 're a pretty smart girl, you are," he said, in grudging admiration. Molly accepted the tribute gravely, but there was a glint of laughter in her blue eyes, as she replied demurely, "I cal'late I 've got *some* sense."

Cal flushed. "If you make fun of me I won't do it," he declared aggrievedly.

"I did n't mean to make fun of you, truly," she assured him contritely. "And—and I think 'cal'late' is a very nice word. I think you 'd better go now, though, because Aunt Matilda 's coming."

"Where?" he asked, in alarm. Molly nodded down the road.

"In the buggy. She 's been to the village. Oh, you need n't run, because she 's seen you already. But if you just walk off you 'll get away before she can say anything."

"But—but she 'll scold you, won't she?" he asked, pausing indecisively in flight.

"Yes, but I don't mind. Besides, she does n't really *scold*; she just 'expostulates for my own good.' Good-by. Come to the hole in the hedge this afternoon at half-past five, and I 'll tell you when I can play tennis with you. You won't forget, will you?"

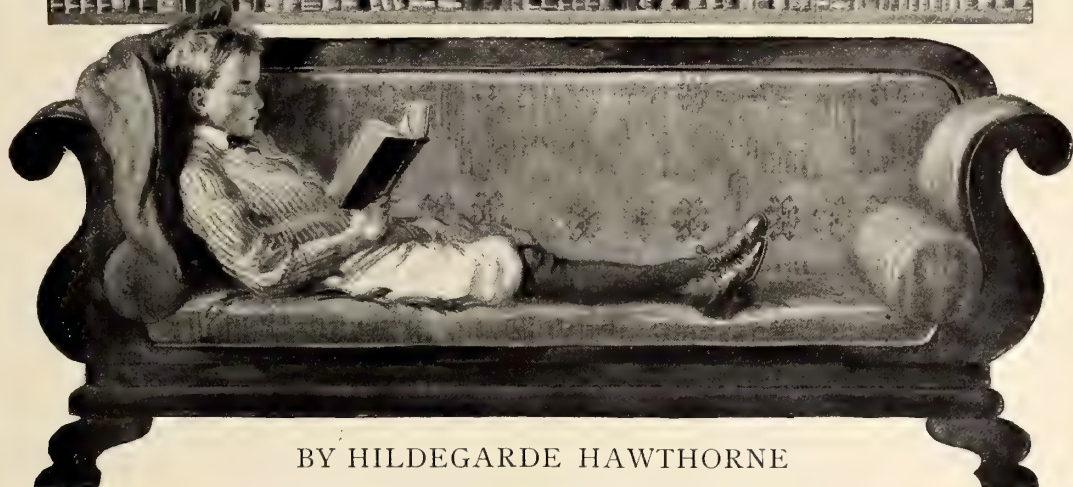
"No, I won't," called Cal, hurrying toward home and safety.

"You *do* want me to play tennis, don't you?" she called after him.

"Yes, *indeed*!" he shouted back. Then he walked rapidly away and plunged through West House gate with a deep sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

FRIENDS IN PRINT

It is singular to think how much we should miss the people who have been made real to us in books, if they were to be wiped out by some sort of disaster in the world of literature such as befalls occasionally in the actual world of our existence. The other evening, having been to see a play founded upon Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," I took the book from the shelf in order to refresh my memory of Major Dobbin, surely one of the most lovable of book-characters. And then I got to thinking how great a loss we should all of us suffer were our book-friends to be taken from us, leaving only a faint and fainter memory behind.

I wonder how many friends you have made among these people in books? It is n't every book that is capable of giving you a friend, any more than you can find one in each group of your acquaintances. But there are a number, and you ought to meet and know as many as possible. Some you like without admiring them particularly, others you admire, approve of, and respect without really loving, and some are an inspiration, a happiness to be with, men and women who have an influence on your whole life, and who remain as real to you as the companions of your actual existence.

You will come to like a character, sometimes, who appears only slightly in a book, whom the author never considered important, and without whom the story could get along very well indeed. Such an one is George Warrington in Thackeray's "Pendennis." Warrington is a queer

fellow, of course; and in one sense his life is a failure. But what a fine, big-hearted, clean-minded gentleman he is! How real, how human, how wise and true! Laura Pendennis marries the hero, and loves him, too. But the rest of us love Warrington, with his big voice, his cynical yet tender spirit, and that kind, loyal, and reserved soul of his.

Quite another type of man is Sir Nigel, in Conan Doyle's splendid tale of knightly adventure, "The White Company." Any of you who have n't met him yet have a treat before you. What a brave lion of a man, and with such touching absurdities, too. How he could fight, and how he could love! and what a great captain he was! His eager, whimsical face, slight body, and indomitable spirit are as unforgettable as though you had met him face to face and clasped his hand and listened to his clear voice.

And oh, do any of you know Alan Breck, friend of David Balfour in Stevenson's "Kidnapped"? If you don't fall clean head over ears in love with Alan, every last one of you, I'll never forgive you! You see, I feel as sensitive about him as though he were a very dear relative of mine, and not just the creation of a master story-teller. He is full of faults, to be sure. But such generous, foolish faults! He was very touchy and vain, especially over his skill with the bagpipes. But what could have been finer than the way he acted when the rival piper beat him? And though he was touchy and proud, he would willingly have died for his friend. And then

he 's so amusing, so delightful, so unexpected. In that amazing flight of his and David's through the Scottish wilderness, how the true man, both in his strength and his weakness, is revealed—and how, I repeat, you come to love him! Then the quarrel between the two friends. I dare say I 've read it fifty times, but it brings the tears now as it did the first time; because, though it is so foolish and unnecessary, it is so touching in its humanness, so tragic though so laughable, and because it draws you so close to both the men.

“Alan,” cried I, “what makes ye so good to me? What makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?”

“Deed, and I don't know,” said Alan. “For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarreled;—and now I like ye better.”

One's own reasons for liking Alan are about as well defined—but none the less they are immensely strong.

Just try to fancy what it would be like to have all the people Dickens made swept out of the world. Dear Tom Pinch, for instance. We should n't care to lose him. Or that stout and amiable personage, Mr. Pickwick. Many of Dickens's characters have become a permanent part of humanity, and one likens real people, so called, to them, as though they were the more actual, as indeed they are. Who has ever read “The Tale of Two Cities” and not loved Sidney Carton? Carton, whose life had been so miserable a failure, but who was capable of so wonderful a sacrifice, so simply offered.

And who is this fantastic creature, dressed in all the panoply of war, followed by his round-bodied servant, who comes riding down the centuries amid the love and laughter of the whole world? Who else but the immortal Don Quixote, last of the knights-errant, and his servant Sancho Panza, fat and funny beyond any words, and faithful unto death?

True enough that the knight is a figure as absurd as he is pathetic. But if ever there lived on earth or in book a high-minded and unselfish gentleman, the great Don is he. Never an ignoble thought or an unkind act sullied his soul. All his mistakes and mishaps come from his generous desire to save some one else from harm or sorrow. Possibly he is a little mad; but what a divine madness, and how it may well make the sanest of us ashamed! And the friendship between him and Sancho is one of the most beautiful ever put into words. The book is exquisitely amusing, and full of the most extraordinary adventures. It is also filled with tragedy. A soul like that of the fantastic knight's, with its dream of a vanished chivalry, passing through a

jeering and misunderstanding world, must suffer desperately. And nothing much more wonderful has been done in literature than this creation of a character so absurd yet so heroic. You can have few better friends than Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. They represent the extremes in human character, for Sancho is of the earth earthy, and Quixote lives with his wild head in the clouds; yet they are each lovable; the Don because his ideals, though impossible, are sublime, and the servant because of his utter love for the master whom he cannot understand, but from whom all the ridicule and misfortune on earth will not cause him to waver in his devotion. Faithful he is to his ideal, as is the Don to his—and both have been taken to the heart of the world these many, many years.

But it is not only the men in books who become your friends. There are women, too. There is Lorna Doone, who stirs our hearts with her sweet loveliness and steadfast courage, in Blackmore's novel. And Diana Vernon! How many of you know her? There 's not a finer girl on earth or in literature than Di, and if Sir Walter Scott had done nothing else than give us the privilege of knowing her, he would have done enough to deserve our gratitude. I can well remember the passion of delight I felt when first I met her. It was long ago on a wild autumn evening. The book, “Rob Roy,” had been given to me for a birthday present, and I had spent most of the day reading it. It always seems to me as though Di had stepped into the big, low-ceilinged room with its open fire and the bay-windows that looked out on the sea, and that we had become friends from that instant—a friendship that has not wavered, though most of the incidents in her story have grown dim. But you don't forget meeting a girl like her, not in a lifetime.

Then there is Elizabeth in Jane Austen's “Pride and Prejudice.” What a trump she is! how delicious with her quiet humor, how honest, strong, and fine! Never losing a bit of her feminine charm, either. Above all, how invariably interesting she is! She never bores you. She is so alive, far more so than many people I have met walking about in the world. She does n't hesitate to speak out clearly when she disapproves of anything; but what an affectionate heart she has, and how much more likely to take herself to task than others; and how gay and sweet she is! Then there 's her father, Mr. Bennet, one of the most delightful fathers in literature. The Lockhart children used to compare their grandfather, Sir Walter Scott, to him. It was customary enough for children to read Miss Austen in those days, and it is a pity so few of you get an introduction

to her to-day, for her people are the best of company.

Three women of wit, charm, with warm hearts and lively spirits, are Rosalind in "As You Like It," Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," and Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." We could n't bear to lose any of them. Suppose you were told, "Beatrice is dead." Beatrice, with her merry speech, her unfailing fascination, her devotion to her friend. It would be a loss indeed! Fortunately there 's no danger of it. Any one who kindles when Beatrice stands forth so nobly in defense of Hero is not likely to make a bad friend. For as our lives are influenced by the persons with whom we pass them, so also are they affected by the people in books whom we come to like and admire. A part of our time is spent with them, and time spent with the wise, the witty, and the good will never be wasted.

One has a greater power to choose one's friends in books than in real life, and even at the cost of considerable trouble it is well to take the opportunity given us to meet the best. You can drop them if they do not appeal to you; but at least do not lose the chance of knowing the brave, the gallant, the generous, the kind, and the funny people who are waiting for you between the covers of countless books. They cannot begin to live, as far as you are concerned, until you set them free by opening the volume in which they are imprisoned. Then how alive they are, how much they give you, how fresh and interesting is their talk, how thrilling their fate! Often one feels that one would love to introduce them to each other—special favorites of one's own. In

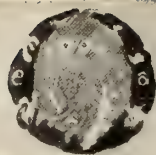
fact, Walter Savage Landor, in an interesting book called "Imaginary Conversations," did this very thing, bringing a number of well-known characters together and letting them talk. I 've always wanted Diana Vernon and Lorna Doone to know each other; I 'm sure they would have enjoyed each other immensely. Though you can't always be sure that two friends whom you are fond of will get along well together.

It is rather interesting to run over in one's mind the different people in books whom one likes, and try to find out just what makes one like them. Some are easy enough to understand. Fine, manly Tom Brown in "Tom Brown at Rugby," for instance. No trouble there. But I 've always liked poor Steerforth, in Dickens's "David Copperfield," though I never liked anything he did. And that 's not so easy.

It is, of course, one of the chief tests of genius, this ability to create a character so warm with human life that he or she lives for the reader, remaining with him long after the book is closed. Some writers do not thus create a character apart from themselves, but convey their own character through their works, and so become themselves your friend and comrade. This is so with Charles Lamb, for one. How intensely real he is to us, how lovable!

The point is that there await you, on every well-chosen book-shelf, a number of persons who will prove to be the most delightful companions on your way through life; and when you think over the good things that come to you in this life, these men, women, and child friends in the world of literature stand high on the list.





Originalle Apryl First

BY FREDERICK MOXON



I

A JESTER of ye olden tyme rose uppe at earlie lyght;
A-winkyng to himselfe, he spoke:
"Obsbobs! Now wille I playe ye joke
Methought on yesternyght."

II

Ryght slylie then he gat hym downe e'en to ye
castel halle,
Where, in rude fashion of ye past,
A writyng, "Thys is Marche ye last,"
Was chalked upon ye walle.

III

With merrie grin he changed ye dayte to reade
"Ye Apryl Two,"
Then creepyng softlie backe to bedde,
He laughed beneath ye sheete, and saide,
"That jeste is truly newe."

IV

He lyttel guessed how that hys lorde hadde on ye
prank espied:
At breakfaste, when he gat hym downe,
Hys master called, "Come hither, clowne!"
And thus began to chyde:



"HYS LORDE HADDE ON YE PRANK ESPIED."

V
"Thou slothful varlet! Sleepie dunce! Thou
addle-pated knave!
Thou tardy snaile and lumpysh log!
Mole! Dormouse! Tortoise! Lazie dog!
How 's thys thou dost behave?"



"CREEPYNG SOFTLIE BACKE TO BEDDE."



"IN SOUNDYNG FORTHE A LOUD 'HAW, HAW!'"

VII

That dolefulle jokester tooke he then and brake
a staffe thereon;
Then made hym change ye dayte once more
(Whereat ye companie didde roar)
To 'reade "Y^e Apryl One."

VIII

Now alle ye titteryng servyng-boyes didde lustilie
engage
In soundyng forthe a loud "Haw, Haw!"
So for *hys* jeste their master saw

*"A laugh on every
page."*

VI

"To sleepe from Marche ye 31 e'en to ye Apryl 2!
Ryght soundlie wille I tanne thyne hyde,
Eke stoppe a daye's
fulle paye besyde:



Thou sore thys tricke
shalt rue."





FOR THOSE WHO "WANT TO KNOW" ABOUT THE ELECTRIC ROAD

MANY persons, young and old, often wonder how the modern electric cars, trains, and locomotives are operated, and what electricity is. No one knows what electricity is. We know some of the things that it will do; we have, to a certain extent, learned how to control it, and, for want of a better name, we call it a fluid. We have discovered, too, that it is one of the most important forces, if not *the* most important force, of which we have any knowledge. We are almost as ignorant of many other great forces of nature, as, for example, the attraction of gravitation. For the present we must be content to observe such forces in action, and to devise the best methods to control them. In this knowledge mankind has progressed wonderfully within a few years. In the cities and in many towns the application of electricity to trolley-cars is a familiar sight. In the smaller places these cars are operated by electric power that comes from an overhead wire, and in large cities from an underground conductor. Within three years, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has equipped about forty miles of its New York end with an elaborate, overhead structure strong enough to run electric engines drawing long express- and even its heaviest freight-trains. The power is here

taken from an overhead wire. On the New York Central Railroad the same principle is applied, but this railroad does not have the overhead trolley-wire, it uses another method of receiving the electricity known commonly as "the third rail," suspended a few inches above the ground and supported by brackets fastened to the regular ties from which it is insulated. Along the under side of this rail runs a "shoe" of the locomotive that conducts the electricity from the rail to the motors of the engine.

Now before we go any further, let us stop for a moment to review.

You are all familiar with some of the things you can do with an electric battery. You know that by taking the wire that comes from a battery and connecting it with a little electric lamp, and then connecting the wire that comes out of the lamp with the other end of the battery, the lamp will flash up brightly. If you connect a little toy motor instead of the lamp, the motor will begin to buzz as soon as it is connected. Now, in electric railways, instead of a battery, they make the electricity by a huge machine called a dynamo, driven by a powerful steam-engine; and they connect the street trolley-cars or the electric trains with the dynamo current, to make the trains go, just as the battery current made the toy motor buzz.

The big dynamo and the steam-engine that drives it are not on the trains, but are stationary in the "power-house," and the current from the dynamo is connected to the trolley-wire that is suspended along over the tracks of the street or railroad. The long trolley that you have often seen is always touching this trolley-wire, and takes the electricity from it down to the motor under the car and starts up the motor; and thus the train (or trolley-car) is made to move.

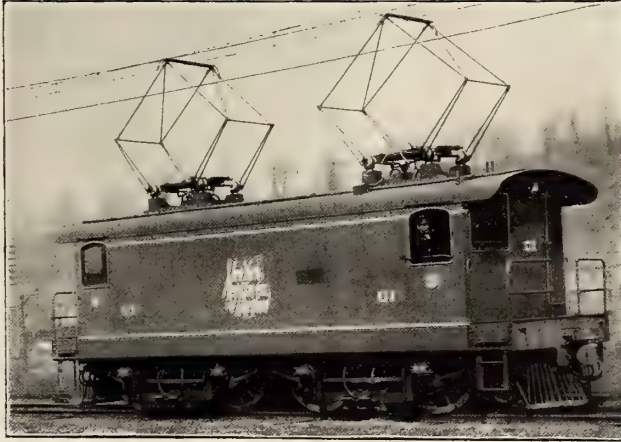
To get an idea of what this electricity is, it may help us to think of it as a force that we have disturbed but which naturally seeks to be at rest. You may be aided in forming a mental picture of this condition by comparing it with a piece of rubber-band which, under the force of your hands, is pulled out, and which when you cease to apply the force at once resumes its natural position. There are two "kinds" of electricity, the "positive" and the "negative." These two may be pulled apart, say, by the mechanical force operating a dynamo, and when separated are always eager to become again united. That ef-

fort to unite is power that may be applied through a motor to move wheels, near the separating force (the engine), or that may be carried to long distances through a circuit of wire or of metal rail in connection with the earth. The power is always striving to get back to that "home" machine, the dynamo, from which it

of water passing through, or the capacity of the pipe or hose.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad uses eleven thousand volts overhead "alternating" current, while the New York Central Railroad has about six hundred and fifty volts direct current. Each system has some advantages and some disadvantages, and consequently experts differ in their opinion and preference of the two methods. It is only actual and continued use that will decide which system is the better, all things considered.

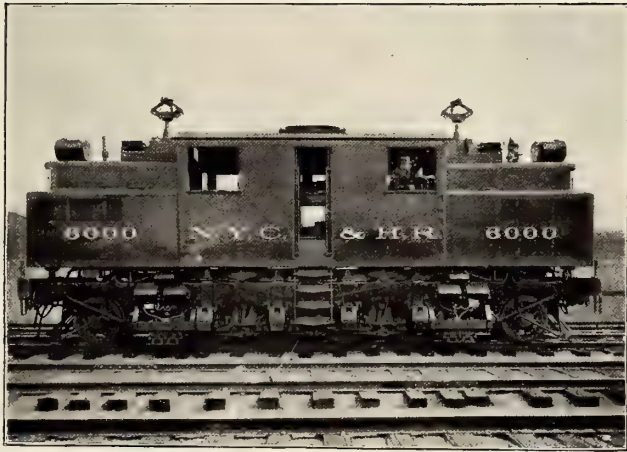
Electricity will always "hasten home," or to the source or the machine from which it started, by the path of least resistance, or, in other words, by the easiest way. If we want it to go to a certain place, we must compel it to stay on the wire, and not let it run off into the ground and so return to



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF THE
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN &
HARTFORD RAILROAD.

started, just as each end of the extended rubber is trying to go toward the hand that is pulling the opposite end. Where the current of electricity is slight, as in a telephone-wire, the complete circuit may be of wire for the best results, but the current may also go home through the earth; that is, may be "grounded," as the electrician calls it. With all trolley-cars and electric engines, this home circuit is through the rails. There is some leakage through the earth, but electricians try to avoid this by good connections with the rails.

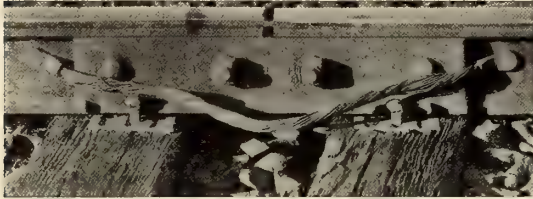
The electrician measures the size or *volume* of this force in "amperes," and its intensity or *pressure* in "volts." If we should compare the "current" of electricity with a current of water in a pipe or hose, the voltage would be the strain exerted on the strength of the pipe or hose that holds it, and the amperage would be the amount



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

the starting-point, as it will do if not carefully controlled. The current of an overhead system is prevented from getting back home without doing work (that is, from going down the iron posts and back through the earth) by a porcelain cap on the top of the post under the wires. These are the insulators. Electricity cannot pass through porcelain, glass, or some other "non-conductors,"

and is, therefore, compelled to stay on the wire. The under side of these insulators is curve "roofed" so as to keep a dry surface even in wet weather. This prevents the electricity from



THE "BOND" OF WIRES CONNECTING THE ENDS OF THE RAILS.

The iron clamp is not a good conductor on account of the rust between it and the rails.

"leaking" through a thin film of water in wet weather, as it would, because water is a good conductor of electricity. Sometimes the current is so powerful that it burns out the wire where it rests on the cap. To keep this from falling



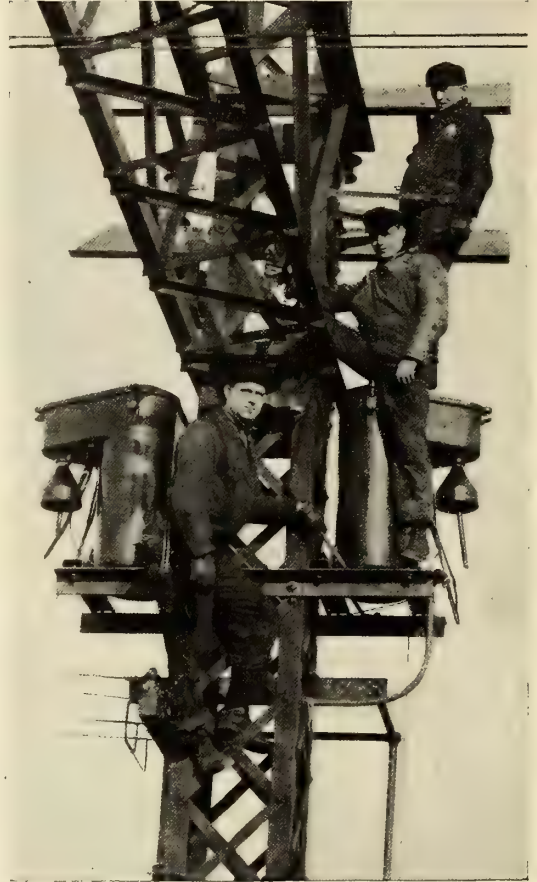
THE GLISTENING PORCELAIN INSULATORS.

The roofed "caps" are on the crossbars. On both sides of each of these are two insulators on the safety wire.

there is, in the New Haven overhead system, a safety wire, on which are four insulators. These

are the conspicuous, glistening balls that have no doubt often attracted the attention of boys and girls who travel by that road.

When the high voltage is to be reduced so as to be used in incandescent lamps as, for example, in lighting the station, a "transformer" is put up as shown in the illustration. This changes or *reduces* the original eleven thousand volts to a lower voltage for the motors and to one hundred and fifteen volts used for lighting.



PUTTING UP TRANSFORMERS.

These are the barrel-like objects with side-projecting tops. The transformers reduce 11,000 volts for power to 115 volts for the incandescent lamps in the station.

In an electric train, on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the engineer with his hand on a lever sits at an apparatus known as the master controller (see illustration). At the upper end of this controller are knobs, like push-buttons, that control various parts of the engine—thus, one of these "buttons" raises or lowers the jointed framework (known as a pantagraph—a "railroad" form of the familiar trolley)



"THE ENGINEER WITH HIS HAND ON A LEVER SITS AT . . . 'THE MASTER CONTROLLER.'"

above the engine that when extended connects with the overhead power wire; another operates the "shoe" connected with the third rail; another controls the "sanders" to pour sand on the track if the rails are slippery.

Others of these knobs control the currents to the motors, of which there are four—one attached directly to each wheel without any gearing.

The locomotive contains much massive machinery, in addition to the motors, in the way of switches and of transformers for reducing the voltage of current as may be needed. At one end is a water-tank and a boiler for making steam with which to heat the cars.

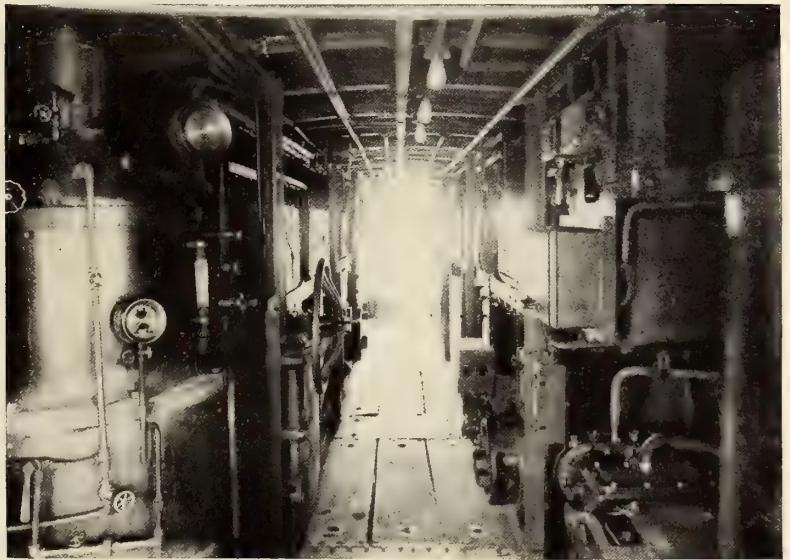
On the New Haven road, the ordinary electric locomotives are intended to pull loads of two hundred tons. Three quarters of the trains come within that weight, and it has been found to be cheaper to put two electric engines on the few heavier trains than to build and maintain larger ones. The placing of two electric engines on some trains was, therefore, not a mistake, as some have supposed, but simply a matter of economy. One engine can pull an express of four hundred tons, but it is easier for the engine and more economical for the company to have it done by two. To run

an express takes much less power in proportion to the size of the train than to run an accommodation, because it is much easier to keep the train in motion than it is to start and stop it. But while the express costs less for power, that is offset by the fact that it costs more in the greater strain on the rails and the machinery, and for the more expensive cars. When the traveler must ride for a long time he insists on having a better car than for only a short trip.

There are many who predict that the experiments in progress on these two roads, in electricity as a motive power, have been so successful that the method will ultimately extend to all others. Indeed, some people say that the power will not be obtained by burning coal, but from waterfalls. Who knows but that there will be overhead wires on all country roads and no engines, merely motors, in automobiles? Then steam locomotives or horses will be curiosities, or, at least, decidedly rare. The delightful fairylands of science seem to have been enlarged within the last few years so as to include nearly all methods of transportation.

But in predictions in the realm of scientific achievement, and in building up fancies therefrom, one hardly knows where to stop.

When work was first started on the Pennsylv-



INSIDE AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

At the left is the boiler to furnish steam for heating the cars. At the right is shown a part of the water-tank. The other machinery consists of transformers, switches, cylinders of compressed air, sanders, etc.

vania tunnels and station at Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, the engineers of the railroad company, coöperating with those of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, took

up the problem of designing an electric locomotive which would cope successfully with the heavy grades necessary in the tunnels under the Hudson and the East rivers. Much electrical apparatus was built and a mass of reports and records was compiled before the completion of No. 3998, the

and all other gear are spring-supported from the driver and truck-wheels, so that there is no track stress other than that pertaining to a single pair of wheels.

Earlier types of electric locomotives do not possess these features, the purpose of which is to



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD THAT DRAWS THE TRAINS THROUGH THE TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.

first "Pennsylvania" type of electric locomotive to be finished.

This locomotive weighs 330,000 pounds. It develops 4000 horse-power—about three times as much as a giant freight-locomotive—and it can pull a heavy freight-train at a speed of some sixty or seventy miles an hour. In appearance it is similar to two passenger-coaches, with huge driving-wheels and rods. On each side of the steel cabins are ten square windows, while at the ends there are oblong windows similar in appearance to steamship port-holes. The cabins conceal the giant motors with which the driving-rods connect.

The Pennsylvania-type locomotive is built in two sections; that is, there are two cabs and two running-gears, jointed at the middle. Each section has eight wheels, four of which are drivers.

The sections are permanently coupled, back to back, so that the leading section effectually pilots the rear one. This does away with all necessity of turning the engine, as it runs equally well in either direction, and all manipulating levers are duplicated in each section, so the operator simply changes from one end of the locomotive to the other.

This locomotive delivers no more shock to the track and road-bed than a passenger-car of equal weight. The motor and massive side frames

utilize on the drive-wheels directly the naturally continuous rotation of the electric motor.

A decided improvement in the Pennsylvania type is the use of a single motor for two pairs of drivers, and the benefits secured by its position. The motor is located high up from the road-bed, secure from snow, dirt, and water, and space limitations are largely removed. In its design it possesses electrical features never before secured on an electric locomotive.

The single motor weighs, without gear, 45,000 pounds, and in weight and power it is the largest railway motor ever constructed. It projects into the cab and, in fact, fills a large part of it.

The main control apparatus is in a bulkhead sort of an arrangement centrally located, so that there are ample passageways along the sides. At one end is located the electrically driven air-compressor for operating the air-brakes.

In the operating end of the locomotive there is a Westinghouse brake-valve for high-speed brake operation, and also the engineer's controller. These correspond to the throttle and reverse lever on a steam-locomotive.

The controller on the Pennsylvania type is scarcely as large as that on a Hoe printing-press. None of the main power passes through it, as it is really a switch corresponding to a telegrapher's key. With this small lever which can be easily

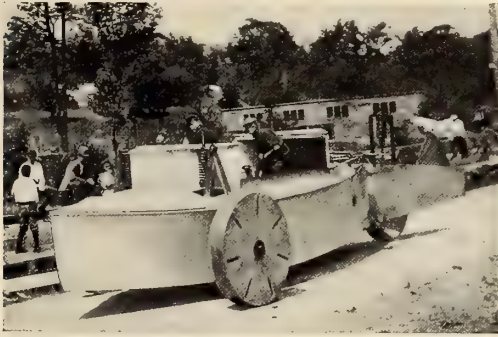
moved with one finger, the engineer can admit to the locomotive a current of electricity equal to that available in a hundred trolley-cars.

The electric supply is secured from an electric conductor, or third rail, by four contact-shoes on each locomotive. At some points where the great number of track switches will not permit this, power will be secured from an overhead conductor through an air-operated overhead contact-shoe, of which there are two on each locomotive.

The new locomotive is of steel construction throughout, and each section has the usual bell, sand-box, and a whistle which is blown by air.

AN AUTOMOBILE FOR WATER AND LAND

THERE appeared on the streets of Atlantic City not long ago one of the strangest vehicles ever seen. It looked as if its maker had attached a ten-foot tail to a motor-boat, and mounted it upon three broad wheels. This queer-looking craft made its way across the city, down to the sandy



THE AUTOMOBILE ON THE STREET.

beach. Here it turned about and, tail first, proceeded steadily through the surf out into the ocean. The new craft was named *Amphi*, because it is amphibious; that is, it "lives" in water as on land.

This combined surf-boat and beach-automobile was invented by Rear-Admiral John A. Howell, United States Navy, who served all through both the Civil War and the Spanish-American War.

The body of the amphibian is much like the ordinary motor-boat. The long tail, which serves as a rudder in water, is its distinctive feature, and enables it to go through the heaviest surf without danger of capsizing. When a strong wave strikes the stern of the ordinary boat, it raises this stern from the water and tends to turn the boat around broadside; then, if caught in the forward rush of water caused by the breaking of the wave, the boat is overturned. Now the tail of the amphibian is hollow and fills with water on entering the sea. As it has no surplus

buoyancy, its centerboard remains deep in unbroken water, thus keeping the amphibian from turning. On coming out of the water the tail empties automatically.

During the past summer Admiral Howell has had a new and improved model built at Bath,



THE AMPHIBIOUS AUTOMOBILE READY TO ENTER THE WATER.

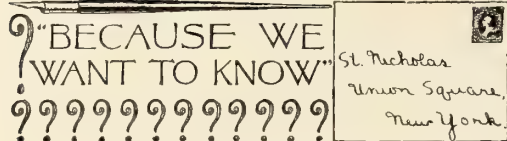
Maine. Since in bad weather it is safer to keep the amphibian tail seaward, the new model has a two-cycle engine which runs backward or forward with equal ease. The engine used is a twenty-horse-power Fox motor, and this new model has been named *Sea Fox*. The *Sea Fox* measures thirty feet from bow to the tip of its ten-foot tail; it is six feet broad, three feet deep, and its centerboard drops six feet into water.

The uses to which this new invention may be put are varied. At beach resorts people may embark at the very door of cottage or hotel, drive along the beach, enjoy a ride on the water, and return in the same manner. Fishermen may find both convenience and safety in its use. Their catch may be taken direct to market, and they need no longer fear being caught out at sea in a bad storm, since the amphibian can make a landing in any weather. But perhaps its most impor-



AS A MOTOR-BOAT IN DEEP WATER.

tant use may be in the life-saving service. Because it is able to ride the highest surf without danger of overturning, it may lessen the peril of the brave crews of our life-saving stations, and because it is able to go at once into the water without the delay and difficulty of launching, it may render more prompt and efficient aid to vessels wrecked along our coast.—MABEL GILBERT.



WHY YOUR QUESTION WAS NOT ANSWERED

If you did not receive an answer to your question, it was probably for one of these two reasons:

1. It was not of sufficient general interest for publication, and you neglected to inclose the required stamped and self-addressed envelop for a personal reply by mail.

2. A letter to you was returned because you did not include street and house number in your address.

LEECHES ON HIPPOPOTAMI

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. A. R. Dugmore, who had just returned from a camera expedition in East Africa, delivered a lecture at my school, and said that the birds were almost always to be seen on the backs of the hippopotami, to eat the leeches that infested their bodies. Can a leech penetrate the hide of a hippopotamus? If so, how? If not, what is the use of being on the hippopotamus's back?

Your interested reader,

JAMES GORE KING, JR.

I can quite understand your wanting to know about the leeches and the hippopotami. Nevertheless what I said is quite true. Have you ever seen a horse-fly on a horse's neck? It manages to get all the blood it wants, and yet it cannot get all the way through the thick skin any more than a flea can get all the way through a dog's skin. The thick skin contains fine blood-vessels, and presumably these are drawn by the leeches.—A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE.

I found sometime ago. It broke into small pieces when I squeezed it. I should like very much to know what it is.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN WAUGH (age 12).

The specimen is a bit of very quartzose gneiss, a rock made up of quartz, mica, feldspar, with occasionally other accidental minerals, as hornblende. When these parts are not strongly knit together, the rock, upon exposure, easily crumbles into sand.—L. P. G.

LOOKING THROUGH A PINHOLE

SKOWHEGAN, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer this? If you take a piece of paper, punch a hole in it with a fine needle or pin, and put the hole to your eye and look through it, you will see little circles or balls. Some are more of an oval shape. These objects look oily, and most of them are in motion. Will you tell me what they are? I have often wondered about them.

Yours,

G. R. MCCARTHY (age 12).

These are due to what are called *Muscae volitantes*, a common and harmless but annoying change within the eye. They are caused by imperfections or slight opacities in the "glassy" humor or liquid which fills the rear part of the eyeball. Shadows of these opacities are thrown on the nervous coating (the retina) and produce these floating appearances. They sometimes take the form of threads, knots, twisted strings, black streaks, lines of beads, or, as in our correspondent's case, little balls or rings.

Most people see these moving particles in form of threads. It is not necessary to look through a small hole. They are readily seen by looking intensely at a clear sky.

THE WHITE BEECH LEAVES

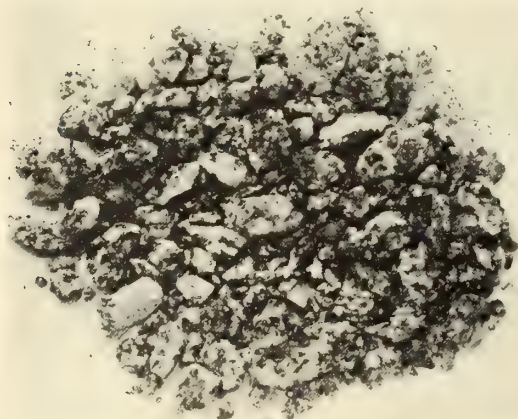
NARBERTH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will find inclosed a white plant which was found this morning at the foot of a beech-tree in the woods near here. Do you think it is an albino shoot of a beech-tree? I do not think it was just a "bleached" plant from growing in the shade, because other shoots had their natural color.

Your interested reader,

MILDRED L. JUSTICE.

I have no question but that this case is like the one in which a certain branch brings out its leaves earlier than others each spring, namely, a "sport." In this, for some reason unknown, the plant-coloring (chlorophyl) does not form. I have heard that this happens with maple leaves, and I have myself seen it in some new branches of spruce. Certainly it is not the shade which does it, as it is inborn in these leaves. One might guess that, as iron is essential to the formation of chlorophyl, these leaves (which very likely were all on one branch) have some chemical disturbance of their



THE STONE CRUSHED IN A HAND.

Several kinds of rock thus readily crumble after exposure.

SHE CRUSHED A STONE IN HER HAND

WAUWATOSA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am inclosing in this letter a little packet containing a few small specimens of a stone which



THE WHITE LEAVES OF THE BEECH.

life-material which makes it impossible for them to take up the iron compounds that are available. And other ways are imaginable in which this might happen.—W. F. G.

DOES THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER "FLOW UPHILL"?

WAUPUN, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in a magazine that was published several years ago that the Mississippi River flowed uphill. The reason given was that, as the diameter of the earth is greater at the equator than at the poles, a river flowing on level ground from the North Pole to the equator would flow thirteen miles uphill from the center of the earth. It further stated that to a small extent this was true of the Mississippi. It does not seem possible to me, and I would like to have your opinion on it.

Your sincere friend,

TRAYTON H. DAVIS.

As every one knows, the earth is "flattened like an orange," and the radius of the earth passing through the poles is thirteen miles shorter than the radius passing through the equator. Still water which "seeks its level" would assume the same shape as the earth. Consequently, if a river flowed from the North Pole to the equator, the water at the equator would be thirteen miles farther from the center of the earth than it was at the pole. Hence, *in this sense*, the Mississippi, which flows nearly south, may be practically regarded as running uphill.—S. A. MITCHELL.

STARS ARE NOT FIVE-POINTED

WORSHAM, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day while out riding I saw several little bubbles floating down the stream from which my horse was drinking, and I noticed that the sun shining on them was reflected in a five-pointed star. Will you please tell me what made this five-pointed star under the bubble? I can understand its being round, but what made the points?

Your faithful reader,

MILDRED W. DICKINSON.

Stars are so commonly pictured with five points that we easily imagine that there really are five points of light radiating from any bright spot. As a matter of fact, the number of rays are innumerable.

"The five-pointed representation of a star is quite as much a conventional arrangement as are the figures of animals found in Oriental rugs. The rays which seem to go out from stars as observed in nature are due to defects in the eyes, often merely temporary defects, so that if you look at a star or star-like object with one eye, the rays seen will differ from those to be seen with the other eye, and at another time the rays will not appear the same to either eye."—C. G. ABBOT.

FLATTENED STEMS

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you under separate cover two sections of bittersweet vine. You will notice that one has grown in a tape-like form for some reason unaccountable to me. Will you kindly explain through your magazine the cause of this malformation? This is the only instance of such peculiar growth on this very old, large vine.

Your loving reader,

GEORGE M. MINOT (age 13).

This abnormal, flattened form of stems is called by botanists "fasciation." It occurs quite frequently, especially in plants of vigorous



STEMS OF BITTERSWEET.

The round one, at the top, is the usual form. The other tape-like forms are "fasciated."

growth. Sometimes very interesting forms occur, and they are well worth careful attention to see how nature often does things by unusual methods.

ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE"



THE Prose Competition this month brought us so many admirable little essays on "My Favorite Study — and Why," that it was no easy matter to choose between them; and the one which was awarded the gold badge (its author having previously won the silver badge) contained a golden sentence: "I like it because of its difficulty." In this instance, the saying refers to the study of Latin, but it will serve equally well for almost any other study, — or any task, for that matter, — that is seriously undertaken. It almost echoes, too, a few sentences of that admirable little talk on page 513 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, entitled, "Locating a Claim," in which George L. Parker says: "Don't choose your work just because you love it, or because it seems easy to you. . . . A man should love his work because of the difficulties in it. . . . Let it look like 'a man's job.' . . . Hold to your work because it is work, and at the same time hard work." And the Editor of the League has been reading lately an inspiring little book by Arnold Bennett called, "How to Live on Twenty-four

Hours a Day," which contains several sayings that chime in well with this manly sentiment of deliberately choosing a study or a job that is not easily mastered. "In the cultivation of the mind one of the most important factors is precisely the feeling of strain, of difficulty, of a task which one part of you is anxious to achieve and another part of you is anxious to shirk," says Mr. Bennett. And again, "I think it is fine, too, this necessity for the tense bracing of the will before anything worth doing can be done. I rather like it, myself."

It is delightful to know that this spirit animates the members of the ST. NICHOLAS League, — not only in their studies, but in the preparation of their contributions to the League competitions. Whether in the writing of Prose or Verse; whether the young artists work with pencil or camera; whether the puzzle-solvers take hours or days to win the solution — there is evident, in the work of all, a spirit of invincible determination to face and master the difficulty, a spirit of which we may, one and all, be proud.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 134

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Chester E. Floyd** (age 15), South Berwick, Me.

Silver badges, **Clifton Furnas** (age 12), Jeffersonville, Ind.; **Gertrude Ellis** (age 17), Ansonia, Conn.; **Velona B. Pilcher** (age 16), Columbus, O.; **Doris Huestis** (age 16), Toronto, Can.; **Mary Bonnet** (age 12), Columbus, O.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Harriet B. Foster** (age 15), St. Paul, Minn.; **Warren Garrison Johnston** (age 16), Tacony, Pa.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Jack Berrian** (age 11), Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.; **Beryl Morse** (age 15), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Horace Graf** (age 16), St. Louis, Mo.; **Margaret C. Timpson** (age 12), New York City; **George W. Benedict, Jr.** (age 15), Brookline, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Ruth Kathryn Gaylord** (age 11), Terryville, Conn.; **Adeline Marie Most** (age 14), Camden, N. J.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Emma E. Walker** (age 17), Atlantic, Mass.; **Harry Guthmann** (age 14), East Syracuse, N. Y.

LEARNING

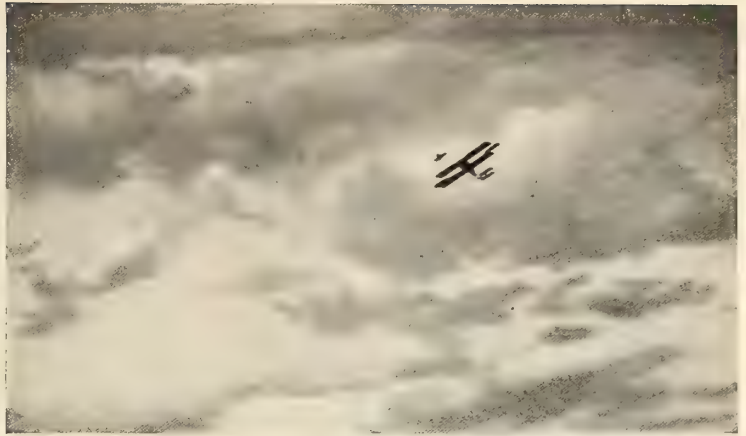
BY HARRIET B. FOSTER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

As every day toward school I walk,
That road which has no turning,
I feel that I could shoot the man
Who once invented learning.

In spring, when base-ball time comes
'round,
And when to play I 'm burning,
My mother calls, "Your studies,
John."
And in I go to learning.

But Father says when I 'm grown
up,
And when I 'm more discerning,
I'll say, "May Heaven bless the man
Who once invented learning!"



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY MARGARET C. TIMPSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

LEARNING

BY LOUISE M. ROSE (AGE 12)

I AM learning to look at the bright side of things,
I am learning to laugh and be gay;
I am learning to think that the world's not *all* night,
That there's plenty of light when it's day.



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY HORACE GRAF, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

LATIN AS A FAVORITE STUDY

BY CHESTER E. FLOYD (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

I DOUBT if there are many pupils of my sex who would unite with me in selecting Latin as a study to be preferred above all others.

Many would hesitate to believe that such a choice on my part was really meant, but Latin is actually my favorite study.

I like it because of its difficulty, for I find each day's lesson very difficult indeed. Every time I take out my Vergil and Latin grammar there begins a contest which is usually prolonged for two hours.

The elusive constructions seem to take an evil delight in slipping from my grasp, and Latin idioms rise to mock me, but gradually I work out a translation, taking a fresh start after each paragraph is conquered, until finally I close my books with a feeling similar, in a small degree, to that experienced after a hard-earned foot-ball victory.

I must confess that I like Latin better after the lesson is learned than before, but that does not mar the statement that that language is my favorite study.



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY GEORGE W. BENEDICT, JR., AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

I am learning to see the sunshine through rain,
And to cheer up somebody's heart;
I am learning to think that what's *hardest* is best,
And to do in the world my part.

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

BY CLIFTON FURNAS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite study?

That's easy. History, of course.

But why?

Well, first, it's easy; next, it's interesting; and third, it's true. In arithmetic when "Mr. Smith" buys a dozen



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY STANLEY DAGGETT, AGE 15.

eggs, Mr. Smith is invented by the mathematician to fill out the problem, and that is the end of him; but the heroes of history at one time really lived, and still live in the hearts of all true patriots.

The stories of Lincoln and Washington are full of real live interest. What did they not endure, what did they not deprive themselves of, for their country? What boy is not interested in the story of Sheridan's ride, or what girl is not moved by a feeling of admiration for the Puritan women who left their homes in England to come across a storm-swept ocean to an uncivilized wilderness, that they might worship in what they believed to be the true way?

Would we have our great government, would we be as strong and as foremost a nation as we now are, if we did not know that there is something back of us which is bound to "make and preserve us a nation?" I think not. Would we have our "Star-Spangled Banner," and would it mean to us all that it does now, if we did not have history? It would not. And, lastly, would the American man be what he is to-day, a free son of a free country, if he did not know that his country was worth living for, and that many had died for it? He would not.

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

BY GERTRUDE ELLIS (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

To me the study of Shakspeare is the most interesting of the school course. It is hard to realize that from the pen of one man could come "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth." The first is a lively comedy, in which we see dainty fairies and mischievous *Puck* contrasted with the rude workmen, *Snug* and *Bottom*. But in "Macbeth" we

see a man and his wife committing a foul murder for the sake of power.

Although he wrote over forty plays, there is no monotonous similarity between the plots or characters, as one might expect. Because he was so great an observer of human nature, he was able to portray so great a variety of characters.

It is interesting to watch the expression of the writer's feelings through his plays. For instance, when he realized how much praise is mere flattery he showed us *Timon of Athens*, who suffered through false friends. In many plays we find hidden some moral, which Shakspeare suggests.

There has been much discussion as to which is Shakspeare's greatest play, "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," or "Othello." But because of this discussion we see that they are all very great.

LEARNING THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

BY WARREN GARRISON JOHNSTON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

NATURE's the teacher, patient learner, I;

Where'er I turn, her unnumbered glories shine;

She greets me in the morn, when thrushes sing,

When hearts are light and all birds on the wing,

And in the mellow afternoon's decline,

When shadows creep along the sunlit sky.

Nature's the singer, earnest listener, I;

I hear her voice amid the streamlet's play,

Or sometimes when the wind, with hollow roar,

Runs softly through the reeds along the shore;

And in the sea's eternal roundelay,

Or in the night-owl's shrill and piercing cry.

Nature's the artist, the observer, I;

'Tis she who paints the rose a blushing red,

And all the leaves and meadows emerald, when

The springtime comes, to gladden us again,

And in the dewy morn when Night is fled,

She weaves a golden veil about the sky.



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY THOMAS M. MCCARTER, JR., AGE 10.

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

BY VELONA B. PILCHER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE study which I have chosen as my favorite is not part of my school work; it is a study all my own, one from which I derive a great deal of pleasure, even though I do not gain much practical knowledge. I do not even know a good name for my study, I simply call it the study of people, or, perhaps better, the character of people.

One reason why I am so fond of this study is because there are so many, many opportunities for practising it—in

the cars going back and forth from school; in the stores while shopping; at the theater or music-hall; in fact, every place where there are people one may find an opportunity for using it. I like to watch the faces of the persons nearest me, draw my conclusions of their character,



"SOMETHING USEFUL IN WINTER."
BY HELEN MAY BAKER, AGE 15.

then listen to their conversation, note their actions, and see how nearly I am correct.

Another reason why I like this study is because I enjoy it so much. It is almost like a guessing-game. Sometimes it is very funny to find out how ridiculous some of my guesses are. I must admit that I often feel very much chagrined when I find that the girl who, as I thought, at first sight, would be very bright, is really the "dumbest" in the class, and the boy whom I took to be extremely quiet and sober, turns out to be the jolliest of the crowd.

But despite these many failures, whenever I have nothing better to do, I turn to my old study, or rather game, for I fear I do not believe that "Appearances are deceitful."

LEARNING IN APRIL

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

ARE you tired of figures and musty books?

Are you tired of ponderous tomes?

Do you long for the ripple of happy brooks?

For the rush with which springtide comes?

If you do, come with me, come away, come away,

It is April!

We shall go to the fields and the woodlands, where

We shall learn of the trees, faintly green;

We shall find shy anemones, fragile and fair,

Who trusted they should not be seen.

Leave your books and your papers, if but for a day;

It is April!

We shall learn how hepaticas, tenderly blue,

Choose carefully where they would grow;

Perchance we shall find, if to Nature we're true,

Arbutus, like rose-tinted snow;

While carol the bluebirds, so happy and gay.

It is April!

We shall learn of the freshness of April air;

Of the cool, quiet showers of rain;

Of quick-flashing sunlight, radiant, rare,

Of clouds and of showers again.

Come away from your study before it is May,

And not April!

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

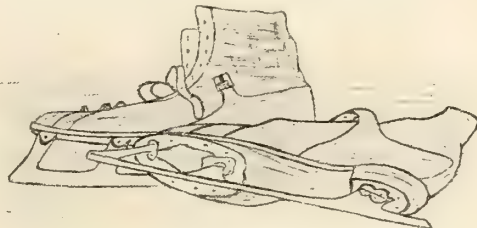
BY DORIS HUESTIS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

"My Favorite Study—and Why." I repeated the words over and over again, my mind dwelling chiefly on literature and art. There were so many favorite studies!

I left my room, undecided, and went out onto the street. Soon I found myself at a crowded business corner. It was around five-thirty o'clock. The working people were crowding out of their factories—hundreds of hard-faced men and women—pushing, pushing.

A small child was knocked down by one of them—a woman. He started to cry, and seemed much frightened. The woman, however, passed on unheeding.



"SOMETHING USEFUL IN WINTER." BY JACK BERRIAN,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

The child blocked the crowd, annoyed it. He became greatly terrified. The driver of a butcher-cart, passing, saw him. He immediately pulled in his horse.

"Look out there for the little kid!" he called.

He then jumped down from his seat, and got the boy from the disinterested public.

He was an ordinary, hard-worked driver, but he had a



"OUTDOOR SPORTS." BY N. HATHAWAY, JR., AGE 13.

warm heart. The child was soon seated in his cart, and was likely to be driven home.

This is my favorite study, the study of human nature. And the reason? Because it is something the every-day world can teach.

PRIZE-WINNERS should not be disappointed if they do not receive their badges at the time of receiving their magazine. To avoid loss in the case of changes of address that have not been brought to our notice, badges are sent out on the twenty-fifth of the month—ten days after the magazine is issued.

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

BY FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

It has been my favorite study ever since my first day at High School—that splendid old language of the Cæsars. I knew it to be my favorite that first morning when the Latin teacher guided our awkward tongues through the strange syllables of “Mica, mica, parva stella”; and few later events have caused such a thrill as did the realization that I was saying the childish rhyme, “Twinkle, twinkle, little star,” in Latin.

As Keats says of Chapman’s Homer, a new world “swam into my ken.” The wonderful long-ago Roman nation, with all its early tradition, magnificent empire building, and final dissolution, suddenly became real; no longer mere history to be learned from books, but a part of the living present, and all because I was reading its language.

Old friends are always best; perhaps this explains why Latin is still my favorite study. I have found in no other language authors who have given me so much pleasure and interest as have my Latin friends, the poet Vergil, Cicero of the silver tongue, the exiled Ovid, Julius Cæsar, “the noblest Roman of them all,” and others almost equally delightful.

The English language is far more interesting to me because I have studied Latin. Our speech owes so much to the Roman conquerors of Britain, who left in the “snug little isle” the elements of their civilization and vocabulary. It is interesting to realize, when I use such words as altar, creed, street, port, and pagan, that they are a bit of our inheritance from the old Romans.

Ancient history now seems more real, modern languages

MY FAVORITE STUDY—AND WHY

BY MARY BONNET (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I LIKE all my studies very much, but American history is my favorite one.

I think it is interesting to learn how things have changed in the United States during the last hundred years.



“WOODCHUCK.” BY CLARK HOPKINS, AGE 15.

Now we have gas and electricity, and then they had only whale-oil lamps and a few tallow-candles; and when the fire would go out, some one would have to go to the neighbors and get live coals, or strike fire from a flint, as they had no matches.

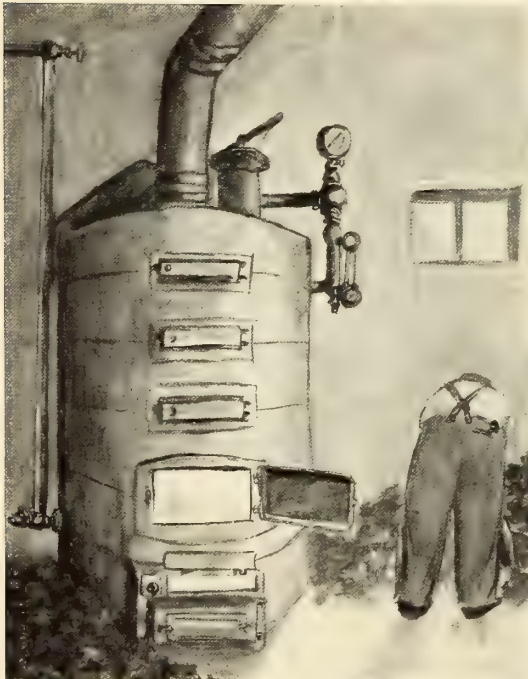
Now we have automobiles, street-cars, trains, and airships, and then they had none of these things; and when they wanted to send news from one place to another, they would have to send a messenger on horseback.

Another thing that I think is interesting is about the colonies. I was always anxious to know who founded the colonies, and of what nationality they were, and whether they made war with the Indians or with another colony.

The Revolutionary War is another interesting point to me. I like to learn about the battles, especially the ones on the sea, as the one where John Paul Jones in his vessel *Bonhomme Richard* fought the English vessel *Scraps*. I thought the battle of Princeton was very interesting also, because I liked the way in which Washington fooled the enemy by leaving a few men at Trenton to keep camp-fires burning and dig entrenchments so that the enemy would think the army was still there, while he, with a large body of troops, marched around the British army to Princeton.

At our school we make scrap-books in which we put the most noted pictures.

If the last part of American history is as interesting as the first, I am sure American history will always be my favorite study.



“SOMETHING USEFUL IN WINTER.” BY FRANK PAULUS, AGE 15.

more fascinating, because of their Latin basis, and my circle of book friends has increased. What more could I ask of any favorite study than this one has brought me?

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, may become a League member. Send for badge and leaflet.

MY FAVORITE STUDY — AND WHY

BY ARMINIE SHIELDS (AGE 13)

SINCE we have considered themes as a study in school, I am glad to say that I can choose it as my favorite study, for I dearly love to write them.

We have to write one a week and hand it in on Monday. On Tuesday our teacher hands the themes back with sug-



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY LUCY F. ROGERS, AGE 12.

gestions for different wording, punctuation, and spelling; then we have to correct them and have them ready for the next Monday.

The subject that I liked best so far was "The Description of a Person," which I thought was very easy. We write for the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and our teacher chooses the best ones and sends them. None of mine have ever been sent yet, but I like to write them anyhow.

LEARNING

BY GRACE OLCOTT RATHBONE (AGE 16)

THOUGH we strive with the very best of will,
Often in life there comes a spill.
Mistakes will happen at every turn,
For we cannot know until we learn.

We all of us tumbled before we walked,
And stammered and stuttered before we talked;
But we had our reward when it was well earned,
And we could n't know how until we learned.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARY KATHERINE POPE, AGE 15.

Mistakes are painful things, 't is true,
But we need n't let them make us blue;
We should not weep, and blush, and burn—
How can we know until we learn?

MY FAVORITE STUDY — AND WHY

BY FLORENCE S. KITE (AGE 12)

As I am very fond of school, and every study is interesting to me in its own way, it is rather hard to tell which line of work is my favorite; but it seems to me that English has first place.

Reading has always been a great pleasure to me, so, of course, I enjoy reading in school perhaps a little more than the other branches of English.

I did not care especially for grammar, but there my ambitions came to my help. I have often wished that I might be a writer, and, though I may never be one, the wish helps



"FURS ARE USEFUL THINGS IN WINTER." BY BERYL MORSE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

me in my studies. I know that to be an author I will need a good foundation of grammar, so I have worked at it until now I rather like it.

Themes, of course, are pleasant when I have this ambition, and learning stirring ballads, or sweet poems, can scarcely be called work. After all, I think that the true reason for my liking English is that it is my own native tongue.

LEARNING

(To a Baby)

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 15)

WHEN first you opened your big blue eyes,
What did you know?
You told us something in great surprise,
Sweet little crow!

And your eyes, filled with wisdom calm, divine,
Gazed full of meaning into mine.

When first your sorrows quite broke my heart,
Why did you cry?
Were there scenes from which you were loth to depart
Fast slipping by?

Was it loss of temper, or was it the same
Of the wonderful world from which you came?

When first your tiny fists gripped the air,
What did you fight?
Had the darkness power so soon to scare,
Through your long, long night,
When the fairies took you from Somewhere, dear,
In their craft of Dreams, and left you here?

Whose is the wisdom mo.e to be sought,
Yours, dear, or mine?
I know the world, and the things it has
taught,
You, something more fine.
Yours a keener vision, more power to
think,—
Oh, Nurse, come quick, he's learning to
wink!

LEAGUE LETTERS

WASHINGTON, D. C.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge arrived this morning. It is a most beautiful Christmas gift. Thank you so much for it and for having made me so happy.

I have had ST. NICHOLAS ever since I can remember. We have the numbers all the way back to 1894. I remember my brother reading about the plan for the League and I like now to compare the first work with what League members are doing to-day. The improvement is wonderful. How proud I am to have taken part in this improvement; to have climbed the ladder from Roll of Honor to publication; from publication to silver badge, and from silver badge to gold badge. Now I am going to try to win the Cash Prize,—to reach the highest heights.

Thank you again, ST. NICHOLAS. Not only for the badge, but for all that you have taught me. May you prosper in your good work for many, many years. Yours sincerely,

ESTHER E. GALBRAITH.

ANDOVER, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This month I am sending my last contribution to the League, and while I am still an active member I want to thank

THE ROLL OF HONOR

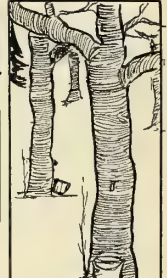
No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1	Catharine Clement	Elizabeth Johnston
Lucile Davis	Sarah Sirit	Thérèse H.
B. Cresswell	Fritz Korb	McDonnell
Ethel Rose	Linda Schroeder	Margaret Osborne
van Steenberg	Winona Jenkins	Agnes H. Smith
	Ruth Starr	Constance Tyrrell



"APRIL HEADING." BY HARRY J. BURDEN, AGE 17.



Mary Swift Rupert
Ethel F. Nelson
Jack M. Robinson
Elizabeth Page James
Dorothy M. Rogers
Henrietta Chase
Failing
Marie Fisher
Marie Pierson
Sidney Sanderson
Helen A. Ross
Frances K. Renney
Adela F. Fitts
Louise H. Seaman
Guenn Robertson
Anna Laura Porter
Jennie B. Leathers
Myra Adams
Pearl Lukens
Maurice C. Johnson

Dorothy A. Peters
Edith Dana Weigle
Helen S. Orr
Curtiss Gardner
Gladys Louise Pollock
Nora Belle Cowey
Betty Houghton
Harold Harrison
Louise Cutts

PROSE, 2

Helen Brandt
Adeline D. Parker
Helen Gantz
Harriett T. Miles
Dorothy L. Greene
Mary Botsford
Emma K. Cerf
Mary Elizabeth
van Fossen
Arthur Blue
Charline Wackman
Marion F. Hayden
Margaret Birket
Eleanore Maule
Elizabeth Talley
Marguerite Stoneman
Virginia Frances
Ballard

Dorothy Dickinson
Alicia M.
Wertenbaker
Cuthbert MacDonald
Dorothy H. Hoskins
Elizabeth Finley
Mary M. Zeitlin
Edith Valpey Manwell
Leonore Lemmler
Dorothy G. Sherman
Margaret Warburton
Natalie Morgan
Kathryn Coe
William D. Washburn
Claire H. Roesch
Rebecca Wilder
Frances N. L.
Barbour
Rose Schwartz
Katharine Thomas
Ethel Myriam
Feuerlicht
Margaret Kline

Janet Erskine
Adriance
Eleanor Maria Sickels
Katharine Wardrobe
Mary Carver
Williams

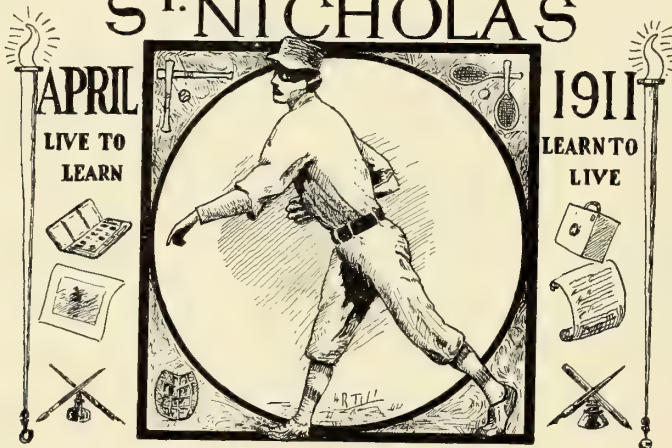
VERSE, 2

Susan C. Duffield
Eleanor Pearsall
Marjorie Paret
Louise S. May
Gwendolyn Steel
Eugene Scott
Eleanor Marquand
Miriam Carpenter, 2d
Ruth Livingston
Anna B. Stearns
Howard Bennett
George M. Enos

DRAWINGS, 1

Gertrude Hall
Marjorie Williams
John B. O'Grady
Eleanora Bicasoli
Ethel M. Shearer
Carl E. Weber, Jr.
Dorothy Hughes
Alvan C. Hadley
Ethel M. Sparks
Flora Roule
Venette Milne
Willard
Laura E. Hill
Beryl H. Margetson
Alber. Sperry
Malcolm McGhie
Theresa R. Robbins
Frances Smith
Mary G. Clark
Wilda Mattern
Elizabeth Williams
Elizabeth Peckham
Marjorie Schnarr
Elizabeth E. Sherman
Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Violette Child
Helen C. Hendrie
Marian Richardson
M. Shannon Webster
Marion W. Bullwinkle
Carl Edwin Ohlsson
Lois Donovan
Sally Calkins Wood
Genevieve K. Hamlin

ST. NICHOLAS



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HARRY TILL, AGE 15.

you for all that the League has done for me. Besides the pleasure of contributing and the joy of winning my silver and gold badges, it has been of great assistance to me in my school work.

For the last four years I have sent a contribution nearly every month, and nearly every month they have won recognition, at least on the Roll of Honor. This success in the League gives me courage to keep on trying when I am no longer a League member.

With many thanks for your encouragement and inspiration and best wishes for the prosperity of the League, I am

Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON.

Jennie Kramer
M. Holly Mallett
Neva Ritter
Lillian E. Coler
Gladys Picklum
Margaret Roper
Hamilton
Margaret E. Beakes
Lorraine Ransom
Katharine Balderston
Doris H. Ramsey

VERSE, 1

Dorothy Stockbridge
Edwin B. Fast
Waldemar O.
Doeschner
Lillie G. Menary
Annette Blake Moran
Lois Donovan
Grace Noer
Sherburne

Martha Zeiger
Constance Arbaugh
Henry Miner, Jr.

DRAWINGS, 2

Robin Hill
Velma Dorothy
Hooper
Genevieve Tower
Rosella M. Hartman
Emma Katherine
Anderson
Edith Maurer
Bertha Titus
Beatrice Wineland
Marian Eleanor
Stearns
Ruth Seymour
Ruth Tiffany
Louise H. Bearse
Grace Thayer
Richards
Thomas W. Wiseman
Henrietta H. B.
Sturgis
Harry S. Stewart
Marjorie Eastlake
Harriot A. Parsons
Grace Jarvis
Ethel du Pont
Barksdale
Helen F. Morgan
Mary Alice Williams
Ida E. Kahan
James M. Leopold, Jr.
John Hilzinger
Katharine H.
Seligman
Charles W. Meyers
Minna Besser
Jennie A. Wilson
Muriel G. Read
Margaret van Haagen

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Fred Spiegelberg, Jr.
Abbett Post
Marian McDermott
Elizabeth Adsit
Morton Whitehill
Charles P. Reynolds
Martina E. Flygare
Josephine Sturgis
Eleanor Parker
Francis B. Foster
Dorothy B. Benerner
Elizabeth K. Bliss

James Donnell
Tilghman
James Wallace
Adele Lawinson
Beatrice Townsend
Eliot Buffington
Frances W. Levy
Sidney B. Dexter
Mary T. Wilson
Phyllis Withington
John P. Huestis
Ralph Schlegel
Oliver S. Hawes, Jr.
James A. G. Campbell

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

John Neil Benney
Robert M. Kennan
Robert D. Sage
Alfred W. Batstress
Jessica B. Noble
Rosamond Bartlett
Margaret Paterson
Frederick Lowe
Alexander Scott
Anne C. Rogers
Josephine Vincent
Sweeney
William Neston
E. W. Taylor
Frances Stone
B. F. Buel Hammett
Adelaide Singley
Robert Anderson
Mildred Hazen
Graham
Margaret D. Bennett
Horace T. Cator
Josephine Ranlet
Ethel Hitchings
Theresa Eleanor
Metcalf
Margaret M. Benney
Alexander McClelland
Harriet B. Sadtler
Floyd Imbt
Helene M. L. Grant
William Wright
Dorothy Rankin
I. Mason Klock
Mary Comstock
F. Reeves Rutledge

PUZZLES, 1

Leon Pearsall
Rose Greeley
Gordon M. Jackson

Emily Hedleston
Margaret Kew
Elsie De Witt
Emile Kostal
Ida Mae Syfrit
Helen Crocker
Mildred Menhinick



"SOMETHING USEFUL
IN WINTER."
BY ELIZABETH FUNKE,
AGE 13.

Olga F. Davis
Katharine Mars
Anna E. Botsford
Elwyn Brooks
White
Phebe Carr
Helen Moulton

PUZZLES, 2

Kenneth Thomas
Helen Katharine
Smith
Philip Sherman
Fannie E. Ruley
Sarah Reiner
Helen Turner

Kennedy Vickers, Margaret A. Foster, Marian Saunders, Grace C. Baldwin, Helen Dirks.

NO ADDRESS. Margaretta Foltz, Elizabeth Newton, Mayden Stratford, Eva Jane Lattimer, Constance Fahys, Frances Dohoney, Harold E. Stansbury, Nancy Lister.

NOT INDORSED. Dorothy S. Pierson, Margaret E. Graham, Celia Rosenberg.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Marian L. Sharpe.

WRONG SUBJECT. Frederick Holmes.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 138

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 138 will close **April 10** (for foreign members **April 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Midsummer Joys."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An August Adventure," or "What August Means to Me."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Shady Nook."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Traveler" or "Travelers," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **August**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

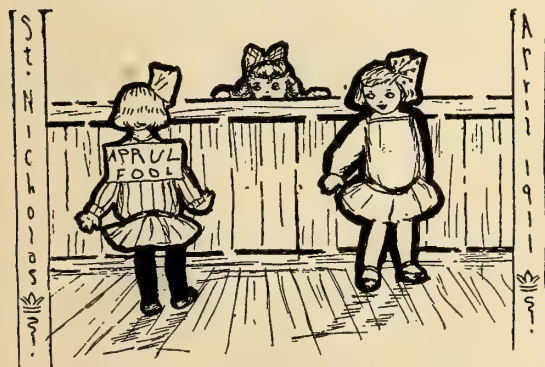
ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARJORIE M. FRINK, AGE 13.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

LATE. Maximilian J. Averbek, Margaret Dart, M. V. C. Ogden, James J. Griffith, Ernest Bachrach, Adelaide Nichols, Sherwood Johnston, Helen Otis Fredenburg.

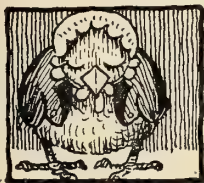
NO AGE. Marjorie Winrod, Leontine R. Northrop, Elizabeth Winston, Stephen Wheatland, Philbrick McCoy, Katherine Solomons,



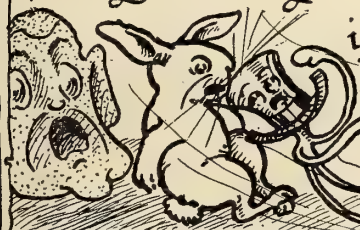
Jan opened one ² sleepy eye. O, what a very angry Wind, what an IM-patient, blustering Wind! It couldn't get at Jan in his safe, cozy house, so it pounced on Jan's nice, shiny

HAT that hung on a stick, and Wind gave it a slap, a shake, and a whirling, swirling twist. Little Hat did not like that, for he was a high, proud Hat. So he gave a quick jerk and a hard pull. Away he raced down Jan's Hill as fast as his legs could take him. Wind howled a loud howl and rushed after Hat. Jan saw all this with ONE sleepy eye. All he said was - "Peep! peep! just a peep."

Now I think I'll go to sleep". AND HE DID.



But on went HAT. On went Wind shrieking after him. AWAY! Down the Hill, across the Meadow - over the stone fence - down the old Well, around the Barn, Hat went - rush, bang, dip, biff. O, but he was out of breath! Then - O, listen, Dears - Hat whirled about a big, gray old Stone that sat in the Apple Orchard and - whiff, BING! he banged into the NOSE of March RABBIT who was taking a bunny nap with his furry back against the face of old Gray Stone. And



it was the First Day of March when Hat bumped Rabbit's nice nose. Poor Bob Rabbit! Fizz! zip, went Bob's wits out of his little BUMPED HEAD



Across the Meadow





Over the Wall



Down the Old Well

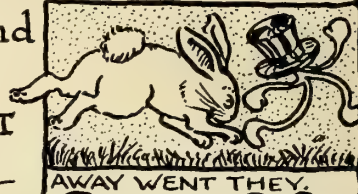





Around the Barn

along with a very fast  sneeze. O, he was a mad cross rabbit. Yes, he was! Hat said "Excuse me, Sir?"  "Catch - chew"! sneezed Rabbit. "Catch me if you can," said Hat, taking himself off in a hurry. Wind said "Wh-e-w!" "I will - catch - chew!" screamed Rabbit, racing after Hat. His hind legs went bumperty - bump and his little puff of a tail was very much in earnest as it hopped along with Bob Rabbit. That's the way bob tails act.





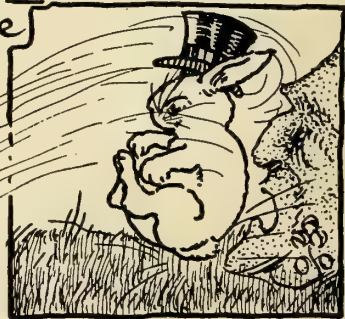
O, my Dears! it was a wild-mad-race-chase! Old Wind howled, fussed and blustered. Every one was mussed and flustered. HAT





went whirling - curling, swirling. Bump and batter, twist and scatter - which way, what way didn't matter.  Wind and Rabbit, racing chasing - Hind legs bumping, jumping, thumping. Such mad Marching - patter, patter. Everything in the World was out of breath, poor Hat most of all. The little Flowers peeped out of the ground where Rabbit bumped his heels, but they didn't come far out, Wind was blustering so. They were afraid. The little Birds said   Tweet - tweet - twee - dee - dee! We - we never DID see such a fuss".


And they flew away from Wind. All this mad wild-ness went on for thirty - one DAYS. Then









Rabbit said. "Phew! what's the use of being so wild?" So he sat down FLUMP - BUMP! against old Gray Stone, who said. "It IS about time you settled down." Then - WHAT DO YOU THINK?  



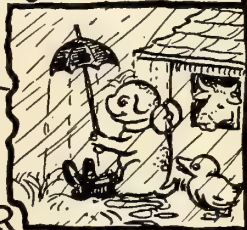
happened next? Jan's hat  bounced on Bob Rabbit's head and it stayed there tight. Wind said, "Pheew! *that's done*" and he went away sighing pleasantly. So he wasn't cross any more. "Thank Goodness," said Bob brushing his whiskers. "Let's take a quiet stroll," said Hat  smiling all around his broad brim. So away








they marched. That is, Bob marched and Hat took a ride on Bob's head. So Rabbit got his wits back on the last day of MARCH.  Sun was shining through

a little  baby Cloud. The little Birds said "Peep! Peep!" to the little Flowers    so they did peep with the tiny ends of their pretty green fingers. That's how it was when March Rabbit went away into the waiting Woods.  SUDDENLY it was the FIRST DAY OF APRIL,  and  I saw an April — a foolish-funny sight. There was APRIL DOGGIE. He was little, he was yellow, his small tail was very curly and his NAME was "Puddle" — you may call 

him "Pud", for short, because he was so short and fat and yell-ow. Pud was sitting close up to the Cow Barn, right in a PUDDLE and it was raining hard. There Pud sat holding a little umbrella over his RUBBER



BOOTS.  All the rest of Pud was getting wet and his tail was getting out of curli-ness. O, what a silly Pud!  Duck laughed. I did too. Cow chuckled and chewed her cud merrily.  Old Hen  said, "Dear me! Pud's tail is un-curling" and she picked her way through Pud's puddle with great PROUD-ness. Hen was very PROUD. 



PUD

But Pud didn't mind what anybody said, he just SMILED and held his umbrella over his boots very carefully. At last a nice dry Pussy Cat chased a Rat out of the barn. Poor Rat was in a hurry and he was frightened. So he sat down in Pud's wet lap. Pussy put her back up



high and it got sopping wet in deep. Puss said "Ye-ow!" Rat cuddled far in Pud's lap and jiggled his whiskers. By this time Puss was standing in a deep puddle. Puss looked sad. Pud was sorry for her, so he said, "Miss Puss, take a seat on a nice, dry Boot". Puss took a seat and then dried her muddy feet. Rat felt bashful. Duck and Hen took seats on Pud's boots too and it was cozy under Pud's umbrella, but Cow didn't think so. "That's nice", said Pud, "we are good Friends. Ha! ha! the sun is shining. Let's all take a walk". So they all did. Flowers popped out everywhere. Birds sang at them. Little wet Cloud sailed away and Sun was warm-hearted. That's how little APRIL DOGGIE went away making Friends as he went, so his tail grew curtier every day and that is the end of APRIL DOGGIE PUD. But he

will come to see you next year. And now I must go too. I am so sorry, for I love to be with you. Please let me write to you again, Dears.

YOUR LOVING FRIEND John Martin



THE RIDDLE BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Caroline Herschel. Cross-words: 1. Crash. 2. Adobe. 3. Rover. 4. Ogres. 5. Lilac. 6. Irish. 7. Nacre. 8. Equal.

GEOGRAPHICAL BEHEADINGS. Yucatan. 1. New York. 2. Auburn. 3. Con-cord. 4. Tex-as. 5. Bos-ton. 6. Alb-any. 7. Par-nell.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Emerson. 1. Penitentiary. 2. Senti-men-tally. 3. Inter-est-ing-ly. 4. Multi-ram-ified. 5. Indis-sol-vable. 6. Ameli-or-ation. 7. Forek-now-ledge.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. March. 2. Adore. 3. Royal. 4. Crave. 5. Helen.

A QUOTATION RIM. "Beware the Ides of March." 1. B. 2. Hie. 3. Carew. 4. Regatta. 5. Abstainer. 6. Manufacture. 7. Footprint. 8. Greish. 9. Seine. 10. Eli. 11. D.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. St. David's Day (March first). 1. Bison. 2. Lotus. 3. Ladle. 4. Slave. 5. Doves. 6. Daisy. 7. Redan. 8. Sasin. 9. Cadet. 10. Chain. 11. Dryad.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The love of beauty is taste; the creation of beauty is art."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from Edna Meyle—Frank Black—Harry Guthmann—Duncan Scarborough—Judith Ames Marsland—Stoddard P. Johnston—Theodore H. Ames—Margaret Goodspeed—Frances McIver, Marjorie A. Lysaght—"Midwood"—Emma E. Walker—Frances Burton Gardiner—Eula R. Hussey—Eugene Scott—Isabel Shaw—Dorothy Stabler.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from Frederick W. Van Horne, 7—W. Slade, Jr., 2—Mildred Lockwood, 2—Katherine Murphy, 6—Ida Syfrit, 4—Lothrop Bartlett, 2—T. Neuberger, 1—H. Clark, 1—E. Buffington, 1—E. McDavitt, 1—R. M. Houghton, 1—E. Hanchett, 1—G. Weller, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and finals spell the name of a famous author.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To winny. 2. A place of public contest. 3. To fling. 4. An organ. 5. To disconcert. 6. An African. 7. To become liable to. 8. Consumed. 9. A long-handled spoon.

EDNA L. WANAMAKER (League Member).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

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I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In snare. 2. Summit. 3. A bird. 4. An animal. 5. In snare.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND. 1. In snare. 2. To drink. 3. To mature. 4. For. 5. In snare.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In snare. 2. Secured. 3. Letters. 4. A drink. 5. In snare.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In snare. 2. Decay. 3. Parts of faces. 4. A number. 5. In snare.

EUGENE SCOTT (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND SINGLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

DOUBLY behead and singly curtail, 1. Food for cattle, and leave a fragment. 2. Great praise, and leave a conjunction. 3. Rafts, and leave a grain. 4. Wrong, and leave

CONNECTED OCTAGONS. I. 1. Cat. 2. Cream. 3. Aerie. 4. Taint. 5. Met. II. 1. Met. 2. Mamie. 3. Empty. 4. Title. 5. Eye.

DIAGONAL. America. 1. Academy. 2. Emperor. 3. Freckle. 4. Glaring. 5. Mastiff. 6. Justice. 7. Veranda.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Initials, Sam Johnson; initials of three-letter words, Jas. Boswell. 1. Sub-jug-ate. 2. App-all-ing. 3. Mes-sen-ger. 4. Jab-ber-ers (berry). 5. Opp-one-nts. 6. Hou-sew-ife. 7. Nut-wee-vil. 8. Spl-end-ent. 9. Out-lea-rns. 10. Neo-log-ist.

TRIPLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Cicero; 3 to 4, Virgil; 5 to 6, Caesar. Cross-words: 1. Civics. 2. Silica. 3. Corner. 4. Ledges. 5. Rhinal. 6. Dollar.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Homer. 2. Olive. 3. Miles. 4. Event. 5. Rests. II. 1. Spade. 2. Pagan. 3. Agate. 4. Datum. 5. Enemy. III. 1. Store. 2. Taper. 3. Opera. 4. Verbs. 5. Erase. IV. 1. Haste. 2. Atlas. 3. Slums. 4. Tampa. 5. Essay. V. 1. Enter. 2. Nerve. 3. Train. 4. Evict. 5. Rents.

a sharpened stick. 5. To make out of nothing, and leave to consume. 6. Strongly attached, and leave suffrage. 7. A number, and leave twilight. 8. To give up, and leave active. 9. Eager, and leave a number.

When these nine words have been correctly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous traveler.

ADELIN MARIE MOST.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A SHIP's company. 2. A feminine name. 3. A certain volcano. 4. That which.

KATHERINE M. WASHBURN (League Member).

CONNECTED HOUR-GLASSES

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. . . 2 . . . . . 4 . . . . . 6 . .
  
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I. 1. To offer for consideration. 2. To long for. 3. An emmet. 4. In satisfy. 5. An exclamation. 6. To fancy. 7. An attendant on travelers.

Centrals, from 1 to 2, an animal.

II. 1. To give authority to. 2. To skip. 3. Portion. 4. In satisfy. 5. A poisonous serpent. 6. Froth. 7. Wanderers.

Centrals, from 3 to 4, an animal.

III. 1. A curl. 2. First in excellence. 3. A masculine name. 4. In satisfy. 5. Frequently. 6. The author of a very famous book. 7. To expand.

Centrals, from 5 to 6, an animal.

SUSIE CARTER (League Member).



"A RECORD FLIGHT
FROM THE ALPS TO AMERICA"

Time to hand in answers is up April 10. Prizes awarded in June number.

The new Advertising Manager of the St. Nicholas Magazine, Mr. Don M. Parker, has been talking with the Advertising Competition Judges, and he has an idea. He says:

"You have never given the boys and girls a single advertiser to work upon. Take just one and ask for new ideas. Take the first one in the book—Swift & Company. Ask them to read Swift & Company's advertisements; tell them to talk with the man their mothers buy their meat from; ask their fathers how Swift & Company can do business upon a margin of three per cent.; find out where the Proper Pig lives from which the Premium Goods are made; tell how to make a whistle out of a pig's tail. But make your first prize, your second prize, and all the other prizes for one idea. There are at least a 'Heinz' number of varieties of reasons why Swift Premium Hams, Swift Premium Bacon, Swift Premium Lard or any other thing that is Swift & Company's which has been advertised in the St. Nicholas should continue to be advertised in the St. Nicholas Magazine. But give your prizes for one idea at a time."

Now, go ahead, do it. Win the first prize by giving the brightest idea for the Swift & Company's advertising in St. Nicholas, and help them to make their advertising even more

interesting to the large St. Nicholas family. Get your best friend to help you. Everybody try.

Here are the rules and regulations:—

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (112).

3. Submit answers by April 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 112, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 110

I wish all of you could see the very interesting pictures and papers that were received for the Washington and Lincoln competition. The St. Nicholas young people are using their minds and using them well in these interesting competitions. Now, listen, some of you could have improved your answers if you had used more illustrations from advertisements. The winner had just the right idea. You should become more and more familiar with the advertising pages, because they tell you what to buy and where to buy it, also they are educational. St. Nicholas boys and girls should be right up to date in advertising as in everything else.

Here is a list of Prize Winners. The Judges thank you for taking part and hope you will keep on trying. It's just fine to see you showing such interest.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Laura Gildersleeve, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Dorothy E. Smith, Virginia.

Nellie Shrock, Indiana.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Esther Brown, Massachusetts.

Harriet A. Spink, New York.

Cassius M. Clay, Jr., Kentucky.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Elizabeth C. Wiley, Tennessee.

Emily Call, New York.

Marie Brown, New York.

William J. Louderback, Jr., Illinois.

Dorothy C. Faulkner, Pennsylvania.

Donald H. Dorchester, Pennsylvania.

Mary McNally, New York.

Margaret Davenport, Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Ziegenfelder, Ohio.

Louise Hausen, Norway.



"Mamma's Making Jell-O"

*"Bobbie! Bobbie-e-e! Mamma's making Jell-O!
Ain't you gla-a-d?"*

Bobbie certainly is glad. Mamma lets him have two or three "helps" of Jell-O sometimes, because it is so good—and never a stomachache afterwards.

Do you remember how awful it used to be when you found there was nothing good under way for dinner?

JELL-O

was unknown then, and you had pie or pudding usually, when you had any dessert at all. Now the child who doesn't get Jell-O is deprived of one of the fine things of present-day life.

Jell-O desserts are made in a minute. Every member of the family, little and big, enjoys them.

There are seven Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

Send us your address and we will send you the splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," with its beautiful pictures in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



Isn't it Delicious

That's what most people say when they try Ralston Breakfast Food. It *is* delicious! A bowl of hot 'Ralston' with a *little* cream and sugar tempts you, satisfies you, nourishes you. So good that you'll want to serve it every morning.



Purina Whole Wheat Flour contains all the nutriment of whole wheat. Makes delicious whole wheat bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Fine for growing children. Easily digested, highly nutritious. Ask for the checkerboard sack.

Ralston HEALTH Breakfast Food

is a good, solid, common-sense health food, of *natural wheat color* with all the nutriment of the whole wheat left in. Easily digested — great for children. The most economical food you can eat. A fifteen cent package, when cooked, makes 50 good size dishes.

Ralston Purina Mills - St. Louis, Mo.

"Where purity is paramount"



Rich Delicate Flavor

Maillard's

The Best Cocoa of them All.

THE MOST APPETIZING
nourishing and easily digested of all food drinks. Maillard's educates the palate to relish its fine qualities and real goodness.

MAILLARD'S VANILLA CHOCOLATE
Whether used for eating or drinking, the superiority of Maillard's Chocolate is instantly recognized. Exceedingly digestible.

At Leading Dealers.

Sample can Maillard's Cocoa free on request.

Delicately Scented With Violets

Mennen's Violet Talcum Toilet Powder appeals to those who prefer a delicately scented Toilet Powder. It is **absolutely pure**, and is the only Powder that has the scent of fresh cut **Parma Violets**.

Sold everywhere or mailed for 25 cents
Sample box for 4c. stamps

GERHARD MENNEN CO. - Newark, N. J.



MENNEN'S
BORATED
VIOLET
TALCUM
Toilet Powder



The Whole Family

May safely drink and enjoy

POSTUM

BECAUSE, when properly brewed (according to directions) it is pleasing to the taste.

BECAUSE, it contains no coffee or other harmful substance.

BECAUSE, it is made of clean, hard wheat, including the phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) for supplying the growing brain and nerve cells in the child, and replacing the waste of cells from the activities of adult life.

The whole family can make a distinct gain if they care to.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

STAMPS IN ROLLS

THE invention of the various mailometer machines, having already led the Post-office authorities into many changes in the issuing of stamps to the public, now threatens the disuse of stamps in sheets entirely. To meet the demands of these inventions, the Department first issued stamps in imperforate sheets of 400. It then began experimenting with stamps in rolls, both vertical and horizontal. Such rolls required perforations only between the stamps, and not on all four sides. At first the cost of these rolls was such as to necessitate a premium over the face value of the stamps contained. But recent changes in the method of preparing rolls have so reduced the cost that soon no premium will be charged. The advantage of rolls is so obvious that the question of the disuse of sheets arises. The clerk at the post-office window would certainly save time. In an office where hundreds of letters are mailed daily, how much simpler to attach the stamps from a roll than from sheets. There is also a change in perforation from the time-honored 12 to the new, which is $8\frac{1}{2}$. (This change of perforation and the new water-mark call for many more spaces to be filled in our albums.) If sheets are discontinued what sadness to those who love to collect in large blocks! It is interesting to know that as far back as 1839, tempted by prizes of £100 offered by the English Treasury for essays on the best methods of carrying out the proposals for the penny post, Mr. Benjamin Cheverton suggested in his essay the issuing of stamps in rolls.

POSTAL-SAVINGS STAMPS

THE new postal-savings stamp has made its appearance. It is printed in orange, on paper bearing the old water-mark. For official correspondence relating to the postal-savings bank, there is not only an especially designed penalty envelop but also an "official" adhesive stamp. This will have a philatelic value which the savings stamp itself does not. The adhesive stamp is black, and bears the inscription, "U. S. Postal Savings, Official Mail, Two Cents," and is also printed on the old water-mark paper. It will be worth saving, certainly in unused condition. Plate numbers, unused, will be especially scarce. This "official" stamp may be the forerunner of a complete set for general use in all departments.

There is a rumor that an entirely new series of stamps will be issued early in 1911. The lower values to the six-cent will be of uniform size, but of different design. The one- and two-cent stamps will bear numerals of value. The values of ten-cents and above will be large in size as a guide to the postal clerks. Possibly the highest values may be in two colors. In view of the possible early appearance of this set, collectors should fill up the new water-marks of current design as rapidly as possible.

Plates are known to have been made for a twelve-cent stamp. The design is uniform with the current series. No specimens, however, are known as yet. If a series of larger design is issued, these plates may never be used.

ALBINOS

W. G. B., a reader of ST. NICHOLAS living in Philadelphia, writes to learn the philatelic value of a two-

cent envelop of the current issue which shows the embossing without any color whatsoever. These are technically known as "albinos," and are to be found not only in the envelops, but in the wrappers as well, of practically all issues of United States embossed stationery. They are, of course, far more common in the two-cent value than in any other, but are by no means rare in the one-cent dies. They are the result of carelessness of printing, usually due to the insertion into the press of two sheets at one time. When this is the cause, the embossing is dull and indistinct. Sometimes albinos are found with the embossing clear and well defined; in such cases the fault is connected with the supply of ink.

There are other errors of printing which may be found by carefully looking out for them. Sometimes the color appears on the inside of the envelop as well as on the outside; sometimes only on the inside; or the impression may appear more than once upon the envelop, or in positions other than the usual upper right-hand corner—sometimes even upon the flap at the back. All of these oddities are of interest to the envelop collector, especially to such as collect the entire envelop in its various sizes and water-marks.

Albinos are not especially valuable, and no doubt most of our advertisers have them in stock. They can be purchased at prices from ten cents upward, depending upon the face value and general scarcity of the issue.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

READERS of the Stamp Page should feel at liberty to refer to ST. NICHOLAS any questions which may arise in their study of stamps. But all questioners should bear in mind that owing to the wide circulation of the magazine, and for other reasons connected with the prosaic business of printing, the subject-matter of these pages must be prepared a month or more before the date of publication. A month is a long time to wait for an answer. Even grown-ups might get impatient. So, if a prompt answer is desired, kindly always inclose with your question a self-addressed, stamped envelop. The Editor tries to send a personal answer to all inquiries, but this is sometimes impossible because of the lack of a sufficiently explicit address. ¶ For the benefit of E. I. T., the Editor would say that the stamps which he describes as bearing the words "Moyen Congo" will be found listed and described in the Standard Catalogue under the heading of "Middle (Moyen) Congo." ¶ The Editor does not know of any daily paper in the United States in which stamp dealers advertise. There are several weekly and monthly journals which are devoted entirely to the interests of the stamp-collector. The advent to the throne of England of a stamp enthusiast has naturally called public attention in that country to the possibilities and pleasures of the pursuit. It is said that the "London Daily Telegraph" has secured the services of a well-known philatelic writer as a stamp editor, and intends to seek stamp-trade advertising. Possibly this rumor is what our inquirer has in mind. ¶ There have been no counterfeits of the two-cent United States discovered recently. About 1895 such a counterfeit was found; many thousand copies of it were seized and destroyed. This counterfeit is still to be found, though rather rare. A copy would be worth several dollars.

BIG STAMP ALBUM, 10 CENTS

8 by 5 1/2 inches; 546 spaces; 160 pictures; heavy covers. Bargain! Other Albums 30c. to \$55.00. Send for list and copy monthly paper, free. *Scott's Catalogue*, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c. 108 all different STAMPS, Panama, Paraguay, Turkey, etc., only 10c. 17 different *unused* Nicaragua, Cuba, Salvador, etc., 10c. Approval sheets 50 per cent. commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 Madison Ave., New York

LESSONS IN PHILATELY

By Mail. Prospectus free.

We have stamps from every country in the world to send on approval. 1911 price-list free.

100 varieties for 5 cents. 200 varieties for 15 cents.

150 varieties for 10 cents. 300 varieties for 25 cents.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 Washington Building,

Boston, Mass.

**RARE STAMPS FREE**

15 all different, 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. Canadian and names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U.S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 6c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c.

Remittin Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. M. Toronto, Canada.



Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmunia (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc. 10c. 100 dif. Jap. N. Zld., etc. 5c. 13 beautiful Nyassa (camels), complete set, 25c. 5 dif. Bosnia (plate are), etc. 5c. 1000 Mission stamps, 15c.; 1 lb. Mission stamps (6000 to 7000) 50c.; 1000 Best Peelable hinges, 5c.; set of 16 Siam (Cat. 96c.), 39c.; 7 Hayti, 1904 (Cat. 74c.), 12c.; 200 all dif. 10c.; 300 all dif. 27c.; 500 all dif. 59c.; 1000 all dif. \$1.69; 2000 all dif. \$6.48; 100 dif. fine, rare South and Centr. Am. stamps (Cat. \$8.00), only \$1.50. Approval sheets, AGENTS WANTED. 50% TO 75% COM. 1. Big Bargain lists, price lists, coupons, etc., all FREE! WE BUY STAMPS, C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.

BARCAINS

Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,

111 G Nassau Street, New York City.



STAMPS 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U.S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. 1 buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 Genuine Foreign Missionary Stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U.S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wtd., 50%, List free. 1 BUY STAMPS. L. B. DOVER, n-s, St. Louis, Mo.

Stamps 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention ST. NICHOLAS. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

5 Varieties PERU Free WITH TRIAL APPROVAL SHEETS. F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

STAMPS: 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agents, 50%. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N.Y.

Scarce Stamps

in fine condition only, 3 Dominica, 15c.; 7 Fiji, 20c.; 5 Ceylon, 4c.; 8 Gold Coast, 15c.; 5 Grenada, 8c.; 8 Newfoundland, 12c.; 6 Transvaal, 7c.; 6 Trinidad, 7c. Large and fine stock of Colonials; send for catalog. We buy and exchange Colonials. COLONIAL STAMP CO., 350 E. 53d St., Chicago. Estb. 1882.

SNAPS

200 All Different Foreign Stamps for only 10 cts. 70 All Different United States Stamps, including old issues of 1833-1861, etc.; revenue stamps, \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, etc., for only 10 cts. With each order we send our 6-page pamphlet, which tells all about "How to make a collection of stamps properly." Our Monthly bargain lists of sets, packets, albums, etc., free for the asking. Queen City Stamp & Coin Co., 7 Sinton Building, Cincinnati, O.

25c

brings you **Redfield's Stamp Weekly** for six months (26 issues). "Redfield's" is the finest weekly stamp publication in the world. We give, absolutely free, to each new subscriber a splendid packet of 200 all different selected foreign stamps. Your money promptly refunded if you are not more than pleased. THE REDFIELD PUB. CO., 751 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Stamps Free

100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

FREE!

3 diff. Soudan, 5 diff. Tunis, or Nicaragua 1878 5c., cat. 25c. One of these sets, big lists, and details of \$1000 prize stamp contest for 2c. postage. Fine 50% approvals. W. C. Phillips & Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

**STAMMER**

Write M. L. HATFIELD, 1462 Grove St., OAKLAND, CALIF.

My book "How to Stop Stammering" — a treatise on "Scientific Talking" — direct to the point.

CLASS PINS

For School, College, or Society. The right kind are always a source of pleasure. Why not get the right kind? **We make them.** Catalog free. FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 652 Central Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.



GRAY MOTORS 3 H.P. \$60

Guaranteed to develop 4 h. p. Made in 1, 2 and 3 Cylinders, 3 to 36 h. p.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 319 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

Largest marine gasoline engine concern in the world 3 H. P. Pumping and Stationary Motor, \$65.00. Write for Marine or Farm Engine Catalogue

CONNECTICUT, Sound Beach.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

For Adults as well as Young Folks. Under Management of EDWARD F. BIGELOW, with Efficient Assistants. Send 10c. for "The Guide to Nature" for Adults.

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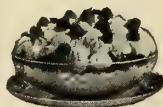
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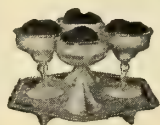
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